

H. H. Hudson

College Mercury.

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. VIII;

RACINE COLLEGE, DECEMBER 1, 1870.

NO. 1.

THE GAY WORLD.

The world—the gay world! How deluded the throng
Who dance to her viol and list to her song.
O, why do they trust her? Her arts are designed
The gay to entrap and the simple to blind.

The chalice she proffers, so sparkling and bright,
Gives impulse to genius, yet quenches its light;
A mystical madness soon seizes the soul,
And we know that a viper lies hid in the bowl.

The world—the gay world! forges many a charm
The fair one to dazzle, the sage to disarm;
Her cup, cards and music, all blend in the chain
She links for her victims—whose loss is her gain.

The world—the bright world! Who but angels can tell
The magic and mischief enwrapped in her spell?
Her sports and enchantments, her dimples and smile,
Like the hues of the serpent, but gleam to beguile.

Then list not the charmer, shun danger and fly;
Her breath—it is poison; her soul is a lie!
Her victims, as insects once caught in the web,
Awake but to anguish—to ruin are led.

—NAT NEAL.

COMMENCEMENT.

For the benefit of those of our readers who were not present, we will give a brief sketch of what occurred during Commencement week.

On Sunday, the 11th of September, the students, accompanied by the Faculty, marched down to S. Luke's Church to hear the Bishop of Tennessee preach the Baccalaureate Sermon. The Church was crowded, and the sermon was the finest we ever heard.

On Monday, at 2.30 P.M., the Clonian and Philologian Societies held their annual exhibitions. The exercises were well conducted throughout. The oration by the Rev. Dr. Elmendorf, and the poem by the Rev. Mr. Van Deusen gave entire satisfaction to those present. The debate on the question: "Resolved, That the union of Church and State is injurious to the former," was well sustained by Messrs. Johnson and Root in behalf of the Clonian, and Messrs. Winslow and Dillon in behalf of the Philologian; the last named gentlemen coming out victorious.

On Tuesday, at 11 A. M., the members of the Junior Class contested for the Larrabee Prize. Six of the class entered for it. The Committee, with the Bishop of Tennessee as chairman, awarded the prize to W. C. McCreery. Messrs. McLean and Lightner received honorable mention.

At half-past 2 o'clock, the graduating class held their exercises. The President's Address, the Cup Oration and the Prophecy were exceedingly well delivered. The Class of '70 have the honor of introducing the custom of present-

ing the badge of seniority to their successors. The badge, which is a hat of the species known as "stove-pipe," was presented to '71 by Mr. Richard Hayward. Mr. McLean responded in a short and appropriate speech. The exercises were enlivened by music discoursed by Bach's band, from Milwaukee.

On Wednesday at 10.30 A.M., the cricketers proceeded to the palaestra, where the cups were presented to the winning clubs. It is worthy of note, that five cups were donated to the Warden, to be contested for by the baseball clubs. They are to be called respectively the Armitage, Talbot, Quintard, Ashley and Ingraham cups.

At half past 2 o'clock the Gymnasium was filled with citizens of Racine, and students. The graduates did exceedingly well in their orations.

The following degrees were conferred.

LL.D. on W. W. Follwell, Esq., President of the University of Minnesota.

D.D. on the Rev. H. W. Beers, Rector of All Saints Church, Milwaukee.

A.M. on Messrs. L. S. Burton, Geo. S. Mead, J. A. Morgan, A. Piper and H. McKey, of the Class of '67.

A.B. on the members of the graduating class.

The Elmendorf Prize, for the best essay, was awarded to Richard Hayward, of '70.

The Medals were awarded as follows:

College Medal to C. B. Champlin; Clarkson Medal to E. A. Larrabee; Keene Medal to H. C. Dillon; Hibben Medal to Master Taft; Barney Medal to Joshua Barney.

In the evening, the graduating class gave a party, and the students enjoyed themselves very much, until 12 P. M.

Thus, another class has gone from us. We shall miss you, but we wish you all manner of success.

OUR LITERARY SOCIETIES.

It is our purpose, under this title, to offer a little friendly advice to those students who have recently entered College. Many of them have been kindly invited by older collegians to join the literary societies of the Collegiate Department; this they have steadily refused to do, without giving very satisfactory reasons. We are quite sure that if they were fully aware of the benefits to be derived from attending the weekly meetings of our societies, they would not hesitate to add their names to the roll.

Among the many pleasant features of collegiate life, there is none which compares with the literary society, especially in the long and dreary Winter, when one naturally seeks for in-door amusement. The weekly entertainment of the Society Hall is inseparably connected with mental improvement.

It is requisite that every student should be well acquainted with the rules and usages which govern all orderly meetings: and the Society Hall is the only place where they can receive instruction. Do students wish to develop their literary abilities? Do they wish to become able debaters? Do they wish to be fluent speakers? Let them join a society which is formed for the specific purpose of cultivating these various accomplishments. If students ever expect to preside over an assembly, or to address a meeting, they must be trained for it; and the Society Hall is the training room.

Many of the Freshmen say that they do not wish to join now, but will join when they reach the Junior or Senior year. They make a grave mistake. When they become Juniors or Seniors they ought to take the lead in the society. They will not be able to do this, however; for, though they are Seniors in the Collegiate Department they are but *Freshmen* in the society. The Freshmen should bear these matters in mind. Their freshness is never more vividly displayed than when they refuse to join the literary societies.

OUT-DOOR GAMES FOR AUTUMN.

IN connection with the present period of the year, arises the consideration of suitable out-door games. It is rather too cold for the *enjoyment* of base ball, and the comparatively fine weather, with which we have been favored, of late, certainly warrants the employment of out-door sports of some description.

Now, foot ball and "shinney" are evidently admirably adapted to the clear cold days, which usually accompany the latter part of the Fall and the early days of Winter.

It is the lack of system with respect to these sports which drives those wishing to exercise to the Gymnasium, and those who are devotees only of the open air sports to the close confined air of heated rooms, or the pernicious, enervating atmosphere of the Smoking Room itself.

Now, we think that the gymnastic exercise should be reserved for the very inclement days of Winter, which render out-door games impossible:—because those employments which combine the benefits of fresh air and activity are assuredly to be much preferred.

Would it not add vastly to the pleasure of the students if some measures could be taken to organize regular systematic foot ball clubs in the College?

At Rugby School, which is the stronghold of foot ball in England, each club organization is composed of twenty members, and each club contends for the honor of the school championship.

We suggest to the students of Racine—who are in some sort kindred to those of Rugby—the propriety of organizing foot ball clubs, and of placing the game on a permanent footing, systematizing it by a few judicious regulations after the spirit of those existing in the Rugby organizations. Thus, a portion of the year, otherwise spent in a listless manner, would be provided for and filled up with a systematic sport at once agreeable and healthful.

Try it.

AMERICAN CRICKET.

WE learn that a Chicago gentleman has recently devised a new game, which bids fair to be eminently popular. It is called American Cricket.

It is a happy combination of our national game and the fine old English pastime.

There are only three bases, 28 yards apart, so placed as to form a triangle. The bowler stands 22 yards from the striker. In making a tally, the striker runs to first base, then to second, and finally home. Foul balls being dispensed with, the striker has more scope for displaying his dexterity. The lively fielding of base ball and the skillful batting of cricket are nicely combined.

The game has been thoroughly tested, and pronounced vastly superior to either base ball or cricket. We hear that a hand-book, containing the rules and regulations of the game, will be issued shortly by the press. We present this new out-door pastime to Racine College, for consideration.

For several years past, there has been a strong rivalry between base ball and cricket, and the result has been, we have not perfected ourselves sufficiently in either.

By adopting this compromise as the established game of the College, old difficulties will be settled, and unity will again prevail. We may then expect to possess that pre-eminence in our out-door sports which can be obtained only by devoting our attention to one game.

LOYALTY.

THERE is nothing which tends more to give a high, manly tone to a college than a spirit of loyalty existing among its members,—that delicate feeling which strives to deal gently with those things which are not in exact accordance with our inclinations, and yet which we know to be for our ultimate benefit.

Such a spirit makes due allowance for the shortcomings or frailty of those in authority, and attributes to their credit the best of motives. It is a very easy matter to acquire this spirit, and yet there is none which is so lightly regarded by us. True, the grumbling tone is usually indulged in rather through thoughtlessness than through any designedly wrong motive, and yet, in effect, they are the same, and are equally destructive to true discipline.

The one distinguishing characteristic of *true* manliness is self denial to bear with things which are disagreeable, and perhaps even unjust, so long as there is the knowledge that those over us have only our good at heart.

Let us cultivate a spirit of loyalty for our College, striving to set aside individual grievances and fancied wrongs. We think the time has passed away for indulging in the miserably disloyal tone which characterized some of the students last term. Disloyalty induces discontent, and discontent usually ends in disgrace.

TO THE STUDENTS.

Be sure and purchase only of those parties who advertise in your paper. They are the enterprising men, and will give you the best satisfaction. Besides, in patronizing

them you are aiding, in a two-fold manner, to place the MERCURY in a flourishing condition. Do not let us have a recurrence of any such complaints as we have recently listened to, namely, that the students do not patronize the advertizers, and therefore that it is useless to continue the favor. There is a great deal of truth in this, and it is neither just, nor is it consonant with propriety for this state of affairs to continue. These men have an interest in the paper, and in a measure support it. Give them your countenance and support, and we assure you their attention will be given to you. We beg of you, do not disregard this appeal.

EXCHANGES.

<i>Amer. Ed. Monthly,</i>	<i>T. H. Saturday Eve. Mail,</i>
<i>Hamilton Lit. Monthly,</i>	<i>Chronicle,</i>
<i>The Dartmouth,</i>	<i>Courant,</i>
<i>Yale Literary,</i>	<i>College Mirror,</i>
<i>Griswold Collegian,</i>	<i>McKendree Repository,</i>
<i>Denison Collegian,</i>	<i>Cap and Gown,</i>
<i>The Schoolmaster,</i>	<i>Trinity Tablet,</i>
<i>LaFayette Monthly,</i>	<i>Western Collegian,</i>
<i>College Argus,</i>	<i>Harvard Advocate,</i>
<i>Vidette,</i>	<i>The Echoes,</i>
<i>Schoolmate,</i>	<i>Niagara's Tribute,</i>
<i>University Press,</i>	<i>Qui Vive,</i>
<i>Targum,</i>	<i>Union Lit. Magazine,</i>
<i>Racine Advocate,</i>	<i>University Reporter,</i>
<i>Annalist,</i>	<i>College Herald,</i>
<i>Indiana Student,</i>	<i>Burlington Standard,</i>
<i>Acorn,</i>	<i>Miami Student,</i>
<i>Palladium,</i>	<i>Racine Journal,</i>
<i>Madisonensis,</i>	<i>LaFayette Journal,</i>
<i>Lawrence Collegian,</i>	

We are glad to welcome to our exchange list a new college organ; it is styled the *LaFayette Monthly*, and is published in the interests of LaFayette College, Easton, Pa. It is gotten up in magazine form, and is ably edited.

We have received the *Rugby Meteor*, edited by the members of Rugby School, England. It is devoted chiefly to the interests of the games.

The *Simpsonian* is the name of a new college paper. It bids fair to become an acceptable exchange.

The *Echoes* reaches us draped in mourning, in memory of the late Gen. Robert E. Lee.

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

HARVARD renders all studies elective this year.

THE *Yale Courant* contains an article entitled "Harvard as seen through Yale eyes." It is rather invidious.

THE Junior Class holds the base ball championship at Yale.

PRINCETON makes Greek, Latin and Mathematics elective after the Sophomore year.

WE clip the following from the *Dartmouth* for October. It is good:

Ich fuhl', Ich fuhl', Ich fuhl'.
 Ich fuhl', wie der Morgenstern
 Ich fuhl', Ich fuhl', Ich fuhl',
 Ich fuhl', wie der Morgenstern.
 Fort! Flieg'! lass' mich in Ruh',
 Fort! Flieg'! lass' mich in Ruh',
 Fort! Flieg'! lass' mich in Ruh',
 Denn ich bin von Compagnie Q."

HARVARD lays claim to double the number of students of Yale.

THE Madisonites beat the Hamilton Invincibles by a score of 34 to 25. A change of name is recommended to the consideration of the Invincibles.

LEHIGH University, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is in possession of the finest laboratory in the United States. So says the *Dartmouth*.

THE *Echoes* is draped in mourning for the death of General Lee.

THE *Chronicle* gives a history of the University of Michigan, in the October number.

No rush this year at Trinity.

THE Chapel works are going on rapidly. Last week the Old Trinity School was razed to the ground. A leaden plate has been discovered under the altar, with this inscription:

*Locatum
 Die Octobris Vigesimo
 A. D. 1819.*

—*Rugby Meteor*.

To the Freshmen: How can a goose stand on one leg? Try it and see.—*Cap and Gown*.

NINE counties visible from the top of the new college building at Cornell.

No smoking allowed on the Lewisburg University Campus.

WE learn that a foot ball club has been formed at Cornell.

THE *Collegian*, Mount Vernon, Iowa, just arrived, is scarcely legible. Needs new type.

GEN. A. W. Lee is to succeed his father, Gen. R. E. Lee, as President of Washington Lee University.

ALMON supports a very creditable paper—The *Annalist*.

THE *Yale Literary* has a judicious article on the proper use of translations.

THE English game of Hare and Hounds has been revived at Yale.

THE *Nassau Literary* comes to us too late for insertion among exchanges. We acknowledge it here. The *Lit.* is well freighted with biographies.

THE *Yale Literary* comes to us just on the eve of publication. It is the best of our college magazine exchanges.

THERE is a Senior at Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, who threatens to thrash a Prep. for going with his "girll."

THE *Trinity Tablet* comes out with a sensible article on "Elective studies."

SENATOR Revels' lecture at Amherst failed.

A new edition of the "Songs of Yale" will soon appear.

"Dad, you understand logic?" "No, my son, I never studied it." Well, here is a logical proposition: it either rains or it does not rain; you'll admit that?" "Certainly, my son." "Well, then, if it rains it does not rain; and conversely, if it does not rain it rains. Now, that is a logical deduction from the premises." "Well, my son, what a thing it is to be college bred!"—*Ex.*

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, DEC. 1, 1870.

F. O. OSBORNE, } EDITORS. } H. C. DILLON,
T. W. McLEAN, } F. S. GAULT,

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."

SALVETE.

FELLOW STUDENTS: Today we present you with No. 1, Vol. VIII, of the COLLEGE MERCURY, which we trust you will not criticise too severely.

It is our first effort. You will probably find the same blunders which usually accompany inexperience. A few weeks hence, when we shall be fully initiated into the mysteries of our new position, we feel confident that mistakes will not occur so frequently.

Emulating the laudable work of our energetic predecessors, we have ventured to make an improvement, which our inexperience hardly warrants. While not prepared to increase the size of the paper, we have done what is substantially the same thing—we have diminished the size of the type. The paper now contains more reading matter than ever before.

Formerly, in our opinion, the MERCURY was deficient in local news; and on that account was less welcome to a large number of its readers. Let us here state, that it is our intention, as far as possible, to make a specialty of local information. We have no desire to palm upon you the dry and philosophical essays which have been filched from the lecture room.

Such are our plans. We ask encouragement from you. It is the duty of every student to assist in supporting the paper which represents the College. Surely, none of you would like to see the MERCURY degenerating. Let us, then, have the names of every one of you on the subscription book.

We wish you to assist us with your contributions. A word of warning—short articles are far more desirable than long and uninteresting essays.

We have unfolded our plans to you, and have made a few suggestions. Upon you, in a great measure, depends the successful issue of our work.

"HORNBLOWER" is one of the cheerful names possessed by Princeton—and is to blow his horn as presentation orator. We get ahead of that—having a "Fatzinger."

Two followers of the Czar and one of Mahomet have appealed for admission into Cornell.

LOCAL.

AMONG other improvements, made during vacation, we notice a coal cellar, built for the benefit of the occupants of Taylor Hall.

The above is far more accessible than the flimsy wooden structure which was formerly used for that purpose. Old students rejoice to think that they will not be obliged to venture out of doors in mid-Winter, to provide themselves with fuel.

THE much admired *horse-shoe* drive, which surrounds the College buildings, promises soon to be prettier than ever. Fifty trees have just been set out on each side, which, together with the large number already grown, will not fail to make it very shady and beautiful. Time only is wanting. *Vigant arboris.*

WE cannot avoid saying a few words about Taylor Hall, which never before presented such a handsome appearance. During vacation, the kalsominer and painter did their utmost to beautify the walls and the wood work; in consequence of which a large portion of the building has a new—we may say, a decidedly *fresh* look. Many of the students have gone to a considerable expense to fit up their rooms as nicely as possible. Their pains have certainly been well rewarded. We notice an improvement on the second and third floors, which has long been needed. The once dangerous railing which surrounded the open space just below the main skylight has been repaired. It will now prevent any accident like that which once came near *befalling* a certain Pyrogen who was roaming about in that quarter after the lights were out. Every thing about the building has been well arranged for the students, who doubtless appreciate the pains taken to insure their comfort.

THE entering "Verdants" have displayed an unusually *RICH* amount of juvenility, and the poignancy of their wit is truly wonderful. They are CALDWELL "fresh." A few of them are quite too SMALL to be in college. In a game of base ball they CANFIELD in a tolerably SHARP manner. They are simple SIMONS, however, and are not a WHITMORE free from boyish ways than many of the Grammar School students. ODELL-iver us from them.

WE learn from an Indianapolis paper that Aquila Jones, pitcher and captain of our College nine, was the recipient of some very high compliments, during vacation, for his skill in playing the national game. He had the privilege of pitching in a match game against the Redstockings. At the close of the game, Harry Wright stated, that there were few out of the large number of skillful pitchers whom the Reds had encountered during the past season, who surpassed Mr. Jones; a little practice only being necessary to place him in the foremost rank.

This is indeed a very high compliment. If the other members of the College nine deserve as much praise as the pitcher, the nine is in a fair way to distinguish itself next season.

Let the College nine strive to possess that eminent position in base ball which the College eleven holds in cricket—champions of the North-West.

LAUNDRY INNOVATION.—An exasperated "Soph" sends in the following list of soiled "duds" to the Matron:

- 93 pairs Flannel Drawers, lace edge, velvet seat;
- 2 pairs Pants, green gingham;
- 1 green cotton Umbrella;
- 2 pairs Hand Cuffs;
- 1 Coal Hod;
- 1 woolen Looking Glass;
- 1 pair No. 11 Boots;
- 1 small-sized Melodeon.

N. B.—Do n't put too much starch in the Melodeon and Hand Cuffs.

A SHARP boy that, who gave us an excuse for being late to Friday class, that he "had to mend his breeches."

A RECEIPT.—To enjoy the life of a student, one needs to follow these directions:

In the first place, you must have a comfortable and cosy room. With this end in view, go to Roggenbau & Fixen, (116 Main St.) and get a nice carpet. W. A. Porter, (74 Main St.) or F. Ibing, (45 Main St.) will make you comfortable with chairs, sofas, what-nots, lounges and tables. If your walls need kalsomining, get Buffham or Gad Crook to do it for you, as they only can. Now, let the walls be adorned with pictures: H. G. Winslow has just the thing you want; his beautiful chromos are unsurpassed.

Then fill up your shelves with choice books. Either Mrs. Peavey or Mr. Winslow will supply you with them, stationery, and everything that delights the eye and instructs the mind. To obtain your crockery, lamps, and such tackle as a well equipped student should have about him, you have only to tackle Messrs. Langlois & Sons, (154 Main St.) and they will equip you with everything you need. Go to John Elkins & Co., and buy a clock for your mantlepiece.

Having attended to these matters, look to your habiliments—to the outward man. Jones & Thomas will supply you with shirts, collars, underclothing, etc. Samuel & James, (144 Main St.) keep all kinds of gents' furnishing goods. Go and see them, and you will come out looking like a new man; or, you can go to the accommodating George Bull, who will do you up brown; or, last, but not least, if you want any kind of tailoring done, go to the jolliest of all jolly Teutons, Aug. Garnkauser, (28 Sixth St.) But "a man is *not* a man for a' that" unless he is booted and spurred. Joseph Miller & Co., (Market Square) will do that job for you. Now go down to "Phil's" old stand, and get your hair cut and face shaved by the gentlemanly barbers, Kohlman & Pauley. The Ladies' Aid Society will furnish you with a college gown, and F. Hubachek, (139 Main St.) will cover your caput with the finest hat in the city, or warm you with the softest furs. Now, you are ready for the crowning act of all. Step up into Lockwood & Ely's photographic gallery, and have them make for you a dozen of those "re-touched" photographs, to send home to your friends.

Now, my dear friend, if you are a Freshman, you must be hungry by this time. If so, let us tell you there is no place like the City Dining Hall to drive off the wolf. If Harris can't make you satisfied with yourself and all the world, just cross the street, and D. Bone & Co. can, and will send you away with a light heart and cheerful countenance. If you make yourself sick, or need anything further for your health or happiness, do n't forget to go to F. Harbridge & Co., (148 Main St.) or to Workman Brothers, (31 Sixth St.) They will send you on your way rejoicing.

If you come to grief, and must have a tooth pulled, go to the obliging Dr. Amos, (office on Sixth St., near City Bakery.) who will deliver you from pain and tooth, whilst you, under the influence of his nitrous oxyde gas, are away in the land of dreams, riding to Paradise on a telegraph wire.

ABOUT two weeks ago, Winter, with ominous look, paid us a transient visit. The Missionary Pie Shop, which was formerly situated on the Campus Martius, became alarmed at the icy visage of our hibernal visitor, and took up its line of march for parts unknown. We have since learned that it has gone into Winter quarters in the Gymnasium. We wish success to the efforts of the ladies, and satisfaction to the students who patronize the worthy home institution.

"ALAS! POOR YORICK!"—The Freshies have come to grief. A high and paternal consideration for their tender youth and *extreme* innocency has led the authorities to curtail their privilege of going down town Saturday nights. When their wits become sufficiently SHARP-ened, their SMALL tendencies more elevated, and the fire (let us call it *poetic*) of their leader, the youthful SIMONIDES, becomes cooled down, they will perhaps be let loose. What a harvest for the burghers!

PERSONALS.—Mr. Edward B. Spalding, Head Master of the College, was ordained to the Diaconate by the Rt. Rev. Wm. E. Armitage, Bishop of the Diocese, on Friday, the 4th ultimo. The sermon on the occasion was delivered by the Rev. Henry Spalding, brother of the candidate. It was full of eloquence, and feelingly alluded to the double bond existing between them as brothers in the Spirit and in the flesh. The Rev. E. B. Spalding sailed on the 16th ultimo, for Europe, in the hope of benefitting his health, which had become impaired by close attention through many years to heavy duties. We shall miss his genial smile and friendly greeting. We wish him God speed, and a visit fraught with continued pleasure, and ending in full recovery to health, and a return to his work amongst us.

Mr. George S. Mead, M.A., Head of the Upper School, accompanied Rev. Mr. Spalding on a visit to Europe.

In returning to the College, after the vacation, we met Mr. T. Sullivan, of '69. "Tommy" was looking well, and amidst the press of business reserves a thought for Alma Mater.

We were glad to take our old friend "Perk," of '69, by the hand. He looks hearty. Nashotah air evidently agrees with him.

Mr. Alfred Sorenson, of '70, is in Chicago; he is studying Blackstone diligently, but is not entirely wasted away. "Zeke" will make a first class lawyer.

Mr. Samuel M. Hudson, of '70, is supplying the place made vacant by the departure of Mr. Mead. He fills it *gracefully*.

Rev. Arthur Piper, formerly a student of the College—'67, occupies the position of Head Master in the College Department.

Mr. Hayward, of '70, is pursuing his theological studies at Nashotah Seminary.

Mr. Champlin, of '70, is preparing for the Ministry, at Nashotah. He paid us a short visit on the 14th ultimo.

Mr. Miller, of '70, is also at Nashotah.

We understand Mr. Pardee, of '70, is preparing to travel at the South, in company with Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee.

Mr. Merriam, of '70, has been traveling in the East, visiting the principal cities—so we understand. We shall be glad to hear from "Bull."

Mr. Richards, of '70, is running an elevator, in Iowa. Good luck, "Brinley."

We received a flying visit from Mr. Selby, of '70, on the 17th ultimo. "Fitz" is looking well.

We do not know the whereabouts of the rest of '70's members. Should be glad to hear from them.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.—Our Alma Mater is now fostering a precocious youth, whose bump of navigation is extraordinary. Whenever he can obtain leave of absence, he rushes wildly to the wharf for a boat. One day, when out alone in a yawl, he dropped his oar into the lake; but, nothing daunted, our promising Drake hoisted his coat-tails to the wind, and was blown safely to land. If he keeps on this way, he will either discover the North Pole or the bottom of Lake Michigan.

THE Seniors are in wrapt admiration, studying the poetry of Mathematics. They suppose the poetry consists in the employment of the imagination.

SOMETHING NEW.—The "Retouched Photograph" is one of the finest things which art and science have yet brought to light. Their delicate softness, the exquisite blending of light and shade, together with their life-like expression, cause the beholder to exclaim: Away with the old style of ghostly photographs! Here is the very *summum bonum* of good things. Lockwood & Ely, 142 Main Street, make them a speciality. Give them a call, boys.

SOME very beautiful stereoscopic views of Nashotah and buildings have been taken by an enterprising young artist, of Milwaukee, during last month. We have seen early prints, and they are fine. They are for sale, we believe, at Nashotah. Large views, 8X10, of the same are also being printed.

Married:

PITTS-CANFIELD—on the 13th of September, at St. John's Chapel, Racine College, Wis., by the Rev. James DeKoven, D.D., assisted by the Rt. Rev. William E. Armistage, D.D., and the Rt. Rev. Charles T. Quintard, D.D., the Rev. THOMAS D. PITTS, of Baltimore, to FITZ L., daughter of the late Hon. Herman Canfield, of Ohio.

Died:

IN Racine, October 10th, 1870, **FRANK F. AVERY**, aged 14 years and 4 months; killed by the accidental discharge of a gun.

FRANK was a member of the Fifth Form, a very promising boy, and had the respect and good will of all who knew him. His sad death has cast a gloom over all his fellows.

The circumstances of the fatal accident, as near as we are able to learn them, are as follows:

Frank had started out for an afternoon's shooting, having followed a flock of pigeons from near the College to Mr. Herrick's grove, just back of Mr. Becker's house, and not far from the Chapel of the Holy Innocents.

Here he met three young men, from Driver & Co.'s factory, who were also out for a day's shooting. Frank asked this party if they had seen any game, telling them, also, that he had followed a flock of pigeons from the College, but had lost sight of them. This party then passed on, and over the fence into the field beyond, and looking around saw Frank climbing the fence. Soon after, they heard the report of his gun, and looking around saw him fall, and heard him exclaim, "I am shot!" They hastened to him, and found him lying upon the ground. Frank begged them not to move him, but to let him lie there and die; exclaiming, "O, my mother!" One of the party immediately hastened for Dr. Meachem, who soon reached the spot, and attended him until his death with the most zealous care. A stretcher was made of blankets between two rails, and on this he was carried to Mr. Becker's house, where he breathed his last at about eleven o'clock at night.

The wound was made from a double-barrel shot gun. He was pulling it over the fence, when, it is supposed, the hammer caught against the rail, causing the gun to discharge. The charge first entered a powder flask hanging across his stomach, exploding it, and sending shot and bits of clothing into the wound, tearing the flesh and lacerating him fearfully, so that the bowels were exposed to view and partly torn out. His sufferings, until within an hour of his death, were intense; but Frank bore it all with a patience and self-possession that was truly heroic. At about ten o'clock, the Holy Communion was administered to him by the Rev. Mr. Hin-dale. During the consecration of the Elements his sufferings seemed to be growing more and more intense, but still he bore up under it with that same heroism which he had shown from the first; only exclaiming now and then, as he lay with one hand in his mother's, "Mother, I am burning up." But the moment the blessed words of the Holy Eucharist were pronounced over him, his pain all seemed to leave him, and he peacefully and thankfully received the heavenly food that gave to him at once both a tranquil mind and freedom from pain. He expressed himself not only as not afraid to die, but also as ready and anxious to enter into his rest.

He died very gently at last, his mind perfectly unclouded, free from all doubt as to his future, cheering the heart of his dear mother, of whom he thought so much.

His remains were taken to the College that same night, and laid out in the parlor of Kemper Hall, in the surplice in which he had so often marched into Chapel at the head of the choir, chanting the psalms and hymns which were fitting him to sing the praises of his Maker in Heaven.

He was buried on Wednesday morning, October 12th, his sorrowful playmates carrying him to his grave. His bereaved parents have the sincere sympathy of all the students, who cherish the memory of their dear departed Frank.

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College Mercury.

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. VIII;

RACINE COLLEGE, DECEMBER 15, 1870.

NO. 2.

THE REAL WORLD.

"The world is not so vile a place," etc.—ANON.

The world is not so vile a cheat
As some folks try to make it,
But whether tart or whether sweet
Depends on how we take it.
If people dance, and sport and sing,
Or fret from morn till even,
The world will prove a bitter thing,
And lead them far from Heaven.

The world is full of beauteous forms—
The trees and stars have voices;
The flowret in the sunshine warms,
The *frog* at night rejoices.
Earth, ocean, air, heat, frost and rain
Are messengers of kindness,
And birds and beasts their end attain:
Man only yields to blindness.

The world would be a charming spot—
In bright or cloudy weather—
If we would dwell, as in a cot,
Like kindred souls together;
And lovelier scenes and holier light
Would rise o'er land and river,
If all would use the gifts aright,
And not forget the giver.

—NAT NEAL.

UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.

SEWANEE, TENN., NOV. 1870.

MY DEAR MERCURY:

Elevated as I am, so far above the height to which ordinary mortals attain, it is not strange that I should become a little *Mercurial*, and that the overflow of my spirits should set Northward to the home of my school boy days. This, and the fact that I am at a place so like the dear old College in many respects, make me feel strongly like telling you something about this sister institution.

When Bishop Quintard made his delightful visit to the College, last September, he spoke quite frequently of the "University of the South." I hardly supposed that Racine would be hob-nobbing with Sewanee so soon, or that one of the boys who heard that eloquent Baccalaureate sermon in Saint Luke's Church would be traveling through Tennessee, listening to many another like it. But I am wandering from the subject about which I undertook to tell you. The spider's remark about the shortest way into his parlor would be equally applicable here, for a more winding, up-hill road I never saw.

At seven o'clock in the morning, our train started. It was composed of some dozen coal cars, entirely open to

the fresh air of heaven. If it were not that I disliked taking such large and long continued doses of that same fresh air before my breakfast had warmed me up, I should probably have enjoyed my ride more. Seven miles of up-hill work was before us. In and out we twisted. Around sharp corners, through vast masses of rock, over torrents we passed, but still our path was upward. Our ponderous engine snorted and puffed, but it never faltered. Here and there breaks in the forest would reveal to us the valley far below, and the sun's rays darting down to awaken the slumberers to the labors of another day. Our upward path soon hid these scenes from us, and as we approached the top of the mountain, the scene changed, and huge masses of solid rock, weighing hundreds of tons, hung over our path, looking like the guardians of the mountain, and threatening death to any hostile comer. A walk of about a mile from the depôt brought us to the College buildings.

The Institution was begun before the war, by the Bishops of the ten Southern and South-Western Dioceses, to meet the wants of the Church in an extended region where there is not in existence a single Church college. All the buildings erected before the war were burned; and the corner-stone of the main University building, an immense block of polished Tennessee marble, weighing five tons, was wantonly broken into fragments and carried away by the soldiers. When the war closed, Bishop Quintard went zealously to work to restore the University; and frame buildings were erected to meet the pressing demands for accommodations. These, though not especially attractive, are abundantly comfortable, and answer every purpose. Tremlett Hall accommodates from 50 to 60 pupils; Otey Hall about 30, while the large part of the students are received into the families living on the domain of the University. 10,000 acres of land belong to the Institution,—rather more than Racine College owns. So great has been the demand for accommodations, that a few of the students live in small, one-story, and one-roomed cabins, hastily constructed from green lumber. This, as it seasoned, has cracked apart in various places, furnishing a fine ventilation. In spite of these slight drawbacks, however, the boys seem happy and contented.

In addition to the buildings that I have mentioned, there is the Chapel, a frame structure, accommodating, probably, a few more than your own elegant Chapel. "Oxford Court" is the sounding title applied to a group of buildings here. Instead of the stately row of buildings that one would naturally expect to see after hearing the name, Oxford Court is only a collection of six of the well ventilated cabins which I just described.

When the University becomes wealthy enough to put

up more substantial and lasting buildings, there is no institution in the land that possesses such materials as she will be able to make use of. The top of the mountain is composed entirely of a grey sandstone that, when cut, will make very handsome buildings. At the base of the mountain is a fine quality of blue sandstone.

In addition to these attractions, the mountain has already become quite a summer resort, on account of its equable climate, the fine water, and the magnificent views.

Every one is expected to see three of these before he leaves the University. They are "University View," "Green's View," and "Morgan's Steep." From these points one can see some of the most beautiful scenery the eye ever rested on. Last evening, I went out to Morgan's Steep, to see the sunset. After walking about half a mile through a lovely forest path, we came suddenly upon the brink of a perpendicular wall about a hundred feet high. From this point the view was most beautiful. In front of us the sun was setting behind a row of hills, whose outline was sharply defined against the horizon. Below us the valley lay spread out, decked in its many colored robe of Autumnal leaves. Here and there nestled a little village, while slowly winding along, a faint line of white told of the progress of the railway train. On our return, we visited a little stream that trickled down the mountain side, and in one place made quite a fall. Here the boys of the University used to bathe in Summer, until some kind friend had a dam built, which made a pond some twelve feet in diameter and about six feet deep. This is all the "swimming" there is around here. Think of that, you who have enjoyed Lake Michigan's ample depths, and be thankful.

They all wear a grey uniform with plain black buttons, and they are now wearing crape for six months, on account of the death of Gen. R. E. Lee, the late President of Washington College, Virginia. The boys are all "Rebs" here, except two—"Yank Primus" and "Yank Secundus." If I were to stay here long, I would probably take place as "Yank Tertius." As it is, I am a Yank just the same. Some one suggested "Ku-Klux" the other day, but I do not suppose that they are much more dangerous than the "Pyrogens," so I take courage, and breathe freely once more.

Just here I want to insert a little bit of advice, which I hope the authorities will not take amiss. Bishop Quintard says that he thinks there is a vast deal of religion in paint and whitewash. Why not, then, have the fences around the College whitewashed? They would look a hundred per cent. better, as I can testify from actual experience, for I have seen the fences here. It lends an air of civilization to a place.

Were it not that I fear taking up too much of your room, I could go on dilating by the page on the beauties of nature, as viewed from the various points of interest, the society here, and many other facts that would be interesting. As it is, I will bring my letter to a close. And I hope that what I have said may induce some of your readers to pay a flying visit some time to the University of the South.

KAPPA.

BILLIARDS AGAIN.

ONE of the chief sources of enjoyment to the students during the Winter months, is the Billiard Table; and it was a wise and judicious measure on the part of the authorities, in sanctioning its use within College bounds. This is obvious, from the fact that during the six or seven years of its probation here the Warden has found no reason for regretting his action with regard to it.

Far from proving an evil, or a source of evil, it has proved eminently beneficial in various ways; and this we can assert positively, from actual experience. Chiefly it has shown itself beneficial in removing the temptation of indulging in it clandestinely, and at improper places.

The game itself is well calculated to call into requisition many good qualities, both mental and bodily; and can not be objected to on the score of proving injurious. Indeed, the only objections capable of being urged against Billiards is that it tends to evil habits: for instance, frequenting improper resorts, and the forming of improper acquaintances. When we overthrow these objections, Billiards will cease to be tabooed. And in the case of Billiards at this Institution, at least, these objections are groundless.

We claim that this our College is a home, and all its members are members of a family. All those privileges which tend to make home cheerful and happy are extended to the students, to be used properly. We know of many worthy, good, and high-toned families that look upon the Billiard Table as a means of enhancing social enjoyment; and it is becoming every day more evident that the game is not only harmless, but proper.

In regard to the ethics of Billiards, no one with common sense will be likely to hold that it is intrinsically wrong. It may, in some cases, make blacklegs; and Religion *sometimes* makes hypocrites. If we decide against this game, we decide against Base Ball, Chess and Croquet!

We have been led to offer these few disjointed remarks, by seeing, from time to time, uncalled for criticisms upon the wisdom and foresight of the Faculty in continuing to countenance this amusement. We know that some of these criticisms have been made by persons partially ignorant of the facts, and circumstances in which we are placed; some, however, appear to have been made unadvisedly and carelessly, for the mere sake of finding fault. One exchange, from whom we might have expected better feeling, has recently offered very ill-natured remarks concerning this. We also accept with candor the review passed upon a certain article which appeared some time since in this paper upon this subject of Billiard by the *Nassau Lit.* We fail, however, in short, to see the force of its arguments, since it wanders far from the direct point in question.

The following verdict was rendered in Calhoun county, Illinois. Kurners Verdict—We, the jurys, find the deceased dead man kum to his deth from the hans of some unbeknown purson, with an unlawful iron weeping—named a ax with a hickory handel; which unlawful weeping was used with dedly intant to kill the killed Ded Man. P. S.—We, the forsed and undercigned jurys, hopefully believe that the Ded Man was beheaded by the sed Ax.

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

THE Cabinet of Hamilton has a slab of sandstone weighing upwards of a ton; the gift of Rev. Sylvester Cowles, of Gowanda, N. Y.

The *Palladium* is the publication of the Brotherhood of the Holy Cross.

Heidelberg has 54 theological, 300 law, 83 medical and 175 philosophical students. The reckless Americans there seem to have their own way completely.

The *Nassau Literary* is a stranger, of very prepossessing appearance. We are not sure whether it is a monthly or a quarterly; its articles are heavy enough for a quarterly.—*The Acorn*.

There are 107 students at Davidson College, N. C.

The President of Trinity College was recently much surprised, on going to Chapel, to see a sign over the door, inscribed to "Providence and way stations." It had been taken from the depôt by mischievous students.

A unique observatory has been constructed on Mount Williams: a pine tree.

The *Collego Review* has an interesting article on Puritans and Pilgrims.

The *Chronicle* asks the pointed question: Does Cornell borrow the idea of uniform from West Point or Sing Sing?

There is a "lawless, unprincipled, inconsiderate" fellow at Michigan University, who spends his precious time in mutilating the Reading Room papers.

The annual Senior hop of Michigan University took place December 9th.

Over twenty young ladies are studying theology in the United States, preparatory to entering the ministry.

Yale navy owns 23 boats.

At McKendree a class in Trigonometry surveyed a persimmon orchard. Results not known.

The Sophs and Fresh had a row concerning tall hats at Middletown, Conn.

Marking system abolished at Chicago University.

The *Madisonensis* gives some rules for foot ball. Attend, Racinenses.

The *Mirror* asserts that "a girl's a girl for a' that."

Yale wants a lecture course.

The *Acorn* is a monthly, and a good one.

Rutgers has 14 Japanese.

Yale has one Fresh, colored.

Foot ball is highly esteemed at Cornell.

An American lady has graduated as physician at Paris, with a certificate "tres satisfait."

Cornell is agitating the question of Junior exhibitions.

The Faculty of Dartmouth have restored the game of foot ball to the students. Sensible.

Text books excluded from the recitation rooms at Yale. Next.

The Indiana State University library contains over four hundred volumes. The *College Courier* is responsible for this.

Michigan University has conferred the degree (honorary) LL.D. upon a colored Alumnus.

Albion College has abolished the privilege of electing studies.

The *Echoes* is defunct. Sorry to hear it. The only college paper conducted wholly by ladies.

The *Miami Student* contains an excellent article on "Critics."

There are 287 incorporated colleges in the United States.

The German universities are depopulated.

Duke of Argyle has made a valuable gift to Virginia University, consisting of specimens of all the products and manufactures of India.

"Fireside Christianity" is the title of an article in the *Union Literary*.

The chimneys of the Chapel, having acquired the decidedly Romish habit of bowing to the East, are being restored to their orthodox perpendicularity.—*Courant*.

EXCHANGES.

<i>Dalhousie Gazette,</i>	<i>College Review,</i>
<i>Cap and Gown,</i>	<i>The Inkling,</i>
<i>Racine Journal,</i>	<i>Burlington Standard,</i>
<i>Racine Argus,</i>	<i>Trinity Tablet,</i>
<i>Racine Advocate,</i>	<i>Niagara's Tribute,</i>
<i>T. H. Saturday Eve. Mail,</i>	<i>College Courier,</i>
<i>Miami Student,</i>	<i>Mount Vernon Collegian,</i>
<i>Annalist,</i>	<i>McKendree Repository,</i>
<i>Indiana Student,</i>	<i>Madisonensis,</i>
<i>Chronicle,</i>	<i>Acorn.</i>
<i>Harvard Advocate,</i>	<i>Western Collegian,</i>
<i>Yale Literary,</i>	<i>Bethany Guardian,</i>
<i>Hamilton Lit. Monthly,</i>	<i>Amherst Student,</i>
<i>Courant,</i>	<i>College Mirror,</i>
<i>Targum,</i>	<i>University Press.</i>
<i>Union Lit. Magazine,</i>	<i>College Times,</i>
<i>University Magazine,</i>	

THE *Dalhousie College Gazette* is the title of a college paper which comes to us. It is the only college paper in the Dominion, and is quite a creditable affair.

The *Argus* is one of our very best exchanges. We are always glad to see its face. A little too heavy, however.

The *Cap and Gown* is a monthly, and is the production of the joint efforts of fourteen editors.

We have received *The Inkling*, a handsome specimen sheet issued from the North-Western Type Foundry, Milwaukee, and published by N. C. Hawks. The introductory number is a gem in typographic appearance.

The *Chronicle* is always welcome.

The *College Times* has been revived. It is a handsome sheet.

The *University Press* comes to us enlarged, and with other improvements to correspond.

The College Mercury.

"Vigetal Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, DEC. 15, 1870.

F. O. OSBORNE, | EDITORS. | H. C. DILLON,
T. W. McLEAN, | | F. S. GAULT,

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."

Owing to the vacation during the Christmas holidays, the MERCURY will not be issued again until January 15th. Our subscribers will save themselves much trouble if they will bear this fact in mind, and not harass us with useless inquiries concerning the edition of January 1st.

ONE LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE question of consolidating the two literary societies of the Collegiate Department, which has been agitating the minds of the students ever since the term began, has been settled. We regret that after so much dilly-dallying on the part of the members, a more satisfactory conclusion did not follow. The societies are not to be united. What a lamentable fact! What a useless waste of time and words there has been! As the union of the two societies is a question of considerable importance, we beg those who are chiefly concerned to reconsider their decision. Let them again think the matter over carefully, and see if they can not possibly make some compromise.

We ourselves are very much in favor of having but one society. We present our reasons for having such an opinion to the members of the societies, with the hope that they also may see the matter in its proper light, and act accordingly.

Two years experience has clearly proved that the Collegiate Department can not support two creditable societies. We may be loth to acknowledge this fact, but that does not at all alter the case. We certainly *cannot* keep up two strong, well conducted societies, and the sooner we make a change the better.

The reasons why we can not sustain more than one good society are very plain. There are but fifty students in the Collegiate Department; of this number, at least ten do not join either of the societies; of the forty who do belong, there are six or eight who are decidedly irregular in their attendance; of the remaining members, who are always present at the meetings, there are not more than twenty-five who are qualified to belong to a number one literary society. When this already small number is again divided, each society has about a dozen competent members. Now, twelve persons can not keep up a good lit-

rary society; it is useless to attempt it. They may succeed for a short time, but, eventually, prosperity will fail them.

Students do not want a number of small and feeble societies. No such thing. One steady, well conducted, well regulated society, which possesses uninterrupted prosperity, is of more advantage to them than a dozen which today are in a thriving condition, but tomorrow, perchance, are on the point of dissolution. Let this fact be borne in mind by the students.

The coalition of our two feeble literary bodies should be consummated as rapidly as possible. Enough time has already been wasted in idle talk. Let those who have the responsibility of the matter remember that the combination of our societies is their first duty. They must be united, at any sacrifice. If this fact be clearly understood, no more time will be wasted in deciding about what each society ought to give up, in order to effect union. The body which voluntarily gives up a few of its individual rights and privileges for the good of the whole, will never regret the sacrifice.

It behooves you, Clonians and Philologists, if you have any regard for your own welfare, to think seriously of this matter, and to take proper action at once.

THE MICROCOSM.

COLLEGE is a little world built up of the same materials as is the great outer world, and agitated and kept living by the same passions and by the same interests, in miniature, as is the outer world—the real world. Hope and Fear, Love and dislike—let us not call it Hate, Envy and Charity, all hold sway in this Microcosm, the only difference being in degree; not at all in kind. The wickedness of the real world is not so apparent in the college world; and this is so, because the evil of our nature is toned down, and even eradicated, in some sort, by the softening and correcting influence of the culture and discipline there acquired.

The friendships contracted in the little world are more lasting and truer than those contracted in the great world. This, I think, any observant man yields. These friendships, also, are tinged with a sort of romance, and when we separate—I mean when collegians separate, time throws a golden light around the college friend, and makes him appear perfect in our eyes.

These little worlds are in the world, but they are of the world, too: for they all go to make up the great world; and it is owing to their influence, through their inhabitants gone forth, that the great world is rendered purer and stronger.

The colleges and other institutions of learning are the true moulders of a nation and its destiny. Let us, then, who are members of this collection of microcosms, strive earnestly, sincerely, to do our utmost to make them more powerful by making them real, not visionary; truly practical, not merely utilitarian in their tone.

Often, the little world and the great world differ too widely. This should not be. Each may preserve its individual character, and yet understand each other and work together.

LOCAL.

PERSONAL.

We were gratified to see Mr. Wheeler, an undergraduate of '70, who spent the day with us a few Sundays ago. "Dan" is now studying law in Milwaukee. Considering that he is often surrounded by sheep-skin covered law books,—his good nature, his towering height, and his love for Alma Mater are in a wonderful state of preservation.

Mr. William Comstock, at one time a member of the Scientific Class of '69, favored us with a few lines a short time ago. He is deeply interested in a large flouring mill in Columbus, Ohio. Though pressed with business, "Billy" has not forgotten the College. He says he wants us to be sure and send the MERCURY to him.

Mr. Du Shaw, master of dancing, from Chicago, has recently taken in charge those of the students who are desirous of perfecting themselves in the terpsichorean art. Quite a number of collegians have made use of this opportunity to receive lessons. A few days ago, we noticed a phlegmatic Junior, who was *gracefully* attempting to "trip the light fantastic," (size of boots, number nine) to whose consideration we recommend the words, "nil desperandum." The dancing school, thus far, has been entirely successful.

Mr. Pardee, of '70, has been traveling through Tennessee, in company with Bishop Quintard, whose pleasant visit we all so well remember. We received a letter from him a short time since. The description of the University of the South, which accompanied it, we publish in another column.

Mr. Bennett, of '73, commonly called "Pap," has been distinguishing himself in the games of "shinney." He recently appeared on the ground, *gracefully* wielding a sturdy sapling, taken from its native wilds west of the College.

We take great pleasure in announcing the arrival of Mr. Rowe, the gentleman who is to take in charge the training of the Choir. Mr. Rowe received his musical education at St. Mary's College, Chelsea, London, and was for some time a pupil of the Rev. Mr. Helmore,—well known as the person who set the Psalter to Gregorian tones, used in our Chapel service. Mr. Rowe has also had much experience in choir training; for four years he was choir master at Camborne Parish Church, and for six years he served in the same capacity at the Cathedral of St. Johns, Newfoundland, where he gave the highest satisfaction. Mr. Rowe will no doubt prove eminently successful in his new field of labor.

Mr. Louis P. Plant, Class of '71, who went to Europe last Spring to recuperate his health, is now in Switzerland. He has been tarrying at Geneva a few months, to perfect himself in several of the modern languages. We learn that he is now in good health; his exuberance of spirits and his former remarkable activity of body having been fully restored to him. Glad to hear it, Louis.

Mr. Morgan will take the place of Second of Kemper Hall, left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Tabb. Mr. Morgan, we understand, is a graduate of Trinity College.

We were recently the fortunate recipients of a letter from Mr. C. H. Montgomery, at one time a member of the Class of '71. He is now in New York city, busily engaged in pursuing his legal studies, which he likes "first rate." Doubtless, "Mont" will shortly be an illustrious pourer forth of forensic eloquence. Success to him.

Horace Martin, the Second of the Grammar School, is again amongst us. He has entirely recovered from his long and dangerous sickness, and is looking better than ever. Unlooked for circumstances prevented his departure for Europe; he will probably go next Spring.

Mr. J. E. Wheeler, Class of '70, is in a bank at Columbus, Wis. We wish him success.

Master Jack Hudson, of Grammar School fame, is the exact prototype of his renowned frere.

Our talented young friend, Mr. James Bowen, who left us last Summer, is now in Geneva, Switzerland. He is under the vigilant and fostering care of Mr. Louis Plant.

Mr. Ben. T. Cable is now in Germany. He was penned up in Strasbourg during the entire siege. "Cab." was of '73.

It is noticeable the number of Racinenses who are travelling in Europe at the present time. Most of them are subscribers for the MERCURY.

Mrs. Franklin, we are happy to announce, has almost recovered from her dangerous and prolonged attack of illness.

For the protection of the lake-bank and the safety and convenience of travel, the College and Cemetery fences have been moved in fifty feet, making a beautiful drive. How long it will remain so is a query and an anxiety to us all. The bank crumbles away year by year in an alarming manner. By throwing out piers, it could be saved; but they are very expensive. Willows have been tried in places and seem to be a success. Willows certainly are cheap, and why they have not been set out, is what "gets us."

THE Gymnasium opens, all serene, with a full stock of instruments of torture; but the weather has been so delightful thus far, that out door sports have left them to swing untouched. Occasionally, we have noticed two Scottish chiefs, of feudal dispositions, ("the first letters of whose names" are Mack, and Bailey.) slip quietly in, draw on the boxing gloves, and pound each other till they become the very best of friends. Such things are the very spice of life.

The "Ladies Exchange" has been moved into the Gymnasium for Winter quarters, where, with smiling countenances and the choicest array of sweetmeats, the ladies are to be found every Monday, ready for business.

From want of a Short Hand reporter, we are unable to give quotations. We are having one trained for this special department.

This Establishment is in a most flourishing condition, proving conclusively to all skeptics that women are not "so slow" on "biz," as many would have us believe.

They are shortly to present Taylor Hall, with an elegant clock, to be placed in the tower; and, like that "ancient time piece," will say to us:

"Forever, never; never forever:"

but in this case will mean,

"Bust" up, never: pie-shop forever.

It is to cost something like \$800, we understand. Hope soon to give a full description of it.

"SHOO FLY" seems destined to be popular for many ages to come, judging from the numerous translations which have been presented to the public. The vivacious Frenchman immured within Parisian walls, finds consolation in warbling the following *pathetic* version, which we insert for the benefit of our readers.

"VA! MOCHE."

Je suis, je suis, je suis,
Comme l'étoile du matin.
Je suis, je suis, je suis,
Comme l'étoile du matin;
La musique est en l'air,
C'est que ma mere m'a dit
Les anges elles jettis la melaise
Sur la tete de ce ne—*grée*.

CHORUS.

Va! mouche! ne m' incommode.
Va! mouche! ne m' incommode.
Va! mouche! ne m' incommode.
Car je suis un de Compagnie G.

IN our walks about the College lately, we have noticed many improvements made during vacation and since, that were overlooked in our last issue. The energetic Matrons of Park and Kemper Halls have so thoroughly renovated those buildings that they never looked better. in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." The Grammar School Library, which for so long a time has been in confusion, has been straightened out by careful hands, and we hope it will now be conducted on careful and correct principles.

In praise of the order and neatness of these two buildings be it said, that last Summer they fairly bloomed with choicest flowers, far excelling our own Taylor Hall, and putting us to shame; but never mind; look out for your laurels next Summer, ye Grammarians.

TABBY.—Our merry friend Mr. Tabb, whose jokes have kept us on a broad grin for four months past, has left us, for the purpose of entering the Seminary at Nashatah. All who know him (and who does not?) will miss his handsome countenance and genial smile. We heartily wish him all success.

DR. ELMENDORF'S new and handsome residence is just completed, and bears the romantic name of Oak Cliff. The situation chosen is delightful: it fronts to the East and South, commanding on the one side a grand view of the lake and those glorious sunrises, and on the other the college grounds and buildings. The grounds about it are being tastefully arranged; perhaps next summer, our eyes may feast on some landscape gardening. Every day the Dr. may be seen busily engaged in beautifying it, and evidently enjoying himself hugely.

MEMORIAL BARN.—Dr. Falk has erected a fine barn lately; we suppose in honor of the Prussian Victories.

WHICH IS WHICH?—We have now a Kemper Hall at Kenosha, for girls, and a Kemper Hall at Racine for boys. How are strangers to distinguish them? A facetious young man thus solves the difficulty: Erect a flag staff on each, and on top of the one place a hoop-skirt, on the other a pair of pants.

THE proposed opening of a school of a high order, for girls, at Kemper Hall, Kenosha, and the necessity of similar sessions for both institutions, have induced the authorities of Racine College to make a change in the sessions and vacations. The College Year will hereafter begin on or about September 8th, and close about July 8th, with a recess of four weeks at Christmas. This will give a collegiate year of thirty-nine weeks, with a vacation of nine weeks in July and August, and a recess of four weeks at Christmas. For the present year, however, there will be a vacation of two weeks at Christmas, and the Winter term will close at the usual time (April 12th). The Summer term will begin the same day (April 12th), without any Spring vacation.

THE Library has been fitted up in magnificent style, and presents an appearance well calculated to satisfy those desiring elegance combined with comfort. The floor is covered with a handsome and costly carpet, and the book cases—filled with the choicest works, ancient and modern—combine with beauty, strength and lightness.

Two superior paintings from the works of the ancient masters, adorn the walls,—and, altogether, in short, we are very proud of the Library.

For the edification and interest of former students, we desire to state that the College parlor of Taylor Hall contains the Library. Imagination can well supply the rest.

At a meeting of the members of '71, on the 5th inst., the election of Class Day officers resulted as follows:

President, F. O. Osborne; Historian, M. C. Lightner; Ivy Orator, J. L. January; Poet, T. W. McLean; Prophet, J. B. Winslow; Cradle Orator, W. C. McCree; Hat Orator, L. L. Johnson.

"Where, oh where is the College bull-dog?
Where, oh where is 'Hush' the bull-dog?
Gone, we fear, 'where the woodbine twineth,'
Safe and sound in a bull-dog's grave."

Supply "Soup" for "Hush," in the second line, and you have the second stanza of this remarkable spark of poetic genius.

His most serene and rollicking highness, the historical King Cole, holds his tyrannic sway close by these precincts. He proves to be an Ethiope, and his royal spouse does washing and ironing cheap, and in a most satisfactory manner. Hie thither, ye students.

MISSING.—The Clionian steel engraving of Irving and his Friends. Where is it?

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Vitam Inpendere Verum.

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Secretary..... E. A. LARRAQUE
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College Mercury.

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. VIII;

RACINE COLLEGE, JANUARY 15, 1871.

NO. 3.

THE CHAPEL.

TREAD softly, for 'tis holy ground;
Wake not the echoes there,
Where lowly now each veiled head,
Is bent in fervent prayer.

The sunlight through the window streams,
As sinking in the West,
He pauses, lingering as it were,
Upon a scene so blest.

He flings his golden radiance back,
Across the altar stone;
Crowns pictured saints, with glory sweet,
Lingers to kiss our Saviour's feet,
And then, at last, is gone.

He's gone—'tis twilight's holy hour,
And through the shadows gray,
The lamp its feeble glimmer sends,
Like hope's soft cheering ray.

While all around is darkening fast,
We bend in fervent prayer;
To ask that God may keep our friends,
Still in his holy care.

—XALUPS.

THE MUSQUITO.

The subject of this sketch, the musquito, though of small stature, is by no means an insignificant personage. "Though born of poor parents, he has some of the best blood of our nation in his veins." He has a tongue which can be let out or taken in at will, which he uses as a weapon of offense, and which, acting as a bayonet produces a peculiarly painful and vexatious wound in the body of the person attacked. He gets his living from men, and yet the ungrateful fellow takes man's blood without provocation.

His habits are peculiar.

He is evidently from the tropical countries, as hot weather is his delight. He is a physician of the "old school" being greatly given to bleeding. Though he does not object to out-door exercise, he prefers the house, being decidedly domestic in his affections. He apparently delights in the toilet, preferring bed-rooms to any part of the house. He is persevering, and evidently believes in everybody's being wide awake; for, at night, when deep sleep falls upon men he comes around and visits them, treating them to a serenade; if that does not awaken them enough to satisfy his fastidious ideas of activity, he gently, yet firmly, touches them with his tongue, until they are willing to acknowledge his superior activity and power over the God of Sleep.

The musquito family is both renowned and numerous, and though many individuals of that family can get into a small place, yet for convenience and to satisfy their migratory longings they have spread themselves over the whole world, where a reasonable degree of heat is to be found, however, for they are sensitive to cold, so that you can hardly go anywhere, without meeting some distant relations of that interesting fellow you left behind you, who are continually crowding around to ask you, "How is Tom, Dick, or whatever his name is? Is he grown? How does his business prosper?" etc.

There is one quality or characteristic, which in the musquito I praise above all others. It is perseverance. If when he comes to visit you, you politely, and with the utmost suavity of manner imaginable, tell him you are busy, can't see him, wish he would mind his own business, etc., emphasizing your remarks with a gesture, which, for the sake of making more impression on him, you make with both hands, he does not get angry, as would many of the human race who consider themselves his superiors, nor does he in any way despair of being finally successful. His motto is "victory or death," so he comes back to you with renewed activity and cunning, until finally either you have so impressed upon him the fact of your not wishing his company that he falls back dead, or you in despair leave your seat in a very unenviable state of mind for a more peaceful spot.

The nature and habits of the musquito furnish us with a good lesson. If we follow with exactness the good parts of his composition, viz: perseverance, domestic affection, activity and honesty of purpose, our course through life will be marked with success; while on the other hand we must not imitate his ferocity, greediness, ingratitude, and habit of continually drinking and keeping late hours, as that will make us despised by all right-minded men, and bring us to an untimely grave.

VEGETUS.

CHANGE OF VACATION.

The important change which the authorities recently made in the vacations seems to give entire satisfaction to the majority of the students; there are, however, a few dissenting voices, which we are certain will be hushed, when the full advantages of the change become more apparent. Those who are displeased say that they do not wish to have vacation during the hot summer months. They should remember that study comes first, and that vacation is of secondary importance. Vacation should be accommodated to the time for studying; study should not give way to vacation.

For about seven years we have been spending the excessively hot days in study, while the members of other institutions were having vacation. This arrangement prevented us from having a suitable vacation during the holidays. It debarred us also from ever coming in contact with our friends of other colleges. The change just made has at least these merits. It puts an end to the timeworn grumbling topic about studying in warm weather; it gives our students abundant opportunities for participating in the festivities of the Christmas and New Year holidays in their own homes. Our students also have the privilege of mingling with the students of other colleges, for our vacations coincide with theirs. While we rejoice at the change which has been made, we cannot refrain from saying a few words about the advantages of the old system. In spite of the denunciations of a few about studying in hot weather, there are many of us who look back with pleasure upon the happy summers we have spent here. We think of the enjoyment we have had, bathing in the lake on a hot day. We remember the many exciting cricket and base ball matches we have played. We muse over the delightful strolls amid the shady oak groves, and on lake, and say to ourselves, There is no pleasanter place, in which to spend a summer than Racine.

We who are soon to take our departure from Alma Mater, cherish the deepest regard for the good old college games, which have added so much to our enjoyment while here. We cannot help thinking that the new system will not have a very salutary influence upon the games which belong properly to warm weather; for, the summer vacation will divide the season for playing. Such is our opinion. We trust however that experience will show that it is false. In conclusion let us say with regard to the change, that, while we rejoice at the many advantages it presents and express ourselves as fully satisfied, we do not give up the old system without some feelings of reluctance, some feelings of regret.

The College Herald comes out in favor of the marking system.

DENISON has had a "Chapel stampede," as from a "herd of imprisoned animals."

ILLINOIS has thirteen colleges.

A BOY was sent by his mother to saw some stove wood out of railroad ties. Going out doors shortly after, she found the youth sitting on the saw-horse, with his head down. The mother asked her hopeful son why he was cast down, and why he didn't keep at his work. "My dear mother, I find it hard, very hard to sever old ties."—*Ex.*

LOG houses are plenty and popular in North-Western Iowa.

It is stated that there are 74,000 doctors in the United States.

THE celebrated leaning tower of Pisa, Italy, threatens to fall in entirely.

THE MISSIONARY PIE SHOP.

WE listened, a few evenings since, at the last meeting of the Missionary Society, to a *red hot* essay, directed at the above named venerable institution. The writer charged the ladies, who have the management of the concern, with a forgetfulness of the true object for which the Pie Shop was started, namely, to aid the different missions in the neighborhood, and work hand in hand with the Society.

He went on to say, that they had ceased to be an aid to mission work; that most of them had so far lost their zeal as to have withdrawn entirely from the Society; and had now changed the Pie Shop into a sort of money making establishment; and that, instead of zeal for the heathen, they were badly afflicted with Clock on the Brain.

If we understand the history of the Pie Shop correctly, (and we rather think we do,) it never was an arm of the Missionary Society, and was never so considered. Its object was solely to obtain money, to aid the Church in whatever way they considered best to apply it. The good works that it has done need no embellishment on paper: they speak for themselves. Had it not been for them, the Holy Innocents chapel would never have been built. They started the project, and raised about \$500 to help build it. They have been engaged for some time past in raising money to purchase a large and elegant clock for the tower of Taylor Hall; and, at last, they have succeeded in this good work. The clock has been bought, and is now here, ready to be put up. The cost of this, we understand, was \$500. As long as the ladies have nothing worse on the brain than projects like the above, we think they can dispense with physicians like the aforesaid writer.

The cause of Missions will never suffer in such hands. What they have done has been done for the Church, and all their labors for the future will be thus directed. The truth of the whole matter, however, is this: the ladies have not withdrawn from active missionary labors, but the gentleman of the quill has. The only missionary labor that he has done, since last Summer, is his famous attempt to reconstruct the Pie Shop.

MISSIONARY EXERCISES.

A very interesting communication to the "Spirit of Missions," from Rev. Mr. Shaw—for a long time connected with this College—was read before the Missionary Society on Sunday evening last. It gave a very spirited account of the writer's zealous and self sacrificing work along the line of the Union Pacific railroad, and also of the signal success which had crowned his efforts up to the time of date. We all feel intensely interested in whatever concerns those of our number who are working in the holy cause of Catholic Missions.

We cannot fail to congratulate Mr. Dillon, also, for his very able and eminently practical speech. He is the first one to establish a precedent for good extempore oratory on such occasions as these.

Mr. Lightner read a vigorous but somewhat personal essay—which will bring the ladies about his ears.

The Literary exercises in general, are far superior to what they were a year ago.

RACINE COLLEGE, JAN. 15th, 1871.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

In glancing over the first number of your excellent paper I learnt, that at Princeton College there is a student who possesses the "cheerful name of Hornblower." This recalled to my mind a painful thought, viz: not that we in Racine College have any one afflicted with that unhappy name, but that there is some student who is a most vigorous blower on an immense *base* horn. I never settle myself comfortably in my arm chair to reflect, to read, or to study, but what that horn blower strikes up one of his matchless tunes, when I, weak one, unable to resist its siren notes, straightway fall asleep.

During the last month, this alluring instrument put me to sleep so often that my studies were almost wholly neglected, so that now I am head of one end of the class.

Now, I protest against this somniferous music. If our friend must indulge his passion, I beg that he be compelled to use an instrument of a size, and of a construction, such that its notes will not have a pernicious and soporiferous influence upon his fellow students.

Yours,

ANTI-HORN-BLOWIST.

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

THE *Union Literary* deplors the total lack of games at the Christian University. Wake up! you are behind the times at Canton.

HEIDELBERG has 101 professors; Leipsic, 124; Berlin, 158; Bon, 93; Gottenberg, 204; Halle, 81.—*La Fayette Monthly*.

THE *Targum* for December comes to us supplemented.

THE *College Courant* has a formidable list of contributors.

WE understand from numerous college exchanges,—dating back two years or more, and extending up to the present time,—that we have a Billiard Table and Smoking Room here at Racine. It is true.

WE have received the *Jarvis Hall Record*, published at Golden City, Colorado. It bears the impress of extreme youth and a new country.

Dalhousie Gazette comes to us freighted with good, substantial articles.

THE *Harvard Advocate* is one of our best exchanges.

A man in town was so charmed with his first reading of William Shakspeare's works, that he has left an order for the gentleman's new books, to be reserved for him as soon as published.—*University Reporter*.

It is currently reported in a New York college, that the only rules to which students of the University of Michigan are subject, are: first, that, if convenient, no students shall set fire to the college buildings; secondly, that, under ordinary circumstances, no student shall waylay and murder a professor. Very commendable.—*Harvard Advocate*.

CHICAGO University is hunting up a Skating Park.

CORNELL *Era* is to have a brass band.—*Cornell Era*. She is already pretty skillful in blowing her own horn.—*Irving Union*.

Yes, and it makes a very harsh sound, painful to others' ears.

Niagara's Tribute "got up on its ear" at a question propounded by *Cornell Era*. We hope the *Index* will be less irascible.

RUTGERS has Japanese to the number of fourteen.

THE faculty of Dartmouth supplies the students with foot balls.—*Dalhousie College Gazette*.

Ditto Racine.

Good bye *Niagara's Tribute*! Welcome *Index Niagarensis*! You have improved wonderfully in appearance.

THE *Simpsonian* asserts that it "is going to Halifax regularly."

WHO named our Colleges? Yale was named after Elihu Yale; Racine was named after Racine, the French Dramatist, or rather, after Racine, the city in which it is situated.

THE *University Press* contains an article, entitled German Education, from the able pen of Dr. Feuling, formerly of this College.

Is n't that "poetic pun," commencing "There's a met dactylic," &c. about played out? We are confident of having seen it in several college papers for some time past.

AN English connoisseur gets off the following on the French and their language:

"They call their chaises *chairs*.

They call their letters *billies*.

They call their mothers *mares*.

And call their daughters *fillies*."

—*Hamilton Literary*.

EXCHANGES.

Dalhousie Gazette.

Irving Union.

Acorn.

College Argus.

Harvard Advocate.

Qui Vive.

College Times.

Targum.

College Review.

Index Niagarensis.

Courant.

Chronicle.

Yale Courant.

Madisonensis.

College Herald.

University Reporter.

Indiana Student.

College Mirror,

T. H. Saturday Eve. Mail.

Racine Journal.

Racine Advocate,

Union Lit. Magazine.

La Fayette Monthly.

Simpsonian.

Denison Collegian.

Amer. Ed. Monthly.

University Press.

Mount Vernon Collegian.

Annalist.

Virginia Magazine.

Southern Collegian.

Miami Student.

Jarvis Hall Record.

THE *Irving Union*, of Washington University, Saint Louis, comes to us on tinted paper. It is one of our best exchanges.

EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY is an acceptable exchange.

THE *College Times* is a beauty.

The College Mercury.

"Yigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, JAN. 15, 1870.

EDITORS.

F. O. OSBORNE, T. W. McLEAN, H. C. DILLON.

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

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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."

OWING to circumstances, over which we had no control, this edition of the MERCURY comes from the press a day or two behind-hand. We trust our patrons will bear the delay patiently this time, and we shall take care that such a thing does not again occur.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

ALTHOUGH this day of universal enjoyment and festivity has rapidly speeded its way into the dimness of the past, we cannot forbear recalling it, for the sake of dwelling a few minutes upon it, even at this late period.

While commemorative of no particular event in the world's history, it is nevertheless very generally observed by all classes of people. It is a day of solemn promises—sometimes broken almost immediately, a day of pleasant social intercourse, a day for the bringing together of long separated friends.

Conspicuous among other notable features of the day, is the custom of calling; the gentlemen spending the time in calling upon their lady friends and acquaintances, the ladies in receiving the callers.

Refreshments abound. The ladies taking care to have their tables well supplied with food and drink. Just here there is, in the celebration of the day, what has always appeared to us to be inappropriate.

Ladies are generally much opposed to an immoderate use of intoxicating liquor. On this occasion however, in their zeal to have the callers partake of their hospitality, they often, unintentionally to be sure, do much harm.

Of what use is it, for a man to make a promise of total abstinence from the fatal bowl for a year, if in the very beginning the allurements of youth and beauty are to triumph over him? Man, poor weakling, finds it hard to refuse the sparkling cup, when the fair daughters of Eve innocently tempt him, so he imbibes freely at every fresh invitation. A good way to begin the New Year.

On this day also, the letter and paper carriers thrust their poetical addresses upon their customers with the expectation of receiving a reward; why they are entitled to receive any thing more than their regular wages, we have

never been able to discover. Like others who serve the public, they receive a stipulated reward for their services, which certainly is amply sufficient for reasonable persons. In our opinion it is as *just* and as *appropriate* for the milk man and the grocer to issue New Year's addresses, and to receive fees for the same, as it is for the letter and paper carriers. Away with these spongers!

We present this opinion to the thinking public, whose reason is often lead astray by its generosity.

REPETITION IN SPEECH.

WE have noticed, lately, a growing tendency on the part of a number of the students, to indulge in that exceedingly painful and injurious habit of repetition in speaking. We do not refer to this in connection with the class room and the debating society, which are without our province of criticism, but rather in connection with those numerous fortuitous occasions which arise in college routine. The fault is one easily acquired, but not so easily overcome; it is a fault, moreover, which is apt to mislead the one who acquires it, in that it gives a false appearance of eloquence. We are sorry to be obliged to call the attention of even some of the grave and reverend seniors to this tendency, which they possess.

Let each one strive to acquire a concise and earnest manner of speaking. Eloquence consists not so much in what is termed a "rattling ready" manner, which oftentimes proves a shallow brain, but in well turned sentences which come directly to the point, few in number, but involving the principle you wish to demonstrate, or proving the excellence of your opinions.

We have been led to make these few remarks—and they are made in all good will—by the painful impression made upon our mind by the rambling, meaningless speech made by a student in the Missionary Society some time since; he made a *ready* speech, but it consisted chiefly of everlasting repetition of a single insignificant idea.

THE prayer which Socrates taught Alcibiades, deserves a place in the devotions of every Christian: That he should beseech the supreme God to give him what was good for him, although he should not ask it, and to withhold from him whatever should be hurtful, though he should be so foolish as to pray for it.—*Ex.*

A NEW Zoölogical CLASSIFICATION.—Recitation in Geology.—*Professor*: "How many species are there of the genus Homo?" *Student*: "Two; the Sapientes and the Stulti!"

THE largest Russian university is at Moscow. It has 1600 students, and 75 professors.

THE LATEST VERSION.—A student being called upon to read the ode of Horace, beginning:—

"Exegi monumentum aere perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius,"

rendered it, "I have eaten a monument tougher than brass and taller than the royal pyramids." "Get out, sir," said the indignant professor, "for if that is true, the college would not be a mouthful for you."—*Hamilton Literary.*

LOCAL.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North 11 00 A.M. 12 05 P.M. 8 12 P.M.
 Going South 7 51 A.M. 2 04 P.M. 4 48 P.M.

PERSONAL.

We learn that Rev. E. B. Spalding and Mr. George Mead, A. M. anticipated spending the Christmas holidays quietly either in London or Canterbury, England. We have no doubt they enjoyed themselves immensely.

We hear that "Brinley" Richards, '70, is about to give up the elevator business, to take a three years course in the school of Mines, Columbia College. He intends to finish his education in Europe.

Mr. ROWE, by his judicious management is fast changing the conditions of the choir for the better. That body has been degenerating during the past year, owing to the want of a choir trainer who could devote his time solely to the duty of superintending the music of the choir. The college must be congratulated for the exceedingly happy choice they made, in obtaining the services of such a capable man as Mr. Rowe.

We learn that one of the members of the last graduating class is about to lead to the hymenial altar, one of Michigan's fairest daughters. Who is the happy man?

We met Mr. Lull of '69, during the holidays; he is in Chicago mastering the intricacies of the law. His eye is not dimmed, nor his natural force abated. He is looking well.

"PERK," of '69, was spending the holidays in Chicago.

EDGAR SNYDER, a sometime under-graduate of this College, is filling the Chairs of Mathematics and Latin and Greek, at Jarvis Hall, a primary school for boys, at Golden City, Colorado. May he be successful in "truncating" the youthful shoots.

Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL, for some time a member of the Grammar School, connected with this college, is teaching the young idea how to shoot, in the primeval forests of the far West, "where the sun blushes with the quivering intensity of a flying dolphin."

THE HOLIDAYS AT THE COLLEGE, AND HOW THEY WERE SPENT.—For the curiosity of those who did not have the pleasure of spending the holiday vacation here, we give a brief account of the exciting season.

The Chapel was trimmed with evergreens in a neat and modest manner, and the small yet *melodious* choir, under the skilful management of Mr. Rowe, was made to warble forth its sweetest notes, preparatory to the great festival of Christmas.

The Service on Christmas Day was full Choral, as were also Morning and Evening Prayer, throughout the vacation.

The sermon was extempore by the Rev. Mr. Pitts, and was pronounced by all, excellent. In the evening, the Warden's reception was held in the parlor of Kemper Hall. His wonted vein of humor found its exit in telling stories to the little folks, but soon all gathered around him. His thoughts strangely revelled in Christmas dinners, and in each of his stories, the principal character was the "Ghost of a Turkey;" it was owing perhaps to the absence of that highly fascinating bird from the dinner table that day.

The following Monday was given up to unalloyed pleasure. Every one appeared to be having a huge time.

Mrs. Franklin treated us to a sumptuous dinner.

We noticed a look of incredulity upon Mack's countenance as he thrust his carver into the savory bird before him; but he soon regained his wonted joviality, for it was no ghost this time, but the venerable turkey himself.

The ladies had prepared a Christmas tree for the evening entertainment, so, immediately after evening chapel all repaired to Kemper Hall. The parlor was very tastefully adorned with evergreens, and the tree itself was beautiful.

We noticed a great quantity of gifts lying on stands near the tree. In the distribution we noticed the following: a book, entitled "Honest Tommy," to Mr. Pitts; a copy of the "Spirit of Missions" to Professor Dean; a tabby cat to Miss Ramsdale; a meek looking dog to the MERCURY; and some gentleman's bust wrought in molasses candy to the Warden, who sought diligently among the company for the original, but he had fled.

A general good time followed the gifts. Dr. Falk introduced the "Giant Sneeze," which brought down the house; and afterwards taught the little folks the laughable game called "Do you want to buy a hen?" which little Mack Jr. thought remarkably fine, on account of the facilities which it afforded for saying "by hen."

Mrs. Franklin made all hearts glad by an excellent supper.

The evening passed away pleasantly to all. Mr. Rowe favored the company with several beautiful songs, accompanied by Mr. Hinsdale upon the piano. When the party finally broke up, each one took his departure apparently at peace with all the world, and infinitely happy.

The remainder of the vacation wore wearily away. The prayer of the Reclor, on the morning of your departure, "for a quiet time," being fully answered here.

THE '71s, determining to keep up their ancient reputation for love of true reform, have substituted for the time-worn Cup Oration, one more suggestive, and better calculated to call into operation the parental instinct, namely, the Cradle Oration. We hope, however, the said *oration* may not prove *soothing* in its effects.

THE Entertainment on Saturday evening, the 7th instant, was exceedingly well attended, and the expressions of satisfaction which we overheard at the conclusion evinced its entire success.

The idea of the entertainment was, we believe, suggested by Mr. Rowe, our popular Choir Master, and was intended to assist the Ladies' Aid Society in their laudable efforts in procuring a College Clock. The entrance fee was put at the paltry sum of five cents, in order to enable all, even the Grammar School scholars, to attend.

The exercises consisted of readings and singing. We cannot refrain from mentioning the delightful duet performed by Mr. and Mrs. Hinsdale.

The signal success of this first entertainment, which enabled the Ladies to net quite a round sum, has determined them to continue the exercises every alternate Saturday evening.

We are heartily glad to hear that a number of the students, in conjunction with others connected with the college, have formed a society for the purpose of producing some really good instrumental music. An organization of this kind has been greatly needed ever since the dissolution of what was formerly called the Choral Society.

Since that time, numerous independent musicians have been tormenting us with the lacerating notes of their tuneless instruments. From what we learn, the society means work, and we may hope soon to be treated to some ravishing and soul-inspiring strains. We wish it all manner of success.

STRANGE COINCIDENCE.—Although the evidences of one's senses seem to contradict the fact, it is nevertheless true that our genial friend "Billy" Whitmore, the *tallest* student in the College, is precisely of the same age, even to a day, as is the diminutive "baby" Sharp, who claims to be the *smallest* student in the Collegiate Department. This happy couple who present us with such extremes in height, were born in the same year and on the same day. May their shadows strike a happy mean.

The devotees of "shinney" and foot ball are deploring the lamentable fact that the snow, which covers the Campus, has effectually put an end to the exciting games which afforded them so much enjoyment before the Christmas vacation. In lieu of something better, they now patronize the Gymnasium, anxiously awaiting the appearance of skating, in order that they may again enjoy the freshness and the life of healthy out door exercise.

The College Catalogue for 1870-'71 is now in the hands of the printers: it will probably be out before our next issue.

The lovers of mathematics were somewhat surprised, as well as pleased, upon returning from vacation, to learn that the professor of their department had kindly made some long needed changes in the arrangement of the seats. His recitation room is now provided with elevated tiers of seats *a la theatre*; thus giving each student a full and unobstructed view of the blackboard.

The Clionians hereafter will hold their meetings in the Library. Some such arrangement as this has long been needed; and to be surrounded with comfort and elegance will certainly give zest to the literary exercises, for we all know that external surroundings are intimately connected with, and have a moulding influence upon the mechanism of the mind. Farewell to the comfortless, dreary old Hall.

"On the long and dreary winter!
Ah the cold (!) and cruel winter!"

NEW YEAR'S was duly observed by some of the students who remained at the College, and the time honored American custom of making calls was recognized in proper sort.

Two of the students, a junior and a senior, who shall be nameless, were espied at the close of the day, frantically endeavoring to reach the precincts of the College. On their signals for help being answered, they informed their rescuers that their efforts during the auspicious day had completely "lucked" them.

With a few exceptions, the students were very prompt in their return upon the appointed day after the Christmas vacation was over. The next day college life was flowing on with its customary smoothness, apparently unconscious that there had been any interruption. So far as we have been able to learn, those who visited their homes during the holidays spent an unusually pleasant vacation; there being no break in the round of pleasure.

On Saturday nights the admirers of the terpsichorean art take advantage of the kind permission extended to them by the Warden, and transform the Library—for the time being—into a scene of *Fairy* festivity.

At these gatherings sundry pairs of "number nines" may be seen and heard figuring conspicuously in the "meshy whirl," and among the rest the worthy Head Master's, *pro tem*.

The Band of the College, composed chiefly of Messrs. Strong and Perin, assisted by their fiddlers, does the music for the occasion.

Such drafts are made upon the Musicians' power, that, at the conclusion of the scene, they are usually carried to their rooms in a state of extreme prostration, and in an imbecile manner requesting the by-standers to "hang up the fiddle and the bow."

OBITUARY.

It is with feelings of profoundest sorrow that we find ourselves called upon to announce the death of one of Racine's most well known and estimable citizens. The death of Mr. Peyton R. Morgan will be deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, both among those connected with the College, and among the Churchmen of Racine; for he was intimately associated with the welfare of this institution, having been a Trustee ever since its very inception, and had been Warden of St. Luke's Church for a period extending over fifteen years. He was born in 1823 and had been

a leading citizen of Racine for twenty three years. He died Thursday, 12th inst.

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Hudson J. no.

College Mercury.

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. VIII;

RACINE COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 1, 1871.

NO. 4.

BOOKS.

To him who reading loves aright,
A book is as a friend.
Upon its pages clean and white,
Bright thoughts and fancies blend.
Its words may soothe and banish care,
Or fill the heart with mirth.
Then soil it not, but keep it fair,
Nor lightly hold its worth.
In youth it prompts to nobler aims,
And trains the wayward mind.
Both lovers lorn and sprightly dames
In it true comfort find.
But why relate its various ends?
'Twere idle toil, forsooth.
To say that books were more than friends,
Would be but half the truth.
For friends depart; their love grows cold;
Or death may claim his own.
What then shall cheer when we are old,
And health and strength are gone?
Our books remain; they calm the mind
When age and pain oppress.
Their words of comfort well designed
Our youth and age to bless.

WILLOW-WOOD.

BOYS.

THE subject of boys is as exhaustless as that of the weather. But notwithstanding the vast amount that has already been written and said upon it, there is abundant room left for the improvement of old theories, and the origination of new ones. Besides, the reiteration of good advice, however disagreeable the fact may be to the boys, must go on as long as there are such creatures to require it.

This is undoubtedly, the "Golden Age" of boys. Every effort is being made to render life enjoyable to them, and the bug-bear "study" as alluring as possible. Our fathers, when young, were obliged to read the dry books intended for grown people. Now, boys have a literature of their own, comprising papers and magazines, books of entertainment, and works presenting knowledge in a form as attractive as a story. Then too, they are not whipped as much as they used to be; whether this is because the present race of boys is better, or those who have charge of them are more humane, I will not decide. Suffice it to say, that whipping is not the fashion just now, and I advise very young gentlemen to enjoy the *present*, for old fashions often come up again, and there is no saying when such an ancient one as this may revive.

Every age and every nation has had its peculiar theories as to how boys should be brought up. To cite two instances: The Spartans trained them exclusively for physical endurance and the service of the State; and the Age of Chivalry began the practice of educating them to be gentlemen. Of one thing boys may be certain; their grandfathers up to many degrees of "great," passed through a far more severe drill than that to which they are subject.

Boys now-a-days, have more consideration shown to their feelings and preferences; they are not treated so much as if they were sculptor's clay to be moulded just as their guardians please, or chairs and tables, to stay just where they are put. All this is improvement worthy of the nineteenth century. And are the boys of this century keeping pace with the progress of the age in which they live? Do they make the best use of their immense advantages over past generations of boys? Of course not.

Boys must be led, nay even compelled, now, as in the past, to seek their own improvement; and as long as the world endures, they will want their own way and hate study. There is a charm about boys, their high spirits, light hearts and fearless daring. A gentle, manly boy is fully equal to a gentle, pretty girl.

When I look upon a bright, open-faced boy, I cannot believe him capable of the baseness of a false, or cruel act.

But the face is not always the index of the character, and alas! too common, are cruelty and falsehood among boys. Very frequently, these sins are committed through thoughtlessness and example. Too often they arise from a lack of principle. Many boys who would no more have told a lie about the cherry tree, than George Washington himself, will yet be addicted to all manner of paltry deceit.

I have known men who prided themselves on their lies, who preferred to tell a lie even when it was for their evident interest to tell the truth. Such men seem to have lost their moral sense of truth. Can any boy be willing to grow up to such a manhood? The words—"a truthful boy"—have a noble ring about them. That this may be the proud title of all the younger readers of the *MERCURY*, is the sincere desire of their cordial well-wisher.

AMICA.

THE philosopher Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says: "Æsop was crooked; Socrates purblind, long-legged, hairy; Democritus withered; Seneca lean and harsh, ugly to behold; Horace a little, bleary-eyed, contemptible fellow; Melancthon a short, hard favoured man; Epictetus lame," etc. What a handsome picture they would make, grouped together!

THE SAXON BIBLE.

To the many well deserved eulogiums that have been passed upon the English translation of the Bible by the most eminent and learned scholars among the Protestants, it is a triumph to add, also, a eulogium from the pen of a Roman Catholic.

The following extract, which has been so often erroneously attributed by the press to the Rev. J. H. Newman, is taken from an essay on the interest and characteristics of the lives of the Saints, written by the Rev. Frederick William Faber, and dedicated by him to Cardinal Wiseman.

"If the Arian heresy was propagated and rooted by means of beautiful vernacular hymns, so who will say that the uncommon beauty and marvelous English of the Protestant Bible, is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country?

It lives on in the ear, like a music that never can be forgotten; like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego.

Its felicities seem often to be almost things, rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of the national seriousness. Nay, it is worshipped with a positive idolatry, in extenuation of whose grotesque fanaticism its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with the man of letters, and the scholar.

The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man, is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft and gentle and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him forever out of his English Bible.

It is his sacred thing which doubt never dimmed, and controversy never soiled. It has been to him all along as the silent, but O how intelligible voice, of his guardian angel; and in the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant, with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

LEGENDS.

Those ecclesiastical histories, entitled Legends, which have become matters of faith among the ignorant mass of the Roman Catholic church, and are read with unceasing delight, by both old and young among Protestants, are said to have originated in the following manner.

Before colleges were instituted, in the monasteries where the schools were held, the professors in rhetoric were in the habit of giving to their pupils, the life of some saint for a trial of their talent of *amplification*.

These students, from want of incidents to fill out their pages, invented most of these wonderful and charming stories about the saints.

The source from which they obtained most of these wonderful adventures, was most probably the Latin poets and historians, Ovid, Livy and others. The miracles and visions obtained from these pagan writers, were changed so as to adorn the lives of Christian monks and saints.

The good fathers of that age, were so pleased with these

happy efforts of their pupils, that they made a collection of all these lives, little dreaming, at the time, in their pious simplicity, that they would afterwards become matters of faith. But so it was to be; for when our French writers commenced writing up the lives of the saints, they, as a matter of course, sought for their materials in the monasteries, and lighting upon these moth eaten, dust covered manuscripts of amplification, were happier than the discoverer of the Pennsylvania oil wells, and imagined that they had made an invaluable present to the world, by laying before them these voluminous absurdities.

Notwithstanding all this, many of these legends are so beautiful, that no one could wish to have them banished from literature; legends like that of "St. Christopher," "St. Cecil," "The Seven Sleepers," and a host of others perhaps more charming than these.

There is one, however, which had a very laughable origin, that of "St. Xonoris." The writer had been reading St. Chrysostom's works, and came across this *word*, which means a *couple* or *pair*, when he, mistaking it for the name of a saint, straightway wrote out the most authentic biography of a saint who never existed!

These monks, it seems, imagined that holiness was proportioned to a saint's filthiness.

Saint Ignatius, a specimen of whose elegant composition, the Warden read us a few Fridays ago, is said to have taken delight in appearing abroad, shod with old dirty shoes. He never used a comb, and religiously abstained from paring his nails.

One saint attained to such piety as to have nearly three hundred patches on his breeches; which, after his death were hung up in public as an *incentive to imitation*. St. Francis, by actual experience, discovered that devils were frightened away by such kind of breeches, but were animated by clean clothing to tempt and seduce the wearer. A like minded monk named Juniper, a very pious gentleman on this principle, so mortified his flesh, that one of the brethren declared he could nose the blessed Juniper when within a mile of the monastery, provided the wind was in the right direction.

St. Philip Neri was such a *lover of poverty* that he frequently prayed that God would bring him to that state as to stand in need of a penny, and find no one that would give him one.

But St. Macaire caps the climax for exceeding piety. He was so shocked, by his own cruelty, in wilfully *killing a louse*, that he underwent seven years of penance among the thorns and brambles of a neighboring forest.

There is much to admire and much to laugh at in these queer revelations of monastic life; and although these old grim visaged monks whose bleached remains, Mark Twain humorously calls, "dried convent fruit," have bequeathed to us vast quantities of literary absurdities; they have also bequeathed along with it all the accumulated wisdom of the past, the loss of which would probably have delayed our present high state of civilization for ages to come.

PRESIDENT White, of Cornell University, is one of Grant's San Domingo commissioners.

SELF CONCEIT.

SELF Conceit is, perhaps, the most despicable and unendurable social sin of which any human creature can become guilty. If this is true of mankind in the social life of the world in general, it is doubly true of life as pursued at College. There, all the qualities of a man are brought out in bolder relief, than elsewhere; there, his characteristics and his character are more clearly shown, and more keenly criticised; there, too, a juster and far deeper estimate is made of his real worth. And the reason is obvious.

The circle is narrower, and the elements of character, within its limits, are more numerous, proportionably, and are observed with greater ease on that account. Men connected with literary pursuits, either in their association with college, or worldly life, should approach their labour with a sense of honest humility, and with a realization of their own shortcomings and of their relative ignorance.

This is as it should be; but it is a melancholy fact that in our dealings with one another in college life, we are constantly coming in contact with those who possess a wonderfully exalted estimate of their individual excellence, and a supreme contempt for the abilities of their fellows.

It is a fact also, painful to contemplate, that these characters are really *more* numerous in the literary than in the general world. These men are the very scorn of the majority of Collegians. They are the black sheep of the flock.

They are usually characterized by deep mouthed denunciations of all existing things, and by a superficial philosophic terseness which they desire to be mistaken for wisdom, but which usually imbues one with contempt.

They may be recognized also by their intolerable obstinacy which they falsely and foolishly term firmness. They are wrongheaded, opinionated and shallow; easily fathomed, but difficult to be convinced.

Their actions are calculated in the first degree, to inspire one with intense dislike, for they are intimately connected with the workings of their minds, and are characterized by a mixture of silly bluntness and puerile hauteur, very easily distinguishable from the genuine article by its shallowness.

The ring of the true metal is wanting, and the dull thud of the counterfeit coin is recognized at once.

Every one of us has had his dealings with these characters, and we have all witnessed their discomfiture; but they are long lived animals, and return to the fight unabashed, and with a perseverance worthy of a better cause.

They generally conceive themselves to be martyrs to the cause of knowledge, and innocent sufferers at the hands of ignorant and misguided persecutors; never for an instant do they think themselves to be the persecutors.

There is one consolation to the sufferers who have to bear these *institutions*, and that is, that their merits are soon discovered, and seen to be few in number, while their defects are innumerable, and their opinions nullities.

COLUMBIA College students are clamoring for the ancient "cap and gown." The Faculty tabooed them, on the ground that they afforded too many opportunities for "joking" in examinations. Not so Racine.

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

AN eating club has been formed among the faculty of Yale. One of the number acts as steward.—*Courant*.

It appears that the *Advance*, of Chicago, has been howling against college songs. Its conductors were evidently never at college.

THE *College World* is the title of a new college paper, published in the interests of Griswold College, Iowa. Not so ably conducted as the old *Collegian*. Its scheme for an Associated College Press looks well on paper; practically, we fear it would prove a failure.

OF the Massachusetts schools, Phillips' Andover Academy graduated 46, last year; Williston Seminary, 20; and Wilbraham Academy, 21.—*Courant*.

THE *Dennison Collegian* contains a continued "serial," entitled "Philosophy of Computing Forces." Quite interesting.

THE *Cap and Gown* exclaims, "O Tempores!" Close for fourteen editors.

EIGHT denizens of the primeval wilds have entered Kansas College. Mr. Lo is fast learning the secrets of draw poker and sidewalk tearing.

THE *Western Collegian* contains a distressing piece of verse, entitled "Coffin Lid." Cheerful.

THE *Yale Courant* is printed on faded tinted paper. Its articles of the January number are quite interesting and egotistic.

THE *Chronicle* comes to us freighted with all that's good. The *Chronicle* is the college paper.

A junior of Michigan University went home during the vacation, to get acquainted with his mother-in-law.

THE height of misery to a Lawrence freshman is "seven studies and a girl."

The height of happiness at Madison is "seven girls and one study" (.Esthetics).

THE Swedish University at Upsala numbers at present 1,449 students: 220 of Theology; 162 of Law; 103 of Medicine, and 964 of Philosophy. There are 34 professors, 23 adjuncts, and 42 docents.—*Madisonensis*.

AMATEUR literary societies are becoming cynical and melancholy. One of them has arrived at the conclusion that "America is on the high road to Hell."

THE Sophs at Harvard attempted to elevate the Fresh. Means used—one keg of gunpowder. The intention was good, but the result almost proved fatal.

THE *Harvard Advocate* has an interesting article on By Jove!

THEY tie the magazines to a table leg in the reading rooms of Ripon College, to prevent the "boys" forgetting to leave them when they go out.

THERE is a feud between the "sickly tinted organ of Yale" and the *Yale Literary*. The "sickly" prudently asks its readers to notice the *Lit's* silent contempt dodge in the next issue.

a Virginia Reel. At eight o'clock a messenger announced, that by going down Main St. we should meet the sleigh which had been unavoidably detained. In due time we were snugly stowed away, and the vehicle was set in motion. As we drove through different parts of the town, we sang our jolliest college songs. Our ever changing audience attested their approbation of the singing by loud cheers. So powerfully attractive was the music that one unfortunate fellow (we pity him) was irresistibly drawn after us. He followed us up one street and down another. At last, however, our voices became hoarse, and the charm was broken. The singing ceased, and with it, our seductive influence upon our music loving follower. Straightway he forsook us. As the new clock proclaimed the hour of ten, we dashed up the road in front of Taylor Hall, well pleased with the evening's enjoyment.

THE College Clock, which has been the subject of so much conjecture and the bone of so much contention, has at length shown its honest face; and by so doing, has served to dissipate those mists of feeling engendered by doubtful debates. Every one is delighted with that which, it must be admitted, was long needed; and too much praise cannot be awarded to the perseverance and self-denial of the ladies who materially aided in the purchase.

This monstrous Clock arrived on Thursday, 19th ult., and its first announcement "told the knell of the departing day," on the Saturday of the following week.

To those who are of our number, but not in our midst, it may prove not uninteresting to detail the dimensions and appearance of "The Chronometer," as it has been duly dubbed.

There are three dials on the tower facing, respectively, West, North and South; each of these measures four feet in diameter, and is in color, black, with figuring and pointers of brazen material.

There is one dial facing East, placed on the main sky-light frame; its demensions and appearance are the same as above.

Besides these exterior appearances, there is one Dial in the main Hall, presenting much the same appearance as an ordinary regulator.

The whole affair reflects great credit upon the perseverance and taste of all concerned in its purchase.

We hope and trust that all the difficulties resulting from a too great number of individual clocks, will be obviated in the future and that "common time" will be strictly observed.

Perhaps the only objection that can be urged against the clock is that it may disturb the sweet sleep of many of the students—particularly those refreshing morning slumbers which are said to give the greatest rest.

THE Seniors are evidently making a move in the right direction by dispensing with the well-known orations of bygone celebrities, and substituting therefor something which bears the impress of originality. There is a life, an earnestness and a reality in the words and manner of one who is expressing his own opinion, rarely discernible in him who attempts to speak the worn-out sentiments of some defunct orator: on this account, it is always more gratifying to hear an original speech. For their successful efforts thus far in abolishing the custom of their predecessors, too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the Seniors, and it is to be hoped that members of the under classes will be induced to follow in their footsteps.

WE have just received the American Newspaper Reporter and Advertiser's Gazette, a handsome little weekly published in New York City. It is a zealous advocate of advertising, upon which subject it appears to be well informed.

THE College Review came to us with a surprising supplement, containing a formidable list of census of some political affair or other.

THE College World, in its initiatory number, speaks of its diffidence in bowing to the public, and asks that heartlessness and coldness may be laid aside. In its advertising columns it modestly calls itself "the spiciest and best college paper."

THE "Pilgrim's Progress" is to be rendered into Attic Greek at Yale.

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Vice President..... T. W. MCLEAN
Secretary..... W. C. MCCREERY
Treasurer..... J. L. JANUARY

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is the chiefest reason for want of interest displayed toward these societies. Their work is almost done. Their usefulness has become much curtailed. What they supply, at any rate, is in a great measure superficial, and certainly leads to mannerisms contrary to nature. So that while we must say these societies have done much good, yet we cannot but think that their past is played out; or if this is not yet the case, it soon will be.

SNEEZING.

THE almost universal custom of saluting the person who sneezes, is of such ancient origin, that writers have tried in vain to trace it out satisfactorily. Certain Romanists, zealous to trace everything ancient to themselves, say that it originated in an ordinance of the pope, St. Gregory.

But the Rabbins, who have a clever story for everything, say, that before Jacob, men never sneezed but *once*, and then immediately *died*. They assure us that the patriarch was the first who died by natural disease, and that before him, all men died by *sneezing*; the memory of which was commanded to be kept up in *all nations*, by which, every subject was obliged to employ some salutary exclamation after the act of sneezing. Even Aristotle made it a subject of inquiry, but his syllogism, very evidently, did not aid him in throwing any light on the subject.

There is an amusing story told of a certain petty king in the East, which shows that the sneeze of a despot may become a national concern. When this king *explodes his proboscis*, those who are near him salute him in so loud a tone, that persons in the ante-chamber hear it and join in the exclamation; from them, it spreads to the adjoining apartments, thence to the street, and so throughout the city; thus, for every sneeze of his majesty there follows a unanimous explosion of salutations from all his vassals.

Among the ancients, sneezing on the right was considered a good omen, but on the left, bad.

Some poet, whose name does not appear to be known, elegantly versified this belief in the following lines. He finds, on good authority, that the sneezing of the gods on the *right* in heaven, comes to us on earth, on the *left*.

Cupid sneezing in his flight,
Once was heard upon the *right*,
Boding woe to lovers true;
But now, upon the *left*, he flew,
And with sporting sneeze divine,
Gave to Joy, the sacred sign.
Aene bent her lovely face
Flushed with rapture's rosy grace,
And those eyes that swam in bliss,
Prest with many a breathing kiss;

Breathing, murmuring, soft and low,
Thus might life for ever flow!
"Love of my life, and life of love!
Cupid rules our fates above,
Ever let us vow to join
In homage at his happy shrine."
Cupid heard the lovers true,
Again upon the *left* he flew,
And, with sporting sneeze divine,
Renew'd of joy the sacred sign!

CAMBRIDGE, England, has 583 freshmen this year.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF CLASS MATES.

IT is a noticeable fact, in college life, that class-mates who necessarily come in contact with one another very often, are not always the best of friends. Upon first thought, one feels surprised that such a state of things exists, but upon reflection, the reasons become plainly manifest.

A class in college presents us with a great variety of characters, many of which are models, well worthy of imitation by those who desire to become whole-souled men. There are however, in almost every class, a few, whose disposition or temper is such, that it is difficult for them to maintain friendly relations with their fellows and with one another. Let us mention the characteristics of these members who generally destroy the harmonious feeling of the class.

One has a gruff manner, and an independent and obstinate spirit which prevent him from making any sacrifice to preserve friendly relations with his associates. Another's notorious sarcasm and cynicism, do not allow him to be a general favorite. A third who is smooth-tongued, cunningly conceals his opinions by means of his oily speech, from a fourth, his sworn foe, the free and outspoken student who always boldly states what he likes or dislikes.

There is one whom we may term the "whining grumbler." The disposition of this disagreeable personage is strikingly out of proportion with his immense size. Like a baby he whines, grumbles and complains, when apparently there is no good reason for so doing.

Such are the characters which do so much to destroy the beneficial influence of the genial, kind hearted, and manly students, who comprise the majority in all of our classes. Is it then very surprising that class-mates are not always intimate friends? Is it to be wondered at if some are even bitter enemies? No. The most vigorous efforts of the right-minded majority cannot entirely subdue the few belligerent and self-willed spirits, nor persuade them to sustain a friendly relation with those for whom they have a manifest dislike.

This conclusion at which we have arrived may appear to be somewhat deplorable, nevertheless we think it is the true one. While we do not think that perfect friendliness and perfect harmony of feeling can ever exist in any class, we do think that the dislike which some of the members have for one another, is somewhat too bitter.

A few ought not to allow their personal dislikes to destroy the harmony of feeling of the entire body; for the existence of true friendship between class-mates makes college life flow along more smoothly, and hereafter will make the remembrance of it more pleasant.

WE noticed the following brilliant specimen of poetic genius in the *Trinity Tablet*. It is a fair exponent of the worth of modern verse:

'T is midnight; and the setting sun
Is rising in the wide wide west;
The rapid rivers slowly run,
The frog is on his downy nest,
The pensive goat and sportive cow
Hilarious hop from bough to bough.

A LETTER.

NASHOTAH WIS., FEB. 6th, 1871.

EDITORS MERCURY:

In your Local columns of February 1st Edition, you make the statement that the present Seniors have inaugurated the practice of speaking original orations. If your sheet permits corrections, the practice was commenced by the class of '70,—Messrs. Champlin and Hudson, of that class, delivering original pieces before the Faculty and students. at each of their appearances on the Parlor Stage.

Yours,
HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR, &c.

We have inserted this letter, not with the view of acknowledging that we have made a false statement and now wish to correct or retract it, but to show that the writer is not acquainted with all of the circumstances.

We now reassert what we said concerning the matter in our last issue: viz, that the '71's deserve praise for their efforts "in abolishing the custom of their predecessors."

It is true that *two* members of '70 spoke original speeches in the parlor, but it is also true that the *nine* remaining members spoke other compositions than their own. We appeal to any person of ordinary judgment, to decide whether the class of '70, as a class, introduced the custom in question, when *nine-elevenths* of the members never delivered an original oration in the parlor. We trust our friend "Honour to whom Honour, &c." will think twice hereafter, before he attempts to correct something about which he knows little or nothing.

CURIOUS ANAGRAMS.—Below we give a number of very curious and ingenious anagrams:

Astronomers.	No more stars.
Elegant,	Neat leg.
Impatient,	Time in a pet.
Masquerade,	Queer us mad.
Matrimony,	Into my arm.
Melodrama,	Made moral.
Midshipman,	Mind his map.
Parishioners,	I hire parsons.
Parliament,	Partial men.
Penitentiary,	Nay, I repent.
Presbyterian,	Best in prayer.
Radical Reform.	Rare mad frolic.
Revolution,	To love ruin.
Sir Robert Peel.	Terrible poser.
Sweetheart.	There we sat.
Telegraph.	Great help.

—Ex.

A LIBRARY SCENE.—(Enter Fresh. and Soph., glancing around cursorily.)

Fresh.—"Did you note the addition to the Library?"

Soph.—"No; what is it?"

Fresh. (innocently).—"British Poet's works."

Soph. (still in the dark).—"Is he an anonymous writer?"

Fresh.—"Guess so; he is a voluminous one, any way."

Soph.—"Read any of his works?"

Fresh. (knowingly).—"Yes; read his Young, but can't imagine why he chose such a title."

Soph. (suddenly enlightened).—"Oh!"

We clip the following from an exchange, which we insert for the benefit of those who are weary of the English version of "Shoo Fly:"

AD MUSCAM MOLESTAM.

I.

Mihi videtur ut angeli cantent
Pennisque celeribus item volent,
Ac eos sentio, bis terque sentio,
(Genitricem hoc olim dixisse scio)
Theriacem diffudisse nuper
Nigri hujus in caput desuper.
Abi, musca, ne inquietes me,
Sum enim miles de maniplo G.

II.

Itemque sentio, mentis per vim,
Ut phosphorus ipse egomet sim,
Sed tamen existimat Æthiops hic—
Apricetur sicubi dormiens sic
Ut adesset musca punctura harum—
Sibi legendum caput tam charum,
Abi, musca, ne inquietes me,
Sum enim miles de maniplo G.

[MS. EFFOSUM, KAL. APR. MDCCCLXX.

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

THE new lecture room in Harvard Hall contains the Senior class of 158, with about twenty seats to spare. How about the Freshman class of 189? And how about the classes ten years hence?—*Advocate*,

A Sophomore cites Moses as an example of an eminent person who advocated "rushes."—*Hamilton Literary*.

ONE of the Madison University Seniors declares that the life of the Cenozoic or Mammalian age was animal, vegetable and *Protozoan*. Oh!

THE *Dennison Collegian* for January is heavily laden with weighty articles.

PRESIDENT Jackson, of Trinity College, Hartford, lately met with an accident while visiting his daughter in Geneva, N. Y., and broke one of his ribs. He was, however, able to resume his duties at the opening of the Trinity, or "Long Term."—*College Courier*.

THE *College Courier* contains a continued story, of the Sylvanus Cobb stamp—we suppose.

THE *Advocate* remarks that "It seems, a Freshman hereafter need know little Latin, less Greek, and no English to speak of, if he be well up in Trigonometry; and may, in fact, elect his whole course of study before he enters." This is concerning elective studies, and is quite in consonance with a "progressive age"—rather call it a practical age.

THERE are some men in college, who would cut off a right hand rather than steal your money, but they will come to your room, and before they leave it will have stolen an hour.—*Trinity Tablet*.

THE best thing of the kind we copy from the *Yale Courier*. It is the verse on the first page.

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, FEB. 15, 1871.

EDITORS.

F. O. OSBORNE, T. W. McLEAN, H. C. DILLON.

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

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TO OUR READERS.

BEING now about half through the present volume of the MERCURY, we think it expedient to pause briefly, so as to review hastily what we have accomplished, with the hope of facilitating that portion of our work which is to be completed in the future.

At the starting out, we stated very distinctly our plans, which, so far as we are concerned, have been carried out with the utmost exactness. In return for our efforts we have good reason to believe that the COLLEGE MERCURY has, at the present time, a more presentable appearance, and is more acceptable to its readers than ever before in its history.

But it is never pleasant to be overtaken, however gratifying it may be to receive well merited encomiums. In connection with this, we wish to impress the fact indelibly upon the minds of the students, that we have not obtained from them the support which, at the outset, we confidently expected to receive. Our experience coincides precisely with that of former editors whose solicitations for contributions were constantly unheeded. Now, we think that an honest, earnest, manly appeal for aid deserves a substantial reply. The entire burden of conducting the paper of the students should not be placed upon the shoulders of the unfortunate editors. The students ought to be more interested in the MERCURY; they ought to feel proud of it; for it compares favourably with the papers of older, larger and more influential institutions than our own.

Perhaps the reason why more collegians do not contribute to our columns is this; they think that in writing their articles, they must take unusually great care to have them long, sober, and dry. Now an article can be sensible, interesting and acceptable without any of those characteristics.

We wish these two points to be borne in mind by those who desire to favour us with their contributions. First, that the MERCURY is not quite so large as the *New York Times*. If this be remembered we shall not be bored with articles sufficiently long to fill one-half of our columns. Second, that the MERCURY is neither a philosophical, sci-

entific nor religious paper. A knowledge of this fact will prevent our contributors from writing articles which would be sure to have a fate similar to that of a certain unsuccessful comedy of Sir Richard Steele.

Write short, witty, sensible, humorous and instructive articles which are always acceptable to the majority of our readers, and therefore acceptable to us. In a word, write such articles as you yourself like to read.

We find it difficult to fill our columns, and have made these suggestions and appeals, with the hope of receiving some assistance. Hoc agite, O juvenes!

READING.

THE glorious accumulation of English thought, embodied in books of every description, gives the student of the nineteenth century an *immeasurable* advantage over the student of any previous age; and his superiority in point of culture must depend upon the feelings with which he makes use of that advantage.

It is a doubtful question whether or not he can arrive at any greater degree of intellectual excellence, for vigor and keenness of intellect depends not on abundance of books, but upon the faculty for observance of human nature. But in culture, which is derivable from good books, the student of the present may *far* surpass those of earlier days.

In works of fiction, which is an all important branch in English Literature, he may avail himself of such writers as Scott, Bulwer, Thackeray and Dickens—all faithful students of human nature, and all masterly portrayers of its virtues, follies and foibles.

In poetry, he may range in an almost illimitable field, and one blossoming with flowers of every color and of boundless fragrance; unequalled for its variety, and for its surpassing beauty of thought and feeling.

Milton will furnish him with grand and imposing forms; Byron will respond to the chords of feeling and passion in his heart; Wordsworth and Tennyson and Longfellow will inspire him with elevated thought, and show him beauty and variety of metaphor.

In every department of knowledge, whether of imagination or deeper thought, he will find all that can satisfy his desires.

EXCHANGES.

<i>Yale Courant,</i>	<i>Palladium,</i>
<i>T. H. Saturday Eve. Mail,</i>	<i>University Reporter,</i>
<i>Amherst Student,</i>	<i>Indiana Student,</i>
<i>Irving Union,</i>	<i>University Press,</i>
<i>Pontograph,</i>	<i>Racine Journal,</i>
<i>Tripod,</i>	<i>Racine Advocate,</i>
<i>Courant,</i>	<i>Chronicle,</i>
<i>Vidette,</i>	<i>Hamilton Lit. Monthly,</i>
<i>College World,</i>	<i>Harvard Advocate,</i>
<i>The Dartmouth,</i>	<i>Acorn,</i>
<i>Jarvis Hall Record,</i>	<i>Beloit Monthly,</i>
<i>Advertisers' Gazette,</i>	<i>Western Collegian,</i>

The *Jarvis Hall Record* will assume the title, hereafter, of *Jarvis Hall Register*, and *Church Monthly*, and will be the official organ of Bishop Randall.

A good article on extempore speaking appears in the *Harvard Advocate*.

LOCAL.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North 11 00 A.M. 12 08 P.M. 8 12 P.M.
Going South 7 51 A.M. 2 02 P.M. 4 48 P.M.

PERSONAL.

We received an interesting letter from Mr. Selby, of ⁷⁰, in which we learned that he had entered the office of the Continental Life Insurance Company at Milwaukee, and was doing well. Mr. Selby will certainly succeed in whatever pursuit of life he chooses to engage; and we certainly must always feel the deepest interest in the welfare of any such of our former associates, so we wish him a full measure of life successes, not only in business, but in other relations.

MR. CLARENCE FLEETWOOD, at one time a member of '71, favored us with a letter a few days ago. He also sent us several copies of the rules of the Ogden Cricket Club, many of whose members are old Racine boys. The students now here, who reside in Chicago, are cordially invited to join this club. Those who do this, will have the opportunity of playing cricket during the long summer vacation, and will also have the inestimable pleasure of playing with their old associates of Racine. We trust the Chicago students will give this matter their attention.

MR. WALL, of Milwaukee, has been paying a visit to the College. Mr. Wall was a member of the institution ten years ago, and has witnessed a great change in the workings and external appearance of his Alma Mater.

MR. FRANK M. HARPER, an undergraduate of '71, is now studying at the College of Pharmacy in Philadelphia, preparatory to engaging in the drug business.

THE Entertainment came off as usual on Saturday evening, the 4th instant, and was quite well attended. The exercises were somewhat shorter than on previous occasions, owing to the absence of some, who would otherwise have taken part.

MR. HALL was unable to read more than one selection, on account of illness; and Mr. Morgan, who was to have given a reading, could not do so, from the fact of being notified too late to select his piece.

The exercises commenced with a quartette, by the Glee Club of the College, entitled "Mynheer Vandunck," which was highly entertaining to the Grammar School scholars, who marked their appreciation by vociferous applause.

Rev. Mr. Pitts then read "Roast Pig," from Charles Lamb. Not having the programme before us, we are unable to give the other exercises in order. They were about as follows:

"Pickwick versus Bardell trial," read by Mr. Hall, with his usual spirit and comic action. A trio by Mr. and Mrs. Hinsdale and Mr. Day.

"Thanatopsis" was read by Rev. Mr. Pitts. Dr. Falk then favored the audience with one of the German national songs. The Doctor rendered the piece with much spirit, which called out the enthusiasm of the listeners.

The Entertainment concluded with a quartette, entitled "The Tar Song," by the Glee Club. This elicited a perfect thunder of applause, and being encored loudly, was rendered a second time.

After the Entertainment was concluded, a dance was called for, and soon the lights reflected on Beauteous Women and Brave Men doing honour to Terpsichore.

A member of the Sophomore Class, whose name we will disguise under the cabalistic symbols P—p, has submitted his shaggy mane to the ravaging shears of the city Tonsor. The wild appearance which is well known to be a true exponent of his ferocious disposition, is thus, in a measure modified and softened.

THE Seniors are revelling in the delights attendant upon the study of History of Philosophy, and display a heroic fortitude whenever they chance to come in conflict with all those enemies of common sense, whose weapons are the "abysmal ineffable" and sundry other mysterious double adjectives whose meaning could only be fathomed by the "Eastern mind." the texture of whose brain was not so gross as ours. Be it so.

THE obsequies, consequent upon the sudden demise of a certain whisker'd and florid Freshman, will be attended by the body of students, unless he ceases giving vent to songs, which were invented before tunes came into fashion, just when he arrives at the head of the stairs leading to two rooms respectively occupied by editors.

THE College Register for 1870-'71, which has just come from the press, presents a very handsome appearance, and in some respects it surpasses the Register of last year. The clearness and distinctness of the impression of the type is noticeable. Upon the whole, it is a model of typographical neatness and accuracy, and adds to the already well-earned reputation of its printers—Messrs. Hawks & Burdick, of Milwaukee.

THE Clonian Society has made some highly important revisions in its constitution, which, for several years past, has been in a confused state, owing to certain ambiguous articles and amendments. The new constitution contains the substance of the old, but has a more systematical arrangement. The articles are worded so clearly and distinctly as to preclude any chance of misconstruing their meaning.

The Society is in a more flourishing condition at the present time than ever before in its history, and it is thought that the important change above mentioned will conduce to a much greater prosperity than it now enjoys.

THE monthly meeting of the Missionary Society was held in the Library of Taylor Hall, on Sunday evening last. The exercises, as usual, were of a highly interesting nature. Mr. Steele favoured the audience with an instructive account of the mission work which the Church is doing in China. Mr. Canfield then reported the condition of the Holy Innocents Chapel. A short, but interesting essay, by Mr. Strong, concluded the literary exercises of the evening.

The Society is in a very flourishing condition; and it undoubtedly does much good to the people at the missionary stations of which it has charge. We learn that it purposes founding a new Sunday school in the vicinity of the College.

LAST week, a report was circulated that there was good skating on the river. This induced a number of verdants and their conceited superiors to hurry to the river. They arrived, however, only to find that the ice was much too soft to make skating either pleasant or safe.

THE Lecture Room of the Professor of Classics has recently received a very appropriate addition to its former adornments—a picture of the late Dr. Anthon, so illustrious for his sound and unostentatious scholarship. Dr. Anthon devoted his entire life to study, and has done more to promote classical learning in America than any other person. He produced many Latin and Greek text books, with copious notes attached, which are very useful to those students who desire to obtain a complete knowledge of the author they are reading. His explanatory notes, although condemned by those who like to dig out obscure passages by means of a dictionary, are duly appreciated by every true scholar; and we feel confident that his text books will some day be in almost universal use.

ATTEND, COLLEGIANS!—Those of the students who wish to have a good picture taken, should remember that Lockwood & Ely promise to give entire satisfaction. Their facilities for doing photographic work are unsurpassed by any in the city.

THE Junior Class, which is composed of an array of talent seldom met with in any class as a body, takes the lead in standing. None fall below Quartus. This shows industry and emulation.

MR. OLIVER SULLIVAN holds his position as head of the Grammar School, from all the requisite qualifications which such a situation demands. Last, but by no means least of these qualifications, in our judgment, at least, is the fact of his being the fortunate possessor of the most luxuriant moustache and "goatee" of any individual in the Grammar Department. Viget barbuta.

THERE is a great demand for foreign stamps in the Grammar School, and the supply is by no means equal. We understand that Masters Dole and Barker possess the finest and choicest collection.

THE Icebergs which line the limits of the Lake, are very large this year. The forms which some of them take are quite beautiful, indented as they are with fairy-like caves, presenting much the same appearance as those larger and ever-enduring ones which nature has so lavishly scattered throughout this country of ours.

THE Seniors are still cultivating their imagination by the aid of a certain interesting study which they began early in the term. The work used by them is from the pen of that popular and profuse writer, Mr. Davies, and bears the euphonious title, "Descriptive Geometry," sometimes vulgarly called the "Poetry of Mathematics." It is said that the members of the Senior Class, entirely by dint of determination, have been remarkably successful in overcoming the seemingly in-supermountable obstacles of this difficult study. Another example of what can be done when one wills to do it.

THE influence of the new clock is now perceptible, from the fact that everything connected with the College is characterized by regularity. Whenever the clock strikes, a dozen or more chronometers flash forth, whose time is compared with the regulator.

Those students who have suffered their watches to get out of order should take them to John Elkins & Co., who will clean and repair them, at the cheapest possible rate.

As college life at present is flowing along somewhat monotonously, we have found it extremely difficult to find very interesting items for the local columns of this number. We suppose that some of our subscribers will complain of the stupidity of this usually pleasant feature of the paper. To them we say, in our defence, that so long as students obstinately refuse to break their limbs in the Gymnasium, to plan sleigh rides, to upset in cutters, or to create any excitement whatsoever, just so long we lack accidents, incidents, occurrences, etc. for our local columns. We must have some other material besides imagination upon which to work; so, please bear a hand, and give us a lift.

WHILE witnessing the athletic evolutions in the Palaestra, one day, the light streaming in from the opposite window was suddenly obscured, and, upon inquiry, we learned that it resulted from the falling body of a certain well known Grammar Schoolist. In his attempt to scale one of the pendent ladders, this youthful lover of the Isthmian games had failed, and as a consequence his *ethereal* framework suffered a momentary shock (250 pounds). One circumstance which serves to account for this fall is, that the young gentleman does not take the Mercury.

RACINE has been very lively during the present season; and, owing to the number of balls, parties, etc. the tedium attendant upon the Seniors' comparative leisure has been very materially relieved.

THE Fresh, make the welkin sound with the ring of sleigh bells, the jolly, hilarious laugh and the song of sportive glee. How long will this last? Not much longer, to be sure.

THE College authorities have wisely made provision for the bodily improvement of the students during the Winter months; and have ordered, that on three afternoons in the week the students should spend the time in exercise of some sort. Most of the students go to the Gymnasium. Some few, among whom we may number a certain literary Junior—and plethoric withal, while away the time in a select course of reading, thus defeating the main object of the obligation, and adding the discomforts of hard seats and very pernicious stove heat to the lack of muscular training. These persons, with the exception of the aforementioned Junior, may be classified with the species fossil.

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Mr J. Hudson

College Mercury.

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. VIII;

RACINE COLLEGE, MARCH 1, 1871.

NO. 6.

WINTER WOODS.

AT NIGHT.

The night is cold and frosty,
The moon shines forth on high;
The twinkling stars around her
Like gems bedeck the sky.

The busy world is silent;
No sound breaks on the ear;
What throngs of pleasant fancies
Sweep o'er me standing here.

The tall oaks stand like columns
With gems encrusted o'er;
I catch the gleam of sapphires
And stones ne'er seen before.

The branches, high entwining,
Appear like arches fair,
And at each joint and angle
They glow with splendour rare.

The cold white snow beneath them
Spreads forth a marble floor:
So bright it gleams with moonlight,
The eye can gaze no more.

Bright forms alone are wanting
To make the fancy real;
For voices sweet seem sounding,
As breezes by me steal.

O! when did scene so fair and wild
E'er bless a mortal's sight?
What wondrous beauty lies concealed
In winter woods at night!

WILLOW-WOOD.

ECCENTRICITY.

AMONG the characters one meets with at College, is the eccentric individual; and his idiosyncracies are very marked, so that none of the ordinary means taken for correcting faults have any earthly effect upon him.

Apparently, the eccentric man is the most careless of mortals; in reality, he must be possessed in the highest degree with artistic talent. He is fully imbued with the belief that oddity is the test of genius, because he has so often heard it so stated, and, of course, this furnishes him with abundant food for satisfaction. Self-conceit enters largely into his composition, although he would scorn the imputation, and appeal to his utter carelessness of outward show for proof.

Now, witness what a field he has for the display of his artistic talent. His cuffs and shirt bosom must be properly frayed, and he is obliged to spend an hour in pulling out the thread and tearing the edges in order to secure this

requisite end. One boot must be blacked and then rubbed in the snow. He must take great pains to instruct the tailor to give his pantaloons the requisite width, for, the fashion demanding narrowness, he, of course, must wear breeches of the most airy proportions.

His manner corresponds with his dress: He is studiously careless. He chooses the negligee air as the most indicative of genius. He invariably wears slippers, and assumes a half stooping posture, and a slouching gate. He speaks in a languid, careless tone of voice, looking out of the corners of his eyes to mark the effect. In short, your eccentric man is invariably the most painstaking; with an appearance of carelessness, he is supremely laborious; and instead of inspiring one with awe, he fills the mind with disgust, and calls down upon his behavior and language the most cutting ridicule. But his self-conceit defends him from feeling any of its effects.

He is just such an individual as Mark Twain humorously describes Horace Greeley, who, he says, takes three hours to arrange his cravat in the most negligent position; an additional two hours to arrange properly his pantaloos in his boots.

Were all men of genius eccentric, a great part of their thoughts would be unknown, from want of time to give them publicity.

DIGNITY.

THERE is a self esteem which men call vanity; and there is a self appreciation of one's own abilities which men call conceit: but in the endeavor to avoid both these stigmas, men, and particularly young men, run to the other extreme.

They throw away all that makes a man respected and honored,—that true gravity of deportment, called dignity, which makes a man a bright ornament to society.

Its possession marks at once the thoughtful person and the true gentleman. That there is a lack of this quality among the students of this College, no one can, for a moment doubt. By some, who frown and then laugh at this puerility, these irrepressible ones have been styled *colts*. The word is truly a charitable one, for it implies the hope that when they grow up to be *horses*, they will possess the dignity of a *horse*. Yet the epithet is not merited.

The colt, whilst kicking up its heels over the pasture, is doing itself some good; strengthening its limbs, in fine, educating itself so as to become a good and valuable horse.

These collegiate *colts*, however, though like their brethren of the pasture, do benefit the physical man by kicking up their heels; yet, unlike them, display a lack of *horse sense*, by always exhibiting their agility in wrong places.

Many reasons, or rather excuses, have been advanced to account for this boyishness, but we do not deem them worthy of consideration. They are mere palliations for a thing of which even those who advance them are ashamed.

The class-room is the chosen theatre for the operations of these restless mortals; the place of all others where the sensible *colt* should be all engrossed in appeasing his hunger with the delightful fruit of the tree of knowledge.

"Brethren, these things ought not to be;" and we call upon all right minded students who do care for the honor of the institution from which you expect to receive your degrees, to make an effort to give a higher tone to our college life.

THE READING ROOM.

THERE is a growing tendency on the part of the students to disregard the inestimable privileges afforded by the Reading Room, well stocked as it is with choice periodical literature. The authorities maintain the Reading Room at no small expense, and it seems as if the students—judging from the present lack of appreciation—were endeavoring to have the money uselessly spent.

We notice that even the upper classmen do not take a proper interest in the welfare of what ought to be the source of instruction and pleasure to them, especially at this particular season of the year, when they are frequently obliged to remain within doors on account of the inclemency of the weather.

It is incumbent upon every educated person to keep himself posted upon the important questions which are constantly agitating the public mind, and this can only be done through the medium of newspapers. No one can converse intelligently upon any modern topic unless he be perfectly familiar with the information derivable from the periodical press. In spite of the necessity and the golden opportunities afforded, many of the students are so inconsiderate, or so uninterested, as never to glance at a paper.

Occasionally, it happens that a question, which is entirely of modern date, is presented to our literary societies for adoption as the subject of a debate; instantly, a number of persons, who never read the papers, vigorously oppose its adoption, on the ground that no information can be found, except in the daily press, and that it is a tedious job to glean any knowledge from the papers when one has not read the articles which were first written concerning the question under discussion.

This may appear to be a forcible objection, but we think that a good literary society should regard it as of little weight. If students can spare an hour a day to indulge in card playing, and if they can spend several hours in the Smoking and Billiard Room, they certainly ought to have time enough to read the newspapers.

We learn from our exchanges that the members of many colleges are deploring the lack of a reading room; that would probably be the case here, if we did not have one. So far as its advantages are concerned, however, the Reading Room here might be dispensed with, without inconveniencing very many of the students.

We trust that our remarks upon this subject will meet with the mature deliberation of the students; for, in that event, their opinions will concur with ours, and we are then sure that the Reading Room, hereafter, will be more extensively patronized.

[Our occasional contributor, Moss Agate, the promising poet of a dozen summers, has handed us the following effusion upon *Smouging*. Besides being a poet, he is very evidently a reformer, and intends to hurl his rhymes at the Grammar School, until it comes up to his Utopian ideas.]

THE SMOUGERS.

THE scholars of Racine,
Very often peep between
The covers of their books;
But they *only* mean to look,
To see what the answer is.
Sometimes they have a pony,
Not a quadruped, oh no:
But 'tis made of solid paper,
And the lessons it doth show
To the lazy boys at college.
Then they purchase paper cuffs,
And, regardless of rebuffs,
They then upon them write
The answers to the questions,
Which next day they recite.
And so this sort of cheating,
Which is like a cancer's eating,
Goes on from time to time;
Till the boys who do this smouging
Are not worth a bogus farthing.
It is useless to accuse,
So I'll bridle in my muse:
And as old "Tempus fugit,"
I will hasten to relieve it
Of the burden of my rhymes.

—MOSS AGATE.

"JULIA HANG-AROUND."

"A dandy is a thing that would
Be a young lady if he could;
But as he can't, does all he can
To show the world he's not a man."

There was a young man of Nantz,
Who could talk of nothing but stamps,
Sleigh-rides, dinners and rich old aunts:
This unfortunate young man of Nantz.

This boy is an embryo clerical chap,
Who, for want of good sense, had a wealthy old pap,
Whose virtues his son never ceases to blat:
This irrepressible young clerical chap.

It is painful to see how many men wind up the week
by reeling home at midnight on Saturday.

A lazy chap has found out that working between meals
is unhealthy for him.

THE faintest flesh-tinted letter paper—like a white rose
leaf with the dream of a blush stealing over it—is now
quite stylish.

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

MANY of our college exchanges are discussing the question of compulsory attendance at chapel. It is almost needless to add that they are all of one opinion.

THERE are four colleges for women in New York, viz: Ingham University; Nassau, Elmira and Rutgers colleges.—*Chronicle*.

THE *Yale Literary* for February waxes sarcastic in its exchange clippings.

THE following, said to be "the latest inquiry of the legal mind," is exciting great interest in the law department: "Was Jonah entitled to recover damages of the ship's company, who, instead of carrying him to the end of his journey, threw him overboard?"—*Chronicle*.

AN advocate of school discipline says: "Without a liberal use of the rod, it is impossible to make boys smart."—*Ex.*

FIFTY-SIX of Brigham Young's rather numerous offspring are in attendance at the University of Deseret, Utah. What a source of comfort must their weekly letters be to their proud papa!

THE Juniors at Yale use the familiar form of projectiles known as spit-balls; and discharge them at Prof. Loomis. Oh, Tempora! etc.

A student of Monmouth, speaking of Gail Hamilton, remarked: "He is my favorite author. I have read a great many of his works." That student is undoubtedly one of the knowing chaps who know too much.

THE *Oxford Undergraduates' Journal*, published at Oxford University, perpetrates the following epigram:

To form a Body well designed
To sit on Education,
The Colleges a Head supply,
The Town a Corporation.

AT Trinity they celebrated Washington's birth-day on the 20th, because Ash Wednesday chanced to occur on the same day. We celebrated it, for the same reason, on the 21st.

"FESTINA Lente," Go fast in Lent.—*Tablet*.

WHY have we reason to suppose that King David had a heavy voice? Because he lifted it up, and wept.

ONE of the Beloit students stole a horse; and the *Monthly* works up the incident into a drama of two acts, and almost two pages long.

QUESTION for a forensic disputation: Can a college deacon consistently attend dancing school, or use hair dye? The peace of mind of several worthy men rests in the decision of the question.—*Yale Courant*.

THE *Yale Literary* has an article on "St-t-tammering."

THE *Tablet* lifts up its voice against practical jokes. We agree.

WE have received the *Pantograph*. The following is one of its "Gems," verbatim et literatim:

"'Mount his Pegassus.' Pegassus was supposed to be the horse on which the Muses rode; hence, any one in writing poetry is said to 'mount his Pegassus.' Will any one in the High School 'mount on his Pegassus?'"

We would beg of the "High Schoolists" not to mount on either "Pegassus" or "Pegassus."

MR. Nathan Matthews is to erect, at his own expense, on the grounds of the College a large Hall, the rooms of which are to be let to students. One-half of the net income is to go to the college, and the other half to establish scholarships for those who wish to prepare for the Episcopal ministry.—*Tablet*.

CHICAGO University has a choir; but the *Times* exclaims, "and such a choir."

THE *Yale Courant* styles the policeman who punched a student's head "the unique and only Kelley."

THE *Madisonensis* gets off the following: "The funeral of three promising lads, youngest children of Professor —, will be attended next week, unless they stop insulting every student who passes."

HARVARD is to have two additional halls, each the gift of a wealthy well-wisher.

THE *Indiana Student* is vastly improved, in appearance and in the character of its articles.

EXCHANGES.

<i>Dalhousie Gazette,</i>	<i>Trinity Tablet,</i>
<i>Harvard Advocate,</i>	<i>Yale Literary,</i>
<i>Yale Courant,</i>	<i>Acorn,</i>
<i>T. H. Saturday Eve. Mail,</i>	<i>Annalist,</i>
<i>Courant,</i>	<i>College Courier,</i>
<i>University Press,</i>	<i>Qui Vive,</i>
<i>Irving Union,</i>	<i>Denison Collegian,</i>
<i>Chronicle,</i>	<i>Vidette,</i>
<i>Simpsonian,</i>	<i>Newspaper Reporter,</i>
<i>Oxford Und'grad. Journal</i>	

The *Oxford Undergraduates' Journal* represents the tone and feeling of the University from which it emanates, and is very interesting, both in character of articles and general intelligence.

A western editor, speaking of a rogue who lived in the vicinity, says: "The rascal has broken every bank, and jail, and Sabbath we had in the country for the last five years."

THE daughter of a French nobleman is said to be dispensing lager beer in an Indianapolis saloon. We suppose she will soon be called by Western classicists the Hebe of hops and the Montespan of malt.

THE city of New York desires a new prison, which shall cost at least \$1,000,000.

It is proposed to create a new territory out of a portion of Dakota, and call it Chippewa.

THE widow of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author, died on the 26th ultimo, in Kensington, England.

The College Mercury.

"Vigat Nadix."

RACINE COLLEGE, MAR. 1, 1871.

EDITORS.

F. O. OSBORNE, T. W. McLEAN, H. C. DILLON.

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Those of our subscribers who owe us for the present volume, would confer a favor upon us by paying up as speedily as possible, as we are in need of the money.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

SOME of our exchanges have been devoting much of their space to the discussion of compulsory education; a question which is now beginning to receive some attention from the thinking public.

Many of the arguments brought forward by the advocates of this movement appear, at first sight, somewhat formidable, but when subjected to the careful examination of an able logician, their strength is no longer discernible. Unquestionably, universal education would be beneficial to a free government like our own, in which the public prosperity and security are so dependent upon the intelligence of the people; but there are many reasons why our children should not have education forced upon them.

Compulsory education implies the usurpation, by the state, of the rights of parents, an act which should be vigorously opposed. If education were obligatory, there would necessarily be a greater commingling of good and bad children in our schools, which is undesirable. Parents, well aware of the immense advantages of education, already, under the voluntary system, send their children to school to receive proper instruction.

Statistics conclusively prove that the proportion of intelligent citizens in the United States is rapidly increasing every year, under our present system of schools. Why, then, make a change?

It is urged by some, that compulsory education will secure for our people what it has for the inhabitants of Germany—a unity of sentiment and desire, by means of which they have recently achieved such brilliant victories over the French.

We reply to this, that the unparalleled success of the German arms is the direct result of the power of a military despotism—a despotism which keen-sighted politicians predict cannot long survive in this age of advancement. Their success is not owing to their intelligence, unless in-

telligence be the quiet submission to the tyranny of an oppressive ruler.

Compulsory education, so far as this country is concerned, is plainly a question for future generations to discuss. Many sections are at the present time so thinly populated, that it would be impossible to carry out the system; and, we are sure that the thickly settled portions would oppose the abolition of long existing customs which must follow the introduction of compulsory education.

Having made these few rambling remarks upon a question which does not appear to us to be practicable at the present time to the people of the United States, we resign it to the consideration of future generations.

A LETTER.

[We take pleasure in inserting the following letter from an Alumnus, as we feel sure it will be duly appreciated by the majority of our readers. Its friendly advice and good common sense are certainly worthy of the attention of all collegians.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:

In your remarks on the letter of "Honour to whom Honour, etc." it seems to me you were a little too severe. Though "any person of ordinary judgment" would see that the conclusion you came to was perfectly logical and correct, still you should have had a little mercy on the writer of that letter; for he was evidently a member of the *last graduating class*. Had you considered *that*, you would have meekly explained yourself, and humbly apologized for differing from his opinion. For, if you do not know now, you will shortly learn by experience that each class, as it leaves college, is, in its own opinion, the best that ever graduated. It is not long, however, before each sensible man discovers the truth of what one of our learned professors used to tell us: "You can not tell what any man is going to amount to, till he has been at least ten years in the world." That is, no matter how good or poor a class a man graduates with, nor how many honours he himself obtains, he has got to make himself what he would be, or all his college work amounts to nothing.

But what I wanted to say more especially, when I commenced this, was, that while you were on the subject of "Honour to whom Honour, etc." you should do justice to some, who have now so long been from the College that their names are never heard there—except, perhaps, through cricket fame. In this matter of original orations, to Rev. George Wallace, I believe, belongs the honour of having delivered the first before the professors and students in private. After him, Messrs. Andrews and Reilly, *half* of the class of '68, delivered their original orations in what was then the Assembly Room of Park Hall. I understand that Mr. Whittemore, of '69, followed their example. I think that if those who can remember when these gentlemen graduated, they will see how this exercise told in their Commencement orations. The class of '71 has done especial honour to itself by introducing the custom as a class. All honour, then, to the class that has made this step in the right direction; and all shame to the class that shall turn back to the old custom.

Yours,

VENERABLE.

LOCAL.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North 11 00 A.M. 12 05 P.M. 8 12 P.M.
 Going South 7 51 A.M. 2 02 P.M. 4 48 P.M.

CHOIR SUPPER.—Man is carnal. This bold assertion needed no demonstration to those who witnessed the open countenance, and the clapping hands of the treble portion of the choir when the long expected announcement was made, that this greatest event in a choir boy's life, this very *summum bonum* of existence, was actually to take place on Thursday evening, the 16th inst.

The unexceptionable manner in which the Chapel service was sung, until the supper became a thing of the past, was probably due to the anticipated good things which the Warden never fails to provide.

At the appointed time the musical fraternity assembled in Kemper Hall parlor. It was a highly interesting and important occasion; for nearly every part of uncle Sam's broad domain was represented by a tuneful son.

From the "Mack" of bleeding Kansas,
 To the "Mack" from the "Hoosier" State.

The greetings over, each gallant Decani fastened upon a blushing Cantoris and conducted the coy but willing one to the sumptuous repast, prepared by the friend of all hungry boys—Mrs Franklin. The table groaned under the weight of all manner of good things. Something less than a dozen formidable turkeys with all their concomitants graced the board; but the glory of the table was an immense cake, beautifully frosted and tastefully stamped. Upon the top were the words:

"1871 Choir 1971."

The Choir then chanted the usual grace, and proceeded at once to do justice to the choice viands before them, in which duty no one was behind.

But let not the reader think that eating was the sole business of the evening. Good cheer opened the fountains of merriment.

"The joke was applauded
 And the laugh went round."

An hour was thus merrily passed away, and then all adjourned to the parlor, where the balance of the evening was spent most pleasantly to all.

The Precentor and Master, assisted by some of the choristers, enlivened the evening still more with music most highly entertaining. Among the most pleasing to us, though perhaps not strictly classic, were the "Cloud Capped Towers" and the "Last Roves of Summer."

When at last, the time for retiring came, all pronounced the evening to have been most pleasantly spent, and the supper a decided success. For a day thus happily closed, we can say with Ergasitus:

"Hic me amenitate amana amarus oneravit dies."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—This year, as the gayety attendant upon the celebration of Washington's birth-day would not have been in harmony with the solemnity, which the Church ordains should mark the observance of Ash-Wednesday, the Warden very properly granted, instead, a holiday on Tuesday the 21st. There was nothing however, in the celebration of the day to distinguish it from an ordinary holiday, for the students rigorously abstained from participating in any exercises of a literary character. After morning Chapel, a number of eager Fresh. hurried to town, and hired "turn outs," by means of which, they managed to while away the day pleasantly enough. The other members of the Collegiate Department, scattered to their rooms, and spent their time in quiet enjoyment. The Grammar School boys amused themselves in their customary manner—playing in the gymnasium, and about the grounds.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—As we were deceived by a misinformant, we made a false statement in our last issue, which we now wish to correct, since we always intend to adhere to the truth. We said that Masters Dole and Barker possessed the best collection of postage stamps in the Grammar School. This is not true, for we have since learned from reliable authority, that the fortunate possessors of the two largest collections, are Masters Harry Ashley and Harold Sturges.

BOXING.—A few of the collegians occasionally indulge in the "manly art" in the gymnasium. This generally pleases the bystanders. We recently observed a small but wiry Senior, coolly polishing off the p-ph-phiz of a certain *boisterous* and good natured Freshman, who generously sacrificed his appearance, in order to give his opponent an opportunity of displaying his skill.

We were quietly strolling about the Palaestra, not long since, in search of an item, when we were *wolfishly* attacked by a certain Grammar Schoolist, of attenuated form, who told us that we had, in our last number, given him credit for too great a superfluity of flesh. He said that he did not weigh exactly 250 pounds. However, as he did not choose to enlighten us further upon the matter, we have concluded that if he does not weigh *exactly* 250 pounds, he must certainly weigh the next thing to it,—249 pounds. You will all observe, that this slight change in the figures makes a very material change in his weight.

The night of Friday, 17th ultimo, was visited with one of the most violent storms of wind that this region has experienced during our time. One of the chimneys of Park Hall caught fire, and fears were entertained that the flames might be communicated to the building. By dint of much yelling and excitement, however, on the part of two or three valiant Freshmen, who braved the storm and made their way from Taylor Hall to the scene, this catastrophe was prevented. The draft was so strong in the chimneys, that—we are told, on the authority of a witness—a large coal stove was seen adventurously flying on the wings of the wind, and only ceased in its rapid flight at a great distance from the starting point. The alarm of fire was spread among the Grammar Schoolists, and there was hurrying to and fro, and snatching of duds, and all the other concomitants of a fire alarm.

One young gentleman—the same, by the way, who was immortalized in this paper last issue—was seen frantically stuffing old boots and bedding in a huge packing box, which labor, when he had finished, he left, and made his way as rapidly as his weight would allow, down stairs. When he reached the bottom (rather ingloriously), he pulled up for want of breath, and returned when he saw it was a false report.

TABLEAU ENTERTAINMENT.—The ladies made a change in their Saturday evening entertainments, by giving us an exhibition of tableaux last Saturday, instead of the former select readings and music. The latter was no doubt more remunerative to the ladies than the former, but we will venture to assert, that the former were far more entertaining.

The Tableaux were well arranged, and reflected great credit upon the actors; yet the impatience, occasioned by the long delay between scenes, spoiled the effect in a great degree. The representations of "Night and Morning," "Scenes from Winter's Tale," and the two scenes from the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, were perhaps the best.

The music, provided by the Philharmonic Society, is well worthy of mention; although, it was almost thrown away upon the noisy audience. We were particularly pleased with a clarinet solo by Mr. Park, and a violin solo by Mr. Strong, with piano accompaniment by Mr. Larrabee. It also gives us great pleasure to be able to say here, that the musical genius of the College is exerting itself upon more refined and classic music than ever before. We wish the Philharmonies all success.

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College Mercury.

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. VIII;

RACINE COLLEGE, MARCH 15, 1871.

NO. 7.

A SONG ON THE NILE.

Lo! Breaks the morning
O'er Maroe's fair isle,
Light is adorning
The earth with her smile.
Dew-drops are gleaming
On beds of perfume,
Sunshine is streaming
O'er Egypt, like bloom.

Fresh flowers are flinging
Their odors abroad,
And bright birds are singing
Sweet anthems to God.
Fair Isis, too, listens,
And bends o'er the Nile,
The Universe glistens,
And throbs in her smile.

CHORUS.—Lo! Breaks the morning, etc.

Bright! Bright! is the river,
But dark is the fane,
The gifts of the Giver
Are lavished in vain.
Blood tinges the water
And sighs from the hill;
The priest loveth slaughter,
And rivets at will.

CHORUS.—Lo! Breaks the morning, etc.

O! Mother of innocence,
List to us now,
Grant us true penitence,
Lead us to bow
In the Name that hath power
To save from all harm,
That shields us each hour,
And death doth disarm.

CHORUS.—Lo! Breaks the morning

O'er Maroe's fair isle,
Light is adorning
The earth with her smile, etc.

E. G. N.

A MOVING SCENE.

You know I moved, once. It was a moving spectacle. It would have moved the hardest heart to tears. We all felt moved; the children were moved to cry, my wife to scold, and I to supper.

Benjamin Franklin, or some other great man, once said, "Three removes are as bad as a fire." But he was only theorizing; he did not know the reality. I moved *once*, and I am sure an earthquake could not have moved me as did that move.

The mighty convulsions of nature can only affect physi-

cal matters, but a move throws everything into chaos, disagrees with the stomach, and sours and curdles the most serene and amiable disposition known to moralists. I don't know where to begin. How can one begin to tell about chaos, when one's perceptive and reflective faculties viewed the scene, and thought of the chaos in a confused, chaotic manner?

How many a tale—no, really, I can not tell whether it was head or tail. I know I tried to have the ceremony performed in an orderly and decent manner. I employed four stout Irishmen (it was during the Fenian excitement) and two negroes. I thought that the negro was remarkable for docility and care, the Irishmen were strong, and I—poor fool that I was—vainly imagined that a combination of these elements must bring about a happy result.

The things were moved—everything was moved, out of its place; furniture and crockery, dry goods and groceries were moved, not only in their unity, but in every part.

Can I venture to tell you the condition of some of the above named chattels? Be prepared with an ear for any fate. In a soap box, containing my wife's best bonnet (and what is dearer to a woman?) were the ruins of a band-box, and a broken jar of strawberry preserves. O! it was such a sweet bonnet! I found six nice bottles, in which I had stored some juice of the Catawba, for medicinal purposes, strictly, filled with air, which emitted a slightly vinous odor. (Query: do Irishmen ever drink wine?)

I looked in upon this wreck and ruin. I cannot describe it. I don't think pen or brush could do the scene justice. I remember that through a thick coating of bread and molasses I dimly recognized the faces of my children. Everything had a strange, unsettled look. I tried to do something, but every effort only served to make confusion more confused.

My better-half seemed perfectly composed (she had not, as yet, learned the fate of her bonnet), and appeared to comprehend the situation. She gave orders what to do, and how to do it; what to find, and where to find it. She seemed so calm, so orderly, that the contrast of the order with the disorder around startled me. It seemed out of place; it was n't in unison with the rest of the universe. The heap of mixed goods was the universe to me, and I feared she had gone mad (no uncommon occurrence, by the way). She scolded me for my stupidity; that was so strange. I tried to apologize; she told me to go to work. I took hold of a carpet, to carry it away, and, as I lifted it, with a sudden jerk (for I was moved), out rolled a dozen cut glass goblets; now, alas! a mass of rubbish. My angry spouse started towards me with a broom. I seized my hat, but did not notice that a glue-pot had been placed

therein; you see, the work of repair had already been going on, which accounted for the presence of the glue-pot. I did not notice it, I say, and, in a sort of frenzy, flung my hat upon my head. O dear! my hat was fast to my hair, my hair to my scalp, and my scalp to my skull; else I should have performed a most barba(e)rous act, for which our native Americans were noted.

In my agony I flung myself into an easy chair, either not seeing a basket of egg which was sitting there, or else forgetting the great law, that no two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time. The eggs, as a matter of course, were completely smashed. This was over much (ova much). I gave up resignedly, and sat still; what else could I do? How I recovered, and how I got out, are family secrets.

MORAL.—Never move; but build a house, and grow up in it.
MOTOR.

FEMININE MEN.

THE most ridiculous, despicable and useless object conceivable in distorted nature, is the genuine ladies' *man*,—the coy swain, the "dear creature" who represents the gentle elements of the lords of creation. He is easily distinguished from man, and his dress serves, in a measure, to distinguish him from woman. He lacks all the vigorous qualities which characterize the former, common sense, energy, and self esteem; and he possesses, in detail, all the silliness, coyness (think of it!), and hollow senselessness of the worst types of the latter.

Those features, in custom and conduct, which serve to grace true womanhood, become in the feminine man the most laughable objects imaginable, at which every shaft of ridicule, and biting sarcasm, and intense disgust, are aimed and take effect.

To witness a mincing, simpering, coquetting figure in semblance of a man, is to witness one of the most anomalous freaks of nature one can well fancy. One can scarcely define his feelings with regard to such a being, and yet he cannot disguise them. Disgust, pity, a sense of the ridiculous and ludicrous, all commingle in the feelings of a man, when he sees such an one.

The feminine man is the prophetic type which shows forth what mankind shall be in that Utopian paradise on earth, in which "women's rights" shall reign supreme. O what a state of unmingled delight that shall be, when man is transformed into the "dear creature," and when he shall be designated with the enchanting epithets, "coy and willing one," "sweet darling," etc. It were a consummation devoutly to be wished.

And Nature seems to be in league with modern "progress," to bring about this end. She furnishes us with innumerable data on which to found prophetic visions of what we may anticipate in the future: and our feminine man is one of them.

Those profound philosophers of our enlightened day, who take such a lively interest in the extreme movements on the part of "woman's rights" advocates, are, we doubt not, only developments of these phenomena which we

have been considering: for, surely, no right minded man, blessed with even a limited allowance of common sense, or endowed with the smallest share of desire to retain his own natural rights, and vindicate his own natural dignity, would be so foolish as to advance the interests of such arrant nonsense.

A GLANCE.

WE have good reason to congratulate ourselves upon the many marked advantages which we possess over many colleges of this country, although some of these advantages are such that most of us do not at present recognize them in their full worth.

Every means which a kind and discriminating Faculty can conscientiously and consistently take for the furtherance of the students' happiness and welfare is taken, and the paths of learning are rendered pleasing and comparatively smooth by the amusements and home influences with which they are surrounded.

The theory of education has undergone wonderful modifications since the days of our forefathers. In their days, everything was done to render study irksome, and it was supposed that the driest subjects, taught in the most severe and uncompromising manner, by dry as dust instructors, were the only true means of obtaining mental discipline.

Now, how changed is everything! Learning is rendered comparatively easy, and much more inviting, by numberless popular and pleasing methods. And though it may be urged, as an objection to this facility for learning, that we do not find so many deeply and even universally educated men nowadays, as in bygone days, yet we can answer, that knowledge and wisdom are more widely spread, and that avenues to greater liberality of thought, and development of unexplored faculties, are being constantly opened. And if submitted to the test of even a superficial criticism, the objection itself falls through, for there are men now living, and a goodly number, too, who will bear favorable comparison—nay, who will bear severe comparison, with men of any age in intellectual force and recondite knowledge. These men are examples of what the modern system of education can effect.

But we started out to congratulate ourselves upon many advantages, which we, as a college, possess, and here we find ourselves digressing into a general view of modern education. Well, the two are not, by any means, independent of, or inimical to each other.

We possess every incentive to become useful and leading members of society, and if we choose, thorough scholars and favorably known in the world of thought and letters.

All that a thoroughly manly and eminently real Christianity can do for us is to be done here.

All that a judicious and liberal secular education can effect is to be gained here.

All the incalculable benefits which can accrue from systematic means for physical education may be had here.

All that tends to make up the whole man, spiritually, mentally and physically, a kind Providence has given us.

COLLEGE SONGS.

WE have lately noticed, on the part of the students, a manifest disinclination to indulge in those lively songs, which formerly proved powerful assistants in breaking up the almost unchangeable monotony of a long and tedious session.

The dignified Senior, who remembers with pleasure the jolly college songs which were constantly sung when he was *fresh* and inexperienced, sorely regrets the gradual decay of the pleasant customs of former times, and anxiously awaits a revival of them. So far as we are able to judge, there is no valid reason why they should not be revived, and that, too, by the body of students who compose the Collegiate Department at the present time.

College songs possess many advantages which should not be despised by the student. They are zealous promoters of good-fellowship, good-nature and good-will. They are super-eminently endowed with a power of driving away the "blues," and are also a specific for warding off the severest attacks of "home-sickness." The words, too, are widely different from those of other songs, for it often happens that they convey no meaning; on this account, they afford the mind a pleasant relaxation from the tedious task of thinking. The tunes are generally very simple and lively, and seem to accord with the words.

We are sure that college songs are productive of nothing that is undesirable in the student, and we trust the collegians will be imbued with a desire to restore what, at one time, formed one of the pleasantest features of our life here.

The only cause to which we can ascribe the gradual change of the last two years, was the lack of a competent person who should have taken the lead in the singing of the songs. A certain vocalist, of '69, who, during his sojourn here, invariably took the lead, exerted a wonderful influence upon the musical talent of the community. He made college songs a feature of every happy gathering of students. There has been no acknowledged successor to the place made vacant by his graduation; the result of which is, the singing of jolly songs has fallen into decay, so that now it is restricted to the discordant bawling and shrieking of a few unmusical Fresh.

We suggest, that the students assemble, and select some competent person to fill the important position of leader in singing. We shall then be partially freed from the dissonant howls of cracked voices, and we shall again, as in former times, enliven the air with jolly and lively college songs, followed by rousing choruses in which every voice can join. These will make college life more of a reality. Try it, students.

THE new clock has thus far proved itself eminently capable of announcing accurately the proper divisions of time. It has a facetious way of making these announcements in a most emphatic manner; so that one student, who had supped upon sardines, became convinced in his pleasant dreams that he had been transported to the tropical region politely denominated Pandemonium. He recognized among his new acquaintances several old faces. He was borne upon the back of an enormously exaggerated sardine from this place, and, arriving at the boundaries of daylight, found it was a dream.

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

THE COLLEGE COURANT

Is a large 16-page journal, of about the size of *Harper's Weekly*, and is issued fifty weeks in the year; the semi-annual volumes, of twenty-six numbers each, beginning on the first Saturday of January and July. It is "devoted to College Interests, Science and Literature," and presents with every issue a larger amount of matter of special interest to college graduates, undergraduates, professional students, and educated men generally, than is offered by any other single journal.

Originally an undergraduate paper (the first of its kind in the country—its initial number bearing date Nov. 25th, 1865), it has now entirely thrown off that character, and is managed, edited, and written for by graduates only. *The Yale Courant*—from which it makes each week a page of duly accredited extracts—is an entirely independent paper, edited by Yale undergraduates, and issued every week in term time (40 numbers a year), at \$2 per annum, in advance.

The subscription price of the COLLEGE COURANT, payable invariably in advance, is \$4 a year, or \$2.50 for six months. Five copies will be sent for \$17, and ten copies for \$30. The COLLEGE COURANT and the *Yale Courant* will both be sent to one address for \$5. Club terms with other periodicals, and special advertising rates, furnished on application. For transient advertisements the price will be 20 or 25 cents a line, according to position. All remittances should be made by post-office money order, registered letter, draft or check; and all communications should be addressed to the

PUBLISHER OF THE "COLLEGE COURANT,"

New Haven, Conn.

Publishing office, 460 Chapel St., opposite Yale College.

WE learn that the Princeton College nine propose making a tour throughout the East and West during the coming Summer.

THE students of Lewisburg College, Pennsylvania, spend their play hour in filling up a low portion of the Campus.

"WE all owe something to our College," as the Senior said when he left without paying his debts.—*Ex.*

THE students at Cornell, who study the "Heathen Clinice," will have a "dead wood" on the examinations. The characters represent so many different things, that a rendering directly opposite will be accepted as a free translation.

THE following lines are supposed to have been written by an editor who was insane; for, certainly, no sane man could dream anything so improbable:

I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still;
I dreamed that each subscriber
Came up and paid his bill.
Each wore a look of honesty,
And smiles were round each eye,
As they handed over the stamps
They yelled, "How's that for high?"

—*Ex.*

A CORRECTION.—In our last issue, by an oversight of the printer, a very important omission was made in the article on the Choir Supper. The fact of that beautiful and delicious cake having been presented to the Choir by Mrs. John A. Rice, of Chicago, was unfortunately left out.

"Every Easter must be preceded by its Lent." is the latest dictum of a local sage.

The College Mercury.

"Vigical Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, MAR. 15, 1871.

EDITORS.

F. O. OSBORNE, T. W. McLEAN, H. C. DILLON.

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

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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."

MANY of the students still owe us for their subscription, although the money has been due ever since last November. The next number concludes the present volume of the Mercury, and payment should no longer be delayed. We must have the money, to settle certain printers' bills which we owe. Now, fellow students, we ask you, please do not neglect this matter any longer, but step up and pay your dues.

THE MISHARMONICS.

We are confident that residents of Taylor Hall are well aware that there are a *few singers* in their midst, who have no connection with the Philharmonic Society. The members of this harmony-hating troupe have been remarkably successful in tormenting that portion of the College community which possesses sensitive ears.

It is necessary for us to enumerate but one of their defects as singers, and that will account for their unparalleled success in song-murdering. If a certain violinist, formerly of '72, were here now, he would critically and characteristically exclaim: "They all have good ears for music, if they would only wash them out once in a while." How can they expect to sing, if their musical ear can not distinguish one note from another?

We have suffered from their attempts for several months, and we think they ought to stop. We have listened, every day since Christmas, to a persevering misharmonic, who has been striving to sing "Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall," and still he comes no closer to the tune by his constant practice. We advise him to give up his attempts in the college building. If, however, he is bent on exercising his unmusical voice, we suggest that he follow some out-door pursuit, in which his peculiar talent can be used with telling effect. His discordant bawling and lacerating shrieks would be highly serviceable if he were a pie-apple and potato peddler, or even an auctioneer; but, they detract very much from the comfort of the collegians resident in Taylor Hall. Give us a rest.

It is estimated, that the relative number of college students in the United States is only one to 2,500 inhabitants.

A LETTER.

RACINE COLLEGE, MAR. 10th, 1871.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE COLLEGE MERCURY :

I, who am a nervous and touchy specimen of humanity, with peculiar notions about some things, have long been troubled by a certain portion of the collegiate community who visit me. Like the rest of mankind, I have *my hobby*, which is always to keep my study room in a presentable condition. My vigorous endeavors to do this are constantly defeated by a few of my too generous visitors, who never take their departure without thoughtlessly leaving a portion of their undesirable effects behind them. For a long time I have kept an accurate account of every article which has been carelessly left in my room, and I assure you that there has been enough to stock an ordinary second-hand clothing store.

One moiety of this accumulated rubbish consists of ragged gowns, Oxford caps minus tassels and broadcloth, dilapidated hats, greasy gloves, illustrated and annotated Greek and Latin text books, with their usual accompaniments. I shall not worry you with an enumeration of the other half of my stock.

Doubtless, these different articles are of service to their respective owners, but they are of no use to me. I have been in the habit of hunting up the owners, but I no longer have the desire and time to do this. I presume I should be justified in flinging these various articles out of my window whenever my visitors are so careless as to leave them behind, but my conscience prevents me from ruthlessly destroying the possessions of others. What, then, am I to do? I am fully aware that your editorial mind is exceedingly suggestive: will you not, then, inform me how I can rid myself of this undesirable property in an honorable manner? If you will only do this, you will confer an inestimable favour upon a sorely vexed

MEMBER OF THE COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.

We do not claim to have a wonderfully suggestive mind, although we are editors; however, as your trouble is of such a distressing nature, we have considered it, and suggest the following plan for your relief. Let the wearing apparel accumulate in your room for a month. At the expiration of that time announce that there is to be an auction, and then dispose of the goods to the highest bidder. When you have deducted a sufficient amount to pay for your trouble, donate the remainder to the Missionary Pie Shop. In order to assist you in carrying out this plan, we promise to advertise your auction sale gratuitously in the Mercury, if you desire it.

The *University Press*, the organ of the University at Madison, Wisconsin, is immense in size; however, we are necessarily obliged to put on our editorial 'specs' while reading it, as the impression of the type is very indistinct.

We have received the *Cornell Era*. It is an admirable paper, and does credit to the institution of which it is the exponent.

The *Madisonensis* comes to us much improved in appearance.

LOCAL.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	11 00 A.M.	12 08 P.M.	8 12 P.M.
Going South	7 51 A.M.	2 02 P.M.	4 48 P.M.

AMUSEMENTS.—The public exhibition, so long expected from the Histrionic and Philharmonic Societies, has been put off until after Easter. The preparation that is making for it, by both societies, is of a more elaborate order than ever before. The Histrionics promise us a great treat, in the way of an original drama, entitled "Meta, a Morality," composed by Dr. Elmendorf. We await its presentation to the public with great anticipations. It will undoubtedly prove a great success.

The Philharmonics are also very busy with their music, meeting twice a week at Dr. Elmendorf's house, for practice. It is an interesting and picturesque sight to look upon this group of musical geniuses, when setting out for an afternoon's practice. There are instruments of various kinds among them; but the crowning glory of the group is its president—the American Orpheus, and his immense bass horn, at once the badge of his office and the awe of small boys. Although its sweet notes might not draw an American forest after its possessor, yet, we feel satisfied that a single blast from this mighty instrument would be sufficient to level a small American village.

THE Juniors have evinced a commendable appreciation of the benefits derivable from true progress and have taken one of the first steps necessary to secure those benefits. The old, pernicious practice of speaking declamation not one's own is fast dying out, and it should be food for satisfaction on our parts that it is so. The majority of the members of '72 have delivered speeches containing their own sentiments, and in this reform must share the honor with '71, who introduced the custom. It is just and proper to state, that the speeches have been characterized by good sense, and views of things in general worthy of older heads. And this should serve as a convincing proof of the propriety of speaking original matter. A vast change is apparent in the mode of delivery. We have seen no unnatural mannerisms, either in gesture or in voice.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.—We hear from good authority, that some of the egoistically inclined Freshmen have been indulging in autobiographical sketches, which they have handed to the Professor of English, in lieu of more sensible and instructive essays. These first attempts in this kind of composition were disguised under the suggestive and significant titles of the "Mule," "Monkey," "William-Goat," "Horse," "Cat," etc. It is reported that these sketches plainly show, that a few members of the class have a remarkable talent for the delineation of their own character. We understand that the most praiseworthy effort is the production of the writer on the "long-eared animal;" his autobiographical sketch being almost beyond criticism, as he took care to be true to himself. He was occasionally too egoistical, but that is, perhaps, pardonable. Next in merit comes the "Goose." This, however, is hardly more commendable than the "Billy-Goat."

Lack of space prevents us from commenting on the rest of these admirable productions. Before we close our remarks, however, we desire to impress it indelibly upon the minds of the Fresh, that their individual characters are already sufficiently well known; it is, therefore, unnecessary for each member of the class to write a description of himself, in which he sets forth his merits, habits, disposition, etc. to the best advantage. So mote it be.

THE election of officers of the Clonian and Philologian Societies took place, respectively, on the 1st and 8th instant. The names of the new officers will be found in the Society Notices.

THE DANCE—On Saturday night, the 4th instant, the students had the liveliest dance of the term, among themselves, in the Library of Taylor Hall. The promise of a liberal reward of greenbacks proved sufficiently attractive to draw three lucrative followers of Apollo from the Cream City to the scene of action. The bearded leader of the band (an Italian, by the way,) manipulated an immense harp with telling effect upon the pedal extremities of the Collegians. No. 2, a flutist, proved to be an adept, and fingered his instrument with surprising skill. No. 3, a juvenile violinist, handled his fiddle and bow with a dexterity worthy of an artiste. The three combined produced the liveliest dancing music we have heard in Taylor Hall for some time past. Everybody was moved to action by the stirring strains. The old favorites were in great demand, as partners.

It is even currently reported, that the grim spirits of the divine Plato and the analytical Aristotle, unable to resist the moving influence of the music, ventured forth from the philosophical corner of the Library, and joined in several "break-downs." Although this statement is corroborated by several witnesses, we don't believe it.

So far as we have been able to learn, the occasion was enjoyed by every participant. No damage was done, save the mashing of several corns by clumsy dancers. The enlivening strains discoursed by the band from Milwaukee inspired every awkward devotee of Terpsichore, and was the pleasantest feature of the affair. Let us have a repetition of it.

THE Tonsorial asceticism which the Seniors have imposed upon their grave and reverend countenances is already making itself apparent. We see incipient evidences of luxuriant growths on the faces of almost every member. Two editors, perhaps, possess the *finest* and most silky specimens of Barbarosity.

THE College Nine assembled in Mr. January's room on Friday evening, 10th instant, for the purpose of re-organization, and making preparation for the approaching season. Not being a member of the Nine, we cannot give the result. We can, however, state, from actual observation and replete experience, the character of that which directly followed the meeting.

Mr. January, with his usual generosity, produced from a secret receptacle, in his room, a box which proved to be heavily laden with all that is calculated to soothe the inner man. Having arranged a temporary board, preparations were made to elicit from it the usual groans. Everything was conscientiously stowed away. The groans were transferred from the festal board to the persons of every individual, as was proved by subsequent occurrences. For, Mr. D. was seen in a somnambulistic state, dressed chiefly in a pair of oriental slippers, brandishing what he called a cheese knife. Mr. B. was observed perched on the table, arrayed solely in a black and white flannel jacket, crowing vigorously. Mr. O. rendered night hideous by sundry well executed gobbles, and we ourselves became enshrouded in the mists of dreamland, and guided, as we thought, a large, first class sardine steed.

THE Campus is again clear of disagreeable "beautiful snow," thus giving free scope for the exhibition of base ball prowess. We have already seen evidences of the usual honourable wounds, upon which the lovers of the game are wont to base the measure of success—"cluped" fingers and lacerated nasal protuberances. The constant cry is, "Arnica! Bring on the Arnica!" the base ballists' *sine qua non*.

One of the Seniors, in a commendable effort to secure the flying ball, which had been urged to an uncommon height, and with remarkable velocity, coolly "Lit" in his long-drawn and rather Teutonic length. His recovery is not doubtful.

THE boxes placed around the two magnificent specimens of vegetation in the rear of Taylor Hall, to prevent the possibility of their leaving, have had the desired effect.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Faude, a sometime member of '72, is, we understand, successfully educating the juvenile conception as to its manner of vegetating in the schools of Coldwater, Michigan. We should be happy to receive a line or so from him.

We clip the following from an exchange:

"A young son of Beriah Brown, an old Wisconsin editor, has won his way to West Point Military Academy. He applied, in person, to General Grant. That boy will amount to something."

Many of the old students will recognize, in the above-mentioned youth, "Briar" Brown, at one time a member of the Grammar School.

The feather-weight of '73, who rooms on the third floor, has again over-estimated his strength. A few evenings ago, having started up stairs with too great a supply of fuel in his coal scuttle, when only half-way up, his muscles relaxed, and, according to his usual custom, he accidentally lightened his load. The noise of the falling coal brought to the scene of the catastrophe a number of solicitous collegians, who evinced their sympathy for the offender by peals of laughter.

Moral—for the bearded infant of '73:

"Vessels large can venture more,
But little ships must keep near shore."

We learn that the Rev. E. B. Spalding purposes going to Geneva, Switzerland, where he will join Mr. Louis P. Plant, of '71. The couple will then proceed to Rome.

Mr. Samuel M. Hudson has so far recovered from his recent severe illness as to be enabled to attend to his duties in the Grammar School Department.

TITON students of the Grammar School who do not fancy "banged" fingers, and the other undesirable effects of ball, amuse themselves by playing the athletic game "Foot-and-a-half." The lake bank is especially suitable for this sport.

The poor Fresh. are deeply bewailing the fact that the snow has disappeared, as this effectually puts an end to their favorite amusement—sleigh-riding. We have observed that a few of the better-minded ones endure the loss patiently, they having found an excellent substitute in the boyish pastime—marbles.

LENTEN SERMONS.—The Reverend Father Benson, Superior of the Order of St. John the Evangelist, Oxford, England,—an Order which is doing a noble work in that country—is engaged to deliver a course of Lenten sermons before the students. The first of the course was preached on Tuesday, the 7th instant.

Prof. J. B. Feuling, Ph.D., formerly of this Institution, now occupant of the Chair of Philology at the State University, Madison, Wisconsin, paid us a visit—extending over Saturday and Sunday, 12th and 13th instant. All his old students were very glad to see him.

The entertainment given by the Ladies' Aid Society took place as usual, in the Library of Taylor Hall, on Saturday evening, the 11th instant. It was very well attended; though the exercises were marred, in some sort, by a number of unforeseen accidents. One of the members of the Glee Club was compelled to absent himself before the conclusion, and thus one of the choicest pieces of music was lost. The boys, also, in the treble and alto parts of two songs, detracted from their satisfactory execution, either through carelessness, or very great nervousness.

Dr. Elmendorf gave a select reading from Shakspere, which, as usual, gave great satisfaction, and elicited hearty applause from all.

Mr. Pitts also gave a very choice reading from Thackeray's Newcomes, which was duly appreciated, and deservedly so.

Mr. Hall read a laughable portion in the chequered incidences of the immortal "Sam Veller's" career, which gave free scope for the risible propensities of the audience.

But the crowning success of the evening was apparent in the finely executed vocal music by Miss Cowton, of Philadelphia. The lady is the possessor of one of the finest voices to which we have ever had the pleasure of listening; and the manner in which she executed the songs was unexceptionable.

Mr. Hinsdale and Miss Ella Booth performed a fine duet on the piano. The Glee Club sang one of their excellent pieces. Space limits further remark.

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College Mercury.

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. VIII;

RACINE COLLEGE, APRIL 1, 1871.

NO. 8.

KING GIN.

Old King Gin was in merry mood,
For loud he laughed in glee;
"I am a mighty monarch, for
I scatter Death!" cried he.

"The orphan's sob is my royal robe;
The widow's curse my crown;
The bottle is my sceptre strong;
And the drunkard's corse my throne!

The brain I mount, its channels sear
With waves of liquid fire;
Through every vein I leap, and spread
Destruction fierce and dire.

The drunken brawl, 'delirium's' throes.
Are sights I love to see;
The starving wife, and shivering child.
Are things of sport to me!

Go, ask yon murderer in his cell
What urged him on to sin,
And, in a tone of mad despair,
The answer comes, Gin! Gin!

Go where the shackled maniac raves
In mad-house, grim and stark,
In frenzied eye, and foaming lip;
See, where I've set my mark!

Yes, scaffold, mad-house, prison cell—
All—all my power proclaim;
Go, ask the question where you will,
The answer's still the same."

So, old King Gin, in merry mood,
"Ho! all ye men!" cried he,
Of all earth's monarchs, would ye know
The mightiest? I am he!"

—ARTHUR STANLEY.

HOW AN ARDENT MISSIONARY GOT COOLED OFF.

A life without incident must be a dull and monotonous one. And so would the life of a missionary be a series of monotonous tramps, were it not enlivened now and then by some cheerful occurrence, like the breaking of a leg, spraining an ankle, or getting half drowned by falling unawares into some deep ditch, full of water.

Such a happy incident occurred to one of our missionaries last Sunday. The victim was a dauntless Freshman, of excellent *morals*, and full of missionary zeal.

At this time of the year, the whole country between the College and the station in question is always inundated by the Spring freshets. But what does a missionary care for freshets?

So said this unfortunate young man, when starting out, breeches in boots, Bible in hand, and looking as bold, in his starting out, as the Spanish Armada. But, alas the day! Ere night, that immaculate shirt front was to mingle with its mother earth.

Now, it happened on this occasion, that one of his brother missionaries was floundering along by his side, in an immense pair of rubber boots. The reader may imagine their size; they were borrowed from "Sammy."

Our invincible Fresh' was not going to be outdone by Boots.—

So, everywhere that Old Boots went,
The Fresh' was sure to go.

The party had reached the railroad, on the other side of which was a wide-ditch, now filled with a torrent of water and looking about as angry and muddy as the Missouri river. Boots was now in his element, and with that sublime, water-proof indifference, which rubber boots alone can give, walked calmly through the flood. Not so, however, with our hero. To follow the example of Boots was impossible; the only way was to jump it, and this he resolved to do.

Stepping back several yards, in order to get a good run, and planting his feet firmly against a railroad tie, he cast a last despairing glance at the scene before him. The ditch looked wide, the waters angry and dirty, and the banks wet and slippery; whilst on the opposite side, calmly and indifferently leaning against a post, and intently watching the manœuvres of the "coming man," stood old Boots. That sight made our hero desperate. Carefully tying his cravat, and pulling his hat down over his eyes, he gathered all his strength for the flying leap. He starts with a fearful bound. Boots gazes with mute admiration upon his graceful form, as it cuts the air, and hurries to the water's edge to catch him in his arms.

For a moment the daring youth pauses upon the brink; then straining every nerve for the final effort, he springs—he slips—he flounders in the muddy surge!

Alas! the day, alas! the flood!
The boy lies wallowing in the mud.

By almost super-human efforts, he swam to land, where he was enthusiastically received by old Boots, who anxiously inquired if he was wet. He faintly replied, "I am not wet at all; but, you understand, my nervous system is a little deranged, so, I guess I'll go back, and put on a clean collar."

He did so, and at last accounts was doing well.
MORAL.—

If thou would'st be a missionary true,
And stand amongst the exalted few;
Would'st cross deep ditches like "old galutes,"
Take our advice, and borrow "Sammy's boots."

IS BEING DONE.

AMONG the many abuses of our language, which are continually springing up, finding support, not only with the partially educated, but with those who are considered authority, is that unauthorized and useless expression, "Is being done."

One cannot read a column in a newspaper, or listen for five minutes to a public speech, without being continually bored by this intruder. This is especially the case in the literary exercises of our societies. In every debate, in every essay, this newly formed tense must have its place. Ask one of its supporters for his authority. His reply will be, "Usage is my authority." Now, if usage is to be authority, where is the advantage of having such a thing as a grammar, or a dictionary? To tell what usage is? Does usage regulate the rules of the language, or do the rules of the language regulate usage? Surely, if the former were the case, there would be no sense in having rules of syntax, since custom would change them more rapidly than they could be learned.

But why murder the language while there is an alternative? If there should arise a new idea—one which could not be expressed by any form of our language, then only would it be necessary to introduce new forms. But the present passive is no such idea. Admitting that there is a deficiency in the language with respect to the formation of the present passive, the deficiency is by no means supplied by the expression under consideration.

There are other expressions which may be used, and such as are founded upon a firm basis, and formed strictly according to the rules of the language. The form, "Is being done," "Is being read," "Is being built," etc. is used to express the idea of a present passive. The participle "being" is inserted for the purpose of giving to the expression a present signification. It fails, however, in the fulfilment of the duties of its office, since the expression "Is being built" does not differ in meaning from the expression "Is built," without the participle "being." To be, and to exist, are as perfect synonyms as any two verbs in the English language. To say, therefore, "The house is being built," is the same as to say, "The house is existing built," or "The house exists existing built:" all of which expressions resolve themselves into the simple form, "The house is built."

Again, search every English grammar through, and you will not find a tense so formed. If, at some future period, there should arise a new rule, authorizing such an expression, then the formation of the tenses must be changed throughout. For, if the present should be formed by the present of the auxiliary verb "to be," the present participle of the auxiliary verb "to be," and the past participle of the principal verb, then should all the other tenses be formed in the same manner, simply by a change in the tense of the auxiliary, still retaining the present participle of the verb "to be," for the purpose of implying that the action is not completed. We would then have the following conjugation:

Pres. The house *is* being built.
 Imp. The house *was* being built.
 Pres. The house *has been* being built.
 Fut. Pres. The house *will have been* being built.

Just so soon as the tenses are written out in full form, the absurdity becomes apparent. No one would uphold such a method of conjugating the verb. Of this there are abundant proofs. For example, one is heard to say, "The house is now being built. In one month, they will have been building it for two years." In the first case, he uses "being," to imply that the action is not completed. When he comes to the future perfect, however, he finds it more convenient to adopt the active voice. He should use the passive, and, to be consistent, the form given in the above paradigm.

The participle "being" does not give to the passive participle a present signification. Why should it affect the indicative mood? For example, if we should say, "The house being built, the family moved into it," we would not produce the impression that the family moved into the house while the building was going on; but the sense is just the same as it would have been without the participle "being."

There is much more which could be said upon the subject; this is a brief outline.

If what we have said appear to be correct, why should it not be regarded? If there be some remaining still in darkness, we would be glad to hear from them, in order that we may give them our further aid.

DIALECTICUS.

THE GAMES AGAIN.

THE season for out-door games is approaching; and every effort should be made to render the College organizations as effective as possible. There was an evident feeling of growing disinclination to elevate the character and general tone of play in cricket, last Summer. This was owing, in part, to the rather unfair endeavours of the base ballists to underrate the game, in order to advance the interest of their own darling sport.

Now, cricket obviously possesses many features which recommend it to general favor amongst students; and although we do not wish to cast in the shade the manifest advantages of base ball, yet we can say, without fear of contradiction, that cricket is eminently adapted to cultivate the finer qualities aimed at in out-door sports. It requires much more real science, and gives a greater display for quickness of eye and hand.

Base ball, too, possesses its peculiar advantages, and they are obvious. It is a livelier game than cricket, and does not occupy so much time. Moreover, it is popular, and is the national game, and therefore should hold a high standing in the estimation of American students.

Both games can exist side by side, and excellence can be attained in each, as was clearly demonstrated in the matches of last season. They should not come in conflict, for both have done honour to the College.

There are certain days appointed by the College authorities for playing each game alternately. On the days ap-

pointed for cricket, let cricket be played,—and let it be played vigorously, and with desire to improve and excel. We hold a well-earned reputation for skill in cricket,—having come off victorious in every outside match for years. On base ball days, let us devote ourselves strictly to the game, and add to the laurels won last year. We hope the College Nine will be enabled to make arrangements for a number of outside matches the coming season. Their success last year certainly warrants this, without implication of conceit.

We hope the games will be thoroughly appreciated by the Grammar School students; for, on their improvement depends the future honour of the College. There is material in the Grammar School, at the present time, to warrant anticipations of first class players in both games.

The physical benefits derivable from these out-door sports are incalculable, and have an eminent influence in making up the well rounded man, who is to aid in controlling the destinies of this country.

THE RAVEN-OUS DOG.

Canis devorabat some meat,
In *viride* common one day;
Quam lente falling asleep,
Bold *Corvus* stole it away.

When Towser awakened *ex somno*,
He could not *invenire* his bone;
Sed super his head in the branches,
Ecce Corvus! sitting alone.

Ha! Raven! quoth Towser *iratus*.
Dic mihi how this is, I pray;
Just now *habebam* an *ossem*,
Sed nunc id est taken away.

I boned your bone, *dixit Corvus*,
Quoniam you stole the beef;
Et because *ego sum* a policeman,
Apprehendum est mihi a thief.

Iratus et tristis demnabat,
Nefarium Corvum full sore,
And when he *domum* adventit,
He *nunquam* stole beef any more.

—JOHNNY.

EXCHANGES.

<i>Western Collegian,</i>	<i>Yale Courant,</i>
<i>Southern Collegian.</i>	<i>College Courier,</i>
<i>Lawrence Collegian.</i>	<i>Harvard Advocate.</i>
<i>Griswold Collegian,</i>	<i>Chronicle,</i>
<i>Mount Vernon Collegian.</i>	<i>Trinity Tablet,</i>
<i>University Reporter.</i>	<i>Yale Literary,</i>
<i>University Press.</i>	<i>Indiana Student.</i>
<i>Tripod,</i>	<i>Acorn,</i>
<i>Racine Journal.</i>	<i>Madisonensis,</i>
<i>Racine Advocate,</i>	<i>Amherst Student.</i>
<i>Racine Argus,</i>	<i>Cap and Gown,</i>
<i>College Herald.</i>	<i>Hamilton Lit. Monthly.</i>
<i>College Times.</i>	<i>Annalist,</i>
<i>Courant,</i>	<i>Amer. Ed. Monthly,</i>
<i>Advertiser's Gazette.</i>	<i>Christian Union Lit.</i>

THE MERCURY is steady.

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

THE Professor of Geology in the University of Chicago was "stumped" on being asked the question, "Were there bugs in the carboniferous beds?"

CORNELL University has received the arms which were ordered, and the drill will soon begin. Obligatory drill and the wearing of uniforms are two of the many pleasant features of an institution "where any person can find instruction in any study."

THERE is a bright youth in the legal department at the Indiana University who has been dubbed "Necessity,"—because necessity knows no law.

THE Yale Glee Club will make a tour of the country, giving concerts in the principal cities. We wish some of the vocalists and instrumentalists who infest Racine would make a tour during term-time.

THE *College Courant* contains a complete vocabulary of the peculiar words used by Yale undergraduates. Among others, we notice the following:

"*Hoop it up*, to hurry; perhaps derived from the driver's ejaculation, *Hoop la!*

Light out, to hurry away; to make one's self scarce.

Worst, latest; newest. A general sarcastic superlative, made popular by '71. Anything, from a new hat to a society election, or long lesson, is called *the worst yet*, the *very worst*, or the *worst we've seen*.

Red hot, excellent; perfect; magnificent. Sometimes abbreviated to *het*, and usually used with some tinge of sarcasm.

Ear, dignity; hauteur; self importance.

Cram, to prepare for an examination on a subject, rather than to really master it.

Owl: to prolong an evening call until a late hour. is to *owl* the person called upon.

Towny, a resident of a city, especially a young man, who might be mistaken for a collegian."

INVITATION TO AN OLD STUDENT.—"Holland, come down and see us. The sight of that ugly face of yours will bring up many pleasant antediluvian reminiscences."
—*Indiana Student*.

YALE has 39 professors and 755 students.

A Sophomore at Michigan University says: "It's no time to be writing Latin essays, when billiards are only ten cents a game."—*Chronicle*.

HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.—James Hopkins, of Baltimore, has set apart \$1,500,000 for the endowment of a University to bear his name.—*Ex*.

THE last number of the *Vidette* contains a sensible article on classical studies.

SOME of the College students have been observed with badges bearing cabalistic characters upon them. It is supposed they are outward expressions of some smothered feelings of Bacchanalian dye. Perhaps they figure the existence of occult orgies held forth at the witching hour,—eh, what should a beer glass typify?

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, APR. 1, 1871.

EDITORS.

F. O. OSBORNE, T. W. McLEAN, H. C. DILLON.

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VALE.

LEST some of our apprehensive readers think—from the subject of this article—we are about to say farewell forever to them and to our editorial career, we desire to state here that we are only bidding adieu to the present volume of the MERCURY, preparatory to beginning a new one. We shall enter upon another volume almost immediately—shortly after the beginning of the Easter term.

Five months ago, inexperienced as we were, we took charge of the MERCURY, with the resolute determination of making it a more prominent and interesting feature of the College; in which undertaking we trust we have been at least partially successful. Although the task of conducting the paper is a thankless one, we have never, on that account, ceased to labour with undiminished zeal.

We are sorry to say, that our efforts in behalf of the paper have not been appreciated and seconded by all of the students. Now, this should not be. The MERCURY is the paper of the students, and as such should meet with a hearty support from them.

Some refuse to aid the common cause of the Institution, on the ground that they are not always pleased with the contents of the paper. Now, we think this an objection which a right-minded person ought not to advance. The paper is small, the space is limited, and we have readers from the youthful First Former upwards to the dignified Senior; and yet we are expected to furnish an abundance of articles suited to the intellects of each. We do the best we can, hoping that our readers will be sufficiently thoughtful to understand the reasons.

Before bidding adieu to this volume, it would not, perhaps, be amiss to preface a few remarks concerning the prospects of its successor. Having had a little experience

in conducting the paper through the dullness and monotony of a winter session, we flatter ourselves that we can do the same with more satisfaction to our readers during the liveness of the ball season.

It is our purpose to make a specialty of the out-door games, well knowing that this will please a majority of our readers, especially those of the Grammar School. We intend to publish impartial accounts of the various matches which are to be played. The paper will not, however, be exclusively devoted to the games. We promise to make it as interesting as possible in other respects, also.

In fine, we shall spare no pains to make the MERCURY everything that is desired; feeling confident, as we do, that all our efforts in that direction will meet with a hearty response and a warm support from the students.

BEARDS.

"I have a beard coming."—SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT observer, however careless, has ever failed to notice the anxiety and assiduity displayed by students in the cultivation of the beard,—at once the characteristic of manhood and the improver of personal appearance!

This highly important undertaking generally begins about the time a youth enters college, when he is both downy faced and inexperienced, and continues, with undiminished enthusiasm, up to the day of his graduation. At that time his mind is no longer disturbed by anxious solicitude. He ceases to be in a doubtful position. He has been either successful, or unsuccessful.

If the constant use of the razor has resulted in a luxuriant growth of whiskers, he playfully strokes them, struts about with an assumed air of superiority, and chuckles at the unsuccessful attempts of his classmen. If, however, he has nothing to show for the incessant shaving of four years, he is, for a short time only, the unhappy victim of disappointed hopes. He soon recovers, and having assumed an air of nonchalance, goes about his business as if he were perfectly contented.

In vain do persons of a cynical disposition deride the care and attention paid to the cultivation of the beard; aspiring youths and sensible men disregard the ridicule.

Beards are of inestimable service to some men who desire to improve the appearance of their face. Side whiskers give a less cutting look to a thin faced man. A goatee assists in lengthening out what would be a disagreeably broad face. A moustache, perchance, partially conceals an ugly upper lip. A full beard may neatly disguise scars and everything else which ought to be hid. In fine, many glaring defects of appearance are nicely covered up by the proper use of beards.

Do not cease, then, O ye collegians, from the use of the cutting steel, for your future welfare may be largely dependent upon your present efforts. You may not receive your reward for a long time, but it must come in the course of time,—time is exceedingly necessary in this beard cultivation. Do n't be impatient. Keep cool. Rome was n't built in a day. Above all, do n't get angry because you are not quite so successful as your neighbour.

BARBAROSSA.

LOCAL.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	11 00 A.M.	12 08 P.M.	8 12 P.M.
Going South	7 51 A.M.	2 04 P.M.	4 48 P.M.

ANOTHER CLEPTOMANIAC LOOSE.—A strolling vagabond, of prepossessing appearance, came to the College last week, and pretending to be a billiard table manufacturer, made an arrangement with some of the boys to repair our table. But, while the students were at dinner, he very coolly "went through" the building, appropriating to himself whatever articles of jewelry that came in his way. With his pockets well filled, he repaired to the Smoking Room, and quietly awaited the return of the students. Our "sleight-of-hand" friend being a German, one of the boys acted as interpreter; thus they got along swimmingly, and came to the conclusion that he was a "bully old boy." Got himself introduced to the Warden, to whom he told a pitiable story about his poverty and domestic afflictions, and begged an advance of ten dollars on the billiard table scheme. The Warden, however, by an instinctive faculty for detecting rogues, peculiar to himself in a remarkable degree, thought he "smelt a mice." The "varmint," finding himself in a critical situation, beat a hasty retreat, and "skedaddled" for parts unknown. The stolen jewelry was not missed until it was too late to overtake the thief.

ON A BENDER.—One of our Grammar School friends, of some notoriety in these columns, lately got on a bender, all by himself, and for medicinal purposes strictly. Being afflicted with a superabundance of flesh, he was advised by a young Æsculapius to use tobacco for its removal. Utterly reckless of expenses, he immediately despatched a small boy down town, with instructions to purchase a ten cent segar. Believing that he was now in possession of the veritable elixir of life, he stealthily repaired to a neighboring grave-yard, and perching himself upon a tomb-stone gave himself up to the influence of the soothing weed. In the course of an hour, he returned to the school room, and deposited his undiminished bulk, with a thud, into the nearest seat. A look of extreme disgust was in his countenance. He was the victim of an expensive and cruel disappointment. The medicine would n't work worth a cent.

LENTEN SERMONS.—The sermon preached before the students on Tuesday, 11th instant, by the Rev. Father Benson, was one of the most able and eloquent that it has ever been our pleasure to hear. His oratory is the very opposite of the florid, American style; it is simple, natural and impressive. His words penetrate the heart, fix the attention, and convince the hearer. This is eloquence; artistic declamation is not.

A MODERN HYDRA.—The Second Form in the Grammar School possesses three precocious youths, neither of whom can get ahead of the others; thus we have before our very eyes a monster with three heads and only one foot. We challenge heathen mythology to produce a parallel to this wonder.

HARD LUCK.—We met a dignified Senior, the other day, in a rather anomalous situation. He was carrying coal for a Freshman! It seems they had been "flipping coppers," and our Senior got "stuck."

The treble solo in the anthem "Turn Thy Face from my Sins," sung on the Fourth Sunday in Lent, was so well done by little "Commodore" McMillan, that it deserves a mention in the columns of the MERCURY.

RECKLESSNESS.—The Seniors have bound themselves, by a fearful oath, not to shave till Easter. With some of them it has made no difference, but the faces of the others now look like the back of the "fretful porcupine."

A CONUNDRUM.—Why are "Samivel's" whiskers like Dakota territory? Because they are extensively laid out, and thinly populated.

CLOSE.—An erudite Freshman distinguished himself the other day, in Sunday lesson, by the following bright reply. The professor asked him what feast of the Jewish church came next after the Feast of Tabernacles. He confidently replied, "The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

BASE BALL.—On Monday, the 20th ultimo, the Freshman nine was defeated by the Grammar School: the score being 24 to 19 at the close of the fifth innings.

The Warden paid a visit to Nashotah on Sunday, the 19th ultimo, in order to see his old students, and to preach.

We noticed the appearance of the College Velocipede on the Campus. The "animal" is very obstreperous, owing, no doubt, to its long confinement, and the sense of regained freedom. Mr. B. is the first who has had courage to attempt to guide the steed.

The Scientific Lectures, by Richards, delivered at Belle City Hall, on the 21st and 22d ultimo, were well represented by the body of students. The lectures were, we understand, interesting, although somewhat desultory.

We understand the rains and springs are making sad inroads upon the lake bank. The trace of the road is almost eradicated, but a new road has been opened which has necessitated the destruction of a part of the cemetery.

SOLD.—Not long ago, a certain literary Freshman took from the Library Hugh Miller's "Cruise of the Betsey." The title of the book inveigled him. He probably thought he had got hold of one of those exciting sea tales, in which bloody pirates, hair-breadth escapes and hidden treasures generally figure very conspicuously. Freshie soon found out his mistake, and returned the book; remarking, as he did so, that he "did n't think that 'ere Mr. Miller was much of a novelist."

REFRESHMENT Sunday was duly observed by all the students, who evidently enjoyed the good things spread forth, in honour of the occasion, in the College Refectory. The well polished skeletons of a large number of fowls, of gobbling propensities, testify that the collegians conscientiously did their share of the work of destruction.

The Clionian and Philologian Societies adjourned on Wednesday night, the 22d ultimo, in order to give the members an opportunity of hearing Prof. W. C. Richards lecture on Spectrum Analysis.

We received a scathing letter from one of our friends, a few days since. He uses the whip of sarcasm freely in lashes upon our devoted heads. The cause of his irritability, and consequent expression of it, was the little "goak" concerning the trees, in our last issue. He makes the revelation that it is not original with us, and then thinks he has given us a squelcher in naming the originator. We would only reply, that the gentleman whom he mentions merely made a happy application of an old, long standing pun—a pun which is common property, as every one knows. Hence, our innocent use of it. As for brains, etc., give us a small allowance of a certain creative one, and give us a rest.

We see the tendency to an increasing appreciation of the Library, and especially in the more solid portion of its contents. In glancing over the names and books credited to them, we notice the very great interest which is apparently taken in the scientific and literary works. We were startled, but gratified, to see, one day a short time since, a certain well known individual openly gazing, in apparent satisfaction, upon the open pages of one of the stern and dignified tomes occupying the north-west corner of the Library. He is, moreover, still living.

PERSONAL.

WE were glad to see the face of Mr. William Passmore amongst us, on Sunday. Mr. Passmore was formerly a member of this College, and is now occupying, we understand, an eminent position in telegraph employ at Milwaukee. He was looking remarkably well.

FATHER Benson, who preached an excellent sermon, on the 13th ultimo, is engaged every day in preaching at Milwaukee. His sermons are full of life and meaning, and are calculated not only to persuade the feelings, but to convince the reason.

WE see daily accessions to the missionary corps. Last Sunday we saw Mr. W. posting, in all haste, in the direction of Mount Pleasant.

Mr. Charles Spalding paid us a short visit, since the date of last issue.

WE have in our midst an embryo Raphael, in the person of Clarence Bennett. We have seen some very creditable drawings, productions of his pencil. Should he contemplate becoming a professional artist, success would crown his efforts.

Mr. Charles B. Champlin, of '70, visited his Alma Mater on Sunday last.

THE fine weather of the past few days has had the effect of drawing out from their torpid state those numerous Italian troubadours, which infest the country. One of these gentry presented his appearance armed with a monstrous harp—of somewhat less than a thousand strings, and accompanied by a female girl, black eyed and raven haired, and with all the concomitants capable of entitling her to the position of heroine to one of Sylvanus Cobb's classic romances, and withal provided with a fiddle, which she filed dexterously. He was greeted by certain incipient French and German students with such expressive phrases as, "parlez vous de ding dong?" "sprach sie Deutsch?" and "yah! oui! eh." The greeting which seemed most to please him, however, was a comparatively heavy shower of "nickels."

THE annual migration northward of ducks and geese has induced the Nimrods of the College to bring forth their "shooting irons" from their hiding places. This movement, however, has in no wise affected a diminution in the number of birds flying about in this vicinity.

TIN HORN.—The unmusical band of Taylor Hall has lately received an important acquisition, in the shape of a lengthy tin horn. The member of the Freshman Scientific Class, who performs on it, challenges any one to produce equally discordant sounds. As we have no desire to drive our readers distracted, we forbear even to describe the effects of the notes upon all, except deaf persons.

MINIATURE JOUSTS.—During pleasant weather, whenever we gaze from our editorial window, we are sure to see the small boys of the Grammar School playing a game which seems to be immensely popular with them. It presents the appearance of a miniature joust. Each youngster, having selected a companion for his steed, mounts him and rides forth to combat with any one who opposes him. The struggle continues till one or the other of these puerile knights is dismounted. The constant overtures and downfalls of the combatants are quite amusing to the spectators.

LAST week, the strollers on the lake were pleased with the sight of a little tug boat, which was passing by with wonderful swiftness. The miniature craft was not much larger than a yawl.

THE Gymnasium is quite deserted, now that the pleasant weather, which characterizes our Spring, permits the revival of out-door games. Every student rejoices at the change.

WE have, as yet, seen no first class games on the Campus, although the weather has been sufficiently warm to permit the playing of ball without gloves. The playing has been confined to "Scrub," and the uninteresting displays which follow the "chasing up" of the unskillful players who present themselves on the field just after dinner. Let us have a match worth looking at.

WE are glad to learn that the authorities have given the College Nine the privilege of playing on the best ball field, in preference to other players, whenever they desire to make use of it. This will put an end to such disputes as to "who got the ground first."

CLASS OF '71.

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College Mercury.

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. IX.

RACINE COLLEGE, APRIL 20, 1871.

No. 1.

SPRING.

The winter's snow and ice are gone;
Its frost and cold are past,
And now the forest monarchs bow
Beneath the fierce March blast.
 It raging whirls,
 And seething curls
The waves upon the deep.
 Along the shore
 The breakers roar,
As on the wild winds sweep.

The rugged oaks in anguish toss,
Their bare limbs crack and groan,
The tall pines feel its fury now,
Submit and sadly moan.
 The forest quakes,
 The firm earth shakes,
And dreads its mighty power.
 Far up on high
 The clouds sweep by,
Or dark and sullen lower.

'Tis over now; the sun shines forth;
His warm rays pleasure bring,
The winds though cool are fresh and light,
And herald welcome Spring.

But, as Spring comes, the April rains
The dormant earth awake,
For their embrace must give new life,
Ere flowers their beauties take.

They drip and drop by day and night,
Through all the forest lone;
The meadows, too, so brown and bare,
Delight their powers to own.

Their sound though sad prompts pleasant thoughts;
I see the dark earth gay
With sparkling flowers and pleasant fields,
And all the joys of May.

—WILLOW-WOOD.

EDUCATION AND EDUCATORS IN AMERICA.

To discuss a theme like this as it deserves, would require many more pages than the editors of the *MERCURY*, indulgent though they be, could afford to place at the disposal of any single contributor. For the present, therefore, we wish simply to notice two facts which present themselves at first glance to him who seeks a knowledge of the present status of education in America.

The first fact which arrests our attention, is the disposition now so prevalent in the United States, to favor special and limited courses of study, in preference to the time-

honored College curriculum through which the educated men of the present generation have passed. The tendency of our day is to depreciate classical studies, and to substitute scientific and mathematical branches, and modern languages. The reasons for this are manifest, when we consider the immense development of the material resources of our country, which has characterized the last decade, and the consequent eagerness to amass wealth which has led men to disregard every pursuit, whose material result could not be expressed in dollars and cents. The demand of our times is money. If this be gained, what else can be desired? Wealth without education will soon weigh down the scale which holds at its other extremity education without wealth. Time is money; money is power; and he who has not turned every passing moment into coin, has indeed wasted his time and opportunities. Let our children, then, be hurried from the school to the counting room, or if allowed to spend a few years in school, let arithmetic, book-keeping or some other of the so-called "practical" studies, crowd themselves into the place of the noble pursuit which have for ages formed the finished scholar, the eloquent orator, the thoroughly educated man; which have lent their richest treasures to the poets who, drawing thence "things new and old," have held the ages spell-bound by their sublime creations; to the orators, who, by the living fire which blazed from their eloquent lips, have paralyzed tyranny and exalted freedom; to the devoted preachers of Christianity, who by their fervent appeals have overcome the stubborn hearts of men, and brought them in penitence to seek their Saviour and their God. The tendency of our age and country is one which bodes no good for the future, and it is therefore with pleasure that we have noticed the formation of the American Philological Association, composed of scholars from all parts of our land, united to uphold the study of classics against the popular prejudice to which we have alluded.

But aside from the spirit of the age which discards all branches of knowledge not strictly "practical," as the term is, the development of the universal resources of the United States, and the opening of new and hitherto unexplored territory to American enterprise, has caused a demand for thoroughly educated scientific men, and this has led to the establishment of many excellent institutions, such as the School of Mines of Columbia College, and others of a similar character. It would seem, however, that such schools, instead of supplanting our present Colleges should rather supplement the collegiate course, just as our seminaries of theology, medical colleges and law schools have for many years done. Let the collegiate

course, as at present arranged, still be open to those who desire a symmetrical education, not giving undue prominence to any one or two branches, but imparting a sufficient knowledge of classics, mathematics, belles lettres and national science to enable the student to go on intelligently in any special department that he may choose.

The second fact to which we would call attention, is the sentiment which seems to prevail in favor of placing young men in positions of high responsibility and trust in our seminaries of learning. As an instance of this we may point to President White, of Cornell University, and President Eliot, of Harvard, both men of youth, as compared with the venerable sages who have usually typified the popular idea of a College President. This may justly be regarded as a hopeful sign; for, although we are told that the aged are required for counsel and the young for action, yet it must be remembered that counsel is only of benefit when it controls action, and that a great deal of so-called senile wisdom is wasted without any practical result. The idea has too long prevailed that old, experienced minds were best adapted to direct advanced students, and the young man who aspired to be an educator must be content to drudge in the elementary classes until his head had become sufficiently whitened with the snows of age to render him a safe instructor for collegians. But it is the first step that costs; and the beginnings of any study are fraught with difficulty. If, then, experience and wisdom are anywhere needed, it is at the outset of the student's career. After he has advanced and mastered to some degree the studies which he may be pursuing, he is not so wholly dependent on his instructor, and his instruction may be safely entrusted to the care of a teacher, less experienced, perhaps, but still thoroughly conversant with his subject. It will, indeed, be an auspicious moment for education, when we can see our aged men of learning condescending to interest themselves in the struggles of beginners, while their juniors, no longer bound to the preparatory class-room simply because they have the misfortune to be young, shall be admitted to share with the elders, departments congenial to their tastes, and affording every incentive to achieve a solid and brilliant reputation.

In conclusion, however the two facts of which we have spoken may be regarded, they are, in any regard, eminently characteristic of our country. To the American of the present day, practical results are the only desideratum, and to achieve results of lasting benefit he seeks the strong hand, the vigorous intellect, the ardent enthusiasm of youth. A course like this may involve rashness, and oft-times error; but caution and hesitation have their evils as well, and the impulses of youth, hasty and ungoverned as they may be, yet tend unmistakably to progress. May the day never come, when the young-man influence, so potent for all that is good in Church, State or College, shall be slighted or crushed in this young Republic.

AMICUS.

THE *Lawrence Collegian* comes to us, "born from the brain of the student, and dressed by the student's hands."

A SLIGHT FABRICATION.

A LATE issue of the *Racine Advocate* contained a *manufactured* article, on the pilfering done in Taylor Hall lately, by a wandering kleptomaniac, which deviates somewhat from our idea of truth. Taylor Hall was not completely emptied of its contents, neither were the authorities so completely "bamboozled" as their "local" would have us believe. The total loss sustained, based on actual and careful computation, was a watch chain and a set of shirt studs. If, on subsequent investigation, some unfortunate Freshman shall have been found to have sustained the loss of a tooth brush, we will carefully notice the same in our columns, in order that the *Advocate* may have the whole truth, and not be compelled to grope in the dark for facts; a business always attended with more or less inaccuracy. With regard to the authorities, we would merely state that the authority in question was the first to detect and expose the prestigator; this we trust will be sufficient to vindicate our "authority" from the charge of having been "bamboozled."

THE WORLD.

"The world is all a fleeting show."—OLD HYMN.

"THE spiciest and best "College paper," in its last appeared very much exercised over our well intended remarks concerning the *College Press*. The unexperienced editor of the *World* showed his ill-nature with all the enthusiasm characteristic of youth. The most noticeable feature of the *World's* strictures is the melancholy disregard for truth which they display; for they announce that we devoted the greater portion of one issue to the discussion which the *World* craved for.

We feel however, on reflection, that this statement may be the result rather of woeful ignorance of the simplest rules of mathematics, than the result of wilful disregard of truth. This we surmise from observing that the institution, of which the *World* is probably a truthful exponent, possesses no professor of mathematics. With regard to the appellations, "boarding school," etc., we pass them by, knowing them to be mere outcroppings of a diseased spleen.

But the *World* is evidently more put out at our noticing its self-laudatory tendencies than at any thing else. These it attempts to defend in a manner singularly at variance with the elementary laws of logic. Perchance a professor of logic is wanting at Griswold "College," (*quotation marks original*.)

The *World* alludes to its defunct predecessor, the *Collegian*, and an "ex-editor at our elbow." The ex-editor evidently possesses an exalted estimate of his own talents; and chagrin at his failure to utterly demolish the *MERCURY* probably prompted him to force himself once more before the public. "You know how it is yourself." In conclusion we would merely invite the attention of the editors of the *World*, (which by the way is but a little *World*) to the fact that ill-natured attempts at sarcasm, and either falsehood aforethought or falsehood inadvertent, do not necessarily enter as factors into the success of

a College sheet, and may even serve to give outsiders an opportunity to form a very low estimate of such a sheet, especially if to these element are added such decided "horn-blowings of self" as are contained in the aforementioned advertisement. We have a great interest in the welfare of the *World*, and hope that it will "spin forever down the ringing grooves of change" and not follow the example of its illustrious and lamented predecessor (with all deference) the *Monthly*. Indeed, "*World*" has a heartier and more substantial ring than "*Monthly*."

Let not the words of the well known poetic spark at the head of this article; let it not, we repeat, be prophetic of the destiny of the *World* before our consideration, as it is historic of the *World's* unhappy forerunner.

ANOTHER of our friends (not a subscriber) has shied his castor into the ring in emulation of one who sensibly withdrew from notice. This one is sarcastic in a quiet way, and in words singularly sly asks us not to annihilate him, also. We shall not; but would advise him, in as amiable a way as possible, to further emulate the example of his predecessor, by "drowning himself." His little note was characterized by inexcusable ignorance of facts, especially in one who was formerly in a capacity in connection with the *MERCURY*, which would give him an opportunity of observing better. He says we have reproduced in the *MERCURY*, "The House that Jack Built." We have published a piece with that heading, but it is totally dissimilar to the one published before in the *MERCURY*. We copied it lately from the *Courant*, and any one taking the trouble to compare the two will quickly see that they do not possess two lines in common. Now that misstatement of the writer referred to, places him in an anomalous position, and either argues pure negligence, dire ignorance, or something else. His explanation concerning the "gist" of the "tree goak" (melancholy mistake of ours) is simply unnecessary and eminently unsatisfactory. In the words of Epictetus (excuse pedantry)—"anachou kai apachou," which liberally translated signify, "pull off and hold off."

EXCHANGES.

<i>Vidette,</i>	<i>Yale Courant,</i>
<i>Harvard Advocate,</i>	<i>College Courant,</i>
<i>Lawrence Collegian,</i>	<i>Collegian,</i>
<i>Southern Collegian,</i>	<i>College Argus,</i>
<i>Western Collegian,</i>	<i>College World,</i>
<i>University Press,</i>	<i>Dalhousie Gazette,</i>
<i>Trinity Tablet,</i>	<i>T. H. Saturday Eve. Mail,</i>
<i>Racine Journal,</i>	<i>College Review,</i>
<i>Racine Advocate,</i>	<i>Irving Union,</i>
<i>College Courier,</i>	<i>The Dartmouth,</i>
<i>Virginia Magazine,</i>	<i>Annalist,</i>
<i>College Times,</i>	<i>Madisonensis,</i>
<i>Chronicle,</i>	<i>Amherst Student,</i>
<i>Cap and Gown,</i>	<i>Tripod,</i>
<i>College Herald,</i>	<i>LaFayette Monthly,</i>
<i>Acorn,</i>	<i>Simpsonian,</i>
<i>Newspaper Reporter,</i>	<i>Meteor,</i>
<i>Yale Literary,</i>	<i>Qui Vive,</i>
<i>Indiana Student,</i>	<i>Targum,</i>
<i>Orient,</i>	<i>Princeton College World.</i>

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

A FRESHMAN at Cornell, wishing to break the news of his suspension as softly as possible to his parents, commenced his letter thus: "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."—*College Courier*.

Evidently the editors of the *Courier* don't see the point to this joke which has gone the round of the College papers, or there would have been a different punctuation in the line about the "divinity, etc."

THE lounge in the *College Courant* collects the *Harvard Advocate's* "good words" concerning Yale and presents them to the public as an instructive literary curiosity.

OTHER colleges besides Racine are allowing billiards to be played within the college buildings. Not long ago a delegation of Antioch students obtained a billiard table, and with the permission of the Faculty, it is to be one of the recreations of college life.

A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.—"Your head is level." We know of no portion of our country where this would be considered *flat-tering*, unless it is away off among the Aborigines of Nebraska.

THE *Orient* is the name of a paper which has just been issued by the collegians of Bowdoin. It presents a handsome appearance, and we take pleasure in adding it to our list of college exchanges.

THE *Meteor*, from Rugby School, England, comes to us stocked with accounts of the athletic games—Hare and Hounds, mile foot races, jumping matches, etc. A cricket ball was thrown 105 yds. 2 ft. in a contest, and a mile was run in 5 minutes 8 1-2 seconds. Cannot some of the Racine students beat that?

AT Middletown recently, a Soph brought a verdant Freshman into disgrace in the recitation room by previously instructing him to the effect that the genitive of Jupiter was Joseph.—*Exchange*.

ARKANSAS GRAMMAR.—An Arkansas applicant for a teacher's certificate thus conjugates the verb "to do:"

Imperfect—I have done it, thou donest it, he done it.

Plural—Weuns done it, youns done it, theyuns done it.

Perfect—I gone done it, you gone done it, he gone done it.

Plural—Weuns gone done it, youns gone done it, theyuns gone done it.

Future—I guine done it, you guine done it, he guine done it.

Plural—Weuns guine done it, youns guine done it, theyuns guine done it.

Future perfect—I done guine done it, you done guine done it, he done guine done it.

Plural—Weuns done guine done it, youns done guine done it, theyuns done guine done it.

CRICKET.—Last Saturday our local eyes were gratified by the sight of a scrub game of cricket, the first of the season. We say it was gratifying, because students of late, have not been wont to voluntarily engage in this superior but much slandered game. A game of base ball was going on along side of the cricketers, and not being well sustained, the base ballists kept yelling to the cricketers, come over and help us; but only succeeded in ensnaring one or two of the weaker brethren. This was an unusual occurrence, and has led us to believe, that if the two games were each made a voluntary pastime, cricket would eventually become the leading game.

The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, APRIL 20, 1871.

EDITORS.

F. O. OSBORNE.

T. W. McLEAN.

H. C. DILLON.

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

TERMS:

College Year.....\$2.00. | Single Copy.....15 cts.

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.
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."

TO OUR READERS.

A NEW term has opened, and we present you with the first number of a new volume of the Mercury, which we shall earnestly endeavor to make more welcome to you even, than its successful predecessors.

We resume our editorial labours with greater cheerfulness and confidence, feeling, as we do, that the Mercury is at last a permanently established feature of the institution. We have watched, with unceasing interest, the gradual improvement of the little sheet, which in '67 was a specimen of wretched typographical execution; but which now, in the full vigor of its fifth year, bears a favorable comparison with the periodicals of other Colleges.

It is our purpose to make the Mercury the zealous advocate of the ball interests of the institution, and we hope to have the privilege of recording a large number of brilliantly achieved victories both for the College Eleven and for the College Nine. We shall exert ourselves to excite a proper spirit of rivalry between the Badger and Clarkson clubs, knowing that a strong and honest rivalry is most conducive to the welfare of the games in general.

We shall endeavor to give an impartial account of the various matches which may be played during the season, giving individuals and clubs due credit for the good or bad play which they may show.

We trust the students, remembering that the Mercury is largely dependent upon them for its prosperity, will continue to give us their warm support, both as subscribers and as contributors. We shall strive to make the paper acceptable to the majority of our readers, expecting as a matter of course, that we shall occasionally fail, as it would be unreasonable for us to anticipate a complete success when we are trying to please so many different persons. However, we promise that so far as we are concerned, no pains will be spared to make the paper interesting and instructive. Please then let our efforts be heartily assisted by you all.

CHARLES DICKENS in his twenty-four works, introduces us to 2,425 personages.

EASTER DAY.

EASTER DAY, the Queen of Feasts, the most joyous day of all the Christian year, and the one dear to the thoughts and associations of all Catholic Christians, was duly observed in accordance with its sacred character here at the College. The gloom of Holy Week gave way before the effulgence of the light from the Son of glory risen in his might, and sorrow was turned into joy. Holy Communion was celebrated at seven o'clock in the morning, and about 150 persons communicated.

The second service, consisting of Litany and Sermon, took place at eleven o'clock. The Warden of the college delivered the sermon, which was deeply earnest, very impressive.

The evening service at half past five o'clock, was rendered very beautiful and solemn by the character of the music. The anthem was one of the most beautiful to which we have ever had the pleasure and privilege of listening. Indeed, the religious ordinances of the day were characterized by solemnity, and none who attended them could have gone away without feeling better and holier.

We must not omit to mention the taste displayed in the decoration of the chapel itself. Never have we seen anything so beautiful, so exquisitely lovely.

The dorsal cloth was covered with white cloth, the edges of which were beautified with the leaves of plants, and in the centre was a large cross made of flowers and leaves, and above it the inscription, "Christ is Risen." The altar also was covered with white, and tastefully trimmed with flowers. In the font was a magnificent lily surrounded with numerous flowers of other kinds.

Hung above the altar steps was a large and exceedingly beautiful chandelier, the gift of those former students of the college, now residing in Milwaukee. Gratitude is due to them for their handsome and appropriate addition to the already matchless beauty of our chapel. Truly in this joyous day each one could exclaim fervently and earnestly, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the House of the Lord."

Besides being marked by the offices of religion, Easter day was rendered further happy by the visits of some of the old students from Chicago and Milwaukee, and their appreciation of the joy of the day was certainly not less than that of the rest. The names of the visitors will be seen in the personal column.

We cannot help feeling that the Christian year as divided and observed by the Church Catholic, is an infinite aid to her children in regulating their earthy life; with its Advent followed by its Christmas rejoicing; and its Lenten sorrows and anguish, followed by the unspeakable joys of Easter-tide.

We have received a new and highly acceptable exchange in the *College World*, a fortnightly paper published by the students of Princeton. It is superior to the majority of college papers, being of good size, and containing some interesting correspondence from European Universities. It will undoubtedly prove immensely successful.

LOCAL.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North 11 00 A.M. 12 08 P.M. 3 12 P.M.
 Going South 7 51 A.M. 7 02 P.M. 4 48 P.M.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisements contained in this number. They represent the best and staunchest houses in the city. We cheerfully recommend them to the patronage of all who desire first class goods at fair prices. Several new advertisements will be noticed in our columns. We refer to Messrs Blood & Barrett, merchant tailors and dealers in gents furnishing goods; John Beck, manufacturer and wholesale and retail dealer in boots and shoes; and Fred. W. Klein, the accommodating proprietor of the tobacco emporium, to whose complete list of smokers articles, etc., we refer the reader.

We hope that every one, and more especially the students, will make it a point to do their trading with our advertisers. Better, or more accommodating merchants, or more complete stocks of everything in the line of each one, cannot be found in this city; and, at the same time you patronize them, you will be merely returning a favor to those who thus generously aid in the publication of your college paper. The spirit which they thus substantially manifest in the cause of education, and the literary efforts of the young, should be heartily appreciated, and reciprocated to the best of our ability.

ATTENTION BASE BALLISTS!—We call your attention to the advertisement of J. W. D. Kelley & Bro., Chicago. Their warehouse at 164 Lake Street, is the "Emporium of the West" for everything in the way of base ball, cricket, and croquet material; in fact every kind of implement for out-door amusements, can be had at this place. Send for their illustrated and descriptive catalogue for full particulars concerning anything desired. Orders to them by mail will be promptly and carefully attended to.

BLOOD & BARRETT.—In our stroll through the city the other day, we dropped into the sales room of the above named firm, which has but lately made its appearance in the city, and was invited by one of the accommodating proprietors to inspect their stock. We were greatly pleased with their fine display of cloths, all of the latest styles and best quality. Their stock of gents furnishing goods is complete and elegant. Give them a call gents.

"FRITZ."—Our readers will recognize among our new advertisers, our old friend Fred. W. Klein, who is now sole proprietor of the "Cigar Emporium." All lovers of the "soothing weed" should give him a call.

"DOES IT FIT."—We will guarantee to all, who will call upon the gentlemanly boot and shoe dealer, Mr. John Beck, 164 Main Street, the neatest fit possible in the way of boot, gaiter or base ball shoe.

HOW'S THAT?—In a match game of ball which was played on the campus several weeks ago, Horace Martin of the Grammar School, while playing centre field, caught three men out in one innings.

MEMORIAL TABLET.—A tablet, in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, through whose liberal donations Taylor Hall was erected, has just been put in its place in the College Library. The tablet is evidently the work of a master artist, and the inscription on it is certainly very appropriate.

BACK STOP.—A back stop, commonly called "pig-tail," has been erected on the base ball ground, in order to save the catcher any unnecessary steps. It is an improvement which has been needed for several seasons, and we trust it will remain permanent. The Campus has never been in better condition for playing than it is at the present time.

CONFIRMATION.—On Thursday, March 30th, Bishop Whitehouse visited the College, and confirmed a class of thirty-six persons. The Bishop's address was of that able and interesting character so peculiarly his own. It was a beautiful and affecting sight to see so many boys and young men go forward and kneel down, and take upon themselves the solemn vows of confirmation.

The Reading Room has just been adorned with some half a dozen pictures in oval frames. Upon close inspection we recognized old friends who figured conspicuously a few years ago as Heads of the College. We are gratified to think that there are a few benevolent individuals about the institution who are sufficiently thoughtful to look after the favorites of bygone classes.

The Seniors have given up Descriptive Geometry and have begun Astronomy. Cousin on the True, Beautiful and Good, is another of their studies for this term. In place of an examination on the History of Philosophy, they are required to write an essay on "Sensualism of the 18th Century." There has recently been a great demand for the books in the philosophical corner of the library. Strange!

In the declamation class, a certain juvenile (?) of '73 lately effused Ossian for thirteen minutes, much to the satisfaction of himself and to the annoyance of the audience. Mother Goose's poems will probably be recited by him at his next appearance on the college stage. If he is really desirous of exercising his memory, there is a tome two feet square in the library, on the Greek word "an" which we will gladly place at his service.

The Sophomore Class, which is the largest in the College, and far above mediocrity both physically and mentally, will in all probability hold the class championship in base ball during the coming season. This class possesses a pitcher and catcher excelled, and we might justly add equalled by none in the state, as has been demonstrated by actual experience; moreover they both belong to the College Nine, which virtually proved itself state champion last season. We hope the Sophs will always remain united as heretofore they have been, for that has given them strength.

THE COLLEGE NINE.—At no period since its formation has the College Nine been stronger and better able to represent the base ball interests of the institution, than it is at the present time. Last year the Nine played successfully, both at Union Grove and at Milwaukee, and we trust before this season is over that it will be enabled to visit Chicago and other places in this vicinity. We understand that the Elkhorn Club pretends to be champion of the state. We think one game with them would be sufficient to show that the College Nine has at least a slight claim upon the championship. Now Elkhorn isn't so far away as to make a game with them at all inconvenient. We trust the authorities will be ready to give the Nine an opportunity of displaying to the inhabitants within a radius of 60 miles its skill in playing the national game, and its ability to hold the championship of Wisconsin.

"P—p."—As we go to press we receive the mournful intelligence that our old and long tried friend Mr. Bennett, of '73, has taken his departure from these halls of learning. We regret the loss exceedingly, and shall long remember with filial affection the cabalistic "p—p" who has so often figured in our columns. No more shall his light tread be heard in our halls. No more shall his fragile form appear upon our campus. That delicate shabby stick, "cut from his native wilds" shall no longer be flourished over our defenceless heads. That luxuriant beard, the glory of '73, shall no longer sustain the honor of his classmates. Let not the reader mistake this for an obituary. We assure you the contrary, that he is well and happy, and that from his distant home in Evansville, his paternal spirit will return, and ever wander amid these classic scenes.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Champlin of '70, spent a few days with us (?) just after Easter.

Mr. Geo. J. Prescott of '69 passed Easter week with us. We were glad to see him.

Mr. Hayward of '70 agreeably surprised us with a visit on the 15th. His stay extended over Sunday.

Mr. Rumsey, formerly of this College, now of '72 Williams, paid us a flying visit. We thought he was looking remarkably well.

Mr. PARDEE of '70, visited us on Easter Day also, and remained until the ensuing Wednesday. We were very glad to take him by the hand as in days gone by.

PERSONAL.—The Rev. E. B. Spalding and Mr. Geo. S. Mead, A. M., sailed from England on the 12th inst. They will probably be at the College before our next issue.

DURING Easter week, Mr. W. J. Miller of '70 paid his first visit to the College since his graduation. He called at the sanctum, and we had a pleasant talk over old times.

Mr. SELBY, of '70, came down from Milwaukee and passed Easter Day with his old friends. Mr. Selby is now engaged in the belting business in a large establishment in Milwaukee.

PERSONAL.—Mr. William A. Eldredge of '72, who left us last September to take a cruise, when last heard from was at Key West. We understand he purposes returning to college next term.

Mr. DAN WHEELER, formerly of '70, accompanied Mr. Selby from Milwaukee, and passed Easter Day at the College. Mr. Wheeler is still engaged in tackling successfully the immortal Blackstone and Greenleaf.

Mr. Allan Woodle, our agreeable and witty friend, paid the College a visit on the 15th. He remained over 16th and 17th. Mr. Woodle is pursuing his studies at Nashotah Seminary preparatory to entering the ministry.

We were pleased to receive a visit of a few days duration during Easter-week, from Mr. R. W. Grange of '68. He is finishing his studies at Nashotah, preparatory to taking Holy Orders at the approaching Trinity ordination.

Mr. John Stemmons, formerly of '70, paid a visit to his Alma Mater in company with his young wife. Mr. Stemmons is engaged in the business of a druggist, (so we understand) at Minneapolis, Minn., and is quite successful. We wish him all joy.

Mr. NEWTON LALL, of '69, visited the College on Easter Day, and we were exceedingly happy to see him once more. We were sorry however, that he was obliged to leave us again so soon as Monday. The onerous duties however, devolving upon him by the recent death of his father, demanded his immediate attention.

At a meeting of the College Nine the following officers were elected for the ensuing season:

President—F. O. OSBORNE.
Vice-President—F. P. DAY.
Secretary—W. C. McCHEERY.
Captain—A. JONES.

We also append a list of the nine and the positions which they occupy.

W. K. BENTON, c.
A. JONES, p.
J. L. JANUARY, 1st h.
W. C. McCHEERY, 2nd h.
F. O. OSBORNE, 3d h.
M. C. LIGHTNER, s. s.
W. D. WHITMORE, l. f.
S. M. HUDSON, c. f.
F. P. DAY, r. f.
W. K. DEAN, 1st sub.

At a recent meeting of the Missionary Society, the following officers were elected:

President—H. C. DILLON.
Vice-President—T. W. McLEAN.
Secretary—E. A. LARRABEE.
Treasurer—M. C. LIGHTNER.
Standing Committee—Rev. E. B. SPALDING, N. STRONG.

CLASS OF '71.

FOUNDED A. D. 1867.

Ariston Altron.

President..... F. O. OSBORNE
Vice President..... T. W. McLEAN
Secretary..... W. C. McCHEERY
Treasurer..... J. L. JANUARY

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1861. NO. OF MEMBERS, 300.

Vigint Radix.

President..... F. O. OSBORNE
Vice President..... T. W. McLEAN
Secretary..... E. A. LARRABEE
Treasurer..... M. C. LIGHTNER

CLIONIAN SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1865.

Vitam Impendere Veru.

President..... L. L. JOHNSON
Vice President..... F. P. DAY
Secretary..... NORTON STRONG
Treasurer..... A. JONES
Censor..... H. ROOT

PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1868

Surgin.

President..... J. L. JANUARY
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Treasurer..... H. C. DILLON
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Mr. Hudson

College Mercury.

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. IX.

RACINE COLLEGE, MAY 5, 1871.

No. 2.

MEMORIES.

As I sat one morning gloomy,
Looking out upon the rain,
As the drops with mimic fury
Beat against the window pane,
A crowd of pleasant fancies
O'er my brain began to throng,
And the sad wind seemed the music
Of an old and well-loved song.

Far away from home and kindred,
By a lakelet's bank I stood,—
How the silvery water glistened!
How the birds sang in the wood!
All o'ercome I stood and listened
To that song to me so dear;
Ah! my heart leaps now with rapture
As its melody I hear.

All was joy then; and, contented,
Day by day *her* voice I heard,
While my heart was filled with pleasure.
And my inmost nature stirred.
Naught on earth did I desire
When reclining at *her* feet,
And I scorned all earthly music
When I heard those tones so sweet.

Years have flown; the siren left me;
All the pleasures of the past
Vanished with *her* cheering presence,—
Such delights can never last.
But my thoughts will often wander,
When I sit and watch the rains,
To the time when I so dearly
Loved to listen to those strains.

—WILLOW-WOOD.

PERSONALITY.

THAT personality is in the main pernicious, cannot be denied. But there are times and occasions when it is absolutely beneficial, and indeed when it seems to be legitimately called for. The injurious effects of personality are chiefly seen in those cases where political acrimony and criminations are involved, and which lead to an uncalled for and falsifying use of personality. Hence we see the newspapers crammed with transparent lies, concocted in the form of base and cowardly personal attacks.

But personality, when applied to the correction of glaring and otherwise *impregnable* abuses, and to the suppression of insolent or puerile behaviour, is not only allowed, but necessary, and positively commendable.

Presuming coxcombs and cowardly *assassins* of character can frequently be reached in no other way than by

the application of the lash of direct personal allusion. They are deaf to counsel, and shame is not powerful enough when appealed to by individual probes. They are not amenable to the laws which govern gentlemen, and must be publicly held up to view, in order that the glances of many and contempt of many may overwhelm them. It is the leading trait of weakness of any kind to avoid the deprecatory sentence of the world, and only the world can shame them.

Personality, then, when viewed strictly in the light of a general view, is not to be tolerated, but when nothing else will answer for the overthrow of weakness or vice, it is obviously permissible.

The personality, however, that ventilates sacred privacy of feeling, or which attacks the fireside and creates anarchy where unity and peace once reigned, this is abominable and wicked.

There are limits to the use of every instrument of correction; if carried too far they produce just anger, and call down upon the head of him who uses them, reproaches. Personality in Literary Societies is sometimes justifiable, if it remain within the boundaries of reason and justice; but when wrongfully used, it inevitably breeds discord and confusion, and ultimately produces apathy and destruction.

"WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOIN?"

To one who is at all acquainted with human nature, these words, which fell from the lips of the maiden Priscilla, are striking in the extreme.

Not only do they show forth the impulsive yet guileless soul of her who uttered them, but, amidst the selfish bustle and hurry of the world of to-day, they sound strange and unnatural.

Not speak for one's self!!

Were it not better first to find one who does not? The Johns of to-day would be greatly astonished to have such a question as that put to them.

And yet, when we see the many "benevolent" and "disinterested" schemes which are brought forward daily, are we not a little too willing to believe that they are all that they appear to be; viz: the noble works of benevolent men, which benefit all save their projectors?

Their designs are sometimes so apparently noble and grand that it seems impossible that they can be arranged for the benefit of some few individuals. Yet it is only too true that the majority have that end, and that end alone, in view.

Their aim may be—indeed, it generally is—of such a character that it requires a close examination to see how

any benefit can possibly accrue to their projectors, and in this way they often escape suspicion. Thus, when we see a movement made to put a stop to some practice, which we all know to be radically wrong and injurious in its effects, there are very few of us who would oppose it.

When, however, we see it headed by some two or three individuals, and afterwards find that these same persons are the chief, or even perhaps the only members of the community who are benefitted thereby, does it not tend to lower our estimation of their work, and make us somewhat doubtful of their disinterestedness?

We think so.

In some cases it looks as if John had spoken pretty loudly in his own behalf, whatever he might have had to say for the community in general. '73.

A TRIP TO KENOSHA.

THE PREFECT AS A BASE BALLIST.

KENOSHA "CRACK NINE."

TOURNAMENT WITH THE "MICKS."

On Wednesday last a telegram from New York announced the safe arrival of the Head Master, and that he would reach home on the following Saturday. The College Prefects resolved to meet him at Kenosha, and, pursuant to this arrangement, they arose from their downy beds early Saturday morning, "before the dusky moke had sung her morning song of praise," swallowed a hasty breakfast and started for the depot. Whilst waiting there for the train, the inevitable base ball was made to fill up the time. It proved a success to all except a certain Grammar School Prefect, who, with baggage checked for Prefect-Sunday, and being quite overcome with a "pluge" and flash cane, undertook to reach the flying ball. He made a desperate leap into the air, but miscalculating the increased force of gravitation when encumbered with a "pluge," he got a sprained ankle as a gentle reminder of that unalterable law of nature.

The train now came thundering down. We all piled in and soon found ourselves at the Kenosha station. Having disembarked, we immediately started out in search of the city, and meeting a certain Rip Van Winkle, who seemed to be on the same search, our irrepressible Quill straightway asked him if there was anybody in this modern Bagdad that could play base ball, and if so, to "trot 'em out." The stranger thereupon drew up his aged frame, smiled benignly upon Young America, and addressed unto him these winged words: "Look 'e hure young un, this is the abode of the "Invincible Nine," and I'll bet ten dollars you'r a dead beat." Thus having spoken he shook his stick at "Dutch" and walked proudly away. A quick herald was at once sent to hunt out this invincible band of pirates and challenge them to meet us upon the arena. In a short time the Captain made his appearance at the park, whither we had betaken ourselves: a game was agreed upon, and he started to assemble his men. But alas! the "Invincibles" failed to come to him. Their noble Captain, like Brutus, was un-

doubtedly an *honorable* man, but, unlike Cæsar, he came he saw, he fled.

A report spread rapidly through the village that a band of northern barbarians armed with base ball and bats had invaded their eternal quiet, and we were soon surrounded by a howling troop of "Micks." From whence these young Fenians derive their parentage, science hath not yet disclosed, but from our own observation we were forced to conclude that they were the offspring of freight cars and wood-sheds. A distinguished philologist, who was one of our number, examined the structure of their language and found that it was a degenerate branch of the Sanscrit. Their vocabulary is not large, but contains much of the nervous Anglo-Saxon, and just enough of Billings gate and profanity to give it force and variety. They have attained great perfection in emphasis, as the meaning of their words depends almost entirely upon it. The compactness of their language allies it to the Greek. Frequently one of their words requires a whole sentence in English to translate it; as for example, when one of them casually observed to a Freshman Prefect, whose intellectual powers had been somewhat disarranged by a too early breakfast: "Dry, ole hoss, y'r keg's full," he meant, *do you straightway cease from base ball, my christian friend, you are inebriated.* The intelligent linguist will at once see how superior in strength and terseness it is to our own tongue. Our learned philologist, who hails from Chicago, and hence ought to know, classifies it as the *shoe-black dialect of the Anglo-Sanscrit language.*

To whatever their ancestry may be traced, or however correct our learned friend may be, this thing is certain that they are all undergrads of the same Alma Mater, the freight cars, and understand their business right up to the handle. The "Micks" immediately formed the "Freight Car Nine" and offered to maintain the honor of their native city and Alma Mater. There being nothing else to do, and an interval of four hours before the arrival of the train, dignity was voted down, and the "Freight Car Nine" sailed out to field.

It was the most exciting and laughable game that was ever played in the west. The "Micks" fielded like cats and showed conclusively to the admiring crowd that chasing balls was their best hold. Mike O'Tool, r. f., made several beautiful catches with his cap. The manly fortitude of Hans Vanderbum, p., a German substitute, is especially worthy of commendation. He received a ball, red hot from Lit's powerful bat, square in his diaphragm. He fell like a true Prussian, exclaiming, "how high ish dat!" meaning, we suppose, "how's that for high?" Pat Murphy, catcher, did not get a chance to display his skill, which we doubt not, was very superior. Johnny Flinn, back stop, also held a superfluous position, yet he looked as though he would like to stop a ball, and we therefore commend him. Although the adjacent gardens were full of "Micks" waiting for a "ketch" the game was greatly prolonged. "Jes" had to pay for so many broken windows that he did'nt have enough left to pay his dinner.

It is quite unnecessary to append the score. The game lasted three hours, fifteen minutes and five seconds, (we always like to be accurate) and but one innings was played. The "Freight Cars" were sent out to field and never got back till the train whistled. Everybody made home runs, and "Olin" made several in succession for the sake of exercise whilst the "Micks" were hunting up the balls.

Vanderbum was decently interred, and appropriate speeches made over his remains; a base ball but now marks his resting place. Throughout the game the Micks were enthusiastic admirers of "Quill" and now they crowded around him, critically examined his muscle, pronouncing it "bully," and then taking him by force they mounted him upon a hogshead and called for a speech.

There was no backing out, so Quill gracefully began:

"Friends, Romans, *countrymen*," (tremendous cheering). "I was born on the banks of the Connecticut" (here he was interrupted by O'Toole's saying, I tho't y'r honor was an Irishman). "I am, however, an Irishman by profession, and can truly say with the immortal O'Connor, give me liberty or give me death."

The last sentence was finished amid deafening hurrahs, and as the echo died away, the Wardens head was seen to protrude through a window in the advancing train. The hogshead was immediately abandoned, the "Micks" were again perched upon the top of the freight cars, and dignity had resumed her sway. The train was boarded and we were soon in the arms of the Head Master.

The last sound heard as we dashed away was, "hirrah for Teddy O'Quill," but in the pleasure of this happy reunion the memory of the "Freight Car Nine" and the sad fate of poor Hans gradually faded away.

The return was so pleasant that it was only too short. We were soon at the Junction, where the Head Master was nearly shook to death. He finally reached his rooms, which had been elegantly fitted up for his reception, and where we will leave him with our best wishes for a little repose. Mr. Mead who returned at the same time is looking very well indeed. In appearance Mr. Mead is unmistakably French, but in politics a good Prussian. His anecdotes of travel will be an inexhaustible mine of pleasure to his numerous friends.

We forgot to mention incidentally that Kenosha is quite a city. It contains an "Invincible Nine," a bakery, and a collapsed Female Seminary. The bakery is the best thing in it, and we advise all our friends when they go to the bakery to give the city a call.

RACINE COLLEGE, April 24, 1871.

DEAR MERCURY:—Knowing that your excellent columns are ever open to the cries of the afflicted, I beg a little space for the denunciation of a certain abuse, which, not only in this college but in all others, has proved the bane of all good students from time immemorial. I refer to the habit of certain ones, who, in some unaccountable way, never having anything to do, spend their time in lounging through the rooms of students who do know the value of time and the importance of study.

Now, as a matter of course, a man, who is not a bear,

is always glad to see his friends; but, in the name of common sense, ought not a friend to use some judgment as to the proper time and length of his visits?

There is perhaps no college in the land where a student is required to do as much in so little time as the students of our own college; hence the necessity of husbanding that little with the utmost care.

This does not reflect upon the wisdom of those who have thus arranged matters. For, although they keep us continually upon the jump, it is for our own good, and no sensible student would wish to alter their wise regulations.

There is a card hanging up in the window of a bank down town, intended, we suppose, as a gentle hint to all persons doing business at their counter. It is copied here for the benefit of all whom it may concern; and though it was written for business men, the spirit of this pithy little card will apply alike to men of all occupations:

Call upon a man of business,
At his place of business,
Only on business.
Transact your business,
Go about your business,
In order to give him time
To attend to his business.

Very truly yours,

L. E. T. USHAVEPEACE.

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

ONLY 43 out of 600 students at Cornell University are in the classical department.

WHY is a professor like a locomotive? Because you have to "look out" for him when the bell rings.

TWENTY-FIVE of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence were College graduates.—*Ex.*

THE Class of '71, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., will initiate the custom of a college class day.

WHAT is the difference between a High Church Episcopalian and a Baptist? One burns wax candles, and the other dips. (1)

AT Princeton, a biographical catalogue will soon be published, containing sketches of the lives of four-fifths of the Alumni since 1748.

WE have received the *Monthly*, published by the members of the Kentucky Military Institute. We cheerfully give it a place in our sanctum.

EXCHANGES.

<i>Racine Journal,</i>	<i>Racine Advocate,</i>
<i>T. H. Saturday Eve. Mail,</i>	<i>American Ed. Mo.</i>
<i>College World,</i>	<i>Trinity Tablet,</i>
<i>Southern Collegian.</i>	<i>Dennison Collegian.</i>
<i>Collegian,</i>	<i>University Press,</i>
<i>Rugby Meteor,</i>	<i>Annalist,</i>
<i>College Courier,</i>	<i>College Courant,</i>
<i>Yale Courant,</i>	<i>Harvard Advocate,</i>
<i>Dartmouth,</i>	<i>Chronicle,</i>
<i>Tripod,</i>	<i>Madisonensis,</i>
<i>Western Collegian.</i>	<i>Amherst Student,</i>

The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, MAY 5, 1871.

EDITORS.

F. O. OSBORNE,

T. W. McLEAN,

H. C. DILLON.

THE MERCURY is issued semi-monthly during Term Time on the following TERMS:

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

SHALL CLONIA HAVE A SUPPER?

THERE has recently been a lively discussion in Clonia's hall, concerning the most judicious method of disbursing the small sum of money, which, strange to say, has accumulated in the treasury during the last six months. One body of the members is in favour of taking a portion of the money and paying therewith the expenses of a banquet, which Clonia shall furnish for itself and friends. Moreover, the proposed banquet shall not be a feast for the bodily appetite only, but shall be accompanied by certain literary exercises of a lively and interesting nature, such as poems, stump speeches, extempore addresses, responses to undrunk toasts, etc.

The opponents of this proposition, who are rather farsighted, wish to retain possession of the money; or, if it must be expended, to invest it in something more laudable than the mere feeding of Clonia and its friends.

While we ourselves do not feel competent to decide this all important question, we do wish to say a few words concerning the respective merits of its two sides.

It has been a long, long time, since Clonia treated itself and friends to a feast in which there was a happy combination of good things for the body and good things for the mind. If we remember rightly, that last attempt was in every respect a success. The appropriate literary exercises and tempting viands were enjoyed by every participant.

Now we think such an entertainment at the present time exceedingly desirable. It would bring the society into public notice, and persons connected with the college would feel a livelier interest in its work and welfare. We shall pass by the enjoyment derivable from such an occasion, which alone is sufficiently important to warrant the carrying out of the proposition.

So far as the necessary outlay of money is concerned, we assert that Clonia in its infancy easily paid the bill, and we are sure that Clonia in its present strength could do so again.

On the other hand visions of a large and well selected library allure many of Clonia's members. If the society is to possess a library like the literary societies of other

institutions, it must begin at once to invest its money judiciously, and not to spend it on banquets. The money now in the treasury could purchase a number of books which could be placed in a chosen quarter of the college library until other provision were made in the future.

Such is the present vacillating condition of Clonia. We think the society could easily spare a sufficient amount of money to defray the expenses of the proposed entertainment, and still retain enough to lay the foundation of a library.

What does Clonia say to that?

SNOOZING.

ON THE LOUNGE.

It is painful to think how few, how very few, of this enlightened congregation of collegians ever appreciate and indulge in the above incomparable luxury. College life affords a cheerful variety of pleasures, to the student sick of meddling with classic tomes, and weary of poring over text books on philosophy.

Let us take a cursory glance at these pleasures. A few (?) find the greatest pleasure in conscientiously spending an hour after each meal in the smoking room, carefully and exactly using up a fixed number of pipes full of the soothing weed, and piously reserving all cigars for extra occasions, such as holidays and Sundays. Others are perfectly contented when manipulating the ivories. Another set delights in the national game, and its concomitants, such as wielding the willow, pounding the sphere, and the cultivation of "cluped" fingers. We scornfully pass by the remaining enjoyments,—buggy riding, dancing, tooting on horns to annoy others, etc.,—for they all sink into insignificance when compared with a snooze on the lounge, just after one has devoured a "square" meal. Those last two words are exceedingly necessary; for one's sensations after snoozing, on an empty stomach, and a full stomach, are widely different.

Pleasant (?) dreams, and jumbled fancies, are characteristic of the latter. We ignore the effects of the former.

Those who have never indulged in this *summa voluptas* are stupidly ignorant of the amount of this world's enjoyment which has escaped them.

Consider the leaping of precipices, the falling into wells, the riding on lions, and the innumerable hazardous adventures which soothe one while snoozing on the lounge.

Whan other pleasures are so ecstatic as these?

You who desire to realize this simple enjoyment in its greatest perfection, should begin to read, while lying down after eating a satisfactory meal. There will soon be a confusion of letters, words, and ideas. The book will opportunely slip from hands, and you will be left alone with your multitudinous visions and queerly wrought fancies.

Fiercely fought matches will again be played; hot skirmishes in the class room will be reproduced; and there will be a harmonious blending of things, which, in your waking senses, appear strikingly disconnected and out of place.

Such is a snooze on the lounge after dinner. Ye that are sapiently wise, try it.

LOUNGER.

LOCAL.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41 A.M.	12 08 P.M.	7 27 P.M.
Going South	7 33 A.M.	1 58 P.M.	4 48 P.M.
Going West	8 00 A.M.	7 30 P.M.	

ON account of want of space we are unable to give an account of the theatrical performance on Monday evening last. Next issue we hope to give a full account.

WE observe that the members of the "grave and dignified" class have of late taken a fancy to star-gazing. We understand no new planets have as yet been discovered by them.

THERE is a certain member of the Scientific Department, who when surveying objects through a microscope would always see blades of grass. He saw nothing but magnified eyelashes.

IN a game of base ball recently played on the campus, the Liberty Club, of Grammar School fame, was defeated by a pick-ed nine. At the close of the game the score stood 8 to 7.

FROM the amount of beer a well known individual was observed to imbibe recently, it was sagely concluded that that exhilarating beverage of malt was the coloring matter of his beard! Who knows?

WAKE HIM UP.—Clonia recently had such a hot and exciting debate in its hall, that a peaceably disposed member was compelled to take refuge in the arms of Morpheus to avoid being led into the discussion.

THE College ground is rapidly assuming its customary handsome appearance. The flower garden by the chapel side promises to be more beautiful and richer in harvests of bouquets than ever before. Success to the horticulturists.

THE GAMES.—The base ball and cricket practice has not yet begun, but will probably be started during the present week. We understand lack of the necessary implements for playing has been the cause of delay.

ONE of the Prefects on accosting a "mick" of Kenosha, received the following characteristic reply: "dry up, your keg's full." This is a new and elegant form of expression, closely allied to "fourteen barrels of blood."

IT is highly probable that the College Nine will play a match game of base ball with the White Stockings during the current month. The White's are willing to play, and the College Nine is now awaiting the requisite permission of the authorities.

JOHNNY.—We congratulate our friend Johnny on his recent acquisition of a hat. We think this is the first time that he was ever seen with his caput thus covered. He evidently belongs to the "lost tribe of Israel," which

"With wild disheveled hair bounds o'er our Western plains."

THE exercises of the two societies during commencement week, will be of an exceedingly interesting character, and will serve to prove the success or non-success of these bodies during the past year. There will be an extemporary speech in addition to the other exercises.

BACKSTOP.—The backstop which was recently erected on the campus has, for some good reason, migrated northwards. We are daily expecting the removal of the "Missionary Pie Shop" from the gymnasium to the ball ground, where at this season of the year it is more accessible to the students.

BY the return of the Rev. Mr. Spalding and Mr. Mead, A.M., the present aspect of affairs will undergo some change. Rev. Mr. Spalding will reassume his position as Head Master, and Mr. Mead will probably become Head of Upper School, Mr. Hudson Head of Middle School, and Mr. Piper Head of Park Hall.

WE received last week a cursory visit from Mr. Champlin of '70.

WE heard from Mr. Harper, formerly of '71. He has entered upon his duties connected with his father's business.

WE understand that Mr. George Rogers Clark, an undergraduate of '71 has recently taken unto himself a wife. Not knowing all the particulars we cannot publish an extended account of his marriage. We wish him a full measure of connubial felicity.

WE noticed one of the Professors returning, in practice, to the days of his youth, and evidently relishing the return. He was scientifically "urging the flying ball," to the immense delight and edification of his little son.

THE "plug" fever has spread from upper classmen to Fresh, and from Fresh to older members of the Grammar School, where it is now raging with rapidly increasing fury. Collegians, will you thus meekly tolerate this unheard of manifestation of "cheek." Let the "eyesores" be forthwith collected together; they will make a cheerful bon-fire.

BARBAROUS.—A young man who hails from the banks of the Chicago river, complaining of the peculiarities of society in his native village, says that he never had a "good square go-home with a girl yet," because, by one of their barbarous customs, when the party breaks up the hired man always comes for the girls, and the hired girl for the boys.

A WANDERING wretch recently made his appearance in the college grounds in a state of beastly intoxication, which was becoming visible in delirium tremens. He was placed in the gymnasium during the night, and parties aver that he was seen playing ten pins during the entire night, arrayed in scanty garments consisting of a pair of gaiters and a brass finger ring. The man had become crazy.

NOVICES.—A number of decidedly imprudent collegians (it isn't very difficult to tell of which class they are members) have already taken advantage of our treacherously charming weather to bathe in the cold waters of Lake Michigan. This may be a suitable season for planting, but at present we are out of practice, and are not particularly anxious to indulge. Take care, beware, and spare us any unnecessary labour.

AT a recent meeting of the "Histrionic Society of Racine College" the following was the result of a general election:

F. P. DAY, General Manager.

T. W. McLEAN, Stage Manager.

JNO. A. ELLIS, Secretary.

W. K. DOAN, Treasurer.

Arrangements have been made for a series of entertainments.

ONE of our friends whose name has, ere this, appeared conspicuously in these columns, was lately the victim of misplaced confidence. Having hired an untamed and fiery arabian charger from the livery stable, he started out to visit the fair, accompanied by a boon companion. On their return, while loping along at a round speed, the aforementioned fiery suddenly halted dead, and spilled his unfortunate load over his ears. No serious injury was sustained, however, as the horseman fortunately fell on his head.

GOPHERS.—The war of extermination of gophers has begun. A number of bloodthirsty Grammar School youngsters, armed with destructive buckets of water, are already in the field. Everything prognosticates a successful campaign. Several happy families have already been dragged from their homes in the "bowels of Mother Earth," and their dwelling places have been submerged. Woe! woe! woe! We trust that the "next gale which sweeps from the north will bring to our ears" the joyful intelligence that the authorities of the institution have proclaimed peace.

THE "flats" and scenery, illustrative of the Lyrical Drama "Meta," were designed and painted by Messrs. Bennett and Gault, and would certainly do credit to the pencils of more experienced artists. It is pleasant to contemplate the variety of really good local talent among us. We possess good musical material, excellent histrionic ability, and incipiently fine artistic talent; all which might become developed and utilized to a much greater extent than at present. We have a musical society for the cultivation of the first, a histrionic society for the nurturing of the second. Why not have a "royal society" for the fostering of the third, design and painting? Why not? It would be something novel in the history of college voluntary progress.

MEMORIAL WINDOW.—The new memorial window has arrived, and has been adjusted in its place. It is in our opinion far superior to any window previously inserted, not only in variety, richness and unity in colouring, but in unexceptional chasteness of design. The window was procured and inserted to the memory of Frank Avery who, it will be remembered, met with his death in so heartrending a manner. He was a choir boy for several years, and the memorial window expresses the fact in inscription.

The inscription is as follows:

IN MEMORY OF
FRANK FARRINGTON AVERY,
SOMETIME A CHORISTER
OF THIS COLLEGE,
WHO ENTERED INTO
REST OCTOBER THE
TENTH A. D. 1870.
JESU MERCY.

MUSICAL TEXTON.—The following scene occurred in Mr. Jew's bookstore a few days since. A "Soph" who is a great admirer of the classics was looking over some books on the counter, when, *instinctively*, his fingers fastened upon a copy of Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics, and opened it at the dedication page. A teutonic "bummer" who had been intensely watching our "Soph," now looked over his shoulder, and having read the name, exclaimed, "zu Philip Vaegner. Ph. D. I vy, mein herr, dot shentlemen vas a herosonal frent of mine in de olt country. Vas I indimnatly aquainted mit him anyhow, and he vas von of de right kind of Yermans."

SOPH. I suppose, sir, he was a very fine classical scholar.
TEXTON. You pet.

This last classic expression was too much for our "Soph," who immediately exploded in the face of the "justly indignant" admirer of Philip Vaegner.

NIGGER SHOOTERS.—We have seen the rise and progress of the mule howitzer, the needle gun, and the mitrailleuse, but it has been reserved for the ingenuity of the Racine Grammar School to invent this unheard of, this abominable implement of war, called the nigger shooter. Whether, from its name, it is intended to slay the innocent African, for presuming to lay hands upon the ballot; or whether it derives its name from the fact that, when the "nigger in the fence" was not allowed to use powder and ball, this was his deadly weapon in the possum chase, we are unable to state. But this we do know, that the first one was seen in the hands of a youngster from the "Sunny South," and that they have become an abominable nuisance. It is no unusual thing, now-a-days, to see great strapping Grammarians, weighing no one knows how much, pecking away at some innocent robin with one of these "infernal machines." We saw a fleshy "limb of the new Scientific Department" thus engaged a few days since: perhaps he was only a scientific enthusiast intently engaged in the study of ornithology. We will be charitable and give him the benefit of the doubt.

THERE was a smart boy of Racine,
A gander he never had seen;
When up in the sky
He saw some gulls fly,
"Oh! geese!" cried this youth of Racine.

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FOUNDED A. D. 1865.

Vitam Invadere Verum.

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Vice President..... F. P. DAY
Secretary..... NORTON STRONG
Treasurer..... D. I. ODELL
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College Mercury.

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. IX.

RACINE COLLEGE, MAY 15, 1871.

No. 3.

META'S REQUIEM.

JORDAN'S very dark and dreary,
With its waters cold and deep;
Lift thine eyes, O sad and weary!
Holy angels thee will keep.
Weary nights will have their ending,
Darkest hour precedes the dawn;
Hope and faith their radiance lending,
Till the day-star brings the morn.

See the waters, now dividing;
Boldly walk—the ground is dry;
For the stone memorial biding,
Lifts its holy sign on high:
Stones a holy altar making,
From a flood's dark bed below
They that cross in faith are taking,
And they set them as they go.

Onward, then; the Golden City
Opens wide its pearly gates,
And the shining ones in pity
Stretch their hands, and joyful wait;
Wait to welcome thee, the stranger,
Where thou shalt thy loved ones meet;
They that led to Bethlehem's manger,
Lead thee to thy Saviour's feet.

OXFORD.

(A SONNET FOR THE INTOLERANT.)

Ye antique towers, of another age!
Where giant minds, the teacher and the taught,
Have fed, unceasingly, the lamp of thought,
And heaped with wisdom many a studious page,
Dear to the classic and the Christian sage!—
Within your walls, there gleameth now a light,
Dawning upon the church's starlit night.
Yet, some are found, a bitter war to wage,
On the revivers of the ancient creed;—
Shunning all knowledge, with closed eyes they grope,
Lest they become the victims of the Pope!
They fly the monster, valiantly, indeed;
For while they hurl back thunders, each meek man
Claims right to own a *private* Vatican!

J. C. P.

TYPES.

MANY of the assertions that Honor men at College never amount to anything in after life, are founded either in ignorance or a distorted view as to what really constitutes success; or else they are made by persons who wish to excuse their own idleness, and exculpate themselves from a just charge of incapacity, by seeking to underrate the lasting abilities of men far above them. There are at least three distinct types of men in College, who are separated, not by mere arbitrary classification, but by diversity of taste and feeling. All these are stamped indelibly with

the impress of their choice, and are as opposite in their characteristics as men can anywhere be.

The first type includes those whose chiefest aim is the *desire* to find, and the determination to secure a sound scholarship, and its attendant pleasures and benefits. These men are not necessarily drudges or "digs," and they usually supply the ranks of Honor men so called; men who in after life assume perchance, apparently humble and insignificant lines of duty, but from whose exertions emanate scholarly and influential writings which affect the lives and words of those who follow historically. We ignore the "dig" in this connection, since he is a mere machine.

The second class is that whose representatives go to make up the practical and "clever" element in society at large. At College they mingle in graver duties of study, with a due leaven of "physical exercise" in the shape of athletic sports. They like study, perchance, but they like "exercise" more. They are just the kind of men, however, who are going to do the world good; not by their scholarship; that may not be; but by their cultured vitality, by their practicability and energy. While at College they are fair *students* but seldom *scholars*, and they must be careful that their *leaven* of "exercise" does not leaven the whole lump of College life, and turn them into representatives of the next type.

The third and last type is one that sacrifices everything at the shrine of "athletic and manly sports." The poor beggars constituting this type of deluded collegians are happily, as yet, few in numbers. They ignore studies, etc., and pity the "poor roosters" who have anything to do with them. Their highest ambition in American Colleges is to be right fielder in a professional base ball nine, or to lose \$5.00 with a clumsy grace in some billiard or base ball match. In English Colleges and Universities the "nobility" who cling to this class lend their patronage and countenance to horse racing, etc. The men of this last class merely defeat the end of college training; and in giving a most undue prominence to something which is accessory and mediate, they transform, in desire, halls of learning into a resort for "swells."

The proper theory with regard to games and physical exercise of all sorts, is that they shall serve as correctives, so to speak, to keep the body in such a state that the mind shall act with freedom, unlogged by vapors of indoor listlessness.

The "manly" individual is the one who can bend his energies at one time to intense study, at another to hearty exercise; he is not one, however, who is "exercising" constantly.

RETROSPECTIONS.

Just as it is with the old man, who feels the approach of death that is to introduce him to the awful mysteries of an unknown world, and who realizes in retrospect what might have been, so is it in some sort with the man who in rapid flight upon the wings of time has arrived at the line of separation which so clearly and sharply divides the confines of college and worldly life. The scales formed by youthful indifference or puffed up conceit fall from his eyes, and he sees things very much as they really are. He realizes in its fullest significance the fact that he is about to step out from the sheltering walls, within whose limits he has been of some importance, into a whirlpool of life and activity which shall demand all his energies and develop every power. He will be one of many, and will be jostled and laughed at like every other one.

Once, fond cherished ideal, he thought perchance that his college education would be a passport to instantaneous and signal success; that his salient talents or irresistible genius would brook no obstacles. These, however, when he sees with Senior eyes, appear foolish to him, and he wonders how he could ever have cherished them. It is pathetic sometimes to discover that the world wags on with undiminished velocity, that its strifes and every thing connected with it remain unaffected with our individual efforts, when once we thought to electrify its audiences with our burning eloquence, or with Titan hand to mould its morality to our wish.

And this our Senior year teaches us, and with paternal word we warn the giddy Freshman in essay and in speech.

But we find that Freshie is much the same now as he was in our incarnation; he laughs us to scorn and meditates coups de main which rival in brilliance and originality our own youthful conceptions.

THAT PURP.

There is a dog in Taylor Hall. Not such as limps about on three legs, and answers to the noble name of "Hash"; but Jack; base, ignoble, tight-skinned, black-and-tan Jack. You have heard his discordant voice, when naught else has disturbed the deep silence of these peaceful chambers. You have heard his voice at mid-day; and, long after the birds have sung their evening songs of praise, you have heard him starting up a song of praise on his own private hook.

Are we going to stand it? Shall we, like cowardly slaves, allow ourselves to be triumphed over by a mouse-hound? No! The watchword is revenge!

Let some one rise from his virtuous couch, when the realms below are wrapt in sleep, and no sound is heard, save the gentle murmur of the waves as they roll upon yon pebbly beach, or the midnight mosquito chanting his song of praise in the overhanging branches. Let him rise, and having attired himself in the linen duster, and base ball shoes, such as he is wont to wear upon the sandy campus, steal softly through his door to the stairs that lead to the infernal regions. Let him slide down the well polished banisters, long ere the daisy "moke" has sung her morn-

ing song of praise; and gliding silently through the vacant halls below, let him recount his wrongs, and nerve his sinews with the courage of the fierce Numidian lion. Let him pass untouched the fountain at whose cool green margin he was wont to slake his thirst; and stealing softly by the catacombs where lies the heaped-up coal, approach with uplifted *bootorum-jackus* the monster as he sleeps upon his chains. Let him place the gaping jaws of the *bootorum-jackus* upon the throat of the snoring monster, and throwing aside his manly duster, fight as did his sires at old Thermopylae.

CYNIC.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

"To marry or not to marry, that is the question."

Occasionally young men of good character indulge in gloomy doubts concerning the average American woman. Such doubts can usually be traced to disappointed affection, or it may be produced by the horrors of a cheap boarding house, where the smell of mackerel and onions ascendeth up forever and ever.

Marriage is sanctioned by God and common sense. It is the only means whereby a young man in this age and country can hope to lead a respectable and cleanly life. But there are classes of persons who are exempt from its joys and sorrows.

If you, young man, are deaf, dumb, blind, lame, diseased and idiotic, and if all your ancestors have been such; or if you are so abominably and detestably mean that your life is that of a friendless snarling cur, and you feel that you could not be anything else, even to your wife, you can stand aside.

If you, young man, have conceived that peculiar and accursed ambition so common now-a-days, of being "fast man"; if you have made up your mind to keep a fast horse and its concomitants; if your idea of happiness is to have your hands full of cards and your stomach full of oysters; if, in short, you have made up your mind to go straight to perdition, without change of cars and four hours ahead of anybody else, you had better not marry.

For you, who spend the money, which the honorable man lavishes upon a home and its "light and life," on painted creatures who drag your polluted name through sinkholes of vice, and who display the jewelry and gifts you have bestowed upon them, and at the same time curse you with a glib round oath for a spooney and a fool, the average American woman is far too good.

Let not the average American young man despair, nor even be alarmed, on account of the supposed deterioration of the average American young woman. "The girl of the period" has kept step with the spirit of the times, and is in all respects the equal if not the superior of the young man of the period; and if she were to demand of man the observance of that same strict regimen which man expects and requires of her, what a revolution it would work among the "lords of the earth"!

Get married, then, young man, and be quick about it. Don't wait for the millennium, for the girls to become angels; you would look pretty by the side of an angel, wouldn't you?

SQUAB.

U. S. FLAG SHIP SEVERN,

KEY WEST, Fla., April, 1871.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MERCURY:—I received to day a few copies of the MERCURY from my brother, and seeing the name of a number of my old friends mentioned in its pages, I thought it might give them pleasure to hear what I have been doing and how I have passed the time since I left Alma Mater.

I have visited many of the most important parts of the West Indies, and also the island of Bermuda, which was the first land we sighted after leaving Norfolk, Virginia. You can imagine the joy I experienced at first seeing land when you know that with great disgust I had paid a large but most unwilling tribute to Neptune. Our provisions gave out and we had to live on "Hard Tack,"—a cracker "ohne geschmack"—and very warm water.

We remained at Bermuda a few days and then sailed for St. Thomas,

"Not the one famous in sacred history,
Nor shrouded for aye in awful mystery;
But plain St. Thomas of Hollandic fame,
A beautiful town with beautiful name."

In this "free port" we found everything we could wish to eat, although we *did have to pay for it*. We certainly needed a dinner; for, if a man who has lived on "Hard Tack and Dander Funk" does not need a dinner, I am unable to find one who does.

After filling up with "carbon" we departed for St. John, Puerto Rico. St. John, with its weather stained walls and old towers, exactly resembles my ideal of a Spanish town of the middle ages. Narrow streets, with buildings of stone and mortar painted yellow; chickens with garlic for dinner—ditto for supper; *nudi pueri* playing in the streets; are some of the chief characteristics of this delightful place. The day before we left, we had a dance on board, and quite a number of ladies came off to the ship.

We next arrived at Samana Bay—at the head of which there is a coal station—a port of San Domingo hired by our government. Here we spent Christmas and New Year's, during which festive season it rained constantly. Samana is a town containing about fifty little huts, inhabited by negroes who emigrated from Pennsylvania about the year 1824. These negroes speak a mixture of French, English and Spanish, of which the following is a specimen: We asked them where we could get horses. "To Mr. ——" was the answer. "Where is that?" "A little more further down." We went! For a Christmas dinner we had one small turkey for twelve persons.

We left Samana for San Domingo City, where we were well entertained by President Baez and his friends.

We next arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, where we had the pleasantest time of all. Parties, balls, dinners, etc., made the time pass gaily, and we took our departure with many regrets.

After a long and somewhat difficult passage we reached Havana. Here, at the Opera and the Louvre, where one can procure ices and ice creams of all kinds, we passed a few pleasant days and evenings. I have seen many inter-

esting and many laughable things which space does not permit me to describe. I have enjoyed my trip very much indeed, but shall be glad when I get back.

Here, at Key West, there is nothing to do or see, and all that breaks the monotony is the arrival and departure of a steamer once or twice a week. We expect to take another cruise among the islands soon, and then "home again from a foreign shore."

With kind remembrances to all old friends and fellow students, I remain,

Yours,

WILL ELDRIDGE.

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

THE *Antiochian* has ceased publication for the present.

WHILE the Princetonians are afflicted with the small-pox, the students of the Ohio Wesleyan University are attacked with the mumps. Next!

WE have received Vol. 1. No. 1. of the *Cadet*, a monthly Magazine edited at the University of Nashville. It promises to be an acceptable exchange.

RUMOR states that a Michigan Freshman is so short that, when he is ill, he doesn't know whether he has headache or corns.—*Chronicle*.

How's that for high?

THE Senior Class at Amherst propose to have each member write his autobiography and deposit it with the class secretary, to assist him, in future years, in writing obituary notices. Cheerful.—*Trinity Tablet*.

WE understand that the Griswold "College" *World*—egotistically called the "spiciest and best college paper"—like its predecessor the *Collegian* is defunct, or is on the point of dissolution. We always thought it a "fleeting show." Peace to its ashes.

ATOM AT THE FRENCH FAIR.

Young Lady.—Sir, wouldn't you like to buy some tickets in a punch-bowl?

Atom.—No, thank you: I never drink.

Young Lady (insinuatingly).—Well, wouldn't you like to buy some cigars then?

Atom (with a very grave face).—No, thank you: I never smoke.

Young Lady (losing patience).—Well, I'd offer you some soap if I thought you ever washed.—*Harvard Advocate*.

A BOOK FOR EVERY STUDENT.—Secret societies, open societies, the dormitory system, College politics, College morals, the class system, the relation of Colleges to one another, a prescribed curriculum, text books or no text books, shall students be compelled to go to church on Sunday, College laws,—these and a hundred other live subjects, are ably discussed by Prof. Noah Porter, D. D., of Yale College, in his "American Colleges and the American Public." No book has appeared on educational subjects that has been so widely read and endorsed by the leading educated men of this country. The ability which Prof. Porter has shown in the discussion of these live questions of the day, proves him to be a man fully abreast with the most advanced thought of the age. The book can be obtained of any bookseller, or will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of price, (1.50.) by the publishers, CHARLES C. CHAPFIELD & CO., New Haven, Conn.

The College Mercury.

"Vigint Madix."

RACINE COLLEGE, MAY 15, 1871.

EDITORS.

F. O. OSBORNE, T. W. McLEAN, H. C. DILLON.

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THE REPRESENTATION OF THE HISTRIONIC SOCIETY IN THE GYMNASIUM.

AFTER considerable dilly-dallying in preparation, on the part of the Histrionic Society, *Meta*, a Lyric Drama, was represented on the gymnasium stage on Monday night, the 1st instant, before a large audience, consisting chiefly of those connected with the College, although there was a tolerably large delegation of people from the town.

The drama was widely different from anything the Society had previously produced, and on that account was perhaps less successful. We think, however, considerable praise is due the Society for attempting to inaugurate a new era in its history, whether the attempt was successful or unsuccessful.

The music, which formed by far the most prominent part of the drama, was strictly classical, and was rendered with an artistic skill vastly superior to anything attempted on former occasions by our amateur musicians. It was in every respect a success, so far as the performers were concerned. The audience, and especially the younger portion of it, evidently, did not appreciate this so well rendered and all important part of the Lyric Drama. There was talking and noise, and gross neglect of the rules of propriety whenever the orchestra played.

Concerning the action on the stage—and there was but little of it—we think it is marked a failure as the rendition of the music was a marked success. It bore no comparison with what we have seen before on our amateur stage.

But few of the personations approached our ideal of the character. That of *Phoebe*, *Meta's* Nurse, by Mr. F. S. Gault, was perhaps the best. A few of the actors seemed to lose control of their features, and indulged in grins and laughter, all of which had a melancholy effect upon the harmony and general tone of the drama. In the closing scene, during the singing of *Meta's* Requiem, one of the saddest and most touching parts of the entire performance, a member of the negro chorus—either wilfully or through hopeless stupidity—attempted to make everybody in the audience laugh at his antics and gesticulations, a thing entirely out of place, and it had a very unhappy effect.

Considered in its true light—that of an opera in which good music is the essential part—we have no hesitation in pronouncing *Meta* a complete success. If, however, the pleasure of an audience of students is the test, we are in favor of still clinging to the comedies and farces which have always been successfully represented by our Histrionic Society.

COMMENCEMENT ORATIONS.

OVER four months have elapsed since the Christmas holidays were over, and the then halt year of uninterrupted study has rapidly dwindled down, so that now two months only remain. Commencement is daily becoming more of a reality, and the Seniors are nervously casting about for suitable subjects for speeches, by means of which they may be enabled to conclude the "last scene" of their college life in a creditable manner.

They have probably realized by this time, that there is no task connected with the collegian's work, which is more severe, more trying, and more unsatisfactory, than the mere selection of a subject for a commencement oration.

It is difficult to tell why each class should make so much unnecessary "fuss and stew" about its graduating orations, that are spoken with so much enthusiasm one day, but which, a few weeks after all is over, will be regarded by the writers as arrant nonsense. We cannot satisfactorily explain the fact. All we know, is simply what graduates have told us.

We trust '71, avoiding any danger into which preceding classes have unconsciously fallen, will select and treat subjects which are capable of being firmly grasped and ably handled by their intellects. Sensible and intelligent men, being well aware that young collegians are not capable of equalling the eloquent orators, deep thinkers, and graceful writers which the world has already produced, will not expect any extraordinary effusions.

A trivial subject treated in as masterly a manner as you can command, is much more commendable than your weak discussion of some deep philosophical question, which learned heads of fifty years cannot successfully tackle.

The Junior orations of '71 were of no great depth, but were handled in a pleasing and graceful manner, and on that account alone, they proved so successful. The Senior orations of '71 should have the same characteristics, modified and changed by just one year of intellectual improvement.

Speeches of a light and practical character have generally been most interesting, and most successful. This fact should be borne in mind by those who are about to write orations of a depth surpassing Kant, Hegel, and other profound Teutonic philosophers. We give fair warning; a word to the wise, etc.

A STUDENT at Princeton College, named Todd, a member of the Senior Class, contracted the small pox, it is supposed at New York, and the students in consequence have been granted three weeks leave of absence.—*Ex.*

LOCAL.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41	A.M.	12 08	P.M.	7 27	P.M.
Going South	7 33	A.M.	1 58	P.M.	4 48	P.M.
Going West	8 00	A.M.	7 30	P.M.		

THE "eyes seem to have it" was the sage remark of a Senior shortly after the Saturday night affair in the town.

WHERE do we find the first mention of sandwiches? In the Book of Samuel, where it says the *sand which is by the sea shore*. Oh!

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.—The competition for the Larrabee Prize at the Junior Exhibition will probably be very close this year, there being but four contestants.

ALL IN YOUR EYE.—One promising youth in the Grammar School has succeeded in raising a crop of ten styes, without half trying, and "still they come."

We are glad to see our friend "Teddy" Odeil once more filling his usual position, after his recent illness. "Teddy" is, in every respect, himself again.

We publish in another column an interesting letter from Mr. William A. Eldredge of '72, who, since leaving Alma Mater, has been taking a cruise in the West Indies.

THE Pie Shop has been removed from the gymnasium to its usual summer location. The ladies could hardly keep pace with the juvenile demand for cake and peanuts on Monday last.

OLD WINTER showed his unwelcome phiz on the campus about ten days ago. He was compelled to "pull off" at once, and we hope we shall see no more of him for several months.

We notice the appearance of three large elegant vases on the copings of the front steps of Taylor Hall. When filled with plants and vines they will tend to greatly improve the former rather bare appearance there visible.

THE masons and painters have been at work on Park and Kemper Halls, and by their combined efforts have materially improved the appearance of both buildings. They long needed painting in various places, and the application of the brush.

SENIOR THESES.—The theses of the Seniors on "sensualism of the 18th century," which the Professor of Philosophy and Belles Lettres required to be written instead of the ordinary examination, have been pronounced highly satisfactory and creditable attempts.

We have learned, since going to publication, that there were extenuating circumstances connected with the assault a few nights since. The students were mistaken for a couple of circus actors. And yet the conditions of the facts remain the same, and our remarks, in a measure, apply.

THE class dog of '70 (we believe his name is Sammy) is still flourishing. We recently observed his obdurate majesty at the east end of the gymnasium, superintending the work of the Hibernian Society. Won't somebody give '71 a "hund" that will get ahead of the representative of '70?

DEBATES.—Among many other important questions of strictly local interest, which have been debated by our literary societies during the past six weeks, is the "Perfect system of Government" now in force in this institution. In every case the Prefects have made an able and successful defence.

A FEW days since, we noticed one of the members of the Junior Class, he who possesses such a wonderful resemblance to the pious Emperor of Germany, frantically endeavoring to stand on his head. The suspicion flashed across our mind that mayhap he was using that means to disgorge the mignon of malt beverage he has recently absorbed.

THE LIBRARY.—Since the opening of the season for out-door sports the librarian has noticed a steadily decreasing demand for books, so that at the present writing, the number of those who patronize the library is so very small that it scarcely warrants the opening of the cases three times a week. This speaks well for the intellectual tone of the institution.

THE '71 IVY.—The members of '71 are under many obligations to Mrs. Benedict, to whose generosity they are indebted for the promising ivy which they will leave behind them as a remembrance. "Lit" and "Olin" took advantage of the favorable weather of last week to plant the "vegetable" at the west end of the chapel, just beneath the new memorial window. *Vigat radix.*

SINCE the return of the Head Master there has been made a complete change in the seats of the chapel. The College students for the first time since the erection of the chapel, now occupy their proper place—that nearest the ante-chapel. The Grammar School boys now have possession of the seats formerly occupied by the collegians. We understand the change is agreeable to both parties.

ALAS! POOR HASH.—"Hash," the vigilant and faithful co-worker of the College *custos*, still continues to perform his nocturnal duty, although he is in a somewhat battered and pitiable condition. He is afflicted with a lame leg, and asthma of the most excruciating kind, on the strength of which local prophets of known reputation pronounce his speedy dissolution certain. We, however, shall most reluctantly record the fact that "Hash"—now on his last legs—has "shuffled of this mortal, etc."

NOT ANGRY.—On Wednesday the 31st inst., the European Circus was advertised to exhibit in the town square. Accordingly, about two-thirds of the collegians, together with a few sixth-formers, hurried to the "Berg" soon after dinner, in order to see the show. They arrived there just in time to see the tent put up, but were unable to wait long enough to see the "elephant move round." Somewhat crest-fallen they returned, remarking to their fellows that they "didn't like to go to circuses very well."

INDIAN CLUB EXERCISE.—A few days ago Prof. McLaughlin, of Chicago, visited the College for the purpose of forming a class in the "Indian Club Exercise." During his stay he gave a highly satisfactory exhibition of his skill in swinging clubs, the result of which was a large number of the older students have joined his class. If the well developed muscles of his own powerful frame are the result of swinging clubs, we have no hesitation in pronouncing the exercise all that is desirable to students who wish to "get their merk up."

CRICKET CHALLENGE.—Not long since the few remaining veterans of the once powerful College Eleven, received a challenge from the Nashotah Club to play the annual match for the silver cup now in our possession. The conditions of the challenge are, that the Racine College Eleven goes to Nashotah to play the game. It is highly probable that the match will not be played, as we understand the authorities—contrary to the usual custom—do not intend this season to grant permission to our eleven to visit Nashotah for the purpose proposed.

THE protracted delay of the arrival of the cricket implements has retarded the usual practice in that game, and we are given to understand that it may not commence for some time to come. Now this ought not so to be. The interest in both games is obviously becoming much diminished through the long delay consequent upon various circumstances, and an impetus is soon needed to place them on their proper footing; we are likely to lose our prestige in cricket, anyway, by a combination of circumstances, and strenuous efforts should be made to revive bygone interest if not excitement. Look well to this, both authorities and students.

Pink cravats are worn by those who set up to be pinks of fashion, viz: the Fresh. Ah!

N. B.—Anyone leaving a copy of the *MERCURY* No. 9, Vol 6, at T. W. McLean's room, will confer a favor on the editors, and will receive a reasonable price for said copy.

The regular practice in cricket and base ball has at last commenced. We understand the players are making use of old tools, and consequently very great progress cannot be expected.

One young gent in the Grammar School wears his collars so outrageously low that it shocks our cast iron modesty. They are not becoming, any way, those collars, and especially when—! We beseech him to "let up."

ARRANGEMENTS for a match between the famous White Stockings and the College Nine have at last been made. The game is to come off in Chicago, on Wednesday afternoon, May 17th. The College Nine will leave on the Wednesday morning train for Chicago.

The organ has been removed to Milwaukee for the purpose of undergoing a thorough overhauling. Much of its cumbrous material will be rejected and its great power and variety of tone will be preserved in a much less bulk. In consequence of this absence of the instrument, the singing in chapel has been much weaker, apparently; whereas in reality, the volume of sound has been increased, and the choir by the absence of a heavy support has been thrown upon its own resources, and in consequence they sing in tune and time to a greater degree than before.

AT 'EM.—We have already directed the attention of collegians to the unparalleled manifestation of "cheek" on the part of Grammar Schoolists in wearing "plugs," and we trust we shall soon have to record the fact that time-honored customs, which have been temporarily suspended, are once more in full blast. The latest freak of the milk and water sops of the Sixth Form is the wearing of lowneck shirts and neckties which bear a striking resemblance to those worn by the opposite sex. What the next absurdity of these "feminine men" will be, we are at a loss to say.

The smoking room is undergoing a series of beneficial repairs; new matting is to be laid, and a new set of cues has already made its appearance in the rack for the billiardists. We understand also that new chairs are to be procured. The known energy and push of the Head Master is already making itself apparent, and there is only one drawback, if we may humbly touch our hats and remark it, are not the meals now somewhat prolonged by the tardy sound of the table bell? And are not the Seniors compelled to leave before the usual time? We only hint.

AN ATTEMPT.—A few days ago the Freshmen who are members of Clionia, thinking their presence necessary to make up a quorum, banded together for the purpose of preventing a meeting of the Society. Their skillfully devised scheme however didn't work "worth a cent." Clionia met, had an able debate, etc., and was benefitted by their absence in two-fold manner. The treasury was considerably increased by the fines imposed, and the meeting in question lacked the customary boyishness which prevails when the "conspirators" are present. Next!

We have since learned that the fines have been excused. It is but seldom we are called upon to chronicle even breach of ordinary decorum, much less covert and cowardly attacks upon students, by the usually quiet and orderly denizens of Racine. A few nights since, however, we understand as two students were quietly and unobtrusively returning from the city to the College, they were set upon by a crowd of cowardly ruffians and assaulted. The attack was so unexpected and the number of the fellows so large that the students were utterly unable to hold their own. While one of them was turning to strike he received an unmanly blow from one side by a great hulking fellow, who alone should

have been equal for both students. Such lubberly and vindictive deeds, however, are worthy only of such low roughs, who in every vicinity cloak their poltroon prowess with darkness. It is the germ and sure precursor of the assassin's fiendish trade. The authorities of Racine should look well to any such manifestations which tend to mar the excellent order and dignified quiet of their good city. The students as a body are as gentlemanly and peaceful set of fellows as ever resided in any city, and we think we can challenge the people of Racine to show any cause of offence ever given by them.

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Vitam Impendere Veris.

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The Hudson

College Mercury.

" HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. IX.

RACINE COLLEGE, JUNE 1, 1871.

No. 4.

POOR HUMANITY.

MORE than half a century since, the following lines were found in the Royal College of Surgeons, London, beside a skeleton remarkable for its symmetry of form. They were subsequently published in the London *Morning Chronicle*, and a vain effort was made to ascertain the author, even offering a reward of fifty guineas:

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat:
This place was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot
With dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace or record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void!
If social love that eye employed:
If with no lawless fire it gleamed:
But through the dews of kindness beamed:
That eye shall be forever bright,
When sun and stars are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue:
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained:
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke:
The silent tongue shall plead for thee,
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied ruby shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought—
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek afflictions humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned—
These feet with angel's wings shall rise,
And tread the palace of the skies.

THE ESSAYIST.

Every student will agree that essay writing is a nuisance, notwithstanding its many positive benefits. This incurable dislike gives rise to the most varied kinds of productions. Earth and the "regions of the air" are ransacked

for subjects; and when, at last, the fruit of all this vexation of spirit is gathered in, the professor finds before him the most motley mass of erudition that can possibly be imagined. The grave Senior deposits his learned views upon "Sensualism," and along side the modest Freshman lays his labored disquisition upon "The Long Eared Animal." The Junior, weighed down by his conscious responsibility as a patrician, discourses, in flowing style and harmonious periods, upon "The Power of Prayer;" whilst the Sophomore, extremely sensitive as to his newly acquired dignity, bewails in impassioned tones "The Prevalence of Plugs."

Then, there is the Meditative School of essayists. They are the ardent admirers of Bishop Hall, and the manufacturers of similes. One draws important and valuable lessons of life from the contemplation of "An Old Boot." Another, on beholding a dilapidated straw hat, laments the sad truth that we are all the unhappy victims of change and decay. Another, who knows the mutability of earthly friendships, and who, from long contemplation upon the sad state of this wicked world, had grown misanthropical, finds at last a faithful friend in his "Coal Hod." He pours out the phials of his wrath, with all the enthusiasm of a Don Quixote, upon all abusers of this useful and inoffensive utensil of domestic economy. "He, who would abuse his coal hod, would abuse his friend." The parallel is certainly striking, as well as peculiarly subtle.

The great object to be attained by these writers is, to discover unexpected resemblances in things radically different. It must be confessed that their similes are startling.

Still another, lost in contemplation, sits before his fire place searching into the hidden lessons of the red hot coals until his eyes are ready to pop out. The happy thought at last dawns upon him, and he wildly snatches up his quill and writes. Nothing is too deep for his penetrating intellect. He dives down into the carboniferous strata, and astounds us by his revelations of hidden beauty. Again, he vanishes in smoke, but soon appears in the ethereal firmament astride of a gorgeous cloud; and all these sublime meanderings suggested by a common coal grate.

The "Philosophical School," in labored efforts, have clearly proved "Mother Goose" to be a philosophical work of the highest merit; whilst the "Critical School," with equal learning and by carefully instituted comparisons, have shown, beyond a doubt, that Wordsworth had less genius than a nursery rhymer.

Choice *original* extracts from the *New York Ledger* are modestly submitted to the critic, utterly oblivious to

"Those pious frauds and holy shams,"

The poet, the wire worker, the statesman, and the preacher,

each class in turn is represented, and whines, and blows, and warns and weeps, as the spirit of each is manifested.

Similes, "worse confounded," metaphors, doubly mixed, heads on the wrong end, tails on the wrong end, adjectives snatling at adverbs, and adverbs kicking at prepositions, all combine to lead astray the mind of the listener and perplex the ingenuity of the learned critic.

Last of all comes the dove-tailed essayist. He is the most artistic of all, the cunning *reinecke fuchs*.

He writes in quotations, carefully and harmoniously dove-tailed together, and slaps down his *work of art* upon the professor's table with the mental exclamation, "Them's trumps!" Assuming the wild air so peculiar to the satanic school, in deep sonorous tones, he gives *his thoughts* utterance, startling the professor by his logic, and confounding his audience by his *immense* learning. The critic says nothing:

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat."

THE NATIONAL GAME.

MATCH BETWEEN THE CHAMPIONS OF AMERICA
AND THE RACINE COLLEGE NINE!

SCORE 36 TO 9 IN FAVOR OF THE CHAMPIONS.
ACCORDING TO THE REPUBLICAN EARNED RUNS.
6 TO 2.

In accordance with arrangements entered into between the White Stockings and the College Nine for a game of base ball in Chicago, on the Lake Shore grounds—the latter club took the early morning train for that populous and enterprising village, and arrived there at about half past ten o'clock. They proceeded to the Sherman House and partook of a hearty meal, and amused themselves in various ways until half past two, when they started for the grounds. The Whites were already on the field and the game was commenced punctually at 3 o'clock, with Mr. Nick Young, of the Olympics, as umpire. That gentleman filled his difficult position in a manner highly satisfactory to both parties, and his decisions were marked by promptness and impartiality.

Owing to the coolness of the day, and a cutting wind, the number of the spectators was not large, scarcely exceeding four hundred; the interest they evinced however was great, and their plaudits general. The state of the weather was also decidedly unfavorable for the players. The Chicagos were somewhat transposed, Hodes playing second and Foley passing the ball with Atwater, while Zettlein performed on left. The fact, however, of Atwater's pitching did not materially affect the issue of the game, since he bothered the Collegians more than Zettlein would have done in all probability; for Jones' pitching comes nearer in pace to Zettlein's than to Atwater's. Atwater, however, did not pester the Racines very much, as the spectators seemed to remark. The play of the Collegians was not nearly up to their usual standard, nor was that of the Champions, as the score will prove. Zettlein was tempted with two easy flies to left, but he refused, and succeeded in making two noble muffs.

No fair flies were muffed by the College Nine, each of the fielders gobbling a fly. That of Benton's in center deserves particular mention. Jones' pitching seemed to pester the Champions a good deal, especially when he changed his tactics during the latter part of the game, and doggedly sent in soft-soapers. These completely non-plussed the White's; and their futile attempts to "cork" them were hailed with screams of laughter by the crowd, both friends and foes; they seemed to enjoy their own discomfiture also. Lightner's play on third was really admirable, and he received many sincere compliments from members of the White Stocking Club. Below we give the game by innings and append the score.

1ST INNINGS.

COLLEGE—Osborne first seized the stick and made a hit to short, which gave him his first. Whitmore followed with a sharp grounder to 3d who passed it to 2d. Osborne forced off. Hudson made a 1st base hit. McCreery out on first by a hit to first. Lightner, a daisy cutter by 3d. January closed the innings with a hot one to Pinkham, who deftly passed it to McAtee. One scored by the College, by Whitmore in.

WHITES—McAtee led off with a hit to right and got his run. King then followed, and by dint of a rather weak pound got his tally, not earned. Hodes by a hit to 1st secured another run for the Champions. Foley then laid himself out for screamer, but died at 1st. Simmons with a confident leer proposed to put a scorcher to left, but Lightner cut short his career by a beautiful stop, and sent it to first, where Simmons expired. Atwater stretched himself for a center hit, but having miscalculated his distance, dropped the orb gently into Jones' hand, who killed him on first. Innings closed with three for the Whites.

2D INNINGS.

COLLEGE—Benton sent a safe one beyond short and secured his first. Day sent a hot one to Hodes who tossed it to McAtee, thus securing a double play. Day and Benton out. Jones made a safe hit and got his 1st. Osborne sent a beauty to right who didn't seem to stop it, got his 2d. Whitmore awoke Duffy by a grounder, but Duffy sent it to first, thus securing his man. Osborne and Jones left on base. Whitewash.

WHITES—This inning proved very destructive, owing to the nervousness of the Collegians, the Whites' secured twelve runs, scarcely any of which, however, were earned; it would have been a whitewash but for Hudson's miserable throw, McAtee got 2; King ditto; Hodes 1; Foley, however got two symmetrical eggshells instead of his expected corks: Simmons 1; Atwater 1; Duffy 2; Zettlein got one, but aided in bringing the innings to a close by sending a fly to be caught. Total, 12 for the Champions; 2 earned.

3D INNINGS.

COLLEGE—Hudson out on a flew, King a beautiful left hand catch. McCreery secured his tally, thus precluding the possibility of a goose egg. Lightner, three strikes. Foley maddened by his ill success at the bat, flung down

the ball to 1st, thus putting Lightner out. January made a safe base hit but was left on base by Benton's pound to the dangerous Duffy who sent the sphere spinning to first. 1 to the Collegians score.

WHITES—Simmons led off with a safe pound and secured his run. Atwater made his run, but the gentle Duffy was caught on a flew to Whitmore. Pinkham evidently enraged at the fate of his predecessor prepared to surprise the crowd by an empyrean piercer, he however, shared the fate of Duffy, out on a beautiful skyer to Benton. Zettlein secured his run, McAtee, ditto; King ditto, ditto. Hodes left on base. Foley, contrary to his usual custom, closed the innings by sending a grounder to McCreery, who aided January in killing him. 5 for the Champions.

4TH INNINGS.

COLLEGE—Day out on first by a shot to Hodes. Jones fouled out by Foley: Osborne out on 1st by a hit to Atwater who wanted to drop it. Ellipsoid for the College.

WHITES—Simmons secured his run and saved his side from a whitewash, which they earned. Atwater having spread himself for what he deemed was to prove a sky scraper, merely threw himself away on a miserable foul which Benton with peeled ocular organ, snatched. Duffy followed his fate, and again retired on a flew to Osborne who wanted it. Pinkham sent a favorite foul to right which was gobbled in an edifying manner on the flew by January. Side out with 1 run. Coming down a peg.

5TH INNINGS.

COLLEGE—Whitmore out on the fly to King. Hudson followed, and grasping his favorite telegraph pole sent a teaser to Hodes, who tho' he didn't want it sent it to first and put out his man. McCreery put one to Duffy, who was "thar," and put it in to first in the latest style.

WHITES—Zettlein sent one to left and got a run; McAtee got one; King, ditto; Hodes threw himself away on a drop and only sealed his fate by dropping it into Jones' hand who gently tossed it to 1st. Simmons got one; Foley ditto. Atwater sent one to McCreery who did not refuse and sent it to 1st, zipping. Atwater out; Duffy one. Zettlein elated with success squared himself for a corker, and surprised himself by putting one into Jones' capacious maw. Jones' transferred it to first. Innings closed 6 to the Champions.

6TH INNINGS.

COLLEGE—Lightner put one down to Hodes who cheerfully transferred to 1st. Lightner out. January followed but foul'd out. Benton tried Duffy's metal, but Duffy sent to 1st; side out. Whitewash.

6TH INNINGS.

WHITES—McAtee squared off and put to Lightner, but "Lit" killed him on first. King got his run; Hodes do; Foley expired after an effort to second, who caught him trying for 1st. Atwater left on base. Duffy followed exactly in the footsteps of Foley and closed the innings. 2 for the Whites.

7TH INNINGS.

Day foul'd to Foley. Jones again tried Duffy. Duffy still awake and ready to put Jones out on first. Osborne

clean base hit left on base. Whitmore out on foul fly to Foley.

WHITES—Pinkham pounded to first but died there. Zettlein got a favorite soft soaper from Jones but did not do it justice; out on first. McAtee came to the scratch smiling and succeeded in putting a grounder to third, but Lit corked him at first. Innings closed with a well defined goose egg for the Champions.

8TH INNINGS.

Hodes exchanged places with Foley this innings. Hudson made a beauty to right which Foley didn't want and got his 1st. McCreery then followed with one to centre sending Hudson to second. Then Lightner made one of his lightning liners to centre, took his second and sent in two tallies besides taking his own (Foley was laid up by a zipping throw from Pinkham, his finger was badly broken and Treacy was trotted in in his place.) January took his first on a soarer to center which was muffed by King; January went home. Benton made a good pound and took his run. Day out on 1st. Jones sent a beauty to Zettlein who refused, tho' it was easy. Osborne out on flew to 2d. Whitmore out on third after a teaser to center. Hudson pounded a daisy cutter to right, but was left on second. Tallies, 6 for the Collegians. There was a good deal of slobbering and coquetting on the part of the Champions during this inning.

WHITES—King went in on a grounder. Hodes threw his energies into a soft soaper and dropped it into Jones' maw. Treacy's first attempt was marked by a decided failure, having pounded one to short he died on first. Simmons got one, Atwater one, Duffy made a home run, Pinkham out on a fly to McCreery. 4 for the Champions.

9TH INNINGS.

COLLEGE—Hudson seized the stick but got out on foul fly to Hodes. McCreery made a pound to 1st and secured his base. Lightner got his base, and McCreery stole in from 3d. January pounded one to Zettlein who distinguished himself by another magnificent mull. Benton out on three strikes. Day sent one to Duffy who put it to first. Day out. Lightner and January left on base.

WHITES—Zettlein sent one to Lightner who flung it to 1st, putting out his man. McAtee got one run. King out on fly to McCreery. Hodes got one; Foley ditto. Pinkham out on first. Innings closed 3 to Champions.

THE SCORE.

(For the benefit of the ignorant we would kindly state that "O" signifies "outs," "R" "runs," "B" "clean 1st base hits," "T" total "clean base hits.")

COLLEGE NINE.					WHITE STOCKINGS.								
	O	R	B	T		O	R	B	T				
Osborne, s. s.	3	0	2	3	McAtee, 1st b.	2	6	4	4				
Whitmore, l. f.	4	1	1	1	King, c. f.	1	7	4	5				
Hudson, c.	3	1	2	2	Hodes, 2d b.	2	4	5	5				
McCreery, 2d b.	2	3	2	2	Foley, c.	6	2	2	2				
Lightner, 3d b.	2	1	2	2	Simmons, r. f.	1	5	4	5				
January, 1st b.	2	1	2	2	Atwater, p.	3	3	4	5				
Benton, c. f.	4	1	1	1	Duffy, s. s.	3	4	2	5				
Day, r. f.	5	0	0	0	Pinkham, 3d b.	5	2	2	2				
Jones, p.	2	1	1	1	Zettlein, l. f.	4	3	3	6				
Total.	27	9	13	14	Total.	27	36	30	39				
Innings—					1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
College.					1	0	1	0	0	0	0	6	1—9
White Stockings.					3	12	5	1	6	2	0	4	3—9

Umpire—Mr. Young, of the Olympics, of Washington.
Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.
Scorers—Mr. Thacher for White Stockings; Mr. Gaul for College Nine.
In all probability a game will be played with the Evanston University Nine shortly. Also one may be expected with the Champions of Iowa.

The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, JUNE 1, 1871.

EDITORS.

F. O. OSBORNE, T. W. McLEAN, H. C. DILLON.

THE MERCURY is issued semi-monthly during Term Time on the following TERMS:

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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."

ADVICE TO HORTICULTURISTS.

It may not be known to many of our readers that Horace Greeley was in town the other day; and yet it was so. The aged philosopher has been among us, his innocent and childish countenance beaming like a peeled onion. He stopped at the Huggins House; nor was he heard to swear but twice during his stay, and then it was under the most extenuating circumstances; once when he pulled a fine toothed comb and a hair brush out of his section of mince pie, (and who would not?) and again when he was shown (accidentally of course) a copy of the "Chicago Times." However he only staid there half a day, so that may account for the small amount of profanity used by him. But to the point.

Knowing that some of the matrons and professors of the College, and many of our friends abroad were interested in the subject of horticulture, we immediately dispatched a reporter to interview him and get some hints on the subject, if possible, from the renowned "cabbage farmer." Our reporter found him at the hotel and stated the object of his visit. H. G. looked vexed at first, but on being reminded of the incalculable benefit which he would confer upon the people of the vicinity, he delivered the following disjointed discourse—*asleep of course*—which our reporter took down.

With regard to the different varieties of wheat, spring wheat is best; but winter wheat, if planted in pots and kept in the house during winter, and then set out in the spring, will yield well. Spring is the time to tap your apple trees for your yearly supply of cider, and it should be done immediately. Do not dig your strawberries with a hoe; always use a spade, as a hoe is liable to injure the fruit; if the ground is soft however they may be pulled up and shaken off. Never knock your beets and onions off the tree with a stick; it is much better to wait until they are ripe and fall off; or else send a boy up the tree to pick them. It is less trouble to plant pickle seed, than to raise cucumbers and then pickle them. Pickle seed can be obtained at all respectable grocery stores. Asparagus should be cut in the Fall and laid up to dry during the Winter; it thus acquires a mellow and juicy taste which is lacking in that which has been out all winter. Pumpkin vines

should always be trained on trellises; they ripen quicker and the bunches can be picked with much greater ease, when you want to eat a few raw. I would advise, to harvest your potatoes with a reaping machine, although some still use a cradle. Never, on any account, pick your apples with a pick axe; it always invariably breaks down the vines and spoils the nest. In selecting your peach trees for canning, always select the largest and saw them into cord-wood lengths. It is good policy to build corn cribs in the very top of your barn; cows and small boys will never get at them there.

When making maple sugar, select the largest turnips, and— * * * * Here the aged baby relapsed into a deeper slumber than usual, and nothing more could be extracted from him.

The foregoing valuable suggestions, however, are here presented with the firm belief that they will be of the greatest use to those who are contemplating rural felicity.

SELAH!

THE once "spiciest and best," now plain *College World* (Davenport, Iowa, not Princeton; don't confound the two!) with characteristic disregard for truth, misquotes a sentence of ours by omitting a prominent word, and thus produces bad English; it then impudently shoves off its dirty work on us and lays it to our charge. Now this sort of thing don't go down: it is mean and contemptible. We can stand a moderate and reasonable amount of carelessness(?) from the *World*, but barefaced and ridiculously transparent falsehoods we can't manage to digest with any degree of comfort. The *World* moreover indulges in wonderfully juvenile pleasantries at our expense, and garnishes the same with yarns concerning maudlin old gents and their remarks about "green cotton umbrellas"—yarns akin, in meaning and interest, to such wretched trash as the monthly Romances which appear in that "spicy" sheet.

The *World* also confesses to a sad and dejected tone, and does us the inestimable honor of crediting it to our account. Well, yes, we notice the omission of "that modest little advertisement." This omission certainly detracts from the piquancy and "spiciness" of the sheet.

UNBEKANNT.—Two gentlemen, who were travelling in Germany, visited a renowned art gallery in Berlin. One of them, not being an adept in the German tongue, but who was, nevertheless, capable of admiring the sublime productions of German artists, noticed, among others, several exquisite paintings marked "unbekannt." Unable longer to restrain his admiration, he reached over to where his friend was standing, clutched his coat sleeve, and pointing to one of the finest of these paintings, said: "My dear D—, do look at that landscape! what an excellent artist Unbekannt must have been!"

We note as an item of interest the fact that the man whose son has won the class-cup of '68, has declined the honor. This may be the foreshadowing of the abolition of the whole custom. He has set an example which other men in his position will in all probability follow.—*Tale Literary.*

LOCAL.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North10 41 A.M.12 08 P.M.7 37 P.M.
Going South7 33 A.M.1 58 P.M.4 48 P.M.
Going West8 00 A.M.7 30 P.M.	

The oldest specimen of sheet music; a baby in bed.

We learn that Bishop Armitage of this Diocese is to preach the Baccalaureate Sermon for '71.

The painters and masons have been overhauling and improving the external appearance of the College Chapel.

SUNDAY afternoon walks through the woods of the vicinity are "all the go" with the Grammar Schoolists at the present time.

The '71 ivy having been planted at a seasonable time is growing rapidly, and will undoubtedly be longer than the representatives of '69 and '70.

CHEEKY.—A Fourth Former *accidentally* knocks a professor's new silk hat off the table and then coolly offers to fetch a broom and brush it for him.

The warm weather has caused stoves to be dispensed with; so we have no more complaints about coal being dropped in the halls and on the stairs.

The Seniors have finished Political Economy, and they have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most satisfactory study of their last year at college.

CLOSE GAME.—In a game of base ball on Monday May 22d, a Picked Nine defeated the Sophomore Class. At the end of tenth innings the score stood 27 to 25.

BALL MATCH.—The Freshmen will endeavor to "get away with" the Active's of Racine on Saturday afternoon next. The College campus is to be the scene of the combat.

PRIZE ESSAY.—The subject of the Elmendorf Prize Essay is "Oratory of the Poets." Those who write for the prize are required to hand in their attempts on the 15th of this month.

SWIMMING.—The water in the lake has at last become sufficiently warm for bathing purposes, and the Grammar School inaugurated the season by taking a wash on Saturday night last.

BASE BALL MATCH.—The College Nine has received a challenge from the club at Elkhorn, Wis., to play a series of games. It is yet undecided whether or not the games will be played.

The Seniors are busily employed preparing their Commencement Orations, and in making arrangements for Class Day, and the "hop" which concludes the exercises of their last day at Alma Mater.

NOTE BENE.—Any person having a complete file of Vol. VII of the COLLEGE MERCURY, and wishing to dispose of the same, will find it to his advantage to communicate with the present editors of this paper.

A CERTAIN mathematician has estimated that on a clear day no less than 789 flyballs are caught on the college campus. Who will compute the number of muffs? We have some curiosity to know how many are made daily.

STRAY.—There has been a stray pea cock running loose about the grounds lately, which has almost distracted everybody by his unearthly yells. We understand that it is a pet belonging to Miss Slauson. We wish she would come and take him away.

THAT BAT.—A few days ago a bat was so unlucky as to find his way into the college chapel, and had some difficulty in finding an egress. He was evidently much pleased with the choral service, and was so presumptuous as to join in himself on several occasions.

FLOWER BOXES.—There appears to be an increased interest taken in the cultivation of flowers, the result of which is, many windows are adorned with shrubs and twining plants. We suppose the usual prizes for the best specimens will be given by the Warden at the close of this session.

The practice of base ball and cricket is going on steadily, and the annual cup matches which will be played shortly will probably be hotly contested. It is thought, however, the Clarksons will make a better display this season than they did last. Several cups will undoubtedly fall to their share.

AMONG other pleasant entertainments which the Seniors have enjoyed during this term, was the class supper given by Mr. January in honour of his birthday. It was strictly a class affair and was voted a success. Hostilities began about 8:30 and the foe received an unmercifully hard punishing. Whose turn next?

SOME of our Grammar School friends are evidently fond of martial display. We see several companies going through the evolutions of a drill almost every Monday morning. This amusement bids fair to be a dangerous rival of the national game, as many students seem to prefer drilling to wielding the ash and sphere.

We understand the University Nine, from the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., will contest a game with our College Nine on Monday afternoon the 12th instant. The Evanstonians will arrive here on the morning train. Concerning the result of the game we have nothing to say, except that our nine will make a struggle to be victors. A return game will probably be played in Evanston soon after.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The Philharmonic Society intend giving a grand concert shortly before commencement week. Extensive preparations are making for it, and we are told that the music for the occasion will be of a very high character.

The Philharmonics are deserving of all praise for their untiring efforts to build up in the College a first class Musical Society, and we trust that all will show their appreciation of it by a liberal patronage of their concert.

MINSTRELS.—The following dialogue is said to have taken place between "Billy" Manning and "Bob" White.

BILLY. You know, Bob, I was once a prisoner of war on a Spanish frigate. The first day they fetched me a pitcher of water and two slices of bread. The next day, two pitchers of water and one slice of bread. The third day they only fetched me two pitchers of water and no bread; then, you know, I was getting awful hungry, so I ate an egg and some beef steak.

BOB. Eggs and beefsteak! Where'd you get them things?

BILLY. You see, I just told the old frigate to "lay-to" and I took one of 'em, and the beef steak, I got that off of the bulwarks.

TEUTONIC.—There is a "so very clever" young man in one of the upper classes, who goes under the sobriquet of "Deutch." Now this deutcherman is known to be extremely fond of that exhilarating tonic, called lager beer, and at the same time very sensitive as to his Teutonic origin. One of his friends therefore, who was aware of this tender spot in his corpulency, propounded to a crowd of Deutch's admiring friends the following conundrum.

"Why would it be unsafe to invite "Deutch" to take two glasses of lager beer?"

This was a stunner. Fresh', Sophomore, Junior and even "Deutch's" own ingenuity was taxed to solve it, but in vain. It was given up and the answer begged.

"Well, you know," says the inquisitor, "beer is a tonic, then one glass would be one tonic, and two glasses would therefore be *tea-tonic*, which would be an unpleasant allusion to his origin, and might bring on a fight"!!! Selah.

NASHOTAH ELEVEN VS. RACINE COLLEGE ELEVEN.—The Nashotah Eleven—together with a few other students as spectators—came down from the Theological Seminary on Wednesday evening, May 24th, to play the annual match for the silver cup which for a number of years has been held by the Racine College Eleven. During the last year the College Eleven has suffered the loss of several of its most skillful players, whereas the Nashotah Eleven has been strengthened by the addition of a few efficient members, among others, Mr. Ward, at one time a member of the Oxford University Eleven. These changes led many to think the chain of victories of the College Eleven was at last to be broken. The Nashotah Eleven evidently expected to carry the "tin ware" home.

The wickets were pitched shortly after morning chapel on Thursday, the 25th, and the penny having been flipped, the Theologues were forthwith sent to the bat. The Nashotah boys took right hold of the College bowling, and the prospects of Racine were not the brightest.

By dint of some scientific batting, chiefly on the part of Messrs. Ward, Wolsley, and Grange, the Nashotah boys succeeded in making a score of 69 runs in the first innings. The College boys then grasped the willow, and by means of tolerably good batting aided by poor fielding they managed to score 55 runs, being 14 behind the Theologues. The Nashotah Eleven confident of victory began their second innings. They were quickly shelled out for 20 runs only, six batsmen falling victims to "Dank" Sullivan's excellent bowling. Racine College Eleven went to bat elated with their bright prospects. Good batting soon put them ahead of their discomfited opponents, the score at the close of the game standing 98 to 89 in favour of Racine, with four wickets to spare. This score indicates a decided improvement on the part of the Nashotah Club, or a marked degeneracy on the part of the College Eleven. Another season the cup, so long in the possession of the Racine College Club, will probably be transferred to the rural districts west of Milwaukee.

We are unable to give the individual score of the first innings of the Nashotah Club as that leaf of the book is not in our possession. The total number of tallies made in that innings is 69. The following is the remainder of the score.

NASHOTAH ELEVEN.	
2D INNINGS.	
Pre-tot.	3 b x Sullivan
Wolsley,	1 b x Sullivan
Mallory,	0 c x Lightner
Grange,	9 b x Sullivan
Ward,	1 b x Sullivan
Rudd,	0 run out
Woodle,	1 b x Sullivan
Eichbaum,	1 b x Hudson
DeForest,	1 b x Sullivan
Miller,	0 c x Hudson
Eastin,	1 not out
Byes,	2
Total,	20

RACINE COLLEGE ELEVEN.			
1ST INNINGS.		2D INNINGS.	
Day,	15 b x Grange	Day,	7 b x Ward 22
Doan,	2 run out	Doan,	10 c x Woodle 12
Hudson,	3 c x DeForest	Hudson,	1 c x Eichbaum 4
Mead,	0 c x Miller	Mead,	3 c x Eastin 3
Osborne,	4 c x Grange	Osborne,	10 b x Ward 14
Spalding,	4 leg b wicket	Spalding,	0 c x De Forest 4
Gault,	2 b x Grange	Gault,	6 not out 8
Woodle,	0 c x Rudd	Woodle,	0 0
Sullivan,	16 not out	Sullivan,	16 16
Taber,	0 b x Wolsley	Taber,	0 0
Lightner,	5 St. x Pre-cott	Lightner,	5 5
Wide balls,	4	Byes,	2 2
Total,	55	Wide balls,	4 8
		Total,	98

Scorer.—Wm. Sturges.
Umpires.—Messrs. Clumplin and Nicholson.
The game was a close one and at times exciting. The fielding of both Elevens was sharp, with the exception of a few wretched muffs. We forbear publishing the names of the muffs. The

Nashotah Eleven left on the 7:30 train for Milwaukee, plainly disappointed because they were unable to carry away the much coveted "bone of contention." Another year, Racine, and then look well to your laurels.

A BOOK FOR EVERY STUDENT.—Secret societies, open societies, the dormitory system, College politics, College morals, the class system, the relation of Colleges to one another, a prescribed curriculum, text books or no text books, shall students be compelled to go to church on Sunday, College laws,—these and a hundred other live subjects, are ably discussed by Prof. Noah Porter, D. D., of Yale College, in his "American Colleges and the American Public." No book has appeared on educational subjects that has been so widely read and endorsed by the leading educated men of this country. The ability which Prof. Porter has shown in the discussion of these live questions of the day, proves him to be a man fully abreast with the most advanced thought of the age. The book can be obtained at any bookseller, or will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of price, (1.50,) by the publishers. CHARLES C. CHATFIELD & Co., New Haven, Conn. n3-3t.

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Mr Hudson

College Mercury.

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. IX.

RACINE COLLEGE, JUNE 15, 1871.

No. 5.

THE OLD RUIN.

'Tis a lonely spot where the ruin lies;
Yet the bright blue skies
And the meadows green
Are all here seen;
And the woodlands dark, on the distant hills,
With the glistening streams, are a scene that thrills
The heart of the lover of beauty.

'Tis a lonely spot; although near at hand
Fair dwellings stand,
While the air is rife
With the sounds of life,
As high o'er head the wild bird sings,
And the air with his noisy music rings,
Round the moldering walls of the cabin.

'Tis a lonely spot, with its orchard old.
All moss and mould;
And the winds sweep by
With a sob and sigh,
While they tell, in a wild and mournful strain,
Of the hearts now free from grief and pain,—
Of the woes which a household once suffered.

Fair indeed was the maid who lived
At the head of Longworth hill,
And ne'er could parents wish a child
More free from wrong or ill.

Fair, indeed, with her golden locks,
And her step, so light and free;
And many a prayer to heaven was sent
That thus she might ever be.

Alas! death came with cruel hand
And laid the darling low;
The mother, robbed of all her joy,
Must with her idol go.

The stricken sire, in anguish left
That once so happy home,
And while decay its timbers seized,
He sought the dark sea's foam.

One night, when fiercely howled the storm,
Its walls to earth were cast,
And flying mouths brought back the news,
The sire had breathed his last.

Thus all three died; the roaring wave
Bore off the father's breath,
And now these moss-grown ruins tell
This sad, sad tale of death.

'Tis a lonely spot; though the scene is fair,
And the throbbing air
With music rings,
As the wild bird sings:
For the winds sweep by with a mournful wail,
And call to the mind this dreary tale,
Which saddens the heart of the hearer.

WILLOW-WOOD.

THROUGH the kindness of a subscriber we received a copy of the *Ohio State Journal*, from the columns of which we clip the following relating to the marriage of our former fellow student, Mr. Will Comstock, of '69. It will prove acceptable and interesting to those who were so fortunate as to know him.

ANOTHER BRILLIANT WEDDING.

We venture that the time is within the memory of but few when a greater succession of fashionable weddings occurred in Columbus than have been celebrated during the two months last past. How long this dazzling nuptial season is going to be protracted is a question that is deserving an answer under the "Probability" head of the weather record.

The latest marriage was that of Will T. Comstock and Miss Harriet J. Goss, adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, at Trinity Church, at eleven A. M. yesterday. Approaching the church at the appointed hour, we observed several policemen picketing the surroundings, who looked quite genteel, their very appearance admonishing rude idlers that it was no place for them. The church was well filled with a handsome, intelligent audience, who, without the least confusion, were allotted seats by T. R. Sparrow, Ellsworth C. Smith and Henry C. Taylor, ushers. Flowers were profusely used in the decoration of the chancels, altar and pulpit; the font was also filled with a basket of flowers. The whole was beautifully arranged under the management of Mr. Hanford.

While the organ was made to sound a marriage melody, the bridal party entered the church, led by Miss Alice Wright and Fred Medary, Miss Maggie Taylor and Robert Gardiner, second; Miss Kate Comstock and S. M. Smith, jr., third; Miss Annie Miller and James Lough, fourth; then followed Mrs. John Miller on the bridegroom's arm, and Mrs. Goss on the arm of T. R. Sparrow, the bride coming last on the arm of Mr. John Miller.

The bride wore an elegant white rep silk en train, waist pointed, and low in the neck, trimmed with point applique lace, sleeves flowing and trimmed to suit the waist.

The veil was of tulle, fastened on with wreaths of orange blossoms, and looped with the same. The hair was plain. The ornaments worn were an elegant set of pearls, one of the bridal presents.

Miss Annie Miller, first bridesmaid, wore a white organdie, trained, with long overskirt looped with blue flowers, both skirts trimmed with ruffles and duchess lace—waist was a short basque, cut low in the neck and with short sleeves; hair caught back by blue flowers. Miss Hattie Comstock, second bridesmaid, wore a white organdie with train, with short overskirt looped with pink

flowers, both skirts tucked and trimmed with duchess lace—waist cut square in the neck; rich pink sash. The hair was arranged *a la Pompadour*, with pink flowers.

Miss Maggie Taylor, third bridesmaid, wore a white tarleton, trained, with long over skirt looped and trimmed with pink flowers, both skirts trimmed with puffs and ruffles. Waist cut higher and trimmed to match the skirts. Hair arranged in graceful curls, with pink flowers, and sprinkled with gold powder.

Miss Alice Wright, fourth bridesmaid, wore a trained tarleton, with long overskirt gracefully looped with blue flowers, both skirts puffed, waist cut high, trimmed with bertha of duchess lace, hair worn in curls, looped back with blue flowers.

Mrs. Miller wore a rich steel colored silk, demi train, with overskirt, with white point shawl.

Mrs. Goss wore a black and white striped silk, with overskirt and basque, black point shawl.

At the altar the marriage ceremonies were impressively performed by Rev. Colin C. Tate, Rector of St. Paul's Church. Hymen's sacred bands being sealed, and heaven's choicest blessings invoked, the happy couple retraced their steps, followed by the bridesmaids and groomsmen in reversed order, and next came Mrs. Goss and Mr. Sparrow, and Mr. and Mrs. John Miller.

The party were conveyed to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Miller, on North High street, where an elegant reception was given, including the finest marriage festivities.

Among the presents to the fair bride were a handsome silver tea set, containing nine pieces, a gold watch and chain, a costly set of knives and forks, solid silver castor, cake basket, bronze clock, set of pearls, and many other very elegant and rich gifts, making an array seldom equaled.

BASE BALL.

MATCH GAME BETWEEN THE EVANSTON UNIVERSITY CLUB AND THE COLLEGE NINE.

THE FORMER DEFEATED BY A SCORE OF 28 TO 33.

A TEDIIOUS GAME.

AGREEABLY to arrangements perfected some time before, the University Nine from Evanston arrived here on the morning of the 12th inst., and during the time that intervened between their arrival and the commencement of the game they were shown over the College buildings by members of the College Nine. As this club had achieved quite a reputation by the defeat of their opponents in quite a number of amateur games, it was supposed that the game on Monday would be close and exciting. The event, however, proved that the College Nine possessed a marked superiority, especially in their batting strength.

The game commenced punctually at 2 o'clock, with Mr. Jott of Chicago, as umpire. This gentleman, although his otherwise just decisions were marred by two painfully evident decisions in favor of the Evanston's, was impartial and prompt.

The game continued over three hours. In the first in-

nings the College Nine proved itself vastly superior in batting qualities, and this superiority they preserved during the whole course of the game. The Evanston's showed on the whole that they were up in fielding, and in time they would make a very respectable set of players. The unaccountable manner in which the College Nine as a whole fumbled in the field surprised every one. The best players on whom reliance was placed for solid and brilliant play did miserably. We must not fail to notice the unexceptionable play of Mr. Whitmore during the entire game. He pounded for a home run, and if we mistake not for one or two third basers. Mr. Day also deserves special mention for his heavy batting and for the manner in which he played behind the bat when Benton retired to the field on account of injured digits. He took a foul tip in the latest style and flung down the sphere to Jones who corked a man attempting to purloin second.

Mr. Lightner did some terrific and miscellaneous "corking." He sent the sphere carelessly in every direction several times, inducing it to soar over the heads of the out fielders. Other circumstances we might mention as the handsome catch in left by January, etc. But the batting of the Racines was very effective, every one did well. The ball several times struck an adjoining building. On the part of the Evanston's there were a few very good plays, Kimball's catching and the play on first were really excellent. Cooper also did well on left. But he created a great deal of deserved ill-feeling against himself by his unparalleled exhibition of "cheek and lip."

Altogether the game was carried on in a fair and gentlemanly manner, but as a display of base ball, in a scientific sense it was wretched and a failure. We hope the next game, which will take place on the Evanston's grounds, will be closer and more interesting. Below we append the score:

RACINE.				EVANSTON.					
O	R	B	T	O	R	B	T		
Osborne, s. s.	4	4	2	3	Kimball, c.	1	5	1	1
Whitmore, c. f.	2	5	5	10	Langworthy, s. s.	5	2	1	1
Doan, 1st b.	3	3	0	0	Collins, p.	3	1	0	0
McCreery, 2d b.	4	3	1	1	Drake, 3d b.	4	1	0	0
Lightner, 3d b.	3	5	4	7	Lunt, 2d b.	5	3	2	2
January, l. f.	2	5	5	7	Cooper, l. f.	2	4	2	4
Benton, c.	3	2	3	3	Elmore, c. f.	2	5	2	2
Day, r. f.	3	3	2	3	Gaines, 1st b.	1	6	5	5
Jones, p.	3	3	3	3	Beatty, r. f.	4	2	0	0
Total,	27	33	25	37	Total,	27	28	13	15

A PRODIGY.

Old Mercury, Senior, may his numbers increase,
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace;
When, to his delight, if not to his gain,
Forth sprang a young Mercury out of his brain.

WONDERS will never cease. Since the time that Minerva very disrespectfully sprang out of Jupiter's brain, and very coolly informed the old gent that he might run his own thunderbolts, but, as for herself, she was going to paddle her own canoe, nothing more startling has appeared upon the World's stage than *The Little Red Mercury*. Like Horace Greeley, it has a mission, and intends to fulfil its high calling if it takes all the red ink in the country.

Now we are fond of our caustic little offspring, and intend to defend its tender infancy against all attacks. Harsh

critics have already launched at its head learned articles, summing up its merits and defects. But, whatever they can say, we fearlessly assert that if *The Little Red Mercury* has any defect at all it is a superabundance of genius. We shall now proceed to demolish these alleged defects, separately and in order.

1. "It can't spell." But, we answer, an infant can't be expected to spell.

2. "It is not original; copies after the old gent." A wise precaution, we say, for, if it did not, it would cast a suspicion upon its parentage.

3. "Its style is too florid." That, we reply, is the fault of the red ink, not of the editors.

4. "It retails old jokes." True; but is not this evidence of good taste? An able and celebrated writer has said "An old joke well applied is worth ten cents."

5. "It confounds the ideal and the real." Well, who wouldn't?

6. "It has more fancy than imagination." But, infants always have an excess of fancy. It is rather a mark of incipient genius, but if this does not account for it, perhaps the red ink will.

Thus it is shown conclusively that our infant has no defects whatever. It stands upon a proud eminence, to which envious critics can not attain. They can only stand at a distance, entranced by the surpassing genius of this little prodigy, and, while they admire, exclaim: *Magnifique! magnifique! Vive Le Petit Mercure.*

[The following article, clipped from the *Cincinnati Times*, has been handed us for insertion. We give it a place in our columns, because it is the evidence of an eye witness, and as such differs in tone from the views and opinions expressed by many ignorant and misinformed college sheets which have from time to time graced the table of our sanctum.]

A NEW REFORM.—We have observed an item drifting around our exchanges for some time, announcing that the Trustees of Racine College, Wisconsin, had furnished a billiard room and smoking-room for the use of the older students. We had such little faith in its truth that we let the item go by uncopied. While on a recent visit at Racine, we inquired into the matter, and found to our astonishment, that it was truly so. One great American College had struck the right chord in the rising generation, one had taken the right tack to control the fearful flood of dissipation which awaits the average young American on arriving at the dignity of his teens.

Instead of these college students sneaking off to town to indulge in the weed and playing at billiards, and when meeting their professors hiding their cigars behind their coat-tails, these reformers at Racine tell the young men to stay where they are. They can indulge in their harmless propensities, on their own ground, being convinced that the young men will do these wicked things anyhow. In addition to these, these reforming professors have actually established a ten-pin alley. The result of this movement is already seen, and is an undoubted success. The world moves on bravely.

We have received the *Cadet*, a magazine published in Nashville, Tenn. We notice the name of Erwin Craighead on the editorial staff, who will perhaps be remembered by a few of the old Racine students.

A BOOK FOR EVERY STUDENT.—Secret societies, open societies, the dormitory system, College politics, College morals, the class system, the relation of Colleges to one another, a prescribed curriculum, text books or no text books, shall students be compelled to go to church on Sunday, College laws,—these and a hundred other live subjects, are ably discussed by Prof. Noah Porter, D. D., of Yale College, in his "American Colleges and the American Public." No book has appeared on educational subjects that has been so widely read and endorsed by the leading educated men of this country. The ability which Prof. Porter has shown in the discussion of these live questions of the day, proves him to be a man fully abreast with the most advanced thought of the age. The book can be obtained of any bookseller, or will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of price, (1.50,) by the publishers. CHARLES C. CHATFIELD & Co., New Haven, Conn. n3-3t.

BASE BALL—'74 vs. ACTIVES.—Saturday, June 3d, was witness to one of the hottest contested matches of the season. The Actives, from the city, an old skilful nine, entered the campus for a battle with the "Freshman Nine," with every prospect of an easy victory. But alas! their hopes were based on a false estimate of the strength of '74.

Space forbids us to notice the game in full, as we should like to do. Suffice it to say, however, that the playing on both sides was excellent, though it seemed to us that the Actives did not come up to their usual grade. It was not until their third innings that they secured a run, which was greeted with loud applause. Among the many fine plays that were made, we noticed a hot liner caught by Whitmore at short-stop, two flies neatly taken in by Caldwell, Richmonds pitching giving promise of even greater success, and Lockwood's active playing as catcher; he secured several very difficult foul balls. Smith, also, at right field played well, and Edkin at the bat, making the only home run. Among the Actives, many fine plays were made, but their fielding was far inferior to that of '74. Washburn, left field, Barker, short-stop, Mitchell, catcher, and Duncombe first base, did themselves great credit. For further particulars of the game, see score appended.

	FRESHMEN.						FIELDING SCORE.					
	A	O	R	B	T	L	F	M	P	A	E	
Richmond, p.	6	3	3	3	4	0	1	0	2	3	0	
Caldwell, l. f.	7	2	4	4	4	1	3	0	3	0	0	
Smith, r. f.	6	4	1	3	4	1	2	0	2	0	0	
DeKoven, 2d b.	7	6	0	2	2	1	0	0	1	2	0	
Edkin, 1st b.	6	3	3	3	7	0	1	0	7	0	1	
Lockwood, c.	6	1	2	3	7	2	9	0	9	4	1	
Doe, 3d b.	6	3	1	1	1	2	0	0	0	1	0	
Morrall, l. f.	5	4	1	1	2	0	0	1	0	0	1	
Whitmore, s. s.	5	1	4	4	9	0	3	0	3	2	1	
Total.	53	27	19	24	40	7	19	1	27	12	4	

	ACTIVES.						FIELDING SCORE.					
	A	O	R	B	T	L	F	M	P	A	E	
Washburn, l. f.	5	2	3	3	3	0	5	0	2	0	0	
Davis, 3d b.	5	4	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	
Cahoon, 2d b.	7	4	2	1	1	1	1	0	2	1	1	
Bull, p.	6	4	2	3	3	0	2	0	2	0	0	
Weeks, H. c. f.	6	5	1	1	1	0	2	2	2	0	2	
Mitchell, c.	6	1	4	2	2	1	6	1	12	1	1	
Weeks, F. r. f.	5	3	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	
Barker, s. s.	5	2	1	3	3	2	3	1	3	6	2	
Duncombe, 1st b.	5	2	3	1	2	0	1	0	3	0	1	
Total.	50	27	18	15	16	5	17	4	27	8	7	

Innings—
 Freshmen. 1 5 0 1 0 7 0 2 3—19
 Actives. 0 0 3 1 4 2 4 3 1—15
 Umpire—Mr. Lightner, class of '71.
 Scorers—Messrs. Small and White.
 Time of game—2 hours and 35 minutes.

The match was conducted in a quiet and manly way on both sides, but one thing (we regret to mention it) cast a shadow on '74. Their captain, whilst he no doubt sincerely believed that he was giving a mighty impulse to his men by his nervous energy, continual blowing, and vain attempts to fill every position on the field, did, in the estimation of the bystanders, materially injure his own side. We like to see energy and ambition to excel in every undertaking, and for these two elements of character we most heartily congratulate the captain, and can safely predict for him glowing successes in the future, if he won't "slap over."

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, JUNE 15, 1871.

EDITORS.

F. O. OSBORNE, T. W. McLEAN, H. C. DILLON.

THE MERCURY is issued semi-monthly during Term Time on the following TERMS:

College Year.....\$2.00. | Single Copy.....15 cts.

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. 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 LARGE number of our subscribers—and especially those who do not reside here—still owe for the present volume of the MERCURY. There are only a few weeks more in this term, and we must have the money due us to settle our accounts with the printer. Our friends will greatly oblige us, therefore, by paying up at once.

OUR STATUS.

"On momentous occasions," like the present, "when great interests are at stake and strong passions are aroused," the statesman, the newspaper editor and the wire-puller are accustomed to "define their position," in order to pacify the wrath of an enraged populace.

We think the time has come when the position of the MERCURY should be defined and clearly understood.

Charges of various kinds have been made, some on good grounds, but the majority without sufficient forethought.

That our columns have been at all times of an unexceptionable character, we do not claim; it is impossible to please all. But that we have labored with untiring efforts to make our paper, as near as possible, a perfect picture of our college life, we do claim; and when we make this assertion, it is with a firm belief that this fact is acknowledged and appreciated by all right thinking students. The many kind words of commendation and encouragement received from numerous persons has led us to this belief.

Our position is a peculiar one, and radically different from political sheets outside. Politics are avoided as well as everything else that would mar the peace of our college life. It is, therefore, not an organ for stirring up discord, but for promoting harmony, and the general welfare of all concerned.

As good citizens of this little commonwealth in which we live, we desire to be loyal to existing institutions, and promote loyalty among others.

The tone of a college paper is always accepted abroad as a fair representative of the tone of its students; accordingly we desire that the two shall harmonize.

When therefore any evil springs up that has a tendency to depress the high tone of our social life, we assert that

it is one of the highest prerogatives of a college paper, as the students' organ, to denounce such abuses. And that paper which neglects to censure, through fear of rousing the "*dificili bile*," not only neglects its duty, but is always stamped with the passive air of cringing servility.

Shall a young man nauseate his fellow students by the imbecile yells of a peacock, and we remain silent for fear of being personal? When ludicrous incidents happen under our very noses, must we remain as sober as a Quakers' meeting, because the unhappy victim is too thin-skinned to stand a joke? When a brood of fledglings, upon whose downy cheeks the pin feathers have just begun to start, impatient with Mother Nature, who in a few short weeks would make them fit to take their flight from the parent nest to a more congenial clime; when such a brood we say, resolve to force nature and become "roosters" at once, and we laugh at the ridiculous figure they cut, who can blame us? Imagine for yourselves a bevy of young bantams in stove-pipe hats, and you have the picture that caused the laugh that roused the ire that swears to demolish the paper that Jack edits.

Finally, permit us to say, that although at times personalities, much to be regretted, have crept into our columns unawares, it will ever be our care to guard against anything that shall reflect upon the character, or too deeply wound the feelings of another. But, take from your paper the right to censure, to criticise, to indulge in pleasantries, though they be to the slight annoyance of some unfortunate beings, and you destroy its very life.

This is the position which the MERCURY has ever maintained, and which has always met the warm approval of all students of broad and comprehensive minds.

This is the position which the MERCURY still maintains, and in accordance with which, it shall always be conducted, so long as *Alma Mater* shall have sons wise enough to appreciate a hearty tone in their college journal.

THE annual cricket and base ball matches between the Clarkson and Badger Clubs will be played on the following days:

1st Nine, June 28th.

1st Eleven will play either on Saturday the 24th of June, or Monday the 26th.

2d Eleven, July 3d.

2d Nine, July 1st.

3d Eleven, June 29th.

3d Nine, July 8th.

4th Eleven, July 5th.

4th Nine, June 30th.

5th Eleven, July 10th.

There will be but one 1st eleven match this year. Those matches which are not played out on the first day will be finished the next.

THE Trinity Tablet gets off the following fine example of onomatopoeia:

"Through brambles and brushes
He rambles and rushes;
He escapes the wild beast,
And arrives at the East."

LOCAL.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41 A.M.	12 05 P.M.	7 47 P.M.
Going South.....	7 33 A.M.	1 59 P.M.	4 48 P.M.
Going West.....	8 00 A.M.	7 30 P.M.	

RECEPTIONS are held on the lawn during the warm weather.

Mr. Champlin of '70 paid the College a visit on Sunday last.

WILL SPARROW is now in Texas, dealing in cattle on an extensive scale.

THE billiard table has been furnished with a handsome new set of balls.

Mr. and Mrs. Taber, of Detroit, visited the College on Sunday the 11th inst.

THE Seniors are to pass their last examinations on Wednesday the 28th instant.

THE Quintard Medal has arrived. It is by far the handsomest medal we have seen.

THE College "coffee grinder" has been out mowing down the grass. The machine is said to be a "rattler."

THE Baccalaureate sermon will be preached in St. Luke's Church, Racine, by the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of this Diocese.

Mr. Wm. Hubbard of '70 is in a bank at London, Ohio, a short distance from Columbus. By all accounts he is doing well.

AN erudite Senior, as an emendation to the line in Antigone—"Bacchus shaker of Thebes," gives "Bacchus a Quaker of Thebes."

THE Grammar School Nine has a very beautiful uniform somewhat resembling that of the Old Red Stockings. It presents a very brilliant appearance on the field.

THE members of '71, unlike their predecessors, do not "take any stock" in croquet as they prefer to play base ball, four members of the class being in the College Nine.

Mr. Will T. Comstock, sometime a member of '70, is in business at Columbus, Ohio. His old friends and associates will notice the announcement of his late marriage in another column.

THE smokers now abandon their room during the hot days of this season, they having obtained permission to smoke under the branches of a certain wide spreading oak in front of Taylor Hall.

WE were pleased to receive a visit on the 3d instant, from Mr. Charles J. Patterson, a quondam member of '71. Since leaving Alma Mater he has been engaged in the jewelry business at Jackson, Mich.

THE Seniors have finished their commencement orations, and already we see thoughtful looking objects moving about under the shade of the oaks making gestures which are soon to be reproduced on the gymnasium stage.

WE received a letter from Mr. T. R. Sparrow a few days since. Mr. Sparrow was formerly of '70, and is now pursuing his studies preparatory to becoming a physician. His commendations of the MERCURY are acceptable to us at least.

RACE.—A horse race on the track adjoining the college grounds created considerable excitement on Saturday afternoon, 10th inst. We learn from an eye witness that the winning horse came out ahead. His testimony, however, needs confirmation.

HASH, the faithful, is likely to be supplanted by that bleached and hoary specimen of caninity appropriately named Pluto. He was formerly in the service of '70. May his tail (1-2 inch, actual measurement) never grow short by reason of curtailment. Alas!

Rev. Mr. Wadleigh, of Philadelphia, visited the College and preached on Sunday morning, 11th inst. Every one was delighted with the vigor and beauty of the sermon. We had the pleasure of listening to the fine singing of the Rev. gentleman.

JUNE BUGS.—June bug hunting seems to be a favorite amusement of our juvenile sportsmen over the way. Our friend Johnny is most successful, he having bagged fifteen in less than half an hour after tea, and it wasn't a very good evening for them.

THE '74's appeared for the first time in their new uniform on the day they tackled the Actives of Racine. The uniform is very handsome, although the monogram '74 on the shirt greatly resembles the lettering with which the Heathen Chinee is accustomed to ornament his tea chest.

PSALTER IN HARMONY.—Among other improvements which the energy of our Precentor is making in the music connected with the chapel service, is the singing of the Psalter in harmony. This long-wished-for change adds much to the already attractive music of our college chapel.

Mr. R. W. Grange of '68 was ordained to the Diaconate on Trinity Sunday by the Rt. Rev. Bp. McCoskry of the Diocese of Michigan officiating. Rev. Mr. Wadleigh of Germantown, Penn. preached the ordination sermon. We understand Rev. Mr. Grange will assume the duties of a parish at Jackson, Mich.

THE aberrations of the budding mind are truly wonderful and instructive. The sanguinary little sheet over the way, with all the pride consequent upon the first use of big words, taxes us with the employment of genius and the philosophy of Diogenes depicting the folly of wearing low down collars.—Alas, the times!

N. B.—We shall delay the next number of the MERCURY a few days so as to have an opportunity to insert complete and accurate programmes of the different exercises of commencement week. We intend to issue a supplement of four pages so as to have abundant space to report upon every thing which occurs near the close of the term.

OUR grammar school friends with a'll the enthusiasm characteristic of the period of youth, have gotten up a tidy little sheet entitled Grammar School Mercury. Its objects as far as we can learn are the total abolition of vice and a complete change in the system of orthography as at present taught. Their final cause is the suppression of the COLLEGE MERCURY.

CRICKET VS. BASE BALL.—After much unnecessary delay, arrangements have been made at last to allow the cricket material to be used by the students on other days besides those on which practice is obligatory. This change has already worked wonderful results, and if it had been made earlier in the season, cricket would now undoubtedly be the game of the college. Grammar Schoolists in particular are abandoning base ball and substituting therefor cricket. One bright Wednesday afternoon we counted no less than twelve scrub games of cricket, while we could see but a single game of base ball, and that was the practice of the College Nine.

If there be any truth in the statements of the daily press, the Racine College Nine will have abundant opportunities to display its skill in playing the national game before the close of the present session. We have observed, however, that the majority of the announcements have been made without the direction and sanction of our nine. Among other unauthorized statements the Chicago Tribune recently informed us that on the Fourth of July the Racine College Nine would play a match game for a silver ball, with the nine of the Northwestern University, at Evanston. This was news to us. We think Racine ought to have some voice in this matter. To prevent any mistake hereafter, we hereby state that the COLLEGE MERCURY is authorized to announce all games our nine will play. Moreover, our announcements may be relied upon for accuracy.

PERSONAL.—The base ball match in Chicago between the White Stockings and the College Nine was the occasion of a pleasant reunion of old Racine students who turned out in full force to witness the game. Among a large number of former college friends we had the pleasure of grasping the hands of the following: Henry McKey, Ira P. Bowen, Newton Lull, Alfred Sorensen, Clarence Fleetwood, Charles S. Hitchcock, William B. Ullmann and others.

The cricket match between the Nashotah Eleven and the College Eleven also brought a number of the Alumni to Alma Mater. We were pleased to see once more R. W. Grange, Geo. J. Prescott, E. H. Rudd, Richard Hayward, C. B. Champlin, W. J. Miller and Mr. Allan Woodle.

THE COLLEGE ELEVEN.—At a meeting of the Racine College Eleven, on Wednesday, May 24th, an entirely new Constitution was adopted. The Constitution is concise, and well adapted to the use of the club, and we hope it will not meet with the unknown fate of its many predecessors. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

President—F. S. GAULT.
Vice-President—F. P. DAY.
Secretary—W. K. DOAN.
Treasurer—F. O. OSBORNE.
Captain—G. S. MEAD.

ARBITRATION COMMITTEE.

G. S. MEAD, *ex officio* Chairman.
S. M. HUDSON.
F. P. DAY.

The President appointed the following members on the

MANAGING COMMITTEE.

S. M. HUDSON, Chairman.
W. K. DOAN.
O. H. SULLIVAN.

On Monday morning, the 29th ultimo, the College Nine contested a game with the Grammar School Nine, the former achieving an easy victory over their opponents. The batting of the College Nine was heavy and safe, although the fielding was not up to the usual standard of excellence.

We append the score.

COLLEGE NINE.		GRAMMAR SCHOOL NINE.			
O.	R.	O.	R.		
Osborne, s. s.	0	10	Sullivan, p.	3	2
Whitmore, l. f.	6	3	Taber, s. s.	3	1
Hudson, c.	3	6	Walker, 1st b.	3	1
McCreery, 2nd b.	2	7	Leckley, l. f.	3	1
Lightner, 3d b.	5	6	Resor, c.	1	2
January, 1st b.	2	8	Martin, c. f.	2	1
Benton, c. f.	1	8	Bennett, 3d b.	3	1
Day, r. f.	4	6	Strong, M. r. f.	4	0
Jones, p.	1	9	Clarkson, 2d b.	2	1
	24	63		24	10

Umpire—W. Tuell.
Scorer—F. S. Gault.

THE INVINCIBLE NINE.—An attempt was made not long since to get up a select nine, chiefly in the Grammar School, for the purpose of defeating the "College Nine." This organization was finally completed, and on Monday, the 5th inst., was "trotted out" to field under the name of the "Invincible Nine." We are unable to give the names of all its members, as we would like to do, for although they did not prove invincible, they did nevertheless play a most excellent game. Martin, H. at right field, Leckley at left field, and Resor, wherever he was needed, are especially worthy of praise. The College Nine will retain its prestige as long as such material is to be found in the College. The College Nine played its usual game, except in one instance. Benton fairly out did himself as a catcher. A scarred and veteran base ballist, who had travelled and consequently ought to know, was heard to declare that he had never before witnessed such dexterity.

At the end of the ninth innings the score stood 11 to 41 in favor of the College Nine. The "Invincibles" now rank next to the "College." Look out for your laurels, boys; we understand that a club is forming in the College, for your destruction.

The Princeton College Nine will start, June 28th, on an extended tour, going direct to Washington. Returning, they will play the principal professional Nines of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston; and the Yale, Harvard, Amherst, and Brown University Nines; and will play their last games with the New York Clubs.

At a regular meeting of the Philologist Society held May 31st, 1871, Messrs. W. D. Tilden and E. A. Bennett were expelled for non-payment of dues.

W. ELLWANGER, Sec'y.

MARRIED.

COMSTOCK—GOSS—At Trinity Church, Columbus, O., June 8th, 1871, by Rev. C. C. Tate, WILL T. COMSTOCK to HARRIET J. GOSS.

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Hudson

College Mercury.

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. IX.

RACINE COLLEGE, JULY 6, 1871.

No. 6.

A WOODLAND NOOK.

'Tis shady here; come sit you down
And view the pleasant scene;
How clear and cool those waters look.
The bank, how soft and green;
See yonder, in the meadow rich,
They wind their sparkling way,
And leap and dance o'er pebbles bright.
Where light and shadows play.

The woods are grand about us here.—
How close the tree tops twine:
Their summer dress great beauty adds.
To what was else sublime.
Then yonder trunk thrown o'er the brook—
Could human art add aught
Of grace or beauty to the works
Which Nature's hand has wrought?

Kind Flora too is lavish here.—
How pure that lily lies.
And tosses on the tiny waves
Which in the streamlet rise.
E'en so might natures pure above
Life's stormy surges ride.—
Ha! there too nestles "maiden's hair,"
Close by the water's side.

Here stands the showy "fleur-de-lis,"
And farther from the bank,
The "wild rose" sweet, and "columbine,"
And "dog-wood" tall and rank.
There where the pliant willows bend,
The rapid stream runs deep,
Where smooth as glass the water flows,
And silent shadows sleep.

Ah! here I've whiled full many an hour,
When sick of worldly schemes;
Where nature's hand has formed this hower,
Which with wild beauty teems;
And e'er my heart has lightened,
And care has fled away,
When in this quiet woodland nook,
I've spent a summer's day.

—WILLOW-WOOD.

THE CHOIR ABROAD.

GRAND PIC-NIC AT GENEVA LAKE.

Nothing in the monotonous routine of college life is more beneficial or acceptable to the student than to get out of sight of Alma Mater, and run wild for a day. Such an opportunity was afforded to the choir, on Monday, the 26th ult., by the kind invitation of Mrs. Shelton Sturges to a pic-nic, at her summer residence at Geneva Lake.

Early in the morning, after a hasty breakfast, the party, including, besides the choir, several substitutes (as the baseballists say), started for the depot. The "southerly wind

and cloudy sky" this time betokened a good ducking, but this did not seem to terrify the trebles, who are regular "canvas backs," nor the rest who cling affectionately to their umbrellas. The iron horse now came trotting along, and we were soon "rolling, reeling, rolling" toward that bourne whence no sensible traveler would ever wish to return. The journey was enlivened by jovial songs; and even hymns were sung to the great delight of a deaf and dumb old woman in the car, who seemed to take it all in at her fingers' ends. The country through which we passed was a constant source of pleasure, both to the lovers of beautiful nature, and to the scientific student; all of those charming rolling hills being entirely the work of the drift period.

Before the train reached Springfield, the sun shone out beautifully, and the angry looking clouds straightway skedaddled back to the care of Eolus.

Wagons and carriages were awaiting us at the depot, and those who chose seats with the ancient "Tiglath," soon knew what a rough road in the country is. The highly characteristic song of "slap, bang, hit 'em again," sprang simultaneously from every lip—a song that elicited much guttural applause from "Tiglath," causing him to expose his two stained ivories, a sight which amply compensated for the rats. As a Jehu, Tiglath was a teaser, and his horses evidently did not belong to the 19th century, because they did not believe in progress. The speed, however, afforded the greater opportunity for studying the botany of the country. If mother Earth was around, she must have had a *gay* old time, at the expense of apparent ignorance. We passed by broad acres of thriving lettuce, (Tiglath said it was corn, but nobody believed him,) and immense orchards of strawberry trees, upon whose branches hung the most tempting red peaches, which, to our indignation, "Tig" insisted upon calling cherries. We enquired anxiously for the *cow-tree* and the spreading "*banyan*," to which he innocently replied, that "that tree didn't grow in them parts," but "they had plenty of the original cow," and, as for Banyan, he was not acquainted with him. Old "Tig" was now fast losing his usual suavity, and was ripe for an explosion, when some one, pointing to a thicket of sumachs, asked him if those were not fig trees. He could stand it no longer, and once more exposing his coral reef, and darting a withering glance upon his intended victim, startled his passengers by vociferating, "Why, greeny, them's wild goose eggs." He was immediately "pecked." "Tig," in turn, now thought he could afford to "peck" the horses; he did so, and we sailed through the village, and up to Mrs. Sturges' picturesque little residence, singing our jolliest college songs.

The cordial greeting over, everybody, as if by natural attraction, scattered themselves around and over the lake. It is a lovely spot. Everyone was charmed by the beautiful sheet of water and its surrounding scenery. The lake is shaped like a boot, the leg being about eight miles long, the foot two and a half long, by three-quarters wide. Its greatest depth is unknown. All the bed-cords in the village have been brought to bear upon the central part, but no bottom was found. It is now generally believed to be without bottom, and that there is a central passage through it to China. If this be true, (and we do not doubt it.) it will be a shorter route to the East Indies than around the North Pole. We recommend it to Capt. Hall's consideration before he goes up among the icebergs.

At the foot of the lake, near what is called Big Toe Bay, is a gently rising knoll, and upon its summit rests the house presenting a very picturesque appearance. A more delightful retreat in summer, from the dust and the heat of city life, can not be found.

No pains had been spared by our kind host and hostess, to make the day one of unalloyed pleasure. There were amusements to suit the taste of each one,—foot-ball, base ball, croquet, fishing tackle, a charming stroll along the bank and out into the woods, and, above all, the crowning sport of all,—the boats. There were two sail boats, a life boat, and any number of smaller row boats. These were soon filled and sent skimming over the water. The nautical terms used in managing the sail boat were only equalled by the botanical language of the morning. "Brick" Pomeroy was elected captain, amid the clash of oars and calls for a speech. In reply to these demonstrations, the captain said that he was no orator, but meant business, and then, striking a nautical attitude, issued the following commands in sonorous tones: "Now, my jolly tars, down with the bowsprit, and up with the stars." "Reef the jib-boom." "Here, Jack, give me your telescope; take this pair of compasses and man the fore-top-mizzen mast, and yell ship ahoy." Jack declared he could not see through the compasses, whereupon the captain ordered him to be hung by his heels to the scuppers. The morning passed away but too quickly, and the trumpet sounded the *argumentum ad gastrum* for refreshments. Here we pause, and thump our editorial head for a description. We give it up, and ask the gentle reader to draw upon fancy for a picture of a beautiful grassy lawn, upon which long tables are spread beneath overhanging trees, and groaning under a precious burden of everything that is tempting to the appetite and pleasing to the eye; then picture to yourself a sinister looking artist, recklessly aiming his photographic cannon at this lovely scene from every possible focus, and you shall begin to grasp the idea. We will not pain the reader by a description of the work of devastation that then began. The capacity of the choir is well known, and you can fancy the havoc which they wrought. One of the most amusing features of the entertainment was the "blind attempt" to strike the cornucopia. Two fabulous cornucopias were pendant from trees at each end of the lawn. The victim was blindfolded, armed

with a croquet mallet, led away a short distance, required to turn around three times, march straight to the cornucopia and dash out its precious contents with the mallet. The victim of this cruel delusion generally hit *in cornu*. None but those who were full of all manner of "gags" succeeded in breaking the shell.

Swimming was on the programme for the afternoon, and the trebles were soon converted into veritable water rats. Ye who know no higher sport than to paddle about in that immense refrigerator, called Lake Michigan, know not what a good swim is. Lake Geneva alone can teach you that. In this healthful enjoyment the afternoon wore away, and it came time to take our reluctant departure from this demi-paradise.

At the ladies' request, the choir then gathered under the trees at the foot of the hill and sang several hymns, concluding by marching up the hill to the house, singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," which, as the progress of the Christian is generally up hill, was very suggestive. A hasty good-bye, accompanied with hasty thanks, was said, and we were hurried off to meet the train.

Thus ended a delightful day, that shall long be remembered by all those who were so fortunate as to participate in its joys. To the kind friends who bestowed upon us so much attention, and loaded us with so many good things, who spared no pains to make it a day of grateful recreation and solid enjoyment, too many thanks can not be returned.

NEW DINING HALL.

The new dining hall, which is to be erected shortly at an expense of nearly \$7,000, will occupy part of the empty space between Park and Kemper Halls, and indeed will be joined to Kemper Hall.

This is an improvement of which the College has long stood in need, and the accommodations which it will supply are becoming every day more necessary. The present dining hall is totally inadequate to meet the pressing requisites of coming years.

We are unable to give accurately the dimensions of the building, but they will probably be 35x100, and the main hall, we understand, will be 20 feet in height. Mr. Miller is the architect; the same who drew up the plan of Taylor Hall and the Chapel.

The funds necessary for the erection of the New Dining Hall were donated by leading Churchmen of Chicago and elsewhere, who have an interest in the growth and welfare of the College. Now, that the permanence of the College is beyond question established by a successful upward growth of over 15 years, her outward appearance will change every year; and, before a great while, we feel confident we shall be able to see an enlarged Chapel, and various other buildings which the continued increase in numbers absolutely demand.

The College is well known in the West, and its reputation is a truly enviable one. It is rapidly extending its influence to the East, and ere long we may hope to witness evidences of the liberality of eastern Churchmen.

Year after year many wealthy young men leave the

College, and their devotion is exhibited in various ways. They evidently feel a warm interest in their Alma Mater, and leave behind them many and sincere good wishes.

Now why could not some of them extend the boundaries of their affections, and include in the enlargement the promise of more substantial aid? We have often wondered and asked ourselves the question: why do not those old students, who are known to be wealthy, do something to show their thankfulness for what this College has bestowed upon them? The only answer which we can find is, that it proceeds from a lack of thoughtfulness. They see the College becoming every year more successful, every year extending further her influence, and they think, well my little would not aid much; Racine College is doing remarkably well and must be in possession of means. Aid so far has proceeded from the kindness and liberality of gentlemen who have a deep interest in the College, and we are sure that they will at no distant day be amply rewarded in witnessing a College surpassed by none in thoroughness, adaptability, and in the permanence of its success.

THE UMPIRE.

There is no character upon the campus that occupies a more critical position, nor one that has been more neglected by the pen of the reporter, than the umpire. To our mind, he has always appeared as an individual possessing the intensest interest. His position is one of grave responsibility, and few there be who are competent to fill it. The faculties which go to make up the character of the ideal umpire, are many and rare. His mind must be unbiased and without prejudice. He must be calm and self possessed. He must have a quick eye and a sound judgment. He must be prompt to give his decisions and firm to adhere to them. He must be a gentleman.

These are the qualities of the grave judge upon the bench, and these are qualities which shall recommend the aspiring umpire, who is so fortunate as to possess them, to a like position of high responsibility.

What better school of action could the ambitious young man choose, for the cultivation of those faculties, than the school of the umpire? There is something about our ideal umpire, as he stands erect, gavel in hand, intensely absorbed in the game before him, that always awakens enthusiastic admiration in our breast. He stands before us as the patient judge, proud in the consciousness of his own rectitude, surrounded by babbling critics and sensibly turning a deaf ear to their foolish and unkind remarks.

How few men are not actuated throughout their whole lives by what the world says! Our umpire learns to turn a deaf ear to these: he learns the important lesson of self reliance.

The old idea that any "stick" was fit to umpire, has long since been exploded, and there is now a demand for good umpires. We have one ideal umpire, but not more. There is plenty of good material for that position among our students and we desire to see it developed. He that desires the office of an umpire, desires a good thing; for it is an honorable office, a responsible office, and one which the best talent might grace with credit.

RACINE COLLEGE NINE AT EVANSTON.

THEY DEFEAT THE NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY NINE A SECOND TIME.

THE METHODISTS WHITEWASHED THE FIRST FIVE INNINGS SCORE 25 TO 11.

A BRILLIANT GAME.

In accordance with previous arrangements, on Saturday morning, the 1st inst., the College Nine departed for Evanston to play a return game with the Northwestern University Nine. They arrived at Evanston at 9.30 A.M., and were met at the Depot by members of the University Nine, who escorted them to a hotel, where the baggage was safely deposited. The remainder of the morning was pleasantly spent by the Racine students in examining the museum, library, society halls, civil engineering rooms, etc., of the handsome and commodious building of the Northwestern University. After dinner the College Nine, having donned their uniforms, walked about half a mile to the rough, soggy and uneven grounds, where the game began at two o'clock. Mr. C. H. Washburn, of the Racine Actives, umpired the game in an unexceptionably fair manner, and well deserved the warm commendation which was freely bestowed upon him by all parties. The game was carefully and brilliantly played by both sides, with no errors, up to the 6th innings; the Evanstons receiving in that time

FIVE CONSECUTIVE GOOSE EGGS.

while the College Nine scored 6 runs. At that stage of the game both Nines began to bat far more powerfully, which, together with a few fielding errors, caused the score to rapidly increase. It being at the close of the game 25 to 11 in favor of the Racine College Nine. Both Nines played excellently well, and the result of the game proves beyond question the marked superiority of the Racine College Nine, especially in batting. About 150 spectators were present, (sympathising Methodists we suppose) who loudly applauded the good plays of the home Nine and the poor plays of the Racine Nine. The game being over, and the superiority of the College having been fully established, we observed that the quondam vociferous applauders "preserved a religious silence." Space prevents us from commenting at length upon the individual plays of our own Nine. Jones and Benton passed the ball between them with the regularity and precision of clock work. Their playing together was never better. The other members of the Nine played well, especially Day, who sent a red-hot liner from right field to Doan at 1st base, putting out the batter. Several other unusually sharp and brilliant plays were also made. The College Nine returned on the 7.30 train, much pleased that a certain "boot which was to change its place" remained where it was first put, and where it will probably stay for all future time. We append the score.

RACINE.				EVANSTON.					
O	R	D	T	O	R	D	T		
Osborne, s. s.	3	3	2	2	Kimball, c.	3	1	1	1
Whitmore, c. f.	1	6	3	6	Collins, p.	4	1	2	2
Doan, 1st b.	3	2	3	3	Drake, 3d b.	3	2	0	0
McCreery, 2d b.	5	2	3	3	Lunt, 2d b.	3	1	0	0
Lightner, 3d b.	1	5	3	6	Cooper, s. s.	2	2	2	2
January, l. f.	3	2	1	1	Elmore, c. f.	4	1	1	1
Benton, c.	6	0	0	0	Gaines, l. f.	2	1	1	1
Day, r. f.	2	2	4	4	Healty, 1st b.	3	1	0	0
Jones, p.	3	3	1	1	Husted, r. f.	3	1	1	1
Total.	27	25	20	26	Total.	27	11	8	8
Innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
Racine.	3	2	0	0	1	7	9	1	2—25
Evanston.	0	0	0	0	0	5	2	3	1—11

Passed balls—Benton, 0; Kimball, 7. Wild pitches—Jones, 1; Collins, 6. Square Muffs—Racine, 4; Evanston, 7.
 Umpire—C. H. Washburn.
 Scorers—Racine, F. S. Gault; Evanston, G. Simmons.
 Time of game—2 1-2 hours.

ENTERTAINMENT.—The entertainment given by the Ladies, on Saturday evening, the 17th ult., was the best that they have yet given. Mrs. Bezo's singing was heartily applauded, as was also Mr. Dumet's fine elocution. Dr. Elmendorf's superior elocutionary powers were never displayed to greater advantage than in the speeches of Brutus and Mark Antony which he read on this occasion.

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, JULY 6, 1871.

EDITORS.

F. O. OSBORNE, T. W. McLEAN, H. C. DILLON.

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VALETE.

A LITTLE less than a year ago we were entrusted with the management of the MERCURY; and now our college days being over, we resign our charge to those who are to occupy our places, hoping that their success will be even greater than ours has been.

Although conducting a college paper is in the main a thankless and unremunerated task, nevertheless, in taking a hasty retrospect of our somewhat brief editorial career, we find so many pleasing incidents connected with it, that we by no means regret that our predecessors honored us with the position of quill-drivers for the MERCURY.

Our career has always been interesting, and occasionally highly exciting, because we have not hesitated to use a few of the privileges which characterize the press at large. Several times wrathful and gasconading individuals have threatened us with demolition, simply because we have conscientiously made use of our columns to censure the improper and unbecoming conduct of certain students. We are happy to state, however, that the difficulties and petty quarrels have, in every case, been settled in a friendly manner, and we also rejoice to say that at the present time we have not a single enemy among the large body of right minded and sensible students of this College, who have always approved and supported the measures we have taken.

We owe many thanks to Messrs. Burdick & Armitage, of Milwaukee, for the interest and care they have taken in the typographical appearance of the MERCURY, which vies with that of any college paper in the land. These gentlemen have always executed their work with neatness and despatch, and we recommend them to the consideration of those who desire to have printing done cheaply and in good style.

Our thanks are likewise due the generous merchants of Racine who have kindly assisted us by inserting their advertisements in our columns, and we trust the students will return the favour by liberally patronizing them.

Our subscribers, both among the professors and students, will please accept our thanks for the assistance they have rendered us in conducting the paper which represents our College to the world at large. We thank them for the warm commendation they have freely bestowed upon us for

the manner in which we have carried on the paper, and we are glad they are pleased with our efforts.

The MERCURY to-day is stronger, more influential, and better suited to its true object, than ever before in its history, if we accept as the test, the statements of the majority of our readers. Concerning the future of the MERCURY, we have to say that Mr. DILLON will probably have charge for the ensuing year. We have chosen to assist him, Messrs. LARRABEE and DOAN, students of known energy and ability; and we feel confident that, with such an efficient corps of editors, the future of the MERCURY will be even more glorious than the past.

But our college life is ended, and we must lay aside our quill. Again thanking every one for the generous assistance we have received, we, as editors of the MERCURY, bid you all a last—FAREWELL.

THE CONCLUDING MISSIONARY MEETING.

THE concluding missionary meeting of the term, which was held in the Library of Taylor Hall Sunday evening 18th ult., was by far the most interesting which has occurred for a long time. The exercises were of an unusually interesting character, and the reports bore the impress of care and industry. The essay was read by Mr. Osborne, and was plain, practical, and abounding in sound admonitions. The retrospective view which he opened was quite instructive, and gave opportunity for favorable comparisons.

Mr. Larrabee submitted an exceedingly interesting report, touching the condition, past, present and prospective, of the Mount Pleasant Missionary Station, under charge of Mr. Dillon and himself. He gave a graphic description of missionary work locally considered, and indulged in some pleasantries concerning circumstances which frequently arise in the course of one's career as a teacher in missionary schools. These were amusing, and appealed to the risibility of the audience.

Mr. Root read a report concerning the feasibility of a union with the Greek branch of the Church Catholic. The gentleman took a negative view, and though sincere and apparently fair, his remarks were based, in our opinion, on an obvious fallacy.

Mr. McLean read a report concerning the likelihood of a speedy union between the Swedish communion and our own. His remarks were based on an affirmative view, and were relative to the common grounds of faith and doctrine.

The meeting concluded with the singing of the Missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," which was sung with great heartiness and apparent fervor.

Those not directly members of the Society united in saying that the meeting was entirely satisfactory, and that it presented a pleasing contrast to those which had gone before in the course of the Term. Let us hope that the members will make strenuous and earnest efforts, at the opening of next Term, to infuse even greater vigor and new life into the Society's awakening frame. It has made rapid and cheering progress during the last year, but it is far from being up to the ideal standard. SOCIUS.

College Mercury---Supplement.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK, JULY 8th TO 13th, 1871.

SATURDAY, JULY 8.

First Concert of Classical Music

GIVEN BY THE

Philharmonic Society

OF

RACINE COLLEGE,

July 8th, 1871.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- | | |
|---|------------|
| 1. Andante from the Fifth Symphony. | BEETHOVEN. |
| Organ and Piano. | |
| 2. Sixth Air Varié. | DEBERIOT. |
| Violin and Piano. | |
| 3. Ballad—"We met by chance." | RÜCKEN. |
| Mrs. HINSDALE. | |
| 4. Introduction and Variations on a Waltz of Beethoven's. | |
| Violincello and Piano. | KUMMER. |
| 5. "Spinners Lied." "Rienzi" | WAGNER. |
| Orchestra. | |

PART II.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Serenade. | C. SAINT SAËNS. |
| Orchestra. | |
| 2. Tenth Sonata. | MOZART. |
| Violin and Piano. | |
| Miss HOY and Prof. HAPP. | |
| 3. Aria—"Per Pietà." | BEETHOVEN. |
| Mrs. HINSDALE. | |
| 4. Grand Trio in C. First Movement. | REISIGER. |
| Violin, V'Cello and Piano. | |
| Miss HOY and Prof. HAPP. | |
| 5. "Il Mio Tessoro." "Don Giovanni." | MOZART. |
| Clarinet and Piano. | |
| 6. Coronation March. "Il Prophète." | MEYERBEER. |
| Orchestra. | |

SUNDAY, JULY 9.

Baccalaureate Sermon

Will be preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop ARMITAGE, of Wisconsin, in St. Luke's Church, Racine, at 11 A. M., Sunday, July 9th.

MONDAY, JULY 10.

SOCIETY DAY.

MONDAY, JULY 10, 1871, 3 P. M.

Clionian Society. - - - Philologian Society.

PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY SONG.

"Surgam."

Though feebly sound our voices
In Philologia's praise.
Though weak are our endeavors
Her glory now to raise.
We feel and know the future
Shall tell a different tale.
When "Surgam" is accomplished
Through no such word as fail.

The clouds our sky may cover
Till naught of light we see.
But still we've faith to hope in
Our Philo's brilliancy.
The sun more bright arises
From blackest clouds of night.
So she, through trouble's shadow,
Sheds forth a richer light.

"Surgam!" she cries to each of us.
In fullness of her might.
"Surgam" through every evil
To lead her children right.
"Surgam," respond our voices.
Though clouds o'ertop our way.
"Surgam!"—our heart rejoices
To rise with cloudless ray.

ADDRESS.

F. P. DAY, President Clionian Society.

MUSIC.

CORONATION MARCH, from *Le Prophète*, MEYERBEER.

PHILOLOGIAN MISCELLANY.

W. K. DOAN, Editor.

EXTEMPORE SPEECH.

By any member of either Society whom the Moderator shall appoint.

MUSIC.

QUARTETTE, from *Rigoletto*, VERDI.

POEM.

C. H. CHAMPLIN, Philologian Society.

MUSIC.

BATTI BATTI, from *Don Juan*, MOZART.

CLIONIAN MISCELLANY.

HERBERT ROOF, Editor.

MUSIC.

DER FRIEDENSBOIE, from *Rienzi*, WAGNER.

ORATION.

The Rev. M. C. LIGHTNER.

CLIONIAN SOCIETY SONG.

Vitam Impendere Veram.

Clionia, we sing to thee.
Our glory and our pride;
Thy banner bright we proudly raise,
And rally by thy side.

CHORUS—Then rally, brothers, rally,
In heart and purpose one;
Clionia shall be the pride
Of every loyal son.

Clionia, we sing to thee,
And pledge thee here, to-night,
Ourselves, a firm united host,
To battle for the right.

CHORUS—Then rally, brothers, rally, &c.

Clionia, may future sons
Thy fame and glory spread,
Advancing with undaunted step,
The path of duty tread.

CHORUS—Then rally, brothers, rally, &c.

Clionia, thy stars shall rise
With pure, benignant ray,
Still shining with a clearer light
Unto the perfect day.

CHORUS—Then rally, brothers, rally, &c.

TUESDAY, JULY 11.

Karrabee Prize Exhibition.

TUESDAY, JULY 11TH, 1871, 11 A. M.

CLASS OF '72.

"Cor unum. Via una."

PROGRAMME.

ORATION—

The Age of Intellectual Revolutions, . . . F. P. DAY.

ORATION—

The March of Civilization, . . . H. C. DILLON.

ORATION—

The German Triumph, . . . W. LANDON.

ORATION—

Darwinism, . . . R. PARK.

The exhibition will conclude with an exercise in Reading.

YALE graduates 103 students this year, Michigan University 62, and Amherst 58.

ONE of the editors lately elected on the *Cornell Era* acts as a waiter in one of the college dining-halls.

THE *Chronicle* publishes the history, poem and oration which formed a part of the exercises of '71's class-day.

CLASS DAY is observed at almost all colleges, and seems to grow more popular with students every year.

MEMPS, measles, and whooping cough is what's the matter with the students of Albion College.—*Harvard Advocate*.

Class Day Exercises.

"Ariston Metron."

RACINE COLLEGE,

TUESDAY, JULY 11TH, 9 P. M.

Class of '71.

F. O. OSBORNE, President.

J. L. JANUARY. W. C. McCREERY.

L. L. JOHNSON. T. W. McLEAN.

M. C. LIGHTNER. J. B. WINSLOW.

Order of Exercises.

President's Address, F. O. OSBORNE.
Selections from Class History, M. C. LIGHTNER.
Poem, T. W. McLEAN.

Planting the Ivy.

Ivy Oration, J. L. JANUARY.
Cradle Oration, W. C. McCREERY.
Prophecy, J. B. WINSLOW.
Transfer of Senior Hat to '72, L. L. JOHNSON.
Response of '72, R. PARK.

CLASS SONG—'71.

Words by T. W. McLEAN.
(Music by W. C. McCREERY.)

Come brothers, now, of Seventy-one,
And join in parting chorus;
Our college life is almost done,
The world is now before us;
And tho' our hearts, perchance, be sad
For joys we leave behind us,
Yet future scenes must make them glad,
Must make their chords sonorous.

Our hand is small; our hearts are one:
Our deeds must prove hereafter.
In that great battle to be won
Upon the World's arena,
That Alma Mater ne'er shall feel
That we, her sons, are fearful,
For with her arms more stout than steel,
We'll enter conflicts cheerful.

"Ariston Metron" is our cry:
 May it be e'er the measure
 To try our every action by,
 To curb unlawful pleasure:
 The "golden mean" is ever safe,
 And tho' its rule seem lowly,
 Yet Time shall bring the "golden sheaf"
 Full surely, e'en if slowly.

So brothers, now, of Seventy-one
 Come join in parting chorus:
 A peaceful life is almost done,
 A harsh one lies before us.
 A mingled feeling claims our hearts,
 One formed of joy and sorrow;
 The sorrow for stern fate that parts
 Our destinies to-morrow.

Entertainment by the Ladies' Aid Society.

TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 11, 1871,

	OVERTURE.
READING.	SONG.
	TABLEAU.
SONG.	RECITATION.
	TABLEAU.
SONG.	TABLEAU.
	TABLEAU.
SONG.	READING.

We are indebted to the editors of the *University Reporter* for a copy of the catalogue of Iowa State University. Total number of students at that institution. 447.

Our exchanges come to us filled with the announcements of commencement exercises, which are taking place at the majority of the collegiate institutions of the land.

Is that typographical affair which represents Griswold College, Davenport, Iowa, defunct? We cannot imagine what in the world has become of it, unless it has gone where the woodbine twineth.

THE President of Columbia College has reported to the Trustees the names of four Professors, who, in his opinion, are not performing satisfactorily the duties imposed upon them.—*Ex.*

MISS FRANCES WILLARD, president of the female college in Evanston, Ill., thinks the true idea of a woman's education will include croquet and calculus, tatting and Telemachus, Homer and home.

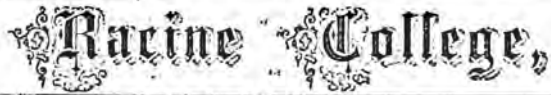
SEVERAL of the newspapers having perpetrated jokes on the travels and exploits of *Sic Transit* whom *Nihil fit* and *noctes* head off, the *Tale Courant* retorts as follows: "O, *unum* sculls! You *dammum* sculls. He didn't either. *Sic Transit* drove a *tu pone tandem temover* from the Mrs. eastward. He is visiting his *ante Die Terra*, in this *cite*, and will remain till *ortem*. Dr. *Dignos*, the *Terris* likewise, *et super* with us last evening, when he *et a beta pi*. The pugilist also *cum* with him. He *lambda* man badly in the street. He *cutis nos* off, and *noct em flat urua* flounder.—*Ex.*

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12.

Presentation of the Cricket Cups to the winning Clubs,
 10 A. M.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

—OF—



WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1871,

2.30 P. M.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

- MARCH.
- PRAYER.
- MUSIC.
- LATIN SALUTATORY—
- The Philosophy of Plato. THOMAS W. MCLEAN.
- ORATION—
- Unity in Nature, MILTON C. LIGHTNER.
- MUSIC.
- ORATION—
- The Effect of Railways upon Civilization
 and Property, JESSE L. JANUARY.
- ORATION—
- The Influence of the Study of Science
 upon the Mind, LUDWELL L. JOHNSON.
- MUSIC.
- ORATION—
- Our Political Institutions. WAYMAN C. MCCREERY.
- ORATION—
- The Price of Liberty, JOHN B. WINSLOW.
- READING OF THE ELMENDORF PRIZE ESSAY.
- MUSIC.
- AWARDING OF PRIZES AND PRESENTATION OF MEDALS.
- CONFERRING OF DEGREES.
- MUSIC.
- VALEDICTORY ORATION— FRANK O. OSBORNE.
- BENEDICTION.
- MARCH.

Warden's Reception and Class Party. 8 p. m.

The *Southern Collegian* has the "Heathen Chinee" dished up in Latin. We insert a specimen vers.

"Which I wish to remark—
 And my language is plain—
 That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The Heathen Chinee is peculiar,
 Which the same I would rise to explain."
 Quod volo narrare,
 Et simplicibus verbis—
 In coeptis obscuris
 Et dolis protervis
 Stat solus Paganus Sinensis:
 Et hoc enarrabo his verbis.

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 13.

Dulce Domum.

THE GAME ON THE FOURTH.

CAPTURE OF THE RUSTICS.

THE ELKHORN CLUB DEFEATED BY THE COLLEGE NINE, TO THE TUNE OF 38 TO 7.

THE RACINE COLLEGE NINE, WITHOUT THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT, CHAMPIONS OF WISCONSIN AND THE WESTERN COLLEGES.

A LOP-SIDED "MILL."

The last game with the Evanstons gave the Championship of the Colleges in the west to the College Nine of Racine. On the Fourth of July—that day on which our five fathers fought, died and bled for the Union, and signed the Declaration of Independence—the College Nine tackled the Centrals of Elkhorn, and got away with them to the above-mentioned tune. The game was virtually decided in the first innings, in which the College rolled up the discouraging score of 15. During the game the Elkhorns only succeeded in getting in 7 runs, scarcely any of which were duly earned. The Elkhorns claimed the Championship of the State, we believe, hence the Collegians may justly claim that proud title, and add it to their already cumbrous bunch of laurels. We have not the requisite space at our disposal to notice very particularly the individual plays, either at the bat or in the field. Whitmore did some of his tremendous pounding, and had to get in a home run. Doan rolled up the largest score, and did it by legitimate and brilliant batting. Jones and Benton displayed their usual admirable chronometer-like performance, and passed the ball almost without error. Day deserves mention for his foul bound on right, which was gobbled *a la mode*; and "Lit" did likewise on 3d. But all did excellently, and comparisons can hardly be drawn without seeming invidious. The 2d baseman and the out-fielders of the Rurals did admirably. They will not succeed as base-ballists, however, until they secure a faster pitchist.

This is the last game the College Nine will ever play together, as it is at present compounded. Four of its members belong to '71, and leave in a few days. As a Nine, they have been faithful, obedient, and, in excellence of play, unrivaled by any amateur club in the West, we can justly and safely say.

We append the score:

RACINE.				CENTRAL.					
	r	b	e		r	b	e		
Osborne, s. s.	4	5	4	Harrington, c.	3	1	0		
Whitmore, c. f.	3	5	5	Simmons, 2d b.	1	0	2		
Doan, 1st b.	2	6	4	Wincer, s. s.	4	0	0		
McCreery, 2d b.	3	3	3	Durthek, W. 3d b.	4	1	1		
Lightner, 3d b.	3	3	3	Norton, p.	3	1	0		
January, l. f.	6	2	3	Norris, c. f.	1	2	2		
Benton, c.	3	5	2	Durthek, J. 1st b.	5	1	0		
Day, r. f.	2	5	5	Sanborn, l. f.	3	0	1		
Jones, p.	1	4	6	Merrick, r. f.	3	1	0		
Total.	27	38	35	Total.	27	7	6		
Innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
Racine.	15	1	4	0	4	5	7	0	2—38
Elkhorn.	0	1	1	0	2	1	0	0	1—7

Umpire—Mr. C. H. Washburn, of the Racine Athletics.
 Scorer for College—F. S. Gault.
 Time of game—1 hour and 50 minutes.
 Number of spectators—between a thousand. (?)

The Yale Seniors have reversed the usual order of things; and, instead of the Freshmen, have themselves voted to wear a "uniform," consisting of a white beaver hat and rattan cane.

THE GAME OF CRICKET.

OVERTHROW OF THE BADGER 1st ELEVEN.

DEFEATED BY A SCORE OF 67 TO 66.

WHICH THE SAME WE WOULD RISE TO EXPLAIN."

CLOSE AND EXCITING.

The annual contest for the Clarkson cup between the Badger and Clarkson 1st elevens, on Thursday the 29 ultimo, resulted in a well earned victory for the latter club. The fielding of the Clarksons in the 1st innings was sharp and brilliant. The two members of the editorial corps distinguished themselves severally by an elegant catch, McLean taking a hot liner direct from a Badger bat, on Long stop, and Osborne taking a wonderful ball which was missed by another fielder. We must not fail to mention Mr. Harry Simon for his splendid play as wicket keeper. Harry is a young player and this is his first contest; next year he will be one of the leading wicket keepers of the College. There were some good plays also on the Badger side, but that which deserves special mention is the long stopping of Quil Jones. It was simply unexceptionable. A synopsis of the batting would show Mr. Hudson's to be by far the surest and most scientific, as was also his bowling. Messrs. McCreery and Doan on the Badger side did excellently well, the former winning the Badger bouquet. The defeat of the Badgers was indubitably owing to their overweening confidence, while the characteristics of their opponents were coolness and determination. This victory for the Clarksons shows that their star is again in the ascendant, and is, probably, a precursor of another long series of victories. Badgers were editors of the Mercury last year as we all remember. We append the score:

CLARKSONS.				BADGER.			
1ST INNINGS.		2D INNINGS.		1ST INNINGS.		2D INNINGS.	
Spalding.	2	run out	Spalding.	7	b x Sullivan	9	
Osborne.	5	b x Sullivan	Osborne.	0	st x Day	5	
Lightner.	12	not out	Lightner.	2	b x Mead	14	
Hudson.	21	b x Mead	Hudson.	0	b x Mead	21	
McLean.	0	c x Doan	McLean.	2	not out	2	
Woodle.	3	b x Mead	Woodle.	2	b x Mead	5	
Doe.	0	c x Jones	Doe.	0	b x Sullivan	0	
Leekley.	1	c x McCreery	Leekley.	0	b x Mead	1	
Morrall.	1	b x Sullivan	Morrall.	1	c x Rowe	2	
Simon.	0	b x Mead	Simon.	1	b x Mead	1	
Whitmore.	1	b x Mead	Whitmore.	0	b x Mead	1	
Byes.	3		Byes.	3		6	
Total.	49		Total.	18		67	

BADGER.				CLARKSONS.			
1ST INNINGS.		2D INNINGS.		1ST INNINGS.		2D INNINGS.	
Day.	2	b x Hudson	Day.	2	b x Woodle	4	
Doan.	1	c x Morrall	Doan.	8	c x Whitm'e	9	
Rowe.	0	c x Simon	Rowe.	5	c x Woodle	5	
Sullivan.	2	c x Doe	Sullivan.	5	b x Woodle	7	
Mead.	2	c x Hudson	Mead.	3	b x Hudson	5	
Lockwood, C.	0	run out	Lockwood.	2	run out	2	
McCreery.	1	c x McLean	McCreery.	16	not out	17	
Jones.	0	c x Woodle	Jones.	4	b x Hudson	4	
Walker, O.	0	not out	Walker, O.	2	b x Hudson	2	
Benton.	0	b x Hudson	Benton.	1	c x Lightner	1	
Scott.	0	c x Osborne	Scott.	1	st x Simon	1	
Byes.	5		Byes.	4		9	
Total.	13		Total.	53		66	

Umpires—Messrs. Wm. Sturges and Larrabee.
 Scorers—Messrs. M. Strong and Barnum.
 Number of spectators present, less than 5,000.
 Amount of Badger wrath=x.

VESTMENTS.

BISHOPS' ROBES, UNDERGRADUATES' GOWNS, HOODS, SURPLICES, STOLIS, BANDS, CRAVATS,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES IN VESTMENTS MADE BY THE

"LADIES' AID SOCIETY, OF RACINE COLLEGE."

Notice will be sent of the required measurements upon receipt of orders. Material and Work warranted. Reference is made to the Rev. JAMES DE KOVEN, D.D., Warden of Racine College. Address Mrs. C. H. FRANKLIN, Racine College, Racine, Wis.

LOCAL.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North to 41	A.M. 12 08	P.M. 7 27	P.M.
Going South 7 31	A.M. 1 58	P.M. 4 48	P.M.
Going West 8 00	A.M. 7 30	P.M.		

NOTICE.—I will be at Racine Junction with tickets to all points East, West and South, July 13th. All parties going beyond Chicago will find it to their interest to buy their tickets of me. I will furnish free Omnibus tickets through Chicago to all who buy through tickets. Rates guaranteed low as Chicago.

W. S. MELLEEN, Ag't,
C. & N. W. R. R.

The Grammar School *Mercury* is defunct.
The Seniors have finished the annuals, and will never be obliged to tackle another lot.

The Seniors have almost unanimously voted to sacrifice their beards during commencement. 'Tis sad.

'71's Ivy is the healthiest and strongest of the many class creepers which climb up the chapel sides.

The refreshing showers which have lately fallen in this vicinity, have made the crops look very promising.

Two bells have been added to the college chronometer, for the purpose of striking the quarter and half hours.

On Thursday night, the 29th ult., the members of the College Nine were treated to a collation at the expense of the Warden.

There is a prospect of having the Commencement exercises in the open air this year, as the weather is already very hot, and still heating.

The Badger second nine defeated the Clarkson second nine on Saturday, the 1st inst. No one has furnished us with a score, so we are unable to insert it.

The racing park immediately south of the College grounds has been much improved lately, and its importance much enhanced by the addition of a fine base ball ground.

NOTICE.—Those of the students who wish to have their rooms beautifully kalsomined, should see Gad Crook at once, and he can attend to them during vacation. He has some new colors and tints, and will be sure to give satisfaction.

The Juniors, according to usual custom, have charge of trimming and arranging the gymnasium for the commencement exercises. We hope they will exert themselves to decorate it as tastefully and beautifully as possible.

We visited the establishment of Messrs. Burdick & Armitage, in Milwaukee, a few days since, and everything displayed the utmost neatness. We saw several elegant specimens of workmanship turned out by them. We would recommend them to all for neatness, elegance, despatch, and last, but by no means least, for cheapness.

We wish to direct the attention of our readers to programme in another column, of the last entertainment this session of the Ladies' Aid Society. Extensive preparations are making, and we understand the exercises will be of an interesting character. We hope the students will do their utmost to make the entertainment a financial success.

"'TIS PASSING STRANGE!"—Everything and everybody seems to have run mad on match games. The latest match contemplated, is to be played between the picked nines from the Philologistian and Clionian Societies. When literary bodies are so far gone, that ambition to excel in the field of disputation, is supplanted by the base desire for conquest on the field of base-ball, it is fitting for us to exclaim with Cicero: *O tempora, O mores!*

"THE INVINCIBLE NINE".—On Monday, the 19th ult., the "Freshman Nine" attempted to crush the invincibles, but, alas! that we must record it! they were themselves ingloriously defeated; the score being 25 to 50 in favor of the "Invincibles."

The Freshman did not play their best by any means, and misfortune seemed to attend all their efforts. The Invincibles never played better, and, elated with success as the game progressed, shelled out the Freshies in the most professional style. We contemplate the rise and progress of those youthful "Red-Stockings" with admiration, and wish them abundant glory. The Freshman need not despair, however; on second trial, we are confident they will retrieve their loss.

DYING.—We were informed by a jubilant Fresh, who is remarkable for his veracity, that old "Latham," of the English Department, is fast approaching his latter end. "Latham" otherwise known as "abomination of desolation," has clung to the Freshies for a whole year, like a galling boil. They could not ride him, for a pony to "Latham" has never been found; so "Latham" rode them, and has given them a harder ride than could the old man who rode Sinbad.

Extensive preparations are making for his burial, and dead or alive, he is to be hurried under the sod at an early day. The following inscription is to grace his head-board:

HIC JACET LATHAMUS:
SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS:
SCHLAFEN SIE WOHL.

CLIONIAN SUPPER.—The members of the Clionian Society partook of a strawberry and ice-cream supper on the evening of the 28th ult., and the whole affair was a complete success. The evening was passed pleasantly in eating, singing, and some attempts were made at toasting; but, as some one facetiously remarked, *dry toast* was unpalatable. All the old members among the tutors, and all who had from time to time been connected with the society, were invited, so that the affair partook of the character of a reunion. No extraordinary feats were performed by those at the table; but a prodigy outside was furnished with the wherewithal who actually succeeded in getting away with eight (8) dishes of ice-cream and five (5) dishes of strawberries, and it wasn't a very good night for eating either. This is the first attempt that Clionia has made in the way of suppers, and we hope its success may prove a warrant for future affairs of the same stamp.

SECOND ELEVEN MATCH.—On Monday, the 3d inst., the Second Elevens played their annual match for the DeKoven Cup, the result of which is we are compelled to chronicle a victory for the Badgers. Lack of space prevents us from inserting a complete score of the game, which proved to be quite exciting throughout. The wicket having been slipped, the Badgers were sent to bat, which they soon resigned for only 36 runs, 17 of which were made by Gault. Nicholson's bowling was so difficult to manage that not a tally was scored from it. The Clarksons went to bat, but were soon put out for 32 tallies; the Reds 4 ahead on even innings. The ground animals then went in for their last innings, and succeeded in tallying 52 runs. The Blues grasped the willow, having 56 to make to be even. By dint of skillful play, they succeeded in enlarging the score until the last man was put out, when the Badgers were declared victors by only 6 runs. The Rev. Arthur Piper, a veteran Clarkson, who has not handled a bat for a number of seasons, distinguished himself on this occasion by making the 15 runs, the largest score on his side. We presume he received a bouquet for his success. The usual amount of enthusiasm was displayed by the Badger ladies.

On Friday afternoon, the 30th ult., the fourth nines, Badger and Clarkson, played their annual match for the possession of the silver cup. The young Badgers easily gained the victory, the score standing, at the end of the sixth innings, 31 to 15 in their favor. The juvenile players appeared on the campus arrayed in

handsome uniforms, and their Lilliputian movements were watched with intense interest by the spectators. Among other fine plays, we noticed a brilliant catch and double play by Helfenstein at 3d base. Masters Brooke and Evans made the best scores for their respective sides. Crossdale, at short, made a fine catch.

Below is the score:

CLARKSON.		O	R	BADGER.		O	R
Brooke, s. s.	0	4	Rumsey, T. c.	4	3		
Millet, c. f.	3	1	Campbell, p.	1	4		
Calhoun, 1st b.	3	1	Crossdale, s. s.	2	4		
Small, A. c.	1	2	Hall, E. 1st b.	1	4		
Smith, p.	2	1	Evans, 2d b.	3	2		
Barker, l. f.	2	2	Kings-bury, 3d b.	1	5		
Sturges, W. r. f.	2	2	Bailey, l. f.	1	4		
Helfenstein, 3d b.	3	1	Sturges, H. c. f.	2	3		
Brockway, 2d b.	2	1	Layton, r. f.	3	2		
	18	15		18	31		

On Wednesday afternoon the 25th ultimo, the first nines Badger and Clarkson contested their first annual game for the possession of the Quintard cup. Those who assembled with the expectation of witnessing a sharp game were sadly disappointed, as the match proved to be a "jug-handle" affair throughout. A few brilliant catches were made in the field by Leekley and Safford; in other respects, however, the game was characterized by muffs, wild throws and fumbling of grounders. The Badgers secured an easy victory, as is shown by the following score:

CLARKSON.		O	R	BADGER.		O	R
Oshorne, 1st b.	2	3	January, l. f.	2	7		
Woodle, c.	3	3	Gault, r. f.	3	5		
Hudson, 2d b.	1	4	McCreery, 2d b.	3	5		
Leekley, l. f.	3	2	Safford, c. f.	5	3		
Whitmore, c. f.	2	3	Day, s. s.	2	6		
Starbuck, s. s.	4	2	Resor, 3d b.	3	5		
Richmond, p.	4	2	Doan, 1st b.	2	6		
Morrall, r. f.	4	2	Benton, c.	2	6		
Lightner, 3d b.	1	3	Jones, p.	2	6		
Total.	24	24	Total.	24	49		

Umpire—W. M. Tuell.

Scorers—W. C. Edwards and Wm. Sturges.

On Wednesday, the 21st inst., a match game of base ball was played between the "Sophomores" and a picked nine from the collegiate department, which resulted in a victory for the "Sophs;" the score being 24 to 28 in their favor. At the end of the 4th innings the score stood 3 to 19 in favor of the picked nine, but as soon as Benton was restored to his former position as catcher, the table was turned, and for the remaining five innings they only secured five tallies. The playing of Day, as catcher of the picked nine, and Doan, first base, of the Sophomores, were especially worthy of notice. It is but justice to the picked nine, however, to say that three of their best men were away, whilst the "Sophomores" had both the pitcher and catcher of the "College Nine."

PRIZE SPORTS.

The Rumsey prize, \$10, for best game of cricket, was contended for by picked Elevens from Park and Kemper Halls; Walker, O, captain of Park Hall Eleven, with Rumsey, J. M. and Mead as bowlers, and Hough, captain of Kemper Hall, with himself and Resor as bowlers. The game was spirited, and by far the best played on the campus during the morning. Park Hall was much the stronger Eleven, but, notwithstanding, the Kemper secured a hard-earned victory of seven runs, the score being 55 to 62 in their favor. We were particularly pleased with the playing of Rumsey, Leekley and Calhoun.

The second prize was given by Mr. John DeKoven: \$15, to be contended for by the Sophomore and Freshman Nines. The game was poorly played on both sides, and resulted in a victory for the Freshmen, the score being 45 to 33 in their favor. We think the game was lost to the Sophs by the wretched throwing of one or two of their number. Caldwell, of '73, made the most runs, and Safford, of '73, the best score. We greatly admired

their gentlemanly umpire, Mr. Windsor, of the "Elkhorns," whose equal we have rarely, if ever, seen.

The third prize was also given by Mr. John DeKoven: \$10 for best game of base ball in the Middle School. This also was a slow and tedious game, running up the enormous score of 74 to 63 in favor of "Brooke's Nine." The Spirit of '76 did not seem to aduate base ball to-day; had it not been for the College Nine the National game would have had to lower its flag before the British cricket.

After tea, commenced the foot, bag and wheelbarrow races.— First foot race was confined to the Grammar School, and prizes of \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00 and 50 cents were offered for the first, second, third and fourth best. They were won by Hawley, Resor, Martin, H. and Martin, F. Second trial, with same prizes, was confined to the College, and Richmond, Day, Morrall and Bump were the winners. The wheelbarrow and bag races were the most amusing sports of the day. Many attempts were made to strike the tree, but none succeeded except Mr. Benton. He made the first attempt, and ran the wheelbarrow right into it. The bag races were four in number. Any quantity of Grammarians were securely bagged, and started off in this breakneck business. The prizes were won by Scott, Doan, Crossdale and Wright (alias Hash).

PERSONAL.

Mr. C. B. Champlin of '70 has been with us once more.

Mr. Henry McKey, of '67, has gone to Europe for the benefit of his health.

Mr. Geo. S. McReynolds, of '72, spent Sunday with us last week. He is now in business at Peoria, Illinois.

Mr. Burr Kneeland, formerly of this College, whom many will remember, is engaged in the wholesale tobacco business in Milwaukee. We met him a few days since while at Milwaukee, and found that the preparation of the "noxious weed" for the purposes of general mastication did not seem to be making any sensible inroads upon his constitution. He sends greeting to all his former "bummers."

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Cornwell, our energetic and obliging Curator, is soon to sever his connection with the College. He does not return next term. We desire to add our valedictory tribute to his qualities of head and heart. As a man, we have ever found Mr. Cornwell genial, kind hearted and ready to oblige; while in discharging the duties connected with his office we have ever found him energetic, firm and affable, as often as we have come in contact with him. We are well assured that all will join with us in good will towards him. May he be eminently successful in the new and enlarged sphere upon which he is soon to enter, and may he be happy in his selection of a partner.

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College Mercury.

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT,"

VOL. X.

RACINE COLLEGE, SEPT. 30, 1871.

NO. 1.

LOVE THYSELF.

In an old and well worn volume
Which has long lain on the shelf,
Underscored by some past reader
Is the message "Love Thyself;"
And full oft, when comfort seeking,
O'er its pages brown I pore,
Midst the many words there written
There are none which please me more.

At first sight, 'tis true, this message
May to all seem scarcely clear,
For conceit seems born of "self-love,"
And vain pride hovers near;
But to one whose careful vision
Can decide 'twixt wrong and right,
Vain pride ne'er sprung from such a source
More than darkness comes from light.

"Love thyself;" but be not sparing
Of thy love toward others too,
For 'tis written "love thy neighbor,"
In a volume old and true;
But love thyself so fondly
That what e'er partakes of sin,
Though constantly about thee,
May find no entrance in.

A sister or a mother
Claims thy arm in her distress,
And a coward, only, dallies
When a loved one needs redress;
Yet meanwhile the greatest evils
To thyself are daily wrought,
All unlooked for, or uncare'd for—
Is thine own good held at naught?

Bear it not! It does but shame thee
In thine own and others' eyes,
To defend thy neighbor's honor
When thine own all trampled lies.
When 'twas written "Love thy neighbor,"
"As thyself" was added too,
Yet how many love their neighbors,
But themselves, alas! how few.

WILLOW-WOOD.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Sunday, the 9th day of July, and the first day of Commencement week, dawned cloudy; but soon proved warm and sultry enough to satisfy the most cold-blooded.

The exercises of Commencement week began as usual with the Baccalaureate Sermon, and the service at St. Luke's Church, with the annual walk in procession to the city.

The services this morning were rendered better, we think, than ever before on similar occasions. The Choir and Clergy assembled and robed in the little chapel back of the church, and then marching around to the front door, entered the church singing a processional. The anthem "In

Jewry is God Known," which followed later in the service, was beautifully sung. The sermon, preached by our own much loved Bishop, then followed, and all were struck with its beauty, and peculiar fitness for the occasion. The service closed with the beautiful recessional, "Jerusalem, my happy Home."

JULY 10TH.—On Monday afternoon the society exercises were held. The societies, in our opinion, failed to do themselves the credit that it was hoped they would. With only one or two exceptions, those who took part in the literary exercises did their parts with too little animation, so as to render a great deal of the reading and speaking inaudible to those sitting in the back seats.

The Clionian Miscellany showed bad taste in the selections read. There was hardly a line of prose or verse in it that did not tumble into the broad subject of Holy Matrimony, before coming to an end; as if the presence of ladies in the audience was seized upon as a favorable opportunity for exhausting that delicious subject. We think if we had been a woman we would hardly have applauded it.

The Philologian Miscellany displayed as much wit, and more taste.

The oration before the societies, by the Rev. M. C. Lightner, of Detroit, was as eloquent as anything we have heard.

JULY 11TH.—On Tuesday morning the Junior class contended for the Larrabee prize. The exercises were quite short, as there were but four to take part in them. The reading was good, and the orations well written, though delivered without enough animation and gesture. The Warden announced at the close of the exhibition, that the prizes would be awarded on Commencement day.

In the afternoon, the class day exercises took place. The platform was erected near the robing room of the chapel; and the crowded seats in front of it testified to the interest that is so generally felt in Class Day.

The great pleasure that always rewards the listening to these closing exercises of the graduating class, is all owing to the interest and energy which the class itself shows in preparing them. Never before have the different parts been better prepared by those to whom they were allotted, nor have the exercises of any previous class been more successful in gaining the interest and attention of the audience. The Class History by Mr. Lightner, the Cradle Oration by Mr. McCreery, and the Prophecy of Mr. Winslow, were particularly lively and amusing. After the transferring of the Senior hat, the exercises concluded with the class song.

The entire performance, on account of its lively and interesting, though at times almost pathetic character, was appreciated and enjoyed by all present, and did much to increase the already strong attachment which was universally felt for the class of '71.

JULY 12TH.—The delightful weather on Wednesday, made the day all that could be desired for the enjoyment of the final exercises of the week. After morning service, which was held at the usual hour, the visitors and students assembled in the gymnasium to witness the presentation of the Cricket and Base Ball cups to the winning clubs of the year. Besides the many old cups which have passed from club to club for a number of years, we noticed four new Base Ball cups of very pretty design. Three of them are called after the names of the donors, the Quintard, the Ashley, and the Ingraham cups, and one given by Mr. C. B. Champlin, the cup of the class of '70.

After all the cups had been presented, with appropriate and witty remarks from the clerical presenters, "frantic endeavors" on the part of the captains of the winning clubs, and the usual intense Badger and Clarkson excitement on the part of the audience; the Warden presented prizes to that Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Bass, of the choir, who, in his respective part, had best fulfilled his choir duties during the past year. The prizes for the best display of window flowers in each of the buildings, were then awarded, and the gymnasium was deserted.

Early in the afternoon the visitors began to assemble upon the College grounds to witness the exercises of Commencement Day proper.

A temporary stage was erected on the east side of Taylor Hall, near enough to the building to be shaded from sun; and a large canvass awning extending eastward from the stage was stretched upon poles, tabernacle like in the open air. This arrangement afforded shade for as many as could have been accommodated in the gymnasium, and spared the audience the oppressive heat which is so easily found under pine boards and a July sun.

Shortly after two o'clock the Clergy, Trustees, Faculty, Alumni, Graduating Class, and College and Grammar School students, assembled in the chapel; and thence walked in procession to the places assigned them under the canvass or on the stage. Bach's Milwaukee Band vied with the "gentle zephyr" in refreshing the audience, while waiting for the exercises to begin.

After the opening prayer, the first in the order of exercises was the Latin Salutatory by Mr. Thos. W. McLean, which was spoken with a clearness of delivery, and correctness of accent, which we have never heard surpassed. His unhappy failing of memory, however, which at one time necessitated a glance at his manuscript, marred the whole speech, which otherwise would have been so excellent.

The speeches that followed were well written, and were delivered in a clear voice and easy manner. But in almost every case there was a failing of memory, which resulted first in hesitation, and finally in the unavoidable resort to the manuscript. We sincerely hope that this fault may be avoided in the future. If painstaking in committing the speech to memory will not prevent it, a prompter ought to be stowed away somewhere on the stage, or some other expedient adopted to insure against embarrassment to the speaker, and such an imposition on the sympathy of the audience.

The Ehuendorf Prize Essay, which was read by Mr. John B. Winslow, was admirably written. Next followed the awarding of prizes to the Heads and Seconds of the Grammar School forms, and the presentation of medals.

The Medallists this year are as follows:

College Medallist—MR. HERBERT ROOT.

Clarkson Medallist—MR. JOSEPH CLARKSON.

Keene Medallist—MR. HERBERT ROOT.

Barney Medallist—MR. FRANK P. HILLS.

The Larrabee Prize, for the best reader and speaker in the Junior class, was awarded by the committee to Mr. Frank P. Day. The Warden announced the Heads and Seconds of the College and Grammar School for the coming year, as follows:

Second of the Grammar School—MR. JOSEPH CLARKSON.

Head of the Grammar School—MR. FRANK P. HILLS.

Second of the College—MR. FRANK P. DAY.

Head of the College—MR. H. CLAY DILLON.

The degree of B. A. was then conferred upon each member of the graduating class, and the degree of M. A. upon Mr Horace Hinsdale, and Mr. Robert W. Grance.

After the Valedictory by Mr. Frank O. Osborne, the last Head of the College, the Quintard medal, for the best graduating speech, was awarded by the committee to Mr. Jesse L. January.

The Benediction was pronounced by the Bishop of the Diocese, and a lively march by the band ended the programme.

The Class Party and Warden's Reception, the grand culminating event of Commencement week, came off in the evening. Taylor Hall presented a grand appearance. All the rooms and halls on the first floor of the main building were thrown open for dancing, and were resplendent with youth and beauty. The Warden's rooms were open for the reception, and supper was served in the Billiard room down stairs. Some of the good things even found their way into the mathematical recitation room.

The large class bouquet, the top flowers of which were arranged so as to represent the number '71, was presented to the class by one of its fairest friends.

Commencement week tripped out lightly and fantastically amidst music and flowers, early on Thursday morning.

VACATION.

No one, who has dreamed away his vacation on a sofa, or frittered it away entirely on the girls, or who, in any other way, has withdrawn himself from the society of men, can estimate the real loss which he has sustained.

Knowledge, stored away in dark and forgotten corners, and never brought to the test of actual business life, is worse than useless.

In withdrawing too much from contact with the world, we are apt to become bigoted in our opinions; so that, in order to keep the mind well balanced, a little parrying and thrusting with men differently trained is absolutely necessary for our moral and intellectual health.

We have carefully scanned the faces of our fellows, since their return, and tried, by carefully instituted comparisons, to understand the secret workings beneath the "rhinoceros' hide;" and wherever we have discovered a more thoughtful look, a quieter demeanor, and a more sober conversation, than last year, we have attributed it entirely to a well spent vacation, and have rejoiced at the change.

We all know that a well spent vacation is just as essential to our well-being as term time, and have been often

enough warned to know the degradation into which a mispent one sinks us.

These two important facts are well known, we say; yet how many have profited by them? There are numerous opportunities offered during a vacation for sharpening and settling one's self, by defending our college against its many opponents. As churchmen and as students, we are a peculiar people; and whilst our friends are many, our enemies are a host.

A sharp, manly contest on the street corner with these vituperators will develop latent powers, surprising even to one's self, and accomplish wonders in bringing out manly qualities.

Our system of collegiate training is a new experiment in this country, and differs radically from that of our sister institutions. The culture of man in his threefold nature of body, mind and spirit, marks a new phase in the history of American education, and is watched by many jealous eyes.

Racine boys are known and searchingly scrutinized wherever they go.

We are the living catalogue of our College, known and read of all men.

Now, we will venture to say, that those students who have been benefitted most by the past vacation, are those, who, in correct living and manly bearing, have associated most with men of the world; have studied their ways; learned to read their characters, as written in indelible lines upon the human face; who have manfully combated the prejudices of men, and posted themselves thoroughly upon the ways of the world. This is a branch of knowledge absolutely necessary for the man of God, as well as for the lawyer, the physician, the merchant, or the farmer.

It is a lesson that can be learned by experience and careful observation during our vacations; and, surely, it is a lesson well worth the learning. He who neglects to learn it now, can acquire it hereafter only by a bitter experience. One benefit, however, we have all alike secured, refreshment in mind and body, a preparation so needful for hard mental exertion. Our vacation, however, well spent or misspent is past, and can not be recalled. Take our advice for next summer vacation at least.

Mix with the business men. Go out among the farmers; ride their horses; eat their substantials; milk their cows, and kiss the milk-maid, if you want to; it wont do either of you any harm.

Do this, and take our word for it, you will come back healthy and happy.

CLASS OF '71.

We cannot let the "seven wise men" pass away from our midst without a parting notice.

They have been with us too long, and shared the common joy and sorrow with us too often, and endeared themselves to us by too many firm ties of lasting friendship, for us to allow their own valedictorian to say the only farewell. But where and how shall we begin to say it? Shall we begin at the tallest, giving the ever amiable "Jesse" a parting shake by his *scorching sides*, and so, passing on down to the sturdy "Andy," give him a parting pull by the *horn*? Or shall we rank them according to the books, and give to each his just portion of an intellectual good-bye?

No, most assuredly, we shall do nothing of the kind. Their school day battle is over, and the earnest and trying battle of life begun. Honorable as the record of each one of them may be here, yet the record that is to entitle them to an honored position among men, must be earned there.

We all know however how necessary to successful building, a good foundation is. Our brothers of '71 need no sermon from us to impress that great truth upon them; because the solemn truths, enunciated in the Baccalaureate sermon by our beloved and learned Bishop, shall always keep it green in their memory. We know the sterling worth of '71, and know that Alma Mater shall never be disgraced by such sons. They have all been rubbed somewhat against the corners of the world and all understand pretty thoroughly

"The ways that are dark, and the tricks that are vain."

They have earned the name of "The Practical Class"—an honorable name, indeed, when taken in its real sense, as opposed to dreamy theories; but we like not the practical man who believes nothing but what he sees with his eyes and hears with his ears, and despises the eye of faith that pierces beyond.

We shall often miss the upright, clear thinking "Olin," and the honest and stalwart "Deutch." With "Tom" pass away a host of men; for if Spencer was called "a gallery of pictures," then "Tom" was a gallery of living characters. Yes, our saucy old mocking bird is gone, and where, oh where is the "coming man" to take his place! Whilst "Tom" was among us, the Hall ever sounded to the tread, and echoed to the voices of all Racine's excentric geniuses of the past and present. We shall miss his biting quill and miss his rich bass voice; but our loss is Nashotah's gain. No squibs shall be more welcome in our sanctum, than those signed "Mack."

"Wayman," that boy of numerous expedients, like a young he goat is now frisking over the Alps, and enjoying the good things of the "Deutscher's Faderland." "Wayman," the enthusiastic singer of "Die Wacht am Rhein," no doubt now greatly prefers die wacht am wein.

The prophetic "Johnny," last but not least now claims our attention. He is yet among us, a Grecian pedagogue, and rooted immovably to his native berg by those formidable pedestals upon which his benign countenance rests. May he long be with us, both to "teach the young ideas how to root" and to cheer the downcast under grads onward and upward.

Go on old '71, and may your record in the world be no less creditable than at Alma Mater, and when at last the "trial balance" of your earthly account is made out, may every debit find its corresponding credit; and may the words, "well done, good and faithful servant" be your welcome to another and a better world.

CAMBRIDGE University, England, is composed of seventeen distinct colleges, all, however, controlled by the general statutes of the University. Thirty years ago the yearly income of the University was not less than \$650,000. At the same time that of Oxford amounted to \$875,000.—*Exchange*.

BERLIN University had 1,308 students last year. Many of the students being taken away by the war, the number is smaller this year.—*Vilette*.

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, SEPT. 30, 1871.

EDITORS.

H. C. DILLON,

E. A. LARRABEE,

W. K. DOAN.

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

TERMS:

College Year \$2.00 | Single Copy 15 cts.

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.

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, Wisconsin."

THE MERCURY PROSPECTUS.

With this number begins a new volume of THE MERCURY; and, according to a time honored custom, it becomes necessary for us to make our salutation, and lay down the principles which are to govern our paper during the coming year. The printing itself is witness to a new phase in our history. For many years the MERCURY has been published in Milwaukee, under the able and careful management of Messrs. Hawks & Burdick, and more recently by Messrs. Burdick & Armitage. The kind solicitude and generous pride, which these gentlemen always evinced for our paper, has made it the most perfect specimen of typography that has ever been laid upon our table. It was with great reluctance, when the time came (as we knew it must in time come) for us to withdraw our publication from their office. We have long felt, with our numerous friends in Racine, that the MERCURY should become one of the permanent institutions of this city,—that it should become strictly a home journal, not only edited at home, but also published at home.

The opportunity to carry out this design, without detriment to our paper, was afforded by the many improvements lately made by Mr. A. C. Sandford, in the Racine *Advocate* office. Under his careful management and personal supervision, we hope still to merit our well-earned appellation—"the neatest College paper in the land." As for the matter contained in our columns, we can not say, with one of our late, though now defunct contemporaries, that it shall always be "the spiciest and best," but we shall always endeavor to give you the sharpest end of our quill. For the present, the only additions to be made to our editorial staff, are Messrs. Larrabee and Doan. The names alone are a sufficient recommendation to their many friends for the strength which they shall give to our corps.

A glance at our history, for the past year, makes our hearts throb with some anxiety. It was a year marked by the greatest energy as well as the greatest prosperity in the history of our College paper. It was attended, however, as success is ever attended, by some unforeseen blunders. We are frank to acknowledge our own indiscretions, and hope that our misguided friends will be equally frank in acknowledging that they have pursued us with much uncalled for and unnecessary hostility. We live to learn as well as to forgive. Let the past be buried as an honored

past. Let us banish from among us our petty difficulties, and rally around our own organ, our common property—the COLLEGE MERCURY—determined to make its history, in the future, as it has been in the past, glorious.

"With malice toward none, and with charity for all," we commence our editorial career in the full expectation of a generous support, on the part of our numerous readers; and with the determination, on our part, to do our best to meet your hearty approbation.

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

A ROMANTIC Senior, while taking possession of a boat that was strongly guarded by a faithful dog, received a bite ere he had launched his noble bark. He thinks dog fish are quite palatable.

"The wound it seemed both sore and sad,
To every student's eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.
But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied—
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died."

[University Press.]

MANY changes have been made, for the present year, among the presidents of several prominent colleges. Noah Porter, D. D., is in charge of Yale. Mary and William's College is under Chancellor Hugh Grisby. Michigan University is under James B. Angell, LL. D. Iowa University is under Geo. Thatcher, D. D., and Wisconsin University is under J. H. Trombly, D. D. These are all able men and rank high as educators. We look forward with interest to the success of their several administrations.

A LARGE number of young ladies are in attendance at Wisconsin University. Their Freshman Class numbers 70, a large portion being ladies. The gentlemen are permitted to visit them every day, except Saturday, from 4 to 6 P. M., and on Saturdays from 2 to 6 P. M. This only makes fourteen hours a week, besides being with them every day at recitations. A rigid discipline that.

ONE of the Amherst sophomores has devised a new way of telling bad news. He writes home to his father, "I came near losing thirty-seven dollars last week." Anxious parent writes back that he is thankful that the money was not lost, and wants to know "how near." By return mail—"Came within one of it—lost thirty-six."

MICHIGAN University expects a large number of female students this year. Racine College is living in the hopes of some, but expects to die in despair.

HARVARD has an income amounting to \$185,000 per annum.

THE permanent fund of Michigan University is \$560,000, and additions are made yearly by state taxation.

THE following exchanges came to us during the summer vacation:

<i>Trinity Tablet,</i>	<i>Racine Advocate,</i>
<i>Madisonensis,</i>	<i>College Argus,</i>
<i>The Tripod,</i>	<i>The Collegian,</i>
<i>University Press,</i>	<i>Kenosha Telegraph,</i>
<i>The Acorn,</i>	<i>Jarvis Hall Record,</i>
<i>Cap and Gown,</i>	<i>The Dartmouth,</i>
<i>Racine Journal,</i>	<i>Brunonian.</i>
<i>The College World,</i>	

LOCAL.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41 A. M.	12 08 P. M.	7 27 P. M.
Going South	7 33 A. M.	1 58 P. M.	4 48 P. M.
Going West	8 00 A. M.	7 30 P. M.	

IMPROVEMENTS.

During the past vacation, numerous improvements have been made about the College; neither pains nor expense have been spared by our revered Warden to make our college home more comfortable and agreeable than ever before. These improvements are making year by year, in accordance with a settled design, that the true College should be a home, for boys and young men, statelier in its architecture, more comfortable and beautiful in its internal arrangements, furnished with more works of art and better music—in fine, that it should embrace not only in greater profusion, but in a grander style, everything that tends to elevate and ennoble man's nature.

First in order and importance, we notice the New Dining Hall, a beautiful edifice, built in the Gothic style of architecture, with open roof and dormer windows, and joined to the north end of Kemper Hall. Its dimensions are 101x34, with walls 16 feet high. The windows in the sides, fourteen in number, are arched and fitted with beautifully stained glass. The inside work is finely executed and finished in oil. The arrangement of platforms and tables is made in accordance with our graded system. At the north end, and on the highest of all the platforms, is placed the Warden's table. Directly in front of this, but two steps lower, are arranged the College students' tables, six in number and seating at present seventy students. Below the College students, upon the main floor of the Hall, which is one step lower than the previous platform, the Grammar School students are seated upon nice walnut benches around three long rows of black walnut tables, beautifully polished and finished in oil. At the south end, and upon a platform, raised one step above the main floor, is placed the table of the Rector of the Grammar School. Behind this table, rising to a level with the first floor of Kemper Hall, and opening into Mrs. Franklin's room and through this into Kemper Hall parlor, is an oak balcony, tastefully carved and likewise finished in oil. Beneath this balcony is a flight of stairs descending into the old Dining Hall, now divided into a kitchen, buttery, provision room, and Servants' Hall. Here are found many goodly improvements, the suggestions of a kind and thoughtful matron, for the benefit of all hungry epicures. There is a new oven, a mammoth steak broiler, and various other arrangements, all looking clean and orderly. The entrances are through vestibules placed about midway in the east and west sides, and these entrances are used respectively by the Grammar School and College students. The most critical eye must fail to find any fault whatever throughout the entire building. The total cost of its erection was \$6,557. The architect, Mr. Bradley, deserves great praise both for the character of his work, and the rapidity of its completion, being only sixty days from the breaking of the ground.

That unsightly edifice, celebrated in history as Grammar School No. 10, has been removed, and earth closets in the basement of Park Hall substituted. A most acceptable arrangement. The Cricket House has also been removed to a new position west of Taylor Hall, and near the new campus.

The organ has also been placed once more in the chapel, after having been entirely repaired and enlarged. All the main pipes in the front have been gorgeously painted in beautiful colors, and beneath the pipes is the following appropriate inscription in old English characters: "Alleluia, Omnis Spiritus Laudet Dominum, Alleluia."

We sincerely hope the work of repairing the organ will not have to be gone over again for a long time. During the past three years the organ seemed to be always out of order, and at the very time when most needed was useless; we trust the "Future will tell a different tale."

The billiard table in Taylor Hall has also been refitted, furnished with Brunswick's cushions, and been cut down to a carom table, so that now it is a first-class table.

As we heard a certain Junior remark the other day, "The winter campaign has begun."

OPENING OF THE NEW DINING HALL.

Tuesday the 19th inst., being the Warden's birthday, was selected as an appropriate day for the opening dinner in the new Refectory.

Recitations were excused in both the College and Grammar School, and the day observed as a whole holiday. The dinner, which came at a late enough hour to be duly appreciated, would have been a sumptuous one even when served in such an eating place as we had last year; but amid the classic surroundings of the new Refectory was doubly enjoyable.

Although many invitations were sent away to the friends of the College, the unpromising appearance of the weather, or some other reason, prevented all but a feeble attendance; and the task of disposing of the viands devolved principally upon the students themselves. Racine College has never been without that class of men who are prepared for such emergencies; and a general disinclination to running harder than necessary during the remainder of the afternoon, showed that few had been backward in upholding the honor of their *Alma Mater*.

Blood has as fine a stock of imported and domestic cloths as can be found in the West. We noticed his beautiful Chinchillas and Beavers for over-coatings, Diagonals and plain cloths for coatings, and French cassimeres for pantings; also his fine assortment of Genis' Furnishing Goods, including white shirts and underclothing in endless variety. Students will do well to give him a call.

"SAINTS' REST."—We happened in at our old friend "Phil's," not long ago, and found him ensconced in his elegant new quarters. "Phil" is as ready to crack a joke as ever, and far better prepared to make glad the hearts of his numerous friends at the College. The "razor and pan" have been abandoned, but "Phil" is yet on the alert to attend to the wants of "next." His eating saloon is a perfect beauty, and furnished with marble top tables and easy chairs. His stock of nuts, cigars, tobacco and confectionery, is very choice; and his oysters, prepared in every way, and served up in that cosy saloon, must have suggested the appropriate name of "Saints' Rest."

DR. A. H. AMOS, the lightning tooth puller, opposite City Bakery, is doing some elegant work in the dental profession. Students can do no better than to carry their aches and pains to this gentlemanly dentist.

AUGUSTUS GARNKAUFER.—The "Golden Age" of Augustus will never cease, whilst Garnkauffer lives. Low prices, first-class goods, and fits that can't be beat, have surrounded our jolly Teuton with a host of College patrons. Don't fail to give him a call and look over his new stock of beautiful foreign and domestic cloths. You can always depend on what Garnkauffer tells you. He can sum up his history in Racine as tersely as the Great Caesar himself:

"Vent, viat, viat."

"BONED."—The usual rush has commenced on our popular friend, Mr. Bone; and, judging from his immense stock and endless variety of good things, he is well prepared to stand it. Mr. Bone's establishment is so well known and so often frequented by our fellow students, that it needs no praise or recommendation from us. His motto has always been, *pro bono studentibus*.

"OLD SOL." has been very reticent with his rays of late; perhaps he thought such bright luminaries as Horace, Terence and Cicero were enough light for us.

THE OLD BOY HIMSELF.—William of Wickham, otherwise known as "Old Ironsides,"—the famous originator of the "perfect system," has a namesake in the Freshman Class. We trust Mr. Wickham will be a living exponent of his great namesake's principles, and exercise a salutary influence upon the refractory "Freshies."

AN Amherst tailor sent his bill to a *student* editor. He was startled a few hours afterwards by its being returned with the note appended, "Your manuscript is respectfully declined."—*Harvard Advocate*.

A TERRIFIED "Fresh" anxiously enquired of a "Soph," the other day, if they should need *Spencer's Atlas*, in the study of "Latham." We think that, of all the most reliable geographers, Mr. *Spencer* is the most appropriate for Freshmen.

A MOVING SCENE.—The cricket house going across the campus.

THE first game of Base Ball for this term, was played on the 15th ult. The Head Master himself played Short Stop, but we are not certain whether he *ex* or distinguished himself at that post.

THE officers of the two cricket clubs were elected on the 15th inst., to hold their offices for the coming year.

For the Badger Club :

- W. K. BENTON, President.
- W. K. DOAN, Vice-President.
- F. S. GAULT, Secretary.
- A. JONES, Captain.

For the Clarkson Club:

- Rev. A. PIPER, President.
- E. G. RICHMOND, Vice-President.
- W. MORRALL, Secretary.
- S. M. HUDSON, Captain.

The two first elevens will probably play a match game in a few weeks, and a good game will be the result. The College Eleven have received a challenge from the Lincoln Park Club of Chicago, and a game may be expected shortly.

BASE BALL.—On the 17th inst. the Freshman Class Nine played the Grammar School, and at the end of the fifth innings the game was a tie.

THE College Nine having lost four of its best players, have already picked out new men to fill their places, for the time being.

At the last account the nine was to be arranged as follows :

- BENTON, Catcher.
- JONES, Pitcher.
- DOAN, 1st Base.
- REOR, 2nd Base.
- STURGIS, W., 3d Base.
- DAY, Short Stop.
- LEEKLY, Left Field.
- WHITMORE, Centre Field.
- WICKHAM, Right Field.

The nine will practice all this fall, and as the Yale College Club talk of coming out West shortly, will perhaps play them on their tour.

5TH ELEVEN MATCH.—The highly exciting match game played by the 5th Elevens, on the Monday preceeding Commencement, is well worthy a place in our columns. Though composed of the smallest boys in the school, it was contested in a way that would have done credit to older heads. At the close, the score stood 70 to 25 in favor of the Clarksons, and at the end of first innings, 36 to 4 in favor of Clarksons. Best score was made by Clark of the Clarksons, second best by Turner Rumsey of the Badgers. Pease, Evans and Rumsey made them-selves notorious by excellent playing. Taft's bowling was irresistible, shelling the Badgers out with prompt rapidity. Rumsey's bowling was also good. Small, A., at wicket, deserves praise as well as McQuat at long stop. Fatringer has the honor of putting out the first Badger by making a beautiful, but very difficult fly catch. The Captains of each Eleven were Rumsey, T., (Badgers) and C. P. Taft (Clarksons). Turner, you must not let this happen again. "Gird on your armour, and at 'em again."

AN Alabama planter used a charge of pills to kill a chicken, not having any shot; but he says he'll never eat another chicken killed that way when he can take the clear pill instead.—*Southern Collegian.*

WE wish it distinctly understood, by all those parties who seem to be slow to learn, that "Bill's" new name is neither Pontius Pilate nor Pons Assinorum, but plain Ponsomy, at your service.

FRESH ARRIVALS.—We welcome among our Grammar School friends the following raw recruits: Myrick, Dement, Burrows, Ker-shaw, McClurg, Northrup, Cox, Hale, Irwin, Macomb, Emmons, Johnson, Clay, Cobb, Einstein, Fuller, Hannah, Martin, E. B., Parker, Ponsomy, Spencer, L., Spencer, W., Mitchell and Norton.

The Collegiate department has also been reinforced by the following: Bennett, Cahill, Livermore, Richmond, D., Tilden, Hendrickson, Landon, F., Trueblood, Tallot, Wickham, Van Felt, Cutting, and the last Sixth Form, numbering fourteen. Our Collegiate department now numbers seventy members, and the Grammar School one hundred and thirty, making a total of two hundred students.

PERSONALS.

The class of '71 is now scattered around as follows: Messrs. Osborne and McLean are still enjoying their vacation at home, but will soon be with us again, on their way to Nashotah, both being candidates for holy orders. Mr. Lightner has become a "bloated bondholder," and will be glad to exchange a friendly grasp with his old friends, at the Second National Bank, Chicago. Messrs. January and McCreery are in Europe, discussing German politics *inter pocula*. Our readers may expect contributions from both.

Mr. Winslow has taken the place of Prof. Marvin, in the Greek chair. That he will fill it creditably, there is not the slightest doubt.

Mr. Johnson is, also, still enjoying his vacation, preparatory to his coming arduous labors at Nashotah.

We notice, by a late number of the "Jarvis Hall Record," that our quondam friend, Mr. VANDEUSEN, has become Principal of that institution. From our personal knowledge of his many good qualities, we are justified in saying that he will undoubtedly make a most excellent Head for Jarvis Hall.

PARDEE, '70.—We were delighted to see the happy face of Mr. Luther Pardee, peeping into our sanctum a few days since. "Lou" is looking hearty, and expects to enter the General Theological Seminary at the opening of the coming term. '70 is furnishing some noble material for the ministry.

Mr. Cornwall, our popular Curator for the past two years, has closed his engagements with the College, resigned his position, and taken up his residence in the city of Dubuque, Iowa. Mr. Cornwall leaves behind him numerous friends, who greatly regret his departure, but wish him all success in his future undertakings. As a financier, he deserves high eulogiums for his able management of the college finances. Mr. Amos, formerly book-keeper, is to succeed Mr. Cornwall.

FOUND

Near Taylor Hall, on Saturday the 17th inst., one of "Beedles' New Dime Novels," entitled: "The Black Wizard; or, the Circle of Invisible Fire." The owner can obtain such information as will lead to its recovery, by applying to the editors of the MERCURY, and by paying cost of advertising.

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42- This Bank has been recently established by some seventy stockholders largely interested in the prosperity of the city and of Racine College.

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GUARANTEES TO PLEASE ALL.

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AT 28 SIXTH STREET, RACINE, WIS.



"HAEC PLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT,"

VOL. X.

RACINE COLLEGE, OCT. 14, 1871.

NO. 2.

GAMBRINUS.

BY J. J.

Gambrinus stood; gazing forgetfully
Upon his lager. There the beer keg lay.
Prone on the cold floor of his marble palace—
The funnel at its fissure, and the page
Pouring fresh beer to fester in its foam.
And as the monarch puffed, fast in the close
Hot atmosphere, and dreamed of cooling drinks,
Of crystal goblets, quivering to the brim
With foamy fluids, his large, eager eye
Dwelt on the keg of beer—and his deep voice,
Calling his vassals near, to lift it up,
Was like the mighty gods, calling for the wine.

"Bring me zwei lager now!
My throat is parched, and past repletions lift
From my waked palate, airily and swift,
And I could drink a cask
Of foaming lager beer—around me play
Visions of such unearthly thirst-to-day.

"Yah! raise 'um to my pack,
Look, I would reach the spigot with my lip!
Quick or I faint! Stand by the cask to dip!
Now turn the faucet back!
Knock out the bung, and let the air come in
And fill this gallon goblet to the brim.

Lo! let it come; how long
Will it run thus? Quick, let me drink it—stop!
What a fine foam is working to the top.
Ha! lager—and so strong.
How pure the foam has left it; and how clear—
Mein Gott! if I could drink a keg of beer.

Sweeten thee? Nay, not so;
Thy taste divine with syrups I'll not alter;
And shall I then for lack of sweetness, falter?
I'll drink thee, though I know
A thousand joys are perishing in thine—
What were a barrel, to a thirst like mine?

Hereafter? Aye hereafter!
Headaches, I know, follow the drinker's track;
What pleasure comes from wine I but paid back
With pain, for last night's laughter.
A keg of beer he drank—Be that the story,
And I will ask no other path to glory.

Yet there's that horrid name—
A spirit that the smothering sleep shall spurn—
The *mania potu* in the brain shall burn
Yet, though the tortured frame
Contained a thousand agonies—to earn
A beer-keg drinking frame, I'd still drink on.

* * * * *

Vain! Vain, give over; my eye
Tortured by too much beer, sees double now.

Stand back? The fumes are mounting to my brow.
Gods, let my thirst die
But for *one* moment—one—till I eclipse
All drinkers—and the last drop pass my lips.

Shivering! Hark! I sputter
Brokenly now—that gulp's my last I fear,—
Another! Will it never end—this beer?
I'm in a dreadful flutter.
Is there more still? For see my bursting trunk
Will hold no more—Jove help me—so—I'm drunk.

A MORAL TAX.

Taxation seems to be one of the most difficult questions of the day, and especially in our own country, where the necessity of raising the largest revenues by the least oppressive system of taxation seems to be keenly felt. A large debt was incurred in the suppression of the slaveholders' rebellion, which debt the government is striving to liquidate as speedily as possible, without oppressing the reawakening industries of the country, or causing any class of people to feel the grievous weight of her requirements. Various kinds of property and branches of industry are subjected to special taxes, on the principle that taxes should be heaviest where they will least be felt. Nor can the right of the government, to levy special taxes to those who are engaged in particular branches of industry, be questioned. The manufacturers of alcoholic liquors and tobacco, for instance, are heavily taxed, because it is thought that they can easily bear it. In fact the only question asked, concerning a proposed tax, is whether it can easily be borne.

Yet there is a class of people who have never been subjected to any special tax, although they are revelling in luxury; and their wealth, though obtained without any direct violation of the laws of the country, has nevertheless been accumulated in a manner highly culpable, inasmuch as they are daily violating a direct command of the Almighty and a universally organized principle of moral law. We allude to that class of men, who, being instigated by a spirit of selfishness, live in open violation of that commandment, given when God gave man dominion over all living things, and said, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." We mean those men who live on the fat of the land, by refusing to devote a share of their income to the good of the rising generation, and whom, to use the name by which they are commonly designated, we call old bachelors.

Rather than to labor diligently in caring for "the fruitful vine" and pruning "the olive branches" they prefer to hoard in abundance the hard earned wages of those who are struggling manfully against the waves of this troublesome world in order to do their duty in supporting a wife

and family. Yet they are not called upon to appropriate any part of their ill-gotten wealth to the public good. Were they given strength that they might amass fortunes by their meanness, and then refuse to open their hearts and their pocket books to the fairest of God's creatures? Truly not but that they might, if they refuse to do this, at least be compelled to contribute liberally to the support of the government, that *honest* men may not be compelled to take bread from the mouths of their children and silks from the backs of their wives, to pay their burdensome taxes. Were strong bodies and keen minds given to them, that they might live like drones, of no use to themselves or anybody else, while the whole world is full of fair women anxiously waiting for an opportunity of marriage? Most assuredly not, but rather that they might contribute largely to the support of the state, and thus ease the burdens on the shoulders of their more manly neighbors.

The necessities of the nation clearly call for action in this emergency. Millions might be raised annually by a direct taxation on unmarried men. Let them but try to support a family, keeping the wife in pin money, and the children in candy and chewing gum, and they will learn that three-fourths of their income would be generally required to do this. Seventy-five per cent. then would be but a just and equitable taxation upon their incomes. De-luded men, who hoard their wealth while honest men are toiling night and day to keep their wives dressed in the fashion, are not deserving of leniency.

The benefits, which must accrue to the nation from such a tax, will be incalculable. Divorce suits will disappear from our courts, legitimate marriages will greatly increase, and good morals will pervade all classes of society. Not only this but the national prosperity will be advanced, and the national debt soon paid. The nation will be benefited in another way, for then we shall not be compelled to import ignorant and vicious foreigners, to build our railroads, work our mines, and scrub our kitchens, but a native born population will develop the resources of the country. There is no surer way to touch a man's heart than through his pocket book, and if this tax were levied, then cold, crusty bachelors who never felt a pang of love would soon become as amorous as turtle doves, and the national prosperity would continue to advance. GOPHER.

"THE MARVELLOUS BOY."

The following love ditty was slipped into our hands, the other day, by a being who immediately disappeared in the gloom. He modestly wishes to remain "incog," until called out by the applause of the critics.

We are not acquainted with the object of his affections, but deeply sympathize in his distress; and, in lieu of more substantial consolation, would recommend to our poet a dose of castor oil.

O dear you can't tell how I love you,
But my love you are sure to return,
And ev'ry time that I think of you,
My heart aches and burns.
I hope you'll not think that I'm too silly,
Because then my heart will break,
But I know I am very thoughtful,
When I have any cause at stake.
And with such a cause as your love
I cannot fail but be right,
Then I will never avoid battle,
And be your own true knight.

—PARIAN MARBLE.

THE UMBRELLA.

Of all the abused implements which the handicraft of man has contrived for the comfort and protection of his fellows, none has become a more degraded outcast than the umbrella. It is fatherless, ownerless, and generally worthless. As a commodity of trade it possesses a property possessed by no other commodity; it can be bought but never sold; it is always borrowed.

As a vagrant it is only equalled by the *Wandering Jew*. Their innumerable remains startle the beholder at every glance. Streets and door yards, fence corners and gutters are all filled with their remains, side by side with the fossilized remnants of defunct hoop skirts. These fossils will, no doubt, far off in the dim future, afford the greatest interest to the curious geologist, and give to the 19th century the name of the "Age of Umbrellas."

Societies for the suppression of cruelty to animals, homes for the friendless "yaller dog," and Young Men's Christian Associations have been formed, by canine and humanitarian philanthropists, but alas! No philanthropist has yet been moved to establish a much needed society for the restoration of vagrant umbrellas to their rightful owners. Let the ardent "sprigs of the law" also level their eloquence at our law-givers, to secure a righteous code that shall recognize the right of mankind to own umbrellas. Then peace and brotherly love will settle down upon earth; angry feuds will cease; the sword shall be turned into the plowshare and the cannon into the pruning hook; then every man will recline under his own sycamore, with his own umbrella under his own arm; honesty shall be triumphant and thieves shall sneak away.

TALK.

Talk is cheap. We have plenty of it. The politician bores us with his harangues; the preacher with his sermons; the scientist with his theories; the "Bohemian" with his sensations; and strong minded women with their lectures. We pay millions of dollars annually for the support of a talking machine at Washington.

Our public journals, throughout the country, are the battle grounds upon which the contest of quills is continually going on.

Our clerical friends get together very often in conventions and talk for weeks; and, when the smoke of debate has cleared away, and their arduous labors committed to printer's ink, our hearts are gladdened to find that all the world's sinful rubbish has been cleared away, and that the earth has been completely subdued *on paper*.

Our sectarian brothers have reduced talk to such an art, that they look down with contempt upon what they call the imbecility of our pulpit; while Protestants as a whole, trusting in the fact that their tongues are "two edged swords," and proud of this fancied security, look down with disdain upon the silent and plodding Roman Catholic, who is slowly and surely planting the guns under our very eyes that are to send us up like rockets.

O impractical christians of a practical age!

The world around us is working with untiring energy, to advance its interests, and is carrying itself onward with mighty and wonderful strides. Are we to be left behind as a fossil of the past? or are we to suffer ourselves any

longer to be dragged along with it, merely as a fashionable ornament?

Protestantism is not the only thing that has been trapped by too much talk. It has been the bane of the world, at least, since the days of Solomon, who said that a fool was known by his much speaking.

Talk is cheap. It is too cheap. It don't pay.

Work is the only thing that pays,—the only thing that is respectable and honorable.

The broad plains of the West lay before us, and toiling thousands are hurrying thither.

The West is almost a wilderness, whilst the East itself is yet scarcely developed.

Our country is young; yet she is rich in her territory, and undeveloped resources. The command, given to Adam and his seed forever, urges us to go forward and subdue it.

Here is the field for ardent missionaries to exert themselves.

Remaining in the East making elaborate plans, and delivering pathetic addresses before the ladies about the poor Indian is not going to subdue that vast domain to Christianity.

Active exertions, hard labor are the only things that can accomplish that.

The christian cry of "come over and help us" sounds from those far-off plains; but it finds us too busily engaged in striking out words from the prayer book, and debating about the cut of a surplice, to attend to the insignificant wants of millions of people dying for the "Word of Life." A few earnest and devoted men, filled with apostolic fire, are already in the field: but what are they in the midst of this mighty tide of emigration?

Our barrels of carefully treasured sermons, and our cartload of speeches have done this much good at least: they have so nauseated the youth of the present age, that there is the most cheering prospect of this generation becoming eminently a working generation. May it be so.

"EGREGIOUSLY AN ASS."

SHAKESPEARE.

Of all the silly faults that can possibly annex themselves to a person of any pretence to education, the most ridiculous and at the same time the most pitiable, is an affected air of learning or genius.

Manner, whether displayed in trivial affairs, or in things of greater importance, is the barometer of the man's self-estimation; and few are so unskilled as not to be able to read it.

Consequently, the poor fellow whose favorable opinion of his mental excellence is constantly leaking out through his manners, and whose limited store of loose facts is so hard to keep in his head, as to slip out on every occasion through his mouth, is greatly to be pitied.

We frequently meet with people, remarkable neither in point of learning or genius, who are subjects to this misfortune. In fact it is much oftener found to trouble those who are only on the first step to education, than those whose excellence might make a good opinion of themselves somewhat excusable.

But this conceit, disagreeable as it is, when brought into contrast with the crazy hallucination of another class of beings, becomes quite endurable. One look at a man of this latter class, reveals him to any one of common sense

as a wretched counterfeit. Whatever he imagines to be his particular excellence, is studiously exaggerated and displayed, not only in his manner and conversation, but even in his personal appearance.

If it be a sense of his learning that has turned his mind, he adds to all his little affectations and trickeries indulged in by the more moderate class, a never ending expression of thoughtfulness or abstraction; while his eyes, perhaps, (as if their youthful keenness had been dulled by studying at night, or by much reading), are trying to look the light of learning through a delicate pair of spectacles.

Perhaps he believes that he is a poetical genius: in this case his hair is carefully combed, or raked and pulled with his fingers while before the glass, until he satisfactorily resembles one who has written poetry. When in company, if conscious of being looked at, he carefully raises his hand, and places one or two fingers over his temple like the poet he has seen in some picture or other; he means this to be unintentional, and looks around for its effect.

Contrivances of this kind he constantly and studiously resorts to, all the while ignorant, poor ass that he is, that his ears have poked themselves up through the lion's skin, which he has assumed, and are visible to all but himself. No one can talk wisdom, unless he has considerable knowledge to back him; and though a person of this kind may deceive a very few by means of his quotations and "big words," to every one with reason, his conversation is only the *bray* added to the *ears*.

"WHEN A TWISTER A-TWISTING, WILL TWIST HIM A TWIST."

The following *pure Anglo-Saxon* "twister," which is a remarkable instance of the richness of our English tongue in terms and derivations coming from the same root, we clip with its history from the *Madisonensis*:

"It seems, that about a century ago a certain Dr. Wallis was Professor of Geometry in Oxford University, and also a very accomplished etymologist. A learned Frenchman, visiting England, met the Professor, and in the conversation which ensued, took occasion to speak of the copiousness of his—the French—language, its richness in derivatives and synonyms. To substantiate his assertions he recited the following four lines, which he had composed on the not very sublime subject of "Rope Making:"

"Quand un cordier cordant, veut corder une corde,
Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons il accorde;
Mais, si un des cordons de la corde decorde,
Le cordon, decordant, fait decorder la corde."

Nothing daunted, Dr. Wallis, to show that the English language was equally rich and copious, immediately translated the Frenchman's lines, using the same number of nouns, verbs, participles and derivatives, by simply substituting the word "twist" for "corder;" giving us:—

"When a twister a-twisting, will twist him a twist,
For the twisting of his twist, he three twines doth entwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist."

To reveal still further the richness of the English speech, Dr. Wallis continued the "rope making" subject by composing another four lines:—

"Untwisting the twine that untwisted between,
He twists with the twister the twines in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twineheth the twine he had twined in twain."

The Frenchman having exhausted his resources with the first effort did not attempt to parallel the above. Still Dr. Wallis was not content, but shouted a paean of victory over the discomfited foreigner in the following:—

"The twain that in twining before in the twine,
As twines were untwisted, he now doth untwine;
Twist the twain intertwisting a twine now between,
He twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine."

The following exchanges came to us during summer vacation:

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| <i>Trinity Tablet,</i> | <i>Racine Advocate,</i> |
| <i>Madisonensis,</i> | <i>College Argus,</i> |
| <i>The Tripod,</i> | <i>The Collegian,</i> |
| <i>University Press,</i> | <i>Kenosha Telegraph,</i> |
| <i>The Acorn,</i> | <i>Jarvis Hall Record,</i> |
| <i>Cap and Gown,</i> | <i>The Dartmouth,</i> |
| <i>Racine Journal,</i> | <i>Brunonian.</i> |
| <i>The College World,</i> | |

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, OCT. 14, 1871.

EDITORS.

H. C. DILLON, E. A. LARRABEE, NORTON STRONG.

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

TERMS:

College Year \$2.00 | Single Copy 15 cts.

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.

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, Wisconsin."

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

The professor of geology in Chicago University, has "stuck" on the question, "Were there bugs in the carboniferous beds?"

The annual expenses of a college student in this country range from \$225 to \$1,500. Including the preparatory course, the average cost of a collegiate education is \$5,000.

In Dartmouth College nine scholarships of \$1,000 each have been founded in the past year, and a gentleman has offered \$12,000 toward a new library, in case \$50,000 can be secured.—*Vidette*.

The Wisconsin University students have access to libraries amounting to 60,000. The value of a good library to a body of students is incalculable. We rejoice to say that our authorities are alive on the subject.

During the excavation for a new boiler-house at Yale, several treasures were found which the *College Review* thus enumerates: "An old well, several jars of green currants, a cannon ball, and a wooden coffin containing an empty decanter and several glasses."

Asa Packard, of Pennsylvania, founded Lehigh University at Bethlehem with a gift of \$500,000. He now offers \$250,000 more on condition that the Trustees shall raise \$125,000, and a second gift of \$250,000 whenever the Trustees can raise a second sum of \$125,000. In addition, he offers to give \$20,000 a year toward the expenses of the College.—*Vidette*.

Our leading colleges have the following number of graduates this year: Harvard, 157; Yale, 100; Princeton, 78; Dartmouth, 68; Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., 23; Ohio Wesleyan University, 46; Amherst, 59; Cornell, 40; Hamilton, 33; Columbia, 31; Lafayette, 31; Oberlin Classical Course, 23; Ladies' Course, 19; Middlebury, 15; Amherst Agricultural, 29; Vassar, 21; Bowdoin, 14; Michigan University, 62; Trinity, 19.

The *University Press* complains of dry weather at Madison, so dry in fact that their fountains of local news have almost dried out.

The large amount of borrowed and uncredited wit and wisdom in their last issue leads us to infer that that sparkling fountain of original genius has about dried up also.

Take the advise of a wise poet slightly altered, for the present occasion, friend "Press;" and,

Though you are dry, yet scorn to flit
Upon the wings of borrowed wit.

Our own library was so greatly enlarged and beautified last year, and now, under the careful management of Dr. Elmendorf, is becoming a lever of such importance and value as a part of our educational facilities, that we have been led to enquire into the size of different college libraries throughout the country. We have obtained the following statistics.

Harvard has 118,000 volumes; Yale 50,000; Brown and Dartmouth 38,000 each; Cornell 37,000; and Wesleyan 11,000. Other eastern colleges have libraries varying in numbers from 25,000 to 1,000 volumes. Ann Arbor has the largest college library in the west, numbering 22,000 volumes.

The University of Kentucky, which was established in 1859, at Ashland the old home of Henry Clay, it is reported, is already a well-endowed institution, with a large corps of officers and teachers. In 1870 it had two hundred and fifty free pupils, of whom one hundred received compensation for working on the grounds of the institution. In addition, five hundred paid ten dollars a year for tuition. The endowment of the University, including the estimated value of the land, is one million dollars, and the faculty is composed of thirty teachers. Efforts are now being made in Kentucky to raise additional funds for the erection of additional buildings to increase the usefulness of the institution.—*College Courant*.

TO OUR PATRONS.

We take pleasure in stating that all the obligations of the following named Insurance Companies, at Chicago and elsewhere, will be paid promptly, dollar for dollar:

- The Imperial Insurance Company of London.
- The Home Insurance Company of New York.
- The Manhattan Insurance Company of New York.
- The Insurance Co. of North America, of Philadelphia.
- The Phoenix Insurance Company of Hartford.
- The Hartford Fire Ins. Co. of Hartford.
- The National Insurance Co. of Boston.
- The Springfield Insurance Co. of Springfield, Mass.

We are hourly expecting to receive positive word concerning the condition of other companies represented by us, which we believe will not be so crippled as to prevent the payment of all claims in full.

For the sake of the patrons of this Agency, we are rejoiced to make this announcement, the whole civilized world will rejoice that so much aid will be rendered promptly, as the payment of losses by these and other companies will afford the sufferers at Chicago.

We are now issuing policies in the above named companies, and the public may implicitly rely upon the indemnity they afford against the perils of fire, unless the Chicago calamity should be repeated elsewhere. None of them have done a general business in the pine regions of Northern Wisconsin or Michigan, and hence those horrible disasters will in no wise effect their ability to meet all losses.

Will parties wishing insurance please call at our office in person, and not wait to be called upon.

WHITELEY & DURAND.

Racine, Oct. 13, 1871.

LOCAL.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41 A. M.	12 08 P. M.	7 27 P. M.
Going South	7 33 A. M.	1 58 P. M.	4 48 P. M.
Going West	8 00 A. M.	7 30 P. M.	

THE GREAT FIRE.—As we go to press, we are enabled by the latest despatches to give a fair estimate of the whole loss incurred by the terrible fire in Chicago. Loss of property will reach \$500,000,000 whilst the loss of lives cannot fall short of 1000. A large number of the unfortunates have sons here, and this brings the terrible blow home to us, all the more vividly. We have no room for comment upon the awful disaster, but if we had, no mortal pen could portray the awful grandeur of the conflagration, or the utter desolation that now marks where once stood the pride of the west,—the great city of Chicago. Provisions and money have been sent from the College to aid the sufferers. We only wish we could give them more assistance. With our many friends, who are numbered among the unfortunates, we mingle our own tears, in the common sorrow.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.—There is an unusual display of class pride now manifesting itself in the College. This is proper, and a step in the right direction. It is just as laudable as patriotism to one's country.

Below we give names of officers:

- '72.—H. C. Dillon, President.
 F. P. Day, Treasurer and Manager.
 F. P. Day, Historian.
 T. S. Morton, Poet.
 Worth Landon, Ivy Orator.
 Herbert Root. ——— Orator.
 R. Park, Prophet.
 H. C. Dillon, Senior Hat.
- '73.—Aquila Jones, President.
 W. K. Benton, Vice President.
 E. A. Larrabee, Historian.
 Norton Strong, Secretary and Treasurer.
 Wyllys Doan, Capt. '73 Nine.
- '74.—W. D. Whitmore, President.
 H. H. Francis, Vice President.
 E. G. Richmond, Treasurer.
 T. J. Carlisle, Secretary.
 Gerrald McDowell, Historian.

'73 has organized a class reading society, and are now making merry over the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Each list of officers will soon appear in the MERCURY in neater form, surmounted by a monogram print of their respective mottoes.

SICK.—'71's ivy seems to be under the weather. It has been trying in vain for many months to climb the Chapel wall, but discouraged by the dry weather and the perpendicularity of the wall has sunk to the ground in hopeless despair. We fear their Ivy Orator will soon be needed to eulogize its untimely end.

SPORTING.—The woods are being scoured in every direction by enthusiastic Nimrods for game, and death has been busy among the chipmunks, blue-jays and yellow-hammers. We hav'n't seen any game yet in the pockets of the returning hunters, but charitably suppose they distribute it among the poor on their way back.

The other morning two Juniors went sailing out into the field, ere the Sun was up. One lagged a lame snipe, whilst the other discharged the contents of both barrels at a thistle head, supposing it to be a plover. The Juniors never were much on the hunt.

"A LITTLE MORE CIDER, TOO."—During the past few days, a farmer from some part of the surrounding country, has been doing a good business in the cider trade by stationing a mounted hoghead of apple juice, for an hour or so in the afternoon, near the College buildings.

Mellow looking students, with wash pitchers in their hands, are the unmistakable sign that the gun is in action.

The class of '72 met and elected officers last Saturday. Our poet has commenced his work. A private peep at his productions reveals the following as the Invocation of that delightful effusion, known as the Class Poem.

Sing, my muse, the mighty conflicts
 Which we've had, at times unnumbered;
 Sing the deeds of lofty daring,
 Which we did, when others slumbered.

Sing, ye muses, raise your voices,
 And our hearts shall join the chorus,
 Profs and Prefects are behind us,
 No more "hunings" are before us;

For we've passed beyond the threshold,
 Passed the danger of disaster;
 And no longer fear the Warden,
 Nor the wrath of the Head Master.

The Clonian and Philologian Societies are again talking of consolidation. We trust that their negotiations will not end as heretofore,—in talk. A year ago, the "Philos" made the most liberal concessions, but, happily for them, Clio had a stiff necked man on their committee, who succeeded in squelching the whole proceedings. We understand that the "Philos" are feeling quite indifferent about it now, but will, if the "Clions" are really in earnest, meet them half way.

We notice, in our exchanges, that debating societies are everywhere on the decline, whilst college journals are trying in vain by flaming editorials to infuse new life into them. The history of our own societies merely confirms the gloomy forebodings of our neighbors about their speedy dissolution. On one part of the subject our mind has been long since made up, viz: that just as soon as debating societies cease to benefit their members, they ought to be kicked out of existence, in order to save time and make room for something better. This is the logic of the 19th century.

An age that is so given to finding the ridiculous in everything, possesses geniuses who perpetrate things like the following. Everybody has heard of the exploits of "*Sic Transit*," whom "*Nihil Fit*" and "*nos tes*" head off. But the *Yale Courant* hotly denies the story in the following terms.

"*O unum sculls!* You *damnum* sculls. He didn't either. *Sic Transit* drove a *tu pone tandem terno Fer* from the Eastward. He is visiting his *ante*, Mrs. *Die Terra* in this city, and will stay till *Ortem*. Dr. *Dignus* the *Terris* likewise *et super* with us last evening, when he *et a bete pi*. The pugilist can *cum* with him. He *lam* a man badly in the street. He *cutis nos* off, and *noct em flat urna* thunder."

"DO YOU WANT TO BUY A HEN?" The fondness of the Freshies for domesticated fowls is truly evidence of their childlike innocence and simplicity. Last year they had a peacock screaming about the campus; now they have a hen cackling about the building. This hen has been taught to smoke, and is as tickled over a good smoke, as any ordinary hen, over a new laid egg. When smoking hour is over, she comes cackling up the stairs, and past our sanctum, with the whole Freshman Class wondering, admiring, and following close at her heels. The "Sophs" threaten to make soup of her if she don't "dry up" her bugle.

MIDNIGHT MOWING.—A certain Junior, whose luxuriant growth, in whiskers as well as physique, has made him an object of jealousy to his class mates, was recently the victim of a cruel and barbarous plot. At an hour somewhere in the neighborhood of one o'clock, while childlike slumber was refreshing his gigantic frame, a party of unknown conspirators, carrying a dark lantern and a pair of scissors, stole softly into his bedroom with intent to mow.

The operation, we understand, was rendered impossible, on account of the difficulty in finding where under the heap of bed clothes, the victim had stowed his head; and the disturbance necessarily resorted to, so stirred the "inner man," that he said something, and got out of bed.

It is feared that the sleeping powder, fed to him on the previous evening, was an overdose, and worked the wrong way.

CONSPICUUM.—What student in the Grammar School could be made insane by the addition of *et* to his name? Ans.—Dement.

PERSONALS.

TREDWELL, of '72, is in Mincola, Long Island.

BROOKS, of '71, subscribes for the MERCURY. Home is in Columbus, Ohio.

PRESCOTT, of '71 passed through Racine last week on his way to Nashotah. He is looking refreshed, and ready for work.

HARRY DAY holds a position in A. T. Stewart's mammoth wholesale and retail establishment, New York City.

ERROR.—In our last number, we omitted to mention the name of the recipient of the Grammar School Medal. It was awarded to Philip Maxwell Prescott of the Second Form; his marks being but nineteen below the maximum for the entire year.

OUR SANCTUM looked like old times last week, when Osborne and McLean were seated in the easy chairs. They are back now at Nashotah, poring over musty tomes, entirely oblivious to the howling wolf, the screeching peacock, and daring charge of the "Stovepipe Brigade."

The Nashotah boys call 'Andy's' room the 'Cave of Æolus,' because all the winds in that section blow from his tremendous horn. We are glad to learn that our quondam deity has begun operations in his "fresh fields and pastures new." Nashotah will not need any one to blow for them while "Andy" is there. Andy, may your horn never wrinkle nor your natural force abate for the next three years.

EOFF OF '72.—Subscriptions are rapidly coming in from the old boys, accompanied by cheering words of encouragement and friendly, as well as valuable advice, for which we are always thankful and by which we mean to profit.

John R. Eoff's letter met with a warm welcome in our sanctum. His numerous friends, made during his short stay with us, will be glad to learn that he is a tutor in St. Stephen's School, Millburn, N. J., where he is prosecuting his studies in connection with his other duties.

FAUDES OF '72.—"John Jacob" is a staunch friend of the MERCURY, and has so substantially proved this as to call forth from our editorial "buzz" the most rapturous applause. Jacob has become a *paidagogos* (this is Greek) located in Sturgis, Michigan, where he is preparing the "little roosters" to walk this "vale of tears," by an application of that vigorous system of "honing" and "honing," with which he was so thoroughly identified while here. Jacob, may your pupils never have an opportunity to "smouge" on you, or be so disrespectful as to call you a "dead beat."

"NED" BROWN, OF '73.—We have received a very pleasant letter from our old friend and classmate Brown. He corrects our erroneous belief, that he was the Brown who crossed the Continent, interviewed the President, and obtained a position in the Naval Academy, by informing us that it was his enterprising young brother.

"Ned" holds a position in the Engineer Corps of the Northern Pacific R. R., with a salary of \$100 per month. His forte was always mathematics, and we congratulate him on having obtained a position for which he is eminently fitted. Perhaps "Briar's" meditations upon our quondam Grammar School composition about round men in three-cornered holes and three cornered men in round holes, led him on the sure road to prosperity.

A CARD.—In honor of Messrs. E. A. Bennett and W. D. Tilden, who were published last term, as expelled from the Philologist Society, for non-payment of dues, it is my duty, on behalf of the Society, to state that the bills, directed to be sent to the parties, were, through the negligence of a former Secretary, never mailed. The matter having been thus satisfactorily explained, the above named gentlemen, were, at a regular meeting held Sept. 20th '71, unanimously reinstated.

W. K. DOAN, Secretary.

KEMPER HALL.

Kemper Hall, Kenosha, opens to-day, (Oct. 4th). We regret exceedingly that we were unable to attend its opening exercises, that we might, thereby, be enabled to give, to our readers and friends, a correct account of this new institution, in which so many are deeply in-

terested. We shall endeavor to present you, in our next edition, a complete and interesting account of it.

The number of pupils now in attendance, is, as is usual with schools in their incipency, small; but, judging from the character of its President, the first class teachers, with whom he has associated himself, and the determination, on all sides, to make it the leading school in the West, we can but predict for it, certain and permanent success.

BASE BALL ITEMS.

'73 vs. '75.—A game of base ball was played on Monday, the 2nd inst., between the Junior, and Freshman nines, resulting in the complete discomfiture of the Freshman. The Juniors have the strongest nine in the Institution this term, and it was a rash undertaking, on the part of the Freshmen, to "tackle" them.

'73 played with only eight men, and their playing was unusually good. The game was decided at the close of the eighth innings. Score 38 to 5.

A spirited game of base ball has been in progress, at odd times, for about two weeks, between the Sophomore and Freshman Classes. The game was finally ended on Monday morning, the 9th inst. The following is the score, by innings.

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total.
'74.	3	0	1	2	0	10	0	2	1	19.
'75.	4	3	0	0	5	2	2	2	0	18.

The playing on both sides was excellent. The victory for '74 is so slight, that it is yet a question which is the stronger nine.

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Vitam Impendere Vera.

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Vice President.....	AQUILLA JONES
Secretary.....	NORTON STURGEON
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Surgam

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“HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT,”

VOL. X.

RACINE COLLEGE, NOV. 1, 1871.

NO. 3.

TO ANNA.

To-night, I am far on the sea,—
Each moment borne farther from thee;
And the waves mount high,
Towards a threatening sky—
And the wind sighs drearily.

Yet I see through the gloom of the night,
The tremulous star by whose light,
We sealed the blest vow—
That unites us now,
In a love no changes can blight.

And, I think of the eve “lang syne,”
When we sat 'neath the *old house* vine:
And remember the years,—
The denials and cares,
We have known since I called thee mine.

Oh! believe me, this heart is the same,
As when, first, it enshrined thy name,
And for thee evermore,
From the pulse to the core;
It will glow with an even flame.

But to-night as I speed o'er the sea,—
Borne momentarily farther from thee;
To the waves' deep sigh,
And the gloomy sky,
My heart beats responsively.

And I turn to the hour so bright,
When we sat in the rosy light
Of that eve in June;
When the full fair moon
Coalesced in our hearts delight.

—NAT. NEAL.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CLASS OF '73.

We give below an interesting letter from an old boy, giving his first impressions of a class which has rightly been called the best, ever sent from the Grammar School:

P. — O. —

Oct. 1st, 1871.

DEAR MERCURY:

Your column of Personals, so interesting to every old student, has induced me to write a short reminiscence of my old class, to which I am as fondly attached now as when seated in the old Sixth Form room,

“Which fond recollection brings back to my view.”

No one can have any idea of the strong affection, and pleasant memories that hover around the old associations of college life; and every old boy must feel a bitter pang of regret at the event which compelled him to sever those endearing ties.

But, to my story.

It was at the opening of the summer term of 186— that I first found myself in the handsome parlor of Taylor

Hall, where I was duly welcomed by a loud laugh as my name was read off, whilst a small urchin whom the boys called “Hib,” nudged me in the side, and asked: “Does your mother know you'r out?”

A member of the class of '70, whose acquaintance I had made, then took my arm and said he would introduce me to a student of the class of which I was to become a member.

We approached a stub eight looking fellow whom my friend introduced as “Quill,” and then turning to me said: “I will leave you to this gentleman's care.” A furtive glance at my new protector's fighting qualities assured me that I had better “hitch” to him, and I straightway “hitched.”

I was then introduced in rapid succession to other members of the class, only one of whom, at that time, produced a lasting impression upon my memory. This was an exceedingly fine looking young man, at once superior and prepossessing in his appearance. I asked my guide, on the first opportunity, if the youth was a clergyman's son, and, on receiving a reply in the negative, said: “Surely then he is a candidate for holy orders?”

Again I received an astounding no from my guide, as he smiled compassionately at my credulity.

Then said I: “In the name of physiognomy, who and what is he?” and this is the reply that I got:

“My friend, you are evidently from the country. That young man whom you take to be a priest, is from Chicago. We call him ‘Glat.’ He's the man that runs the dark lantern for us.”

I thought I wouldn't try again, and so kept quiet the rest of the evening, and went to my alcove in a brown study.

The next day, after examination, I was ushered into the old Sixth Form room where '73 was then convened in solemn assembly. The room was in charge of my pug-nacious looking guide of the previous evening.

Desks were arranged around the room facing the wall; and I was assigned one between two individuals who answered to the names of “Jang” and “Abular, dactyl Warner, spondee.” In due time, by keeping a strict watch, I was enabled to master their names. There was “Tommy Ferix” and the “Deacon,” in an adjoining room, who were forever singing such an abominable jargon that I often resolved, like little “Peterkin,”

“I'll go some night and burn 'em out,
And take the fellow's lives.”

On opposite sides of the room sat two precocious youths, one of whom, called “Cui,” was always making speeches and reciting verses, whilst the other, sometimes called “Briar,” and at other times “Chinaman,” was continually singing sweet melodies, like “Mary had a little lamb, its fleas were white as snow-fo.” “Old Grimes” and the

"Three Crows." During the interludes they would enliven the scene by smashing chairs over each others heads. In one night I saw two chairs consigned to the stove, as total wrecks, and a servant blown up for not keeping enough chairs in the room. These two young batteries kept me in continual suspense for the safety of my cranium; and made me wonder how the class managed to prepare their lessons in the midst of such a bedlam. Yet they always did it, and received commendations on all sides for everything, except an excess of animal spirits.

Many were the "gags" practiced on "Dan" and Prof. S—. The preparation of four lessons per day was no task for '73.

"Glat," who was the swiftest among the Greeks, would write the translations on the black-board in about fifteen minutes, whilst "Cui" would do the same with the Latin, and another would work out the problems in the same manner. As for the English that was being taught us, no one took any stock in it, and, as a consequence, that recitation was the scene of some of the highest and loftiest scratching ever witnessed by modern educators.

Another character, whom I shall never forget was called "Jang." He was the spiritual adviser for the flock, and always officiated at the burial of text books, as well as on all other momentous occasions.

He usually wore a D. D.'s hood, made by tying the legs of a pair of drawers together at the end, with a facing and lining of red and green striped calico. His sermons even eclipsed the Warden's. When the business in which we were engaged was rather doubtful as to its morality, he would always close his discourse by saying: "If any of the brethren here present, can not, for this wickedness, quiet his own conscience, let him come to me, or some other discreet person, that he may receive such counsel and advice as may tend to the removal of all scruple and doubtfulness."

There must always be in every class a butt of all jokes; '73 was not wanting in this respect, for I soon found that the youth on my right hand was the victim. They not only used him to practice the noble hexameter upon, continually scanning his name, "Abular, dactyl, Warner, spondee," but the mischievous "Briar" made it his particular business to keep "Ab's" coffee peppered, his pie salted, and his potatoes saturated with vinegar.

In those days "Ab's" life was dark and dreary. There were foes without and foes within, and he sorely needed a friend. He fastened upon me, ere I had been in the school two days, and taking me to a sequestered spot, first told me all his trials and persecutions, and then advised me how to avoid his unhappy fate.

Each member of the class, in turn, received "Ab's" withering condemnation, closing with "Quill," against whom he warned me in the following words, whilst he looked anxiously around to assure himself that there was not even a goose-quill in the vicinity to carry his words to the dreaded chief of the study hour.

"Now, you just look out for him. He looks quiet, but he's got an awful temper. Why, one day he got mad at me, and threw a four foot stick of cord-wood at me; and if I hadn't ducked my head, my mother would have died of grief."

I soon came to know the boys intimately, and could wish

to find no better or jollier companions. I could multiply anecdotes of this class *ad infinitum*, but time and space forbid. Perhaps I have already trespassed upon the patience of my old classmates even.

One loves to wander amid, and think over these past scenes so much, that prolixity may be pardonable.

Another year, and '73 will read its history before the public. I trust its historian will do the subject justice, for certainly no class ever had a richer mine of incidents to select from.

I hope that all the old boys of the class will be present, so that we may have a jolly re-union and talk over old times. Give my love to all the old boys of the class, and accept my best wishes for the prosperity of the MERCURY.

Yours, in the bond of '73, ERIN.

The following letter, written by a "new" boy in the Grammar School, who evidently has just left the bottle, was picked up on the Campus and handed to us as a literary curiosity. We are happy to add that the precocious child has been duly labelled and returned by express to the open arms of his "efekshunate teacher:"

RAICINE COLLAGE, Oct. th, 1871.

MY DEAR TEACHER, MISS SARRAH FAY:

I thought I would Rite you a few lines and tell you a bout thiss wonderfol school. I beg-in at the first, so as not to skip eny thing. At first before you get up in the morning you here the old try-angle come a-round and that makes so mutch noise that you would think the world was to and end shore and then you get up and then they ring the little bell for prayer time and then after prayers then comes the role call and ever body must be up and wash and dress or they will get a task of a-bout 1,000 lines of latin or Greak wher you ever study it or not and then after role call you go down stairs and the bell ringes fore breakfast and if you ever spill a drop of water on the table cloth or enny thing else you get a task or a lickin or get sent up in to the lockup. the lockup is the place wher they feed you on bread and water and then after prayers an breakfast you go to the school rooms and rite and spell and after that you go to chapel and that keeps you a-bout an hour nealing down and if you laugh ever and dont Neal up strate or hold your hed down when you turn a-round in the Glory you get a licken and then you hafte get up and look ar-round and sing and turn ar-round and bow down and then they read the Bible and ever thing like they do in church and when he redes the Bible you hafte find the place and look on fore if you dont you get a licken or some thing worst than a licken and you hafte go twist a day and when you come out you hafte get in line and mark step and you dasent talk or look up in the air or enny thing else fore you have a-bout 15teen or 16 prefeckts watching you and he-sides 27 teachers: watching you fore there is one on ever side of you and the hole eit and posy of them dont know enny thing bat to lick you or skold you or give you tasks or send you up in the lockup you no more in 1 day than the hole of them no in a week and if I ever get home with out a broken hed i am comming to the North School and stay there till the hare in my bed is gra and I am eather come-ing out a donee or to know a little some-thing.

YOUR EFKESHUNATE SKOLAR.

OUR COLLEGE DAYS.

Looking back from midst life's struggles
On our sunny college years,
Now so lightly passing from us,
Gone ere hardly we're aware,
Long years hence we'll gaze with pleasure
—If it be not with some tears,—
Far away at these few hours
Ever glowing bright and fair.

Then the little griefs and trials
O'er our onward path which lay,
Often tempting bitter feelings,
Unremembered, passed away,
Recollecting we shall wonder,
"Could we bow to things so weak?"
Oh! our trials are but trifles,
Look! 'Tis learning's gifts we seek.
Let all enjoy these pleasant years,
Ere long the world's mad strife
Grows tedious, and we miss these halls
Ere half we've finished life.

WILLOW WOOD.

ADDISONIA.

At last, we are happy to say, the two societies of the College have given up the silly scruples that have for so long a time prevented their consolidation; and following the plain dictates of common sense have made the "match," and are united under the name of "Addisonia."

The benefits of a literary society have been discussed enough, and are sufficiently well known, to render any eulogium of the same unnecessary in the columns of the MERCURY. The expediency of having in a college the size of ours but one society, is just as evident.

The wisest plan to be adopted by a man who hopes to flourish in business, is to live within his means, and not to squander his capital in trying to make a display. The best thing to be done by the college that wishes its societies to flourish, is to begin with as many as it can support, and to increase its number when its size requires.

The experiment of having two societies instead of one, has had a fair trial, and it has proved a failure. The originators of the idea talked about the wonderful effects of emulation: in practice, the wonderful effects of emulation were "bosh."

From the time that the plan first went into practice, down to this day, neither society has been more than half of what it should. We do not deny that had the students vigorously taken hold of the matter, every man in the college, belonging to one or the other society, and doing all in his power toward its advancement, the effects of emulation might have been felt; but it is a lamentable fact, that hitherto, barely two-thirds of our number have been society men.

Out of the forty who did belong to a society, take the thirty who always shirked every literary duty imposed upon them, and the formula from which two good societies were expected to result, will be found somewhat to resemble Drake's "ST. 1860. X," with only this difference; that X stands for ten men instead of ten dollars, and that the formula in our case refused to work.

With our present number of students, however, we can support one society, and make it, what the old societies never were, an honor to the institution. There is good reason to hope that the Addisonian Society will gradually

increase in size, and what is vastly more important, in that life and energy which alone will bring success.

We have had a tiresome experience in our half dead societies: let us hope that what we have been so long in coming to, is the beginning of a new era, in which stale essays, half learned orations, stupid debates, and a sleepy and yawning audience, shall be no more heard of.

In a society of energetic men, who are putting forth every effort to perfect themselves in this branch of education which the literary society alone holds out to us, there is a real pleasure to be derived, as well as a lasting benefit. And the satisfaction which springs from a conscious development of one's powers, rewards no one more liberally than an active member of such a society, where improvement is so rapid and so evident.

Long life and prosperity to Addisonia. May she ever be the source of those pleasures and benefits hitherto so seldom felt.

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

Bowdoin Juniors are studying English Literature, Natural Philosophy, Mineralogy and German.

One of them says he is going to cut the chapter on "Liquids in Motion," as he had an experimental knowledge of it during the Freshman year.

An affectionate brother at Hamilton, boasts of a sister that "can everlastingly paw ivory, and howl like a mule."

We see from one of our exchanges that "the trees in the Campus begin to look brown and sear." Strange: at this time of the year, too!

A lustful Turk has packed his worldly goods, consisting of a pound of opium, a merschaum pipe, and a scimitre, and started for Amherst Agricultural College.—*Ex.*

A Soph. saw his "Dulcinea" home the other evening, but it afforded him no particular pleasure, as he was in the back ground, and she was accompanied by a Fresh.—*University Press.*

The number of ladies in the University of Michigan is 61, distributed among the different departments as follows: in the medical department, 33; in the literary, 25; and in the law, 3.

The *Chronicle* says a Junior has been found who had not heard of the fire at Chicago. A daily paper was handed him, but he quickly laid it aside, and took up his 'Physics.'

The same paper states that during a mathematical recitation, the other day, a Sophomore allowed himself to become so absorbed in reminiscences of the previous evening, as to reply, when called upon to recite, "I pass." It is to be hoped that the Professor "ordered him up."

All of our exchanges have reached us with the exception of the *Beloit Monthly*. Will our Beloit friends please explain the cause?

The *College Argus* comes to us, looking fresh and greatly improved in appearance.

The *Vidette* is a favorite in our sanctum.

The *Cadet* calls the *College World*, of "Princeton," the ablest college paper.

The *Acorn* wears a bold front.

The *College Courant* is an able exponent of the College press.

The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, NOV. 1, 1871.

EDITORS.

H. C. DILLON. E. A. LARRABEE. NORTON STRONG.

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

TERMS:

College Year \$3.00 | Single Copy 25 cts.

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.

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, Wisconsin."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Owing to the Chicago fire, our publishing house was so overwhelmed with orders that our last number was unavoidably delayed. This will explain the lateness of its arrival and also a few mistifying blunders, caused by a too hasty correction of proof sheets.

As another Chicago fire is not soon expected, you may expect to receive future numbers on time.

We take this opportunity to thank all who have so generously aided us in the publication of the MERCURY.

Our list of subscribers has largely increased, compelling us to issue a larger edition.

We have the satisfaction of now saying that the MERCURY has obtained such a foot-hold both at home and abroad that its future success is guaranteed.

But do not, on this account, withdraw your patronage from it. The MERCURY has within it the spirit of progress, and is not content merely to exist.

It is our wish to present to the alumni and old students of this College a paper more worthy of their Alma Mater.

We are now issuing a sixteen column paper, but it is our desire to enlarge it soon to twenty-four columns.

To do this we must and ought to have the support of every old student, graduate and friend of the College.

Can you not, and will you not, each in his place, use your influence in securing subscriptions to help us along in our long cherished plan?

"THE SPICEST AND BEST."

There is a scurrilous little sheet, very much resembling in appearance a third-class Sunday School paper, published out at Davenport, Iowa, which modestly styles itself the "College World." Until compelled by our ridicule to observe a little modesty, it was in the habit of advertising itself as the "spiciest and best College paper in the land."

To protect itself from the derision of the College press, it was accustomed to catch at such straws, as the stigmatizing of Racine College as a "boarding school," and others equally powerless and equally inebecile.

Although we could not advocate its selfish scheme of an associated press, we have always wished that it might receive such support as would enable it to stand upon its own bottom, like its more prosperous neighbors.

By its own acknowledgement, however, in the October

number, it has become so worthless that a large number of its subscribers no longer take their copies from the post office.

We are always charitable for small papers laboring under financial difficulties; knowing that obscure institutions like Griswold College ought not to be expected to have a class of students capable of editing a first-class College paper.

A glance at the contents of the "World," from month to month, reveals a degree of puerility, however, that is even disgraceful to "Griswold."

We had supposed that, after the amount of raking the "World" received last year, it would be glad to withdraw from a contest that only tended to cover itself with ridicule.

But, in its last issue, it has again resorted to the pitiable wit of questioning the right of our institution to the name of "College," by placing the word in quotations; and again to still further show its ill temper, by attributing to us several brilliant translations.

Now, it is just this scurrilous character, added to bad taste, and a deplorable lack of ability, which has so lowered its tone, as to force from it, in its last issue, the humiliating confession that it was being left to rot in the post-office, and that its former exchanges were dropping it from their lists.

The "College World" does not need an associated press to keep it upon its legs.

Let it only preserve a gentlemanly tone, and endeavor to obtain notoriety for real merit, rather than for scurrility, and its success and prosperity will be assured.

It will then be eagerly sought for at its own post-office, and become a welcome visitor to the editorial sanctums of other Colleges.

LITERARY.

Below we give an extract from the inviting prospectus of a magazine which, although only in its fifth year, has taken a rank second to none among the literary periodicals of this country.

A Representative and Champion of American Art.—THE ALDINE: an Illustrated Monthly Journal claimed to be the Handsomest Paper in the World. THE ALDINE, while issued with all the regularity, has none of the temporary or timely interest characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light and graceful literature, and a collection of pictures, the rarest specimens of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of THE ALDINE will be most appreciated after it has been bound at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness as compared with rivals of a similar class, THE ALDINE is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character. The possessor of the volume just completed can not duplicate the quantity of fine paper and engravings in any other shape or number of volumes for ten times its cost.

The Volume for 1872 will contain nearly 300 pages, and about 250 fine engravings. Commencing with the number for January, every third number will contain a beautiful tinted picture on plate paper, inserted as a frontispiece.

The Christmas number for 1872, will be a splendid volume in itself, containing fifty engravings, (four in tint) and, although retailed at \$1, will be sent without extra charge to yearly subscribers.

Terms for 1872. One copy, one year, with oil chromo, \$5.00; Five copies, do., \$20.00.

Any person sending 10 names and \$40, will receive an extra copy gratis, making 11 copies for the money.

Any person wishing to work for a premium, can have our premium circular on application. We give many beautiful and desirable articles offered by no other paper.

Any person wishing to act permanently, as our agent, will apply, with reference, enclosing \$1 for outfit.

James Sutton & Co., Publishers, 23 Liberty Street, New York.

Go and see Samuel & James' elegant stock of cloths.

LOCAL.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41 A. M.	12 08 P. M.	7 27 P. M.
Going South	7 33 A. M.	1 58 P. M.	4 48 P. M.
Going West	8 00 A. M.	7 30 P. M.	

THE GAME OF BALL.

THE BADGER AND CLARKSON MATCH.—The annual base ball match between the first Nines of the Badger and Clarkson clubs, came off on the 18th ult. The game opened with sharp playing on both sides, and promised to be "short and sweet," as well as intensely exciting. If the whole game had been played in the same business-like manner that was exhibited in the first three innings, it would have surpassed the best game ever played on the campus. Before the close of the third innings the Clarksons were twice subjected to the process of "whitewashing," and in their turn promptly payed back the debt, in the innings after its receipt. So far, the score of the second innings was the score for the whole game; 3 for the Clarksons, and 2 for the Badgers. After the third innings, however, the play of the Badgers fell considerably below that of the Clarksons, and did not revive during the whole match. The game terminated in the defeat of the Badgers. The Mercury this year is "Badger" in the extreme; but while the Clarkson victory cuts home pretty severely, we cannot help offering to the winning club our sincere congratulations. Their game was admirably played, and showed careful practice and lots of nerve. For our own side, we can only lament a game played so far below the Badger nine's average, and insisting that the Clarksons at least cannot beat us in "pitchers," "catchers" and "second-base-men," hope for better things in the future. The following is the score:

BADGERS.		CLARKSONS.	
O.	R.	O.	R.
Day, s. s.	5 0	Whitmore, 1 b.	2 3
Dean, 1 b.	4 0	Richmond, p.	4 1
Resor, 2 b.	3 2	Hudson, c.	3 0
Gault, 3 b.	4 0	Sturges, 3 b.	5 0
Wickham, 1 f.	2 2	Leekly, 1 f.	2 2
Benton, c.	2 1	Doe, s. s.	3 1
Safford, c. f.	4 0	Morrall, r. f.	1 4
Taber, r. f.	2 2	Woodle, 2 b.	4 1
Jones, p.	1 2	Martin, c. f.	3 1
Total	27 9	Total	27 13

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
Clarkson	0	3	0	3	2	2	1	1	1	13
Badger	0	2	0	1	2	0	2	0	2	9

Umpire, Mr. J. Clarkson.
Scorers, Messrs. Small and Edwards.
Time of game, 1 hour and 44 minutes.

SHOOTING.—We are constantly receiving reports of new achievements in the Nimrodian line. Our last number contained an account of a Junior's laming a thistle, and still the reports of wonderful accomplishments come swarming to our ears.

Three Sophomores went out the other day to try their powers. It is rumored that the prairie chickens accommodated them to at least a dozen chances to put a fowl in their game bag; but either out of modesty, or compassion, for which qualities the Sophomores are noted, they kindly let the birds live.

They didn't get much game, but they had a nice walk.

Two large gas-holders have found their way into the room of the Professor of Science.

An Addisonian suggested the other evening, that one of them be brought into the society room to measure the verbosity of a loquacious committee man.

'73.—The Juniors have finished their reading of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and have begun the tragedy of "Macbeth." "Lay on, Macduff."

A CHANGE.—The classical chair of the College has been abandoned. A long legged classical stool is used instead.

EDRENFEL'S is the place to get oysters, fried, raw, and stewed.

THE CLASS of '72, as was remarked by a professor the other day, was fated to be small.

Of the thirteen men which made up its roll in the Sixth Form, but one (Mr. Day) remains to be honored with the "sheep skin."

INGRAHAM is in business in St. Louis.

BRAY is at home in Evansville, Ind.

ELDRIDGE is still at sea.

FAUDE is teaching in Sturgis, Mich.

GWATHMEY, when last heard from, was engaged in some kind of a traveling agency. *Now dead*

HAMILTON is in business, in Omaha.

PERRY is at home in New York City.

EOFF is teaching in St. Stephen's School, Millburn, N. J.

McREYNOLDS is in business in Peoria, Ills.

TREDWELL is at home in Mineola, L. I.

CROGHAN is at "Helmuth College," London, Canada West.

GAULT, who was absent one year, returned, and is now a member of '73.

At the end of the Sophomore year, it was reduced to two members, Day the only original member, and Landon, who had entered in the Freshman year.

At the beginning of the Junior year it was joined by two members of '73, Dillon and Park. At the beginning of the present year, it was again joined by two other members of '73, Root and Morton, making its present force only six men.

Throughout its entire career, '72 has preserved the name of being the most gentlemanly class in the College. None of its members have been expelled; nor has any professor ever reported the class for misconduct or lack of preparation in studies.

From such a record in College it is safe to augur for it, in the world, a brilliant reputation.

F. Harbridge & Co.'s is the place to buy drugs and groceries.

FREE CONCERTS.—A body of students on their way from the refectory to Taylor Hall, nightly indulge in the most unmusical yells. The following words, which for want of music capable of bringing out their meaning, are rendered in concert with the natural tone of voice raised to a yell, seems to be their "best hold":

"Folks, won't you go?
Folks, won't you go?
Folks, won't you go
To the monki show?
For—to—
See—the—
Kang-a-rang-a-roo,
And the monki too,
And the baboon, and
The white Polar (ff) BEAR!"

Harris' is the place to satisfy the want's of the inner man.

Winslow's is the emporium for Books and Stationery.

THEATRICAL.—Scene I.—A Sophomore in the bed-room of a Junior, coolly stowing away a bible, soap-dish, comb and brush, and a few other articles between the sheets of the bed. Junior's room-mate quietly looking on.

Scene II.—About half an hour later. Said Sophomore in tow by one of his auricular organs, carefully replacing the mislaid articles, and offering to do it without assist nce.

Insure with Whitley & Durand.

Notice Mrs. Peavey's advertisement before you buy elsewhere.

By reading the following: Latin words forward and backward and taking the first letter in each word, they read the same:

Sator arepo tenet opera rotas.

In consequence of the fire in Chicago, the residences of twenty-five of our students have been changed.

A HUMAN NEGATIVE.

It has been said by some one, that "it requires a great many kinds of men to make up a world." The truth of this statement it is not our purpose either to question or explain. Its truth is too evident to admit of any questioning and too simple to require explanation; we, therefore, propose merely to call attention to one of the "many kinds" of men to whom it refers.

To give a name to the person, or class of persons, which we wish to bring forward would be a matter of considerable difficulty unless, perhaps,—as we have determined,—we were to call them "human negatives" or living contradictions to whatever is upheld by the world in general. We must beg permission to extend the term to those who say "yes" when we say "no," as well as those who say "no" to our "yes." Though not, perhaps, known to all by this title, the class itself is very prominent and well known to most of us. One meets them everywhere, and with always the same passion for opposing everybody and everything with which they meet. If there is any mad fancy brought forward as truth, and rejected by men of common sense, our "negative" is the first to uphold it, and—what is all the more aggravating,—generally with the weakest and most puerile arguments possible, so that, even though they are refuted, one cannot help feeling that he is being laughed at for his pains.

Our friend has no knowledge of defeat.

Beaten from one point he still clings tenaciously to another, and when finally that is lost and none other presents itself, we are greeted with a bland smile of self-approval, and the reply that "he is sorry we cannot agree, but trusts he may be allowed to retain his own opinion." Very complacent gentlemen are these. Their "bump of self esteem" is generally so well developed that they can only feel a deep emotion of pity that so many persons should be erroneous in their views.

But, perhaps, the worst feature of our friend N.'s character, is that he has no love or respect for the beauties of art. Like the fly in the Grecian temple, he sees no beauty in the "great clumsy creations" of those who are far superior to him in all things, to say nothing of knowledge. To him Milton is a bold and impudent rascal, who makes a blasphemous medley in endeavoring to write of those things which he knows nothing about. Shakespeare, in his eyes, becomes a good-for-nothing licentious varlet, whose whole aim is to contaminate still further, if possible, the world which now groans beneath its weight of sin.

Some of these persons, we are well aware, are less vehement in their opposition than others; but our "full-blown" negative, so to speak, is a personage that only the wants of the world could have called into existence. What use such beings are to the world, we cannot imagine. They do no good to any person or anything, for their opposition is directed against all that other people cherish. They may, perhaps, have been played a wrong us merely to show how infinitely absurd folly may become. Still, there are many plants and many beasts in existence, whose good office we cannot perceive, yet who, nevertheless, have some work to perform, and that, doubtless, for our good. They exist all the same whether we know and appreciate their deeds or

not, and so it may be with our friends. They are part of the great economy of the world, and as such, must remain till their work is done.

PERSONALS.

MR. G. S. BROOKS, of '71, made us a flying visit last Monday. "Pussy" looks as natural as he did in the days of the "Pyrogens."

WILLIS VITVUM, formerly of '73, is learning to saw legs off. "Dish 'em up," Cui.

MR. C. B. CHAMPLIN, of '70, has left Nashotah, intending to complete his Theological studies in Louisiana.

AN IMPROVEMENT.—A new, masculine waiter has been introduced into the refectory. He made his *debut* one evening last week.

One of the Juniors asked him to bring on the wine, and he immediately sailed out into the kitchen, at a rate that eclipses anything the refectory has experienced. The wine did not come back with him.

We can give a female servant half-way to the kitchen, and beat even then.

DIED.—At the residence of his father, at Kenosha, Wis., Sept. 29th, '71, of typhoid fever, Horace Graham Hinsdale, aged 22 years.

Mr. Hinsdale graduated at Racine College in the Class of '68, with high honors. In June, '71, he graduated at Nashotah Theological Seminary, and but a few weeks since, was ordained to the order of Deacon. Became assistant to Dr. Thompson, in St. James' Church, Chicago, where, through his noble efforts to rescue sufferers from the fire, and in caring for them afterwards, the disease was contracted which resulted in his sad and untimely death.

ADDISONIAN SOCIETY,

FOUNDED A. D. 1871.

In Omnia Paratus.

President.....	H. C. DILLON.
Vice-President.....	F. P. DAY.
Secretary.....	E. A. LARABEE.
Treasurer.....	R. PARK.
Librarian.....	W. D. WHITMORE.
Censor.....	AQUILLA JONES.

VESTMENTS.

Bishops' Robes, Undergraduates' Gowns, Hoods, Surplices, Stoles, Bands, Cravats,

And all other articles in Vestments made by the

"LADIES' AID SOCIETY, OF RACINE COLLEGE."

Notice will be sent of the required measurements upon receipt of orders. *Material and Work Warranted.*

Reference is made to the Rev. JAMES DE KOVEN, D. D., Warden of Racine College.

Address Mrs. C. H. FRANKLIN, Racine College, Racine, Wis.

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY

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AND S. C. YOUT,

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THE PHENIX OF HARTFORD,

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SPRINGFIELD OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THE IMPERIAL, OF LONDON,

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THE NATIONAL, OF BOSTON, MASS.

And the general crash of Insurance Companies, since the Chicago fire, these have paid their losses dollar for dollar, and still afford to the people a cheap and safe refuge against loss or damage by fire.

Don't wait for us to come around, but call at our office immediately.

F. HARBRIDGE & CO.,

CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS,

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Pomades, Perfumes, Brushes, Combs, and every requisite for the Toilet.

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DEALER IN

COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS

Choice Stationery, Picture Frames, Fancy Goods, &c.

HUGGINS HOUSE BLOCK, RACINE.

A liberal discount made to College Students.

LANGLOIS & SON,

DEALERS IN

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISH

Artists' Materials, Brushes, Twines, Paper Hangings, Window Shades, Cornices, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Lamp and Lamp Fittings, Lanterns, Mirrors, French and American Window Glass, Leather Belting.

SHIP CHANDLERY, &c.

SIGN OF THE BIG ANCHOR, 145 MAIN ST

W. A. PORTER,

74 Main Street, Racine, Wisconsin.

Manufacturer and Dealer in

FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS

Chamber and Parlor Sets.

Students will find it to their advantage to call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

PICTURES AND LOOKING GLASSES FRAMED.

City Dining Hall,

157 MAIN STREET, RACINE.

C. S. HARRIS, Proprietor.

Warm Meals at all hours. Fruits in their Season.

Those celebrated Baltimore "Count" Oysters received daily, and served in every style.

J. WATTS,

WATCHES AND JEWELRY,

First class goods and low prices. Engraving and Repairing carefully executed. East Side of Main Street, Huggins House Block, RACINE, WIS.

JOS. MILLER & CO.,

Manufacturers, Wholesale and retail dealers in

BOOTS AND SHOES,
MARKET SQUARE,

JOS. MILLER,
A. G. PEIL,

RACINE, WIS.

Dr. A. H. Amos,

DENTIST,

Office on Sixth Street, opposite City Bakery, Racine.

Teeth extracted without pain, and without danger, by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. None need fear to take this gas, on account of heart or lung diseases. Any one can take it with safety.

Artificial teeth inserted, and the natural contour of the face restored. Cleaning and filling thoroughly done, and all operations warranted.

F. SAMUEL.

SAMUEL & JAMES,

J. M. JAMES.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

No. 144 Main Street,

Keep constantly on hand a full stock of

GOODS FOR MEN'S & BOYS' WEAR.

Which they will make up in any style desired. Also, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

WORKMAN & BRO.,

No. 3 Sixth Street, RACINE, WISCONSIN,

DEALERS IN

Pure Drugs and Chemicals,

Tobacco, Cigars and Wines, Combs, Brushes, and Fancy Toilet Goods.

SODA WATER—COTTAGE FOUNT.

CONGRESS HALL,

Corner Third & Chatham Streets, Racine.

ELISHA RAYMOND, PROPRIETOR.

This large first class hotel is beautifully situated on the bank of Lake Michigan, commanding one of the most picturesque scenes of any hotel in the North-West. This renders it very convenient and pleasant for the traveling public, while visiting Racine on business or pleasure. The rooms are airy and well furnished; table always supplied with the delicacies of the season.

"NEXT!"

KOHLMAN & PAULI,

Barbers and Hair Cutters.

Shaving, Shampooing, Hair Cutting, &c.

UNDER HUGGINS HOUSE.

Furniture at the Lowest Price by

F. IBING,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Furniture, Wood and Cane Seat Chairs,

Cabinet Work made to order, and satisfaction guaranteed.

No. 45 Main Street,

RACINE, WIS.

JONES & THOMAS,

DEALERS IN

Ladies' and Gent's Furnishing Goods,

We have always on hand a good assortment of Gents' Fine Shirts, Neck Ties, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Pocket Handkerchiefs, and a great variety of Notions. WEST SIDE OF MARKET SQUARE, RACINE.

CITY BAKERY,

No. 12 Sixth Street.

Jno. C. SMITH, Proprietor.

Bread, Buns, Cakes, Pies, Cookies, Choice Confectionery, Nuts, Cheese, Sweet Ohio Cider, &c., always on hand.

F. HUBACIEK,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

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All kinds of Fur Goods made to order.

COLLEGE CAPS constantly on hand and made to order.

139 Main St., two doors north of P. O., RACINE, WIS.

M. THROUP'S

LIVERY STABLE,

Horses and Carriages for Hire, Double Teams, Conveyances for Pic Nics, Family Trunks and Trunks, &c.

Next door to Huggins House,

Racine, Wis.

H. G. WINSLOW,

GENERAL DEALER IN

Books, Stationery

BLANK BOOKS, PICTURES AND FANCY GOODS.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF BASE BALL GOODS.

CALL AND SEE THEM AT

162 MAIN STREET, RACINE, WIS.

Coal! Coal! Coal!

-AT-

Glass' Mammoth Coal Yard,

COR. 2ND & MAIN ST.

Dealers in COAL. Lehigh, Lechawona, Pittston, Bloomsburg, Briar Hill, and Willow Bank Coal. In connection with Coal, we shall always keep a full supply of Beech, Birch, and Michigan Maple Lumber, WOOD, sawed 4 feet in length.

As nearly all consumers of coal are also consumers of wood, we trust this arrangement will be a

GREAT ACCOMMODATION TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

All orders should be addressed to Homer Glass,

FRED. W. KLEIN,

132 MAIN STREET, RACINE, WIS.

Importer and Dealer in the Finest Brands of

Foreign and Domestic Cigars,

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"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT,"

VOL. X.

RACINE COLLEGE, NOV. 15, 1871.

NO. 4.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Bright in the warm hazy sunshine
Sparkles the lakelet's cool wave;
Still are the songs of the forest,
And silent it stands as the grave.
Lightly the falling leaf rustles,
Seeking its last earthly bed.
Soon 'tis at rest with its fellows,
Lying below, sear and dead.

Here, where the dark pines and cedars
Lend to their shade odors sweet,
Rippling waves 'midst the pebbles
Chant a refrain at their feet,
Gaily the groves and the forest
Flaunt forth their bright autumn hues,
Maple and oak deck with grandeur
The haunts of the sweet sylvan muse.

On the far distant hills the rich harvest
Gloweth forth in the ripe yellow grain;
Anon from the depths of the woodland
The drum of the pheasant sounds plain.
The work of the long year is ended,
The earth is at peace and at rest,
And the heart of the husbandman lightens
At the bounty with which he is blest.

Beauty is rife in each feature
Of all that breaks forth on the view;
Transient but soul-stirring beauty,
Alas, that its days are so few.
The soft mellow haze and warm sunshine
Bind the heart with their magical thrall,
And a longing for something it knows not
Springs up in the bosom of all.

All hail! ye bright days of autumn,
Heralds of winter's cold blast,
Dearer than all other seasons,
Dearest of all—yet the last.

—WILLOW WOOD.

THE PERFECT SYSTEM.

The problem of college-government is one which, for the last century, has puzzled even the most ingenious brains in our collegiate institutions. Plans, apparently faultless, have been tried and found wanting, and, to judge from the multitude of systems we behold on all sides, we are about as far as ever from any solution.

The great difficulty experienced in arriving at any satisfactory conclusion, when considering this question, arises from the double position occupied by the students of a college towards the professors and authorities, that is, the position they occupy *in* the recitation room and *outside* of it. The duties of the professor are, strictly speaking, confined entirely to his lecture room; but, in addition to this, he is often called upon to act as a disciplinarian as well.

These two offices are repugnant to one another, and can never be united without serious injury to both, and inconvenience to the officer. It cannot help but be unpleasant to a professor to feel that he must act as a guard over the conduct of those whom he is endeavoring to assist in their search after knowledge, scanning with careful eye their behavior, and holding himself in readiness to punish every wrong. If this is an unpleasant state of affairs for the professor, it is doubly so for the student. He feels, and justly too, that he cannot entertain the same feelings towards one who is placed over him as his disciplinarian, that he does towards a beloved and respected professor; and thus the path to knowledge, which at best is wearisome, becomes doubly irksome by the destruction of all confidence that may exist between himself and his guide.

Some have endeavored to avoid this difficulty by making the student free of all rules save those of the recitation or lecture room. This, theoretically, is one solution, and a very satisfactory solution of the problem. It places the professor in full possession of all his power, untrammelled by discipline or anything foreign to his desires, to aid in every way the advancement of those placed under his charge, and thus fulfil the duties of his position. The student, also, is placed in the most favorable position for the attainment of the object of his study. With respect to its practical working, however, this system proves unsatisfactory and evil in its results. Especially is this the case where students make their home in the college buildings. The formation of a young man's character is oft-times of far more consequence than his intellectual advancement, and the community, recognizing this truth, calls for some method of governing students outside as well as inside of the class room. It has been observed by many writers that a man's character is made up of trifles, and it is the trifling errors in a student's character which are to be corrected by discipline and government outside the class-room.

For instance, five or ten minutes sleep in the morning is a very small affair, but it goes a great way towards the formation of a lazy man.

A careless use of by-words and jests of doubtful meaning is not much when taken by itself, but it is of great assistance in the formation of the licentious profligate.

A wilful maligning of those things, which are worthy of our respect and admiration, may not seem of much consequence when proceeding from the mouth of a student, but it is of infinite value in the formation of the lawless and turbulent demagogue. We can now appreciate the burden of the duty which is to be fulfilled—a burden which is not only unpleasant to a professor, but one for which he is utterly unfitted. But it must be borne by some one and the only question is, *Whom shall it be?*

By the multitude of methods adopted by different institutions, we may form some idea of the diversity of opinions on this point; but, solitary and alone, a stranger amidst the varied throng which surrounds it, stands the "Perfect System" of Racine College.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"DO THEY PAY?"

THE old question, relative to the benefits of Literary Societies in College, has sprung up again, and is once more demanding a discussion in the columns of our College journals.

The question is so worn out, that it is with reluctance we take it up again, and we will drop it gladly, as soon as we can; but an article in one of our exchanges, taking a negative view of the subject, leads us to say a little in favor of what was once so generally admitted as to render arguments unnecessary.

Our exchange, in answer to the question, "Do they pay?" throws out several objections against Literary Societies. Its first objection is against the amount of time which the society requires at the expense of other duties, the careful fulfilment of which should be the prime object of the college student; and on the grounds that the College curriculum does not allow enough time for a respectable discharge of society duties, and at the same time a beneficial application to text books, urges as its first point that the time spent in a literary society is misdirected.

If the object of the society were—as the exchange evidently takes for granted—the preparing of essays on abstruse and uninteresting subjects, we would readily agree with it that the time given to society work is a positive waste. Essay writing, however, if it be in the province of our Literary Societies at all, forms only an insignificant part of the programme. In our own, and as far as we know, in other colleges, it is in the class-room, and not in the society-hall, that we are bored with "tedious homilies" on "Goodness," "The Sublime," and "The Beautiful;" and since, in the regular College course so much time is spent, or wasted if you please, on these "flowery nothings," it would hardly be judicious, we allow, to support a society, whose first object is to waste more in the same way.

The true object of our Literary Societies is to afford to the College student a branch of education—and education in its true and literal sense—which he can acquire in no other way. We do not need Literary Societies to promote freedom and ease in writing; we can obtain this object without their aid. But if our exchange will allow us in considering this subject, to argue with reference to what in our judgment is the true province of the Literary Society, we cannot on this first point agree.

Another consideration which has induced our exchange to doubt whether the Literary Society is a paying affair, is the belief that extemporaneous speaking "confirms a speaker in the habit of loose thinking."

It holds this opinion the stronger, inasmuch as in the debates "the tendency seems to be, to put off all preparation for this duty until called upon by the President, and then to depend chiefly upon the inspiration of the moment,

to take the place of previous close thought and careful research, which, from the nature of the case, cannot usually be done without real detriment."

Waiving for the present the question of a careful preparation of such a debate being a detriment, (our exchange does not say to what it is a detriment: to class work, we presume,) we deny that extemporaneous speaking, even without preparation, has this injurious effect. The Society man who gets up to talk, without having made any preparation beforehand, has thought over the subject on which he is attempting to make a speech, as much, at least, as he would have done if he had not been required to speak at all. He must think of something to say, even if it is only to keep himself on the floor, and to save himself from an appearance of confusion. Thinking a little, is better than not thinking at all. Besides, if this extempore speaker, after he leaves College, is to be of much importance in the world, he will probably be called upon, at some time or other, to express his opinion without having an opportunity for previous preparation. A debate, therefore, that has not been studied before society, though not so beneficial to the speaker as a debate that has been carefully prepared, will at least afford him practice in what many find so difficult, the laying down of a plan, while on the floor.

But why the preparing of a debate should be detrimental to studies, we are unable to see. One hour, or two at the farthest, is sufficient time to prepare and arrange arguments for both speeches; and we have yet to see in an American College a curriculum so crowded, that society duties could not find before the end of the week so small a place as this. At all events it would require of the busiest student but a little self-denial, to make unprepared debates of rare enough occurrence to prevent at least their forming in him a habit of looseness.

So long as the Literary Society is the only instrument afforded the student for his improvement in debate and extemporaneous speaking; so long as it is his only means of putting into practice a great part of his Logic and Rhetoric; and last but not least, while it is the one opportunity which is afforded him for accustoming himself to the rules of parliamentary usage without having his blunders and awkward mistakes ridiculed, we would venture to differ with our exchange, as regards such a society *not paying*.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

The one great characteristic of the nineteenth century is its practical tendency. Dreams and theories are well enough in their way. They answer very well for the purposes of amusement and the cultivation of the mind; but in the busy, toiling world they are useless. Practical facts and realities are what are wanted, and these alone are what will stand the wear and tear which the world requires.

Closely allied to this practical spirit—indeed, so closely connected that they are inseparable—is a spirit of caution. Men now-a-days are not wont to leap without first taking a look; not that they fear to leap, but to see where they will land. A glance at the gigantic undertakings of the last few years plainly shows that this spirit of caution is no hinderance to enterprise, but, on the contrary, is its most invaluable assistant. It teaches one to balance carefully the cost with the end to be gained, and thus removes from

our path many snares and pitfalls, and enables us to prosecute with renewed vigor, those schemes which are sound.

The men who succeed in every station of life are those who, without hesitating to engage in those schemes which pay, absolutely refuse to have anything to do with those which do not. In spite of the truth contained in the maxim "look before you leap," there are many who, with its application revealed to them on every side, seem utterly blind to the result of its non-observance. Careless, wilful, thinking only how they may gratify their own wishes, they never awaken to a consciousness of their folly until they find themselves, and oft-times many others, involved in the evil results of their work.

In the former case, where themselves alone are concerned, we can pity or ridicule them according as their mishap is the result of carelessness or obstinacy, but in the latter it is a far more serious matter. When, for the sake of gratifying some desire of their own, which in itself is evil, a few reckless, good-for-nothing fellows bring down disgrace upon the heads of the community in general, it is a far more serious affair than if they alone were the sufferers. It is a deed which is worthy of only the lowest of natures, and it is difficult to find words to express its vileness.

If the persons, to whom acts like those of Sunday night are due, will take the trouble to compare the costs of their work with the pleasure obtained therefrom, they will probably decide with us that the estimate had better have been made beforehand. Further, if they will consider the position in which they placed their fellow-students, calling into question the common courtesy of those who consider themselves gentlemen, they will probably gain some idea of the height they have attained in the esteem of those about them.

THE following five lame stanzas, of "spurious brood," were placed on our table, the other day, for publication:

ADDISONIAN JINGLE.

Come comrades now our voices blend
In music's cheerful strain,
For music doth the heart's strings bend
And gives us joy from pain.

In music's voice we'll drown our cares,
'Tis music makes us free,
And gives us strength for future wars,
That we shall ready be.

'Tis Ignorance, our greatest foe,
That battles with our host,
Addisonian's sons shall show
He battles "to his cost."

"In omnia" we always stand
With word and deed to do,
"Paratus," for both heart and hand,
Are earnest for the true.

"In omnia paratus" be
To make our record known,
"In omnia," the wrong to flee;
"Paratus," the right to own.

—DIXON.

Dixon, your *jingle* "won't do." You have made a brave effort, but sadly failed. We have inserted your production in the columns of our paper, merely out of compassion for you, hoping, that when you see how ridiculous you appear in print, you may be cured of your lamentable disease.

We are well aware that every student, at some period of his life, is visited with the verse-making mania, just as naturally as with the measles or whooping cough. Most students, however, are wise enough to give their mental diseases the same treatment their physical diseases require,—that is, not to subject them to exposure.

You, Dixon, have grievously erred. These matters of poesy are too high for you. You are striving to soar with unfledged wings. A lowlier theme, without attempt at rhyme, would better suit your mental endowments. Dixon, throw away your uncompromising quill, and burn your rhyming dictionary; for one that will teach such galling rhymes as you present, is not worth preservation.

Go to work earnestly. Study your *Webster's Unabridged*, and endeavor to find out the true signification of the term "joy." We fear you have mistaken "joy from pain," for relief from pain.

Try to remember, also, that you are living in the 19th century; and, when you venture to address a literary society, like the "Addisonian," a fair representative of the spirit of the age, do not invite them to drown their cares in music. They are not supposed to have so many cares that they cannot survive without the aid of your stimulus. To be wise is their special care, and, since

"'Tis ignorance our greatest foe,"

rather advise them to dismiss their cares, by learning to be wise.

Consult your Latin grammar next, and you will find that the word "*omnia*" must be placed in the accusative plural, and not in a *Dixonian* ablative singular, where your accent compels us to place it.

No, Dixon, you are not a poet. You are dreadfully incapacitated for that office. You have mistaken your province entirely.

If you wish to immortalize your name, and "make your record known," you must seek to do so through the medium of some other employment.

"Be wise now, therefore, and at once resign
All claims to favor from the sacred nine."

You were never born to flood this fair world with epic numbers. Read your "jingle" again, Dixon, and see how little of rhyme and less of reason it contains. Commit it to memory, as an everlasting reminder of your youthful follies, and then consign it to its blessed abode, the flames.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER

Enters upon its fiftieth year on the 1st of January next. Its career has been one of the most successful in the history of American journalism. Every department is conducted with ability. Its foreign correspondence is unrivalled, and its independence in commenting upon political corruptions is in the highest degree praiseworthy.

We notice that it appears in a "*New Dress*," and also announces that the success of its Year-Book for 1871 will result in Volume No. 2 for 1872, which will be still more complete in its statistical and other tables of information, and in its general arrangement.

Such enterprise deserves success, and we advise our readers to send for a specimen copy of the paper. New subscribers will receive the paper free until January 1st.

The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, NOV. 15, 1871.

EDITORS.

H. C. DILLON. E. A. LARRABEE. NORTON STRONG.

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

PUNCH.

Some chap was enamored by a market girl, and thus expressed his "phelings:"

"Upon a *market* cart installed,
I *mark* her every day—
Sits at her stand, the fairest girl,
So lovely, bright and gay,
Her lips they are like *cherries*, red,
Her hands a pretty *pear*,
With such a pretty *turn-up* nose,
And lovely *reddish* hair.

The following is no product of the fancy, but a literal fact, culled from a Southern paper:

OBITUARY.

Died on Tuesday, October 9, 1871, at 8½ P. M., MARY ELIZABETH, daughter of John and Mary B—, aged one year eight months and sixteen days.

We have had a visit—one resulting in most melancholy consequences. Our guest came clothed in the garb of "the old, old fashion;" man calls him Death. He came to our house unawares. He paced our garden, paid no attention to the full-blown flowers, but plucked our youngest bud. Yes, our little Mary was a sweet bud, the sweetest in our garden; and the knife that severed it from the stem, may it— No, no—'tis hard, but we will bear it. Why? Because we hear Him, of whose existence we had been oblivious for a moment, whisper to us, "Your guest was My messenger; your bud would soon be liable to the deteriorating effects of atmospheric imparities and terrestrial insects. I, therefore, wished to transplant it to My celestial conservatory, where it will have lovely companions, and where roses never fade."

She's gone, she is, our own dear child,
That was so good, so sweet and mild;
She sits in Heaven beside her God,
While we below do feel the rod.

SPONKY.—It is said that Ben. Butler, when a boy, slept spoon-fashion with his little brother. This accounts for his speculation in that article during the war.

A little Fourth Former, on beholding the *Northern Lights*, the other night, anxiously enquired of a Junior standing near, if that was't the "Lory Bully-Alis."

FRANTIC.—The following was perpetrated by a distinguished Professor of Classics:

The line "*Nam inceptiost amentium, haud amantium*," occurs in *Terrence*. Prof. —, who was anxious to preserve the play on the words '*amantium*' and '*amentium*,' asked the class to suggest the appropriate English words. Not being much on the joke, they modestly gave it up. But Prof. —, who never yet said "die" on a translation, promptly replied: "Well, young gentlemen, I would suggest the words 'lunatic' and 'lover'; there is an 'l' in each." Twenty handkerchiefs were immediately "chucked" into twenty Junior mouths, whilst an impudent fellow in the corner sung out, *sotto voce*, "Try again Prof."

A Freshman in a fit of despair, before the professor's stand, translated the line "O, te, Bolane, ceribri felicem," "O! for some tea and bologne, and the brains of a cat."—*Ex.*

"What did Mr. S— preach about last Sunday?" asked a forgetful Sophomore of a wicked Freshman. "About an hour," replied the "Fresh."

A bare-headed professor, on a bare-boned mustang with barely two inches of caudal appendage, went on a bear hunt in the barren wilds of the Kickapoo. By a bare scratch he shot a black bear, and sent back a bearer to bear a hind quarter of the bear to the bare-faced boys of his department. To the said quarter was appended a bare foot of the bear; but the bare armed cook could barely bear to cook it, it had such an unbearable smell. The Head Master couldn't bear to introduce the bear into the dining hall on account of the presence of two roasted coons that were being "boned" by the Juniors and Sophomores.

Barring the coons, however, he was enabled to bear up wonderfully, and admitted the bear. The bear, under the protection of his forbearance, was "trotted in," bare footed on barely one leg, accompanied by such an unbearable bear perfume, that barely a student could bear to look cross-eyed at the bear, whilst the bare-faced boys, to whom the bearer was ordered to bear the bear, and who had made bare their table to receive their bare allowance of the bear, were so overcome by the unbearable smell of the bear's bare foot, that they fasted the rest of that day, and signed a petition to their bear hunter, begging him to have the forbearance to forbear sending them them any more unbearably smelling black bear!

Why is a professor like a locomotive? Because you have to "look out" for him when the bell rings.—*Ex.*

There is a young digger Indian out at Cheyenne who boasts that his head is the best hunting ground in the West. The *Cornell Era* defines the College Green—"A Freshman."

A Junior went a hunting; got lost in the woods; was absent from chapel and other duties, thereby laying himself liable to a severe punishment. When summoned before the Head Master, however, he avoided the catastrophe by telling the following: "I got lost in the woods, could find nothing to eat, and was on the point of starvation; so I took my dog, cut off his tail, cooked and eat it and gave the bone back to my dog. Thus I saved the lives of myself and dog, *mirabile dictu*, and am here to eat the "fatted calf." We would rather have somebody give us a new plug hat than believe that story.

WANTED.

By an experienced teacher, a few scholars to take lessons on the guitar. For terms and reference, apply at 257 Chatham St., Racine, Wis.

MRS. C. J. PAINE.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41 A. M.	12 08 P. M.	7 27 P. M.
Going South	7 33 A. M.	1 58 P. M.	4 48 P. M.
Going West	8 00 A. M.	7 30 P. M.	

FIRST ELEVEN MATCH.

Monday, the 6th inst., the appointed day for the first of the three annual match games between the Badger and Clarkson Clubs, dawned cloudy and chill. Party spirit rapidly declined under the influence of a heavy atmosphere, and overcoats seemed to be the only thing in demand. At 10.30 A. M., a muffled, shivering crowd assembled upon the Campus. Indications were unfavorable for a good game. Badgers exult most and fight best in the bright warm sunshine.

The sequel of the first day's encounter, however showed that when a Badger is driven to the wall, he can triumph over the opposing elements, as easily as over opposing Clarksons.

The Clarksons were sent to bat. Game opened with Woodle and Doc at the "willow," Larrabee and Resor bowling, while the remaining Badgers, incumbered with overcoats, sailed out to field. Mr. Mead soon made his appearance and relieved Resor who was bowling *pro tempore*. A few sharp balls, and the aforesaid gentlemen threw up their bats, with a score of four runs.

A consultation of the score below reveals the fact that over one-third of the score for the first innings was made by Mr. Hudson, who, with Messrs. Whitmore and Leekly, did about all the batting that was done by the Clarksons in their first innings. The weather was so unfavorable for fielding that few good plays were made by the Badgers. Mr. Resor, however, deserves a compliment for the dexterity with which he secured a very difficult fly.

Another fact, revealed by the score, is worthy of mention, as it shows the vast superiority of round-arm bowling. From the sixty balls delivered by the Badger round-arm bowler, only thirteen runs were secured; whilst from forty-eight balls, delivered by a scarcely equalled under-hand bowler, twenty-two runs were secured.

The innings closed with Mr. Bump, who carried out his bat.

The Badgers now went to bat, and a series of disasters followed, never before equalled by good players upon the Campus. Players who heretofore never failed to run up a large score, in rapid succession, were compelled to lay down the "willow" by the inexorable presiding Fates, and to retire from the contest with the awful impression of an "egg-shell" left behind. Six Badgers were thus handled. Eight wickets had fallen, and but twelve runs secured, and these, excepting one run, were made by Messrs. Rowe and Aertsen.

Badger brows were not less dark than the angry heavens, when the forlorn hope, Larrabee and Jones, desperately seized the bat. The tables turned, whilst

Cheer on cheer, around,
And, near, the click, of the alarming bat,
Made the air ring with victorious sound.

By cautious and powerful batting, by both gentlemen, and by a large number of byes secured through the swift running of Mr. Jones, the innings closed with the Badgers seven ahead.

The bowling of Messrs. Hudson and Nicholson was very fine.

A drizzling rain now set in, compelling both parties to postpone the contest to a more favorable day.

On Wednesday, the 8th inst., a day even less propitious than the former, the contest was renewed with the Clarksons again at the bat. Space forbids a very extended account of the second innings. A careful and comparative inspection of the score will afford any one a fair idea of the whole game. Messrs. Hudson, Doc, and Bump, did the batting for their side. Mr. Hudson fairly outdid himself, running up a score scarcely before equalled on this Campus.

The Clarksons owe their victory entirely to him, and he, we fear, to some fickle goddess that will never smile again. But, "honor to whom honor;" Mr. H. threw himself, into the game with great energy, and played well his part. His hits were fair and powerful, and in our estimation, he did not make a "scratch."

On the Badger side, Messrs. Day and Doan partly redeemed themselves. But it was with them as with the rest of the Badgers; they came in both times from the field, chilled to the very bones, and, hence, utterly incapacitated for handling the bat.

To this fact alone, we ascribe their defeat. A single glance at the two scores of byes is enough to convince any one of the superior fielding of the Badgers; but, if that is not sufficient, certainly, the number of long-steps brought into requisition by the Clarksons, ought to convince the dullest.

It is not with this, however, as with the "First Nine's" match. It is not decisive. Two more matches must yet be played, before either party will be permitted to drink to Mars from the flowing bowl.

CLARKSON FIRST ELEVEN.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Woodle.....	1 b x Mead.	Woodle.....	3 b x Larrabee.
Doc.....	3 b x Larrabee.	Doc.....	8 b x Mead.
Hudson.....	14 b x "	Hudson.....	37 b x Day.
Nicholson.....	3 c x Doan.	Nicholson.....	1 c x Gault.
Hough.....	0 b x Mead.	Hough.....	0 b x Larrabee.
Sturges.....	0 Run out.	Sturges.....	2 c x Jones.
Morrall.....	3 b x Mead.	Morrall.....	0 c x Taber.
Whitmore.....	6 b x "	Whitmore.....	3 Not out.
Leekly.....	7 c x Resor.	Leekly.....	0 b x Mead.
Simon.....	0 b x Mead.	Simon.....	0 c x Rowe.
Bump.....	1 Not out.	Bump.....	6 Run out.
Byes.....	3	Byes.....	5
Wides.....	1	Wides.....	4
Total.....	42	Total.....	69

BADGERS FIRST ELEVEN.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Doan.....	0 b x Hudson.	Doan.....	11 c x Woodle.
Day.....	0 b x "	Day.....	5 b x Hudson.
Mead.....	1 b x Nicholson.	Mead.....	0 b x "
Aertsen.....	4 b x Hudson.	Aertsen.....	1 b x Whitmore.
Rowe.....	7 c x Hough.	Rowe.....	2 c x Woodle.
Taber.....	0 b x Nicholson.	Taber.....	4 c x Nicholson.
Gault.....	0 b x "	Gault.....	0 b x Hudson.
Benton.....	0 b x "	Benton.....	5 c x Nicholson.
Larrabee.....	11 c x Hough.	Larrabee.....	0 Not out.
Resor.....	0 b x Nicholson.	Resor.....	0 b x Hudson.
Jones.....	9 Not out.	Jones.....	3 b x Nicholson.
Byes.....	15	Byes.....	6
Wides.....	4	Wides.....	3
No balls.....	1	No balls.....	0
Total.....	50	Total.....	40

SCORERS.—Walker, O.; and Bennett, C. H.

USHERS.—Messrs. Champlain and Norris.

"Fools rush in
Where angels dare not tread."

The watchman has positive orders to put out all lights in the buildings at 11 P. M., moreover, 'weil er kan nicht English,' he is no respecter of persons. The other night he espied a "pale glimmer" through a particular casement, and having taken accurate bearings upon the spot, he "went for it" with his dark lantern. Throughout the building all was silent as the grave. You could have heard a crowbar drop, when he

"Opened wide the chamber door."

Imagine the discomfiture of the Prussian. Right before him, in the center of the room, *proh pudor!* clothed, *a capite ad calcem*, in the garb of our first parents, stood, not a criminal Freshman, but an enraged Diana. The watchman, modestly veiling his dark lantern, stood, expecting to be changed into a pillar of salt. Diana looked around in despair, exclaiming, "Oh that I had wings like a dove!" but as she hadn't, she grabbed a music stool, and flinging it, like one of Jove's thunder bolts, escaped whilst the watchman was picking himself up. Our *custos* has since handed in his resignation. He says that between spiritual bell-ringers and pugnacious goddesses, he can't stand it.

After an absence of six weeks, at the General Convention, assembled at Baltimore, the Warden returned on the evening of the 9th inst., and met with a hearty and joyous welcome from all. In honor of his return the students of the Collegiate Department gave a supper in the new Dining Hall.

It proved a very pleasant affair. Mrs. Franklin has the sincerest thanks of the students for the elegant way in which everything was prepared.

Dr. Falk was called upon for an after supper speech, and, in reply, made some very happy and well chosen remarks, setting forward the great superiority of the Family, over any other system of Collegiate life. We regretted that in such a happy and harmonious gathering of students and professors, no representative student was called upon to reply to the Dr. on behalf of his Fellows.

However the Doctor's remarks struck a responsive chord and he was enthusiastically cheered.

The exercises were finally concluded with three rousing hurrahs for the Warden, and all went away completely overcome by their feelings, and too full for utterance.

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"HAEC PLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT,"

VOL. X.

RACINE COLLEGE, Dec. 1, 1871.

NO. 5.

TO THALIARCHUS.

(TRANSLATION FROM ODE IX. BOOK I. OF HORACE.)

If Soracte's distant height
With snow is veiled white,
And forests cold are shiv'ring 'neath the snow;
If frost with finger chill
Has bound the river still,
The brighter let the burning embers glow.

From ancient jar Sabine
Pour forth the cheering wine;
To fortune all your cares forgetful lend.
Soon, o'er the boiling deep,
The wind shall lull and sleep,
And ash and cypress cease at last to bend.

To day seek not to gain
To-morrow's joy or pain:
All fortune's gifts, e'en seeming dull, are bright.
While yet the white of age
Is distant, e'er engage
In jovial dance, and love's more sweet delight.

Still seek the public way;
In sunny plains delay;
And even's gentle whispers seek again.
Why shouldst thou, yet in youth,
Waste life, as if in truth,
Old age had bound thee fast in sluggish chain?

Still let the laughter sweet
That, from some dark retreat,
Betrays the hiding girl, again be sought;
And from her snow-white arm,
Or finger raised to warn,
Let once again the snatched reward be brought.

THE PREFECT SYSTEM.

(CONCLUDED.)

Before proceeding to speak of the "prefect system" itself, we will first glance at the peculiar characteristics of the college in which it is employed. It may not be out of the way, in connection with this point, to call attention, just here, to the original and proper meaning of the word "college." Originally, the term referred to a body of teachers and students living together as a community. It is only in America, however, that the term "college" is given to those buildings which are used solely for the purpose of delivering lectures and hearing recitations. It is a perversion of the word, and something that was never intended by those who first made use of it.

It must be borne in mind that it is upon the old plan,—the plan adopted at the founding of Harvard, and which prevails throughout England, that our college is founded. This we referred to when we spoke of the "prefect system" as a "stranger among the varied throng which surrounds

it." A stranger, it most certainly is, for it is not only new to this country, but it would be uncalled for and utterly useless in almost all of our colleges. The reason of this is very obvious, since the work of the system is, principally, to maintain bonds which do not exist among them—the bonds of family union and family life. It is based entirely on the theory that, as the college is a single community, living together as one family, therefore, what affects one affects all, and the interest of one is the interest of all.

We have, therefore, presented this article more for the purpose of correcting false ideas and showing forth its work, than to offer it as a model for other colleges.

With this end in view, we shall endeavor, by touching only upon its more prominent features, to give to those not directly connected with us, some idea of its nature and work. At the same time, we think it would do no injury to some of our number, if they were to give the subject some attention, that they may better understand and appreciate the work of their fellow-students.

The "prefect system" which we have in our midst, is old enough to command respect for its age, if for nothing else, having been established in the last part of the fourteenth century, at Winchester College, in England. Its celebrity has become so great, that, in one form or another, it is found in all English institutions of learning.

The work of the prefect is varied.

As has been heretofore stated, there is a certain amount of discipline *outside* of the class room, for which the professor is seldom suited, either by inclination or talents. This, in a great measure, is carried out by the body of prefects who, in addition, have full control of the students in all matters pertaining to the laws of their college life. We do not mean to imply by this, that the student is *bound* by rules and law at every step, but that where there is a law the prefect is the one who sees that it is obeyed. As far as the *office* of the prefect itself is concerned, it exists wholly with relation to the students, his fellows. All punishments are private matters between the students and the prefect body. To the faculty, the professors, and the officers of the college, the prefect is nothing more than a simple student. *He does no work for them and makes no reports to them*, save to the Head Master, and then *only* through the highest officer of the prefect body, the Head of the College. This last only occurs in extreme cases, where the power of the prefect is judged inadequate to meet the offence. As to his performance of his work among his fellows, we cannot do better than quote a passage from a letter from Dr. Moberly, (now Bishop of Salisbury) to Sir William Heathcote, upon the subject.

Speaking of the authority and influence of a prefect at Winchester, he says: "It is this which, penetrating the

inner life of a college more deeply, thoroughly, and constantly than is possible in any other way, causes the consciousness of government and obedience to be felt down to the secret ways and more intimate connections of boys among themselves: moreover, it penetrates thus, not in magisterial, but in a boyish way; that is to say, it is directed by feelings and notions which are shared alike by those who are the holders of authority and those who are set under it. Thus it pervades the school acceptably and intelligibly, not in the 'official' style of a master, but in the simple way of a school-mate who 'knows all about it,' and is known to do so. Above all, it is ruled by well understood laws, exercised by a body of students, who are in many ways, a check upon one another, exercised in the midst of a free and intelligent public opinion so that even if one exercises it ill or tyrannically, public opinion brands him as a bully, and points him out as a mark of deep dislike, mingled with contempt, which is apt to adhere to him longer than he expects." This calls up one point which students are very apt to overlook, viz: that if this authority were not invested in the prefect, it would be in a tutor, or some other personage, who would perhaps exercise it in a far more disagreeable manner.

It becomes, then, as far as they are concerned, a mere matter of choice between one, who, being in every point their equal, can appreciate their faults and failings, and one who sees and feels nothing save that he is placed over them to see that the rules are obeyed. How much more powerful is the kindly warning of a friend, when compared with the stern rebuke of him who is prevented by age and position from entertaining those sympathies which only a fellow student can have!

We must also consider the benefit which is derived from this system by the professors themselves. Aside from the taking away of the great responsibility which might otherwise rest upon them, in their connection with the boys outside of the class-room, it promotes good feeling and friendship between themselves and the students. The mind of the student is not imbued with a deep dislike and firmly rooted antagonism towards those whose help he needs so much to assist him in his course. On the contrary, a respect and friendship springs up, such as could not well exist under other circumstances. Thus an opportunity is given for the closest friendship, while the prefect, who affords this opportunity, can take no more advantage of it than his companions. He rules the students, most assuredly, but he rules for their interest, and who should better understand it than he, since it is his own?

We must finally glance at the effect which this office has upon the character and life of a student himself. We cannot do better than quote the words of the Bishop of Salisbury, (whom we have heretofore mentioned), respecting this point:

"If I wanted to train a youth for after duties,—duties requiring self-control and the habit of self-relying command of others,—I do not think that I could find any means in modern English life which would give him these qualities in a more hopeful and beneficial way than by leading him at first to be a prefect, and, in due time, to become the Prefect of Hall at Winchester."

Over 100 girls graduated at different colleges last year. Most of them from medical departments.

BRASS.

Brass is an alloy of copper and zinc, a very common and a very useful article. Its regular proportions are four parts of copper and three-parts of zinc. The copper contributes to its soft malleable nature while the zinc gives the sunny-yellow hue which is its great beauty. By a slight addition of zinc, however, it becomes no more brass but "Dutch gold" or "Pinchbeck."

There is another kind of brass which is an alloy, but not of metals, being composed of about equal parts of impudence and conceit. If anything, the latter predominates. The article itself is very common and, by some, regarded as necessary to a man's success in the world. Unlike the metal, which is very soft and ductile, this last combination is almost impenetrable and utterly unmanageable. Neither respect, love, duty, or shame have any effect upon it. In all other respects it somewhat resembles its namesake. Its proportion of impudence gives to it the impenetrable character for which it is noted, while conceit renders it brittle and unmanageable. Its use is, perhaps, as wide spread as that of the metal but for far different purposes.

Whereas the one contributes to the comfort and convenience of mankind and beautifies an object by its lustre, the other contributes only to the discomfort and inconvenience of mankind, and renders disgusting and hateful any person who employs it.

By a slight addition of impudence, this disgusting article, too, becomes changed in its nature and becomes no more brass but a base counterfeit of "true worth." The deception, fortunately, takes place only among a few who generally ere long discover their mistake much to their loss.

The foundries use the metal brass in large quantities and therefore it generally requires a man of considerable means, if not a corporation of two or three individuals, to keep one running.

It is not an uncommon thing, however, to see a man of very limited means possessed of brass enough to start a foundry of almost any size if his property were only of a metallic nature.

DECLAMATIONS.

We were glad to see, in the declamations delivered on the 23d, a marked improvement upon the exercises of any previous Thursday of the term; and if each Thursday were met with the same careful preparation, there is no reason, that we can see, why declamation hour, instead of being a bore, might not be rather a pleasant part of the week's programme.

The Freshmen are gradually out-growing that bashfulness of theirs, which was so observable at the beginning of the term, and on this occasion satisfied themselves with less twitching and picking of their gowns than they have formerly been able to avoid.

We notice also, with pleasure, that a greater number of the speeches are original, and there seems to be a growing tendency to give to the more than familiar extracts of the *Standard Speaker* their much needed rest.

A great deal of honor is due to the Sophomore Class for its unusual rhetorical qualities. We have heard several original speeches from different members of the Class, which, in their composition as well as delivery, reflect

the highest praise upon their authors. In this matter of preparing original speeches, '74 has so far kept pace with the Juniors, and is unmistakably in advance of our Sophomores of by-gone days.

A CURIOUS RYTHMICAL MEDLEY CULLED FROM THE MASTER POETS.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

A lady of San Francisco is said to have occupied several years in hunting up and fitting together the following thirty-eight English poets. The names of the authors are given with each line:

L I F E.

Why all this toil for triumph of an hour?	Young.
Life's a short summer,—man a flower.	Dr. Johnson.
By turn we watch the vital breath and die.	Pope.
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.	Prior.
To be is far better than not to be.	Sewell.
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.	Spencer.
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb.	Daniel.
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.	Raleigh.
Your fate is but the common fate of all.	Longfellow.
Uningled joys, here, to no man befall.	Southwell.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere.	Congreve.
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.	Churchill.
Custom does not often reason overrule.	Rochester.
And throws a cruel sunshine on a fool.	Armstrong.
Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven.	Milton.
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.	Bailey.
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.	Trench.
Vile intercourse where virtue has not place.	Somerville.
Then keep each passion down, however dear.	Thompson.
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.	Byron.
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay.	Smalley.
With craft and skill to ruin and betray.	Crabbe.
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.	Massinger.
We masters grow of all that we despise.	Cowley.
Oh, then renounce that impious self-esteem.	Beattie.
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.	Cooper.
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave.	Darviant.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.	Gray.
What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.	Willis.
Only destruction to the brave and great.	Addison.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?	Dryden.
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.	Quarles.
How long we live, not years but actions tell.	Watkins.
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.	Herrick.
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend.	Mason.
Whom Christians worship yet not comprehend.	Hill.
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just.	Dana.
For, live we how we can, yet die we must.	Shakspeare.

ADDISONIA.

The increasing interest which is now manifesting itself in Society matters since the consolidation, induces us to devote, hereafter, a portion of our space in each edition to criticisms upon the literary exercises of the Addisonian Society.

The exercises of Wednesday evening, the 15th ult., were an improvement upon those of the previous week, so far as the debate was concerned; but as regards the Miscellany, the Extract, and the Essay, far inferior

On the question: "Resolved that the United States Income Tax should be abolished;" the regular appointees upon the affirmative, Messrs. Bump and Wetmore, failed to make their appearance. Messrs. Strong and Day, however, volunteered to fill their places, and ably sustained their side. The negative was also strongly defended by Messrs. Jones and Everhart. The last named gentlemen being the regular debaters, deserve credit for not only

being on hand, but also for the careful manner in which they had prepared themselves.

It ought to be a standing rule with the Society, in cases, where, without excuse, the debaters upon one side fail to appear, to decide the debate in favor of the side represented. This is a universal rule among contestants, and one, which, if enforced here, might have a salutary effect. The affirmative showed up, in glowing colors, the inequality of the tax; the cost of its collection; its meagre returns; the shameless frauds practiced by the assessed; the government bond dodge, brought into requisition to evade its payment; and, lastly, its utter disregard of the private rights of a citizen in peering into his most private business affairs, and publishing his financial condition to the curious eye of the world.

The negative, on the other hand, plead most earnestly, the government's need of money to pay the public debt. They showed that this tax fell upon that class of persons who could best afford to pay it, and also upon a very large class of capitalists, who, not being land holders and but trifling consumers of taxable commodities, would otherwise escape their share of the public burden. They showed that the tax was both popular and profitable in England, and asked why it could not be made so here? And that if the tax was made unprofitable here, through dishonest government officials, why not turn them out and put in honest ones, who would make it a success? for to reason against a system because of its abuse, was no argument at all.

Many more arguments *pro.* and *con.* were advanced by both sides, but space forbids a more extended account. The moderator decided both the merits of question and debate in the affirmative. The Extemporaneous speech was very creditable, though the Extract could hardly be called the proper style upon which to practice one's elocutionary powers.

Again, we must commend the Addisonians, and, at the same time, express the hope that the MERCURY may never be compelled to make a less favorable report.

PERSONALS.

A PLEASANT REUNION.—Our special reporter has interviewed Master Stanton Guion, who has just returned from a European tour, and has elicited the following concerning our comrades abroad:

Messrs. January, Plant, Bowen, Cable and the two Guions, it appears, were predestinated to meet in that city of pre-destination, Geneva.

At any rate, they met there, and had a good, jolly time shaking hands and comparing notes, *inter fecula*, about Alma Mater. "Cab," he says, looks like a veritable Teuton. "Jesse" is registered on the directory as Miss Jesse L. January. In Basle, he ran across McCreevy. "Mack" was traveling alone, and enjoying himself hugely. He expects to return soon, and will call at the College.

He asked "Jesse," if he did not wish himself back at Racine, and the reply he got was "nixie."

We have received an interesting letter from Mr. Lightner, of '71. He came very near being seriously scorched in the Chicago conflagration. Says he cannot get enough base ball news, and consequently is not happy, although the Second National is doing a brisk business. Fearing the MERCURY might not have any ball news for this issue he sends us the following:

"The Virginia University Magazine thus settles a vexed question interesting to ball-players: 'If Lew Jack caroms on the home stretch, and pockets his ball, B. of course wins; for the stroke our takes the cue in any case, and the trump card counts game on the third inning, provided the off pitcher sticks by his wicket, and makes a ten strike before reaching the Judge's stand.'"

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, DEC. 1, 1871.

EDITORS.

H. C. DILLON. E. A. LARRABEE. NORTON STRONG.

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VARIOUS TOPICS.

The Addisonians have decided to make the literary exercises on the first Wednesday of each month, open to all who may wish to attend, An excellent move. We remember hearing some one propose this step in one of the old societies; and we remember, also, the idea was dropped like a live coal. It is a good sign that Addisonia is awake, when she is not too sleepy to entertain company.

We learn, from the *Yale Courant*, of the 14th ult., that President Porter intends to establish Wednesday evening receptions at his residence, for the entertainment and mutual welfare of Faculty and students. The *Courant* justly exults over the fact, and points out the great benefit it must prove in bringing about happy relations between student and professor. This is a step in the right direction,—this is true reform, true progress, and we heartily congratulate Yale upon it. If managed successfully, it will prove a death blow to "hazing," to the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and various other similar enlightened barbarities which for years have been the curse of Eastern colleges.

One of the most pleasing features of our own college, is the Warden's Sunday evening receptions, and to it and the many other attractive features of our family life, we wholly attribute the brotherly feeling that has always existed between the different classes; the happy relations between the student and professors, and to a very great degree, the rapid and vigorous growth of our college. Mere intellectual culture, without those refining influences, which educate the heart, may produce an accomplished villain, but never the Christian gentleman.

According to the report of the Commissioner of Education, the total number of Colleges and High Schools in the United States amounts to 409. The total number of Colleges alone is 306; among those are 68 Colleges for females. In the same report is a chronological table of the Universities of Europe.

The first University founded in Europe was established at Bologna, Italy, A. D. 1119. Other European powers founded their first Universities as follows: France, 1196; England, 1201; Spain, 1222; Portugal, 1291; Austria, 1348; Switzerland, 1368; Germany, 1366; Scotland, 1410; Belgium, 1426; Finland, 1460; Denmark, 1479; Poland,

1570; Holland, 1575; Ireland, 1593; Hungary, 1635; Russia, 1755; Norway, 1811; and Greece, 1832. His statistics, showing the progress of education among the masses, are also interesting and instructive. In Europe, during each successive century from the 12th, the number of universities founded was as follows: In the 12th century, 2; 13th century, 11; 14th century, 15; 15th century, 23; 16th century, 19; 17th century, 9; 18th century, 14; and in the 19th century, 21.

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

The first number of the *Kentucky Wesleyan* has just made its appearance. It promises to be one of our best exchanges.

The *Lawrence Collegian* says, that the moral tone of the University it represents, was never higher than at present.

A certain member of '75, on hearing that one of his class-mates was sick, made a motion that a committee be appointed to draw up resolutions, in case that said class-mate should die. That gentleman must be eager to wear mourning.—*College Argus*.

If courtship be bliss, beware that marriage is not a blister.—*Kentucky Wesleyan*.

The *Chronicle* says: "There were seventy-seven applicants for admission into the Greek department this year, and seventy-three last year. The Freshman class in Greek numbers sixty-one this year, against fifty-one a year ago; while in the Sophomore class there are forty-six taking the study this year, to thirty-nine last."

An instance of devotion wholly unexampled in College history, lately occurred in Beloit College. The Seniors turned out *en masse*, and, after a few hours of brisk labor, sawed up a professor's wood pile ready for use.—*Ex.*

Professor—Have you ever read, in the classics, the story of the Roman whose vision was so keen he could see from Rome what the enemy were doing in Carthage?

Soph.—No, sir; I have not.

Prof.—Well, would you not be surprised to know that from my own house I can look in, every evening, and see you reading your pony?

Sophomore *was* surprised.—*Vidette*.

Summary vengeance is overtaking the Sophomore delinquents in rhetorical exercises. If a man has not his essay ready upon the day appointed, he is suspended from college duties until he has prepared it, and submitted it to the professor. Several have already had the benefit of short vacations from the enforcement of this rule.—*Chronicle*.

The Seniors of Ripon College have been making raids on the neighboring hen-roosts. They captured ten hens including a rooster.

Last Sunday evening several members of '75 went to one of the school houses, situated not far from the city, to hold religious service. They found the building crowded. After the meeting had been progressing a short time, one of the good sisters arose, and said that she hoped no one would be rendered so timid by the presence of the learned gentlemen, (referring to the Freshmen), as to shrink from their duty. One of the Freshmen, in a patronizing tone, here interrupted her and said, "Don't be alarmed, we are Freshmen, we don't know nothing.—*College Argus*."

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41	A. M.	12 08	P. M.	7 27	P. M.
Going South	7 33	A. M.	1 58	P. M.	4 48	P. M.
Going West	8 00	A. M.	7 30	P. M.		

A Freshman wants to know if "chronic sections" is any worse than cholera.

Since the cold weather has set in, Cricket and Base Ball, and we can almost say the Gymnasium, have surrendered themselves up to Shinnery. The Campus is a scene of violent action every afternoon; tutors, students, and scholars, lending their aid to one side or the other, and wielding their sapplings with the energy that the Turk swings his cimeter. No serious accidents have been sustained as yet. We noticed the other day a slight collision between a member of the Board of Fellows and an excited Freshman, who, in their eagerness to reach the ball, were trying to run through each other. But while these two unfortunates, and a *vulcanized* Junior, make up the list of *bruisers*, the healthful and invigorating effects of the game are very manifest.

The cost of the clock and bells in the tower of Taylor Hall, was almost a fourth the money expended on the new refectory.

CURED.—A Junior on the third floor, who used to make night and day hideous by perpetually scraping a violin, no longer makes our blood creep with his music. A disgusted student in the neighborhood, got hold of the instrument and greased the strings. It works now without squeaking.

DELICATE.—1,260 warm biscuits were demolished, in one evening, in the refectory, and no one sick!

DISCIPLINARY.—Our College is somewhat noted for its discipline, but an act of coercion took place, in a lecture room, the other day, that throws the Prefect System into the shade. A Senior was carrying on at a rather high rate and had grown a little too noisy for successful lecturing, when the good-natured professor stopped in the middle of his discourse, and quietly drawing a pea-nut from his pocket, threw it to the noisy offender. It is needless to say that the professor has not been interrupted since.

We would recommend disciplinarians, hereafter, to use the *birch* for Prefs, and *pea-nuts* for College students.

A new comer, with a somewhat limited knowledge of cricket, (a Clarkson by the way), amused a group of the initiated, who were looking at the score of the recent Badger and Clarkson match, by observing, "that *Mr. Byes* had made almost as many as *Hudson*." We promise our Clarkson friend a better acquaintance with *Mr. Byes* before he has gone through another practice season.

In the "earlier and better days" of the Institution, shadowy and phantom-like "Thanksgiving," used to be allowed to trot about on the Campus for a month before their dissolution, and gladden the eyes of hungry man. This year, pigs have been substituted to perform this duty, and while we do not, for a moment, expect to see them on the Thanksgiving table, we cannot regard their graceful evolutions before our window as quite so pleasantly suggestive.

Mr. Park, of '72 has our thanks for several valuable back numbers of the MERCURY.

The College Library is still destitute of a complete file, and the Addisonian Library is still worse off. Below, we give a list of the numbers wanted. Will not some philanthropic subscriber supply our want, wholly, or in part? The whole of Vol. I; the whole of Vol. II, excepting numbers 4, 5 and 7; the whole of Vol. III; numbers 1, 4, 5 and 8 of Vol. IV; the whole of Vol. V; numbers 1, 2, 4, 6, 8 and 9 of Vol. VI; the whole of Vol. VII; number 3 of Vol. VIII, and number 5 of Vol. IX.

Since writing the above, the Warden has kindly given us several numbers, for the College Library, but the same numbers are still needed for Addisonian.

The Hoyt Master's supper, given in honor of the 5th Eleven Clarkson, and the College Nine, was a very pleasant affair, and was most heartily enjoyed by all. Our reporter, who was among the favored guests, partook so freely as to incapacitate himself from writing a more extended description.

A Junior, in a semi-somniferous state, on being called upon by the Professor of Mathematics to recite, sung out: "come in." He was probably dreaming.

We understand that the quiet and peaceable citizens of Racine awoke one fine morning last week and found their "beautiful gates ajar," several wagons misplaced, and sign-boards occupying unseemly places. Pious people lay it to the charge of the Chicago "innocents abroad."

The Gymnasium is again becoming the theatre of action, since the Campus clothed itself in the garb of winter. Two hundred athletes of various sizes, present a lively appearance to the looker on. As usual, everybody is trying to break his neck in turning the summer-sault. A Fifth Former has struggled at it so long and so hard that his gait has become like that of a man of three score and ten. The Frangible "P—p," and the agile "Lupus," are no longer seen upon the flying trapeze. Under the name of the Daavenport Brothers, they now confine their feats to the bowling alley.

The Scientific Department has lately received several valuable acquisitions to its Museum, from Berlin.

The Freshmen were admitted the other day to view these wonders of the past. The Ichthyosaurus opened his mouth and smiled faintly upon the innocent party, whilst the Megatherium elevated himself upon his tripod and made a profound bow. The baboon and the gorilla received such a measure of respect and attention from the "Freshies," as was due to such a respected ancestry.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.—The inviting prospectus of this popular magazine, for 1872, is before us.

The rapidity with which it has risen in popularity to its present high literary rank speaks volumes for it, and warrants for the coming year an increased circulation. It has been greatly enlarged, and will be still further improved during the coming year.

Arrangements have been perfected to secure the best illustrations, and the most eminent contributors on both sides of the Atlantic. *Scribner*, for 1872, will be unsurpassed in literary as well as artistic excellence by any periodical of its class in the world.

The January number will be especially attractive, and will be worthy of preservation as a specimen of the excellence of American art.

A series of papers, by Mr. Gladstone, Prime Minister of England, will shortly appear; also an able discussion of the National Banking system of this country; a new story by Mrs. Oliphant is promised, &c., &c.; whilst every number will be rich in shorter stories, illustrated articles of popular science, poems, essays, editorials and reviews, &c.

The subscription price is \$4 per year, payable in advance.

To enable all parties to commence with the series, which we are sure will be worthy of careful preservation, they will send to any dealer or new subscriber, the 12 numbers of Volumes I. and II. for \$1, or the 14 numbers prior to January, 1872, for \$1.50.

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THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—Messrs. T. S. Arthur & Son have sent us the December number of this delightful little companion for children. Its reputation for being the best, purest and most attractive of juvenile publications, is well sustained in the number now before us. It is one of the few periodicals that all may place in the hands of their children and feel sure that not a line will be found therein not fraught with a good influence. The illustrations in this number are remarkably fine. Price \$1.25 a year; five

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This claim of the publishers the press has long since conceded; and it is gratifying to know that the people themselves recognize the claim and give the "Home" a wide and cordial welcome.

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The *Nation* comes to us, again, the most welcome and valued of all our political exchanges. We admire its frank and fearless tone, and, as we read its able articles, it is with the pleasurable feeling that *here* is a paper that is the hired organ of no *ring*. Long may the *Nation* last, and may it finally bring about that much desired revolution in the tone of our political journals.

We are glad to welcome the following new exchanges: The Union College Magazine, The Phrenological Journal, Peters' Musical Monthly, The Nation, Harper's Weekly, Bazar, and Monthly Magazine, The New York Observer, The Aldine, The Alpena County Pioneer, The Indiana Student, The Hedding College Register, The Copy Hook, and The Kentucky Wesleyan.

The Phrenological Journal is a publication as widely read, as perhaps any other magazine in the country. Its articles are always well written and of universal interest. Numbers 4 and 5, which lay before us, are particularly interesting. We would call attention to the articles on the Geological History of Man, and the Educated Man in American Society.

Peters' Musical Monthly is at hand, containing nineteen choice pieces of vocal and instrumental music, all of which can be had for 30 cents. It seems hard to believe that so much can be furnished for so small a sum, but we know that it is. It comes regularly every month, and contains nothing but good music.

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They come elegantly bound in crimson cloth, gilt sides and edges, and are guaranteed to contain \$50 worth of choice piano music, (some 200 pieces.) If ordered by express, \$4.50 will secure it. We would advise all those seeking holiday presents to bear this work in mind. Music is always a proper present to a lady, and in no other shape can the same amount of good music be bought. It is published by J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, N. Y.

The Berkeley Association, of Yale College, has established a course of sermons to be delivered in Trinity Church, New Haven, during the coming winter. The following is the list of clergymen who are to deliver the sermons. Many of them are well-known to most of our students:

Rt. Rev. John Williams, D. D., Bishop of Connecticut; Rt. Rev. Thos. M. Clark, D. D., Bishop of Rhode Island; Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D. D., and Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston; Rev. Edward A. Washburne, D. D., and Rev. Joseph H. Rylance, D. D., of New York city; Rev. Charles H. Hall, D. D., and Noah H. Schenck, D. D., of Brooklyn.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The publishers of "Arthur" claim for it the high distinction of being "The Queen of the Ladies' Magazines;" and taking the December number now before us in all its essential features, pictorial and literary, as a specimen, we will not make bold to dispute their claim. "Kept In," "A Merry Christmas," and "Cheek," the last a rich cartoon, are illustrations of a high order and address themselves to readers of taste and culture. The fashions are finely represented, full and varied. But the special charm of the Home Magazine lies in the excellent quality of its reading matter. Speaking of this the editors say: "While we claim for our serial stories, a power and interest unrivalled by any of our cotemporaries, we hold our magazine to be in advance of them all in the moral purpose underlying its conduct. The thousands in whose homes it has been for so many years a visitor, can testify to its unswerving loyalty to all things pure and true and noble in human conduct. The frivolous, the purient, the mere sensational in literature has never had, and never can have a place in its pages."

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The *Nation* comes to us, again, the most welcome and valued of all our political exchanges. We admire its frank and fearless tone, and, as we read its able articles, it is with the pleasurable feeling that *here* is a paper that is the hired organ of no *ring*. Long may the *Nation* last, and may it finally bring about that much desired revolution in the tone of our political journals.

We are glad to welcome the following new exchanges: The Union College Magazine, The Phrenological Journal, Peters' Musical Monthly, The Nation, Harper's Weekly, Bazar, and Monthly Magazine, The New York Observer, The Aldine, The Alpena County Pioneer, The Indiana Student, The Hedding College Register, The Copy Hook, and The Kentucky Wesleyan.

The Phrenological Journal is a publication as widely read, as perhaps any other magazine in the country. Its articles are always well written and of universal interest. Numbers 4 and 5, which lay before us, are particularly interesting. We would call attention to the articles on the Geological History of Man, and the Educated Man in American Society.

Peters' Musical Monthly is at hand, containing nineteen choice pieces of vocal and instrumental music, all of which can be had for 30 cents. It seems hard to believe that so much can be furnished for so small a sum, but we know that it is. It comes regularly every month, and contains nothing but good music.

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The Berkeley Association, of Yale College, has established a course of sermons to be delivered in Trinity Church, New Haven, during the coming winter. The following is the list of clergymen who are to deliver the sermons. Many of them are well-known to most of our students:

Rt. Rev. John Williams, D. D., Bishop of Connecticut; Rt. Rev. Thos. M. Clark, D. D., Bishop of Rhode Island; Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D. D., and Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston; Rev. Edward A. Washburne, D. D., and Rev. Joseph H. Rylance, D. D., of New York city; Rev. Charles H. Hall, D. D., and Noah H. Schenck, D. D., of Brooklyn.

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"HAEC PLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT,"

VOL. X.

RACINE COLLEGE, Dec. 15, 1871.

NO. 6.

ADDISONIAN SOCIETY SONG.

Huzza!
 Brothers! Frank and Free,
 Let our harmony
 In chorus ring;
 One in mind and heart,
 Each shall bear a part,
 While we boldly sing,
 Echo answering
 Vivat! vivat! vivat Radix!

Friends! companions all,
 While the flying ball
 Speeds merrily:
 And in social Hall,
 Prompt at duty's call,
 All contending free,
 Still our song shall be
 Vivant! vivant! vivant Sodales!

Brothers! name a word
 Which shall be heard
 With honours high:
 Name it in our song,
 Let the sound prolong,
 Friend of each and all;
 Honour now the call,
 Singing vivat! vivat Custos!

Bright eyes, ne'er forget,
 Dear to us the spot
 Where we meet:
 Gentle ones and dear!
 Far and yet so near,
 We ne'er forget,
 Green your memory yet.
 Vivant matres! vivant puellae!

Songs must have an end,
 On our way we wend
 Parting awhile;
 Yet shall we hear,
 Echoing loud and clear,
 Voices which beguile
 E'en from care a smile,
 Singing vivat! vivat Radix!

JOINT EDUCATION.

The question of "joint education" or the admission of female students into our colleges is one which is now becoming of the greatest importance to all who have any connection with our collegiate institutions. Like all questions of general interest, it assumes different forms in different places. The real question to be decided, however, as has been justly remarked in an article on this subject from Iowa College, is not "whether *all* colleges shall be open to young ladies;" nor yet "whether *no* college shall be open to young ladies." What must be decided is whether at *any* college it would be to the real

benefit of *both* parties that the two sexes should be allowed to pursue their course together. When we consider the question from this point we have it stripped of all that is foreign to our purpose and we are left to consider it as to its own merits. A second glance at the matter will show that it is *necessary* thus to consider it, since, as we have stated, it is a question for the consideration of all colleges, whereas all arguments advanced from any other stand point might apply to some colleges while they would not to others.

By far the clearest and most comprehensive statement of the question we have yet seen is that made by President Buckham of Vermont University. In his late inaugural address he says: "Those studies that are congenial and helpful to all minds alike, together with such other studies as experience might show to be adapted to womanly mind and womanly physique, and to individual capacity,—why should not young women pursue them under the accumulated advantages which colleges have been elaborating for centuries, and which separate colleges for women could not hope to originate for themselves for centuries?"

This is a fair and clear statement of the whole subject. It calls to mind, first, the beneficial character of the course of studies pursued in our colleges—beneficial to all minds, male or female. It then speaks of the excellence to which the collegiate institutions of to-day have attained; and, finally, it puts the question "why should women be prevented from pursuing them along with men?" It most certainly seems, and is, wrong to shut them out from all these privileges without some great and all-sufficient reasons. These reasons it is our purpose to endeavor to show forth.

The first and, indeed, the only objection, since it includes all others, is the too frequent contact between the two sexes and the too great intimacy which must unavoidably ensue. To understand fully the evils which are the result of this intimacy and daily contact, it must be remembered that both sexes are of just that age when a false step is most dangerous, and when it is most difficult to control them. We have only to look at the state of morals which prevails in many of our colleges, to be convinced of the truth of the latter portion of this statement, while the former is a well known truth. The life of our colleges shows how difficult—nay, how impossible it is to keep a large body of young men entirely free from wrong. This may be owing to thoughtlessness or the "flow of spirits" natural to youth, but it is a fact nevertheless. With the large schools for young ladies the case is not far different. The evils are of a different character, to be sure, but scarcely less dangerous to the persons concerned. What these evils are it is not necessary to state. Students of either sex will readily understand what is meant.

"But," says the advocate of joint-education, "what has this to do with the matter? This is the case when they are separate, can it be any worse when they are together and, if necessary, meeting only in the lecture room at that?" It has everything to do with the matter. What is more, the advocates of this step show that they are well aware of this fact when they restrict the meetings of the two bodies to the *lecture room*. They are aware that the evils which spring up when the two bodies are separate are but small when compared to those which would arise from their being united. If not why restrict them at all? As for the restriction itself, those who have seen it work know what it amounts to. To those who have not we can only say that it is like a great many other very good rules, perfect in theory, but very unsatisfactory in practice.

We must also object "ab initio" to young men continually keeping company with young girls while engaged in their college course. The time is short enough at best and the advantage to be gained by the refining influence of young ladies is more than counterbalanced by the havoc made in a young man's studies. In addition to this the argument brought forward concerning the refining power of woman in a college is answered by its supporters themselves when they propose to restrict the exercise of it to the lecture room and other stated hours. If the student were entirely deprived of female society during his whole college course, there might be some grounds for complaint. But he is not; he has his vacations. Let him refine himself in them if he chooses.

The presence of a troop of young ladies in the recitation room might tend to improve the recitations, but we are inclined to be skeptical. Even supposing this to be the case, one would soon become used to it and a failure might be considered a good joke rather than a disgrace.

Looking at it from all sides, therefore, for our part, we must decide that the admission of females into our colleges "wouldn't do." As to denying them a collegiate education, however, that is quite another affair. In proof of this let us return once more to the statement of President Buckingham.

It is most undeniably true that a collegiate course of study is highly beneficial to all minds, male or female. Their excellence is unquestionable and we entirely agree with President Buckingham, that great benefits could and would be derived from them by ladies. To the latter part of his remark, however, we must object. It by no means follows that, because it has taken centuries to perfect the present system of government, therefore a college started to-day would be obliged to work a century or more ere it could hope to enjoy similar advantages. If this were so, the numerous colleges which have been founded within the last twenty years have been doing a century's work in a very short time. A moment's thought must convince any one that all that is required, is the taking the advantages as we find them and incorporating them into the college with "such modifications" as are seen fit. The supporters of "joint-education" show that this is all they desire, when they ask to have the same institutions opened to both sexes. When we consider this fact in connection with the question we have just been discussing, it seems to us unalloyed, not to say foolish, to seek to obtain a result by a step so fraught with danger and ob-

stacles as "joint-education," when we can do it quite as well and even better by safer and simpler means.

By all means, let a woman be educated. Let her education be as full, thorough, and perfect as a man's, if so she wishes it. It is her right to demand it. But let this be done in the proper manner and not by a step which, in our opinion, would do nothing but injury to that which it seeks to assist.

GAB.

"Ineptus et jactantior hic paulo est? concinnus amicis postulat ut videatur."—HOR.

That Horace was an acute observer of human nature is readily conceded by all who have read his writings. That he was a pleasant and instructive writer few will deny. These are his well known merits and far be it from us to detract from them in the slightest degree.—That he made mistakes, however, is but the necessary consequence of his being mortal, and, were there no further proof at hand, the lines above quoted would, in our opinion, bear abundant testimony to his mortality.

"Is this one somewhat forgetful of what time and circumstances require, and given to boasting somewhat more than is agreeable? He deserves to be considered in the light of one who would be a pleasant companion to his friends."

In this respect, it is generally far better, we admit, to "err with Horace," but so many persons are in the habit of taking advantage of the charitable spirit herein recommended, that, in many cases, patience ceases to be a virtue.

The power of conversing ably and well is, in itself, a great blessing, and so great a blessing that, like many excellent articles, it gives rise to a great many poor imitations. While we fully appreciate the true power, it must be confessed, we find it very hard oft-times to extend this feeling toward the attempts, however well meant, of those who endeavor to imitate it. This, we are aware, is what our worthy friend H. would have us do, and we are further advised by him, if we would have our own imperfections overlooked, to overlook those of others.

Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum, postulat, ignoscat verrucis illius.

This, most certainly, is a doctrine which would add greatly to the peace and harmony of the world in general were it only carried out. It contains the very essence of charity and in many other points might be considered well worthy of our acceptance as christians and men. Nevertheless we must repeat that, if it was intended as a uni-universal rule, it is one which is often a sore trial to our patience, and, in our opinion, a mistake which is due to a wrong idea of 'human kindness.'

Therefore, while we do not wish to lay ourselves open to the imputation of being uncharitable, for we fully appreciate their efforts, still we must say we should be quite as well pleased if our "inepti" or too conversational friends would exert themselves somewhat in the opposite direction—in short, if they would *give us a rest*.

It is estimated that the annual income of the University of Oxford is about three quarters of a million dollars.

The University of Berlin numbers 173 Professors.

TEMPTATION.

Trust not the Tempter—but resist his spell,
 Deep in his heart a thousand serpents dwell.
 To yield a little, is to peril all:
 The cup may glitter, but the drink is gall.
 The serpent glance, and soft persuasive smile,
 Bespeak the villain versed in sin and guile.
 The blushing stars and flowers their faces hide:
 So vile a presence nothing can abide.

Trust not the spoiler—but temptation fly;
 His breath is poison and his soul a lie.
 The free, bright insect, once within the web
 Awakes a captive, is to ruin led.
 Then keep the heart its currents deep and warm
 That so dilate so beautify the form.
 If once allowed the poison bowl to sip,
 Like bird uncaged, 'twill give the heart the slip.
 Then fly the Tempter; for the curse of Cain
 Now mars his visage and consumes his brain.
 Cut off by lust, the spirit drifts away
 From God and goodness and Eternal day.
 Forget not then, that innocence and truth
 Are the true ornaments of age and youth.
 They give to character its richest glow;
 Without them beauty is an empty show.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

From our sister Colleges we have received the following Exchanges: *Dalhousie Gazette, Trinity Tablet, The Collegian, University Reporter, The Tripod, Journal of Education, College Courier, Lafayette Monthly, Western Collegian, The Cadet, Hamilton Monthly, Hedding College Register, The Williams Vidette, The College Courant, Yale Courant, The Chronicle, Indiana Student, The Analyst, Farvis Hall Record, The Orient, Qui Vive, Dennison Collegian, Irving Union, Harvard Advocate, The Dartmouth, Cap and Gown, College Argus, The Madisonensis, and The Nassau Literary Magazine.*

The Tripod has greatly improved its personal appearance. The *Dalhousie Gazette* is small and not remarkable for its typographical appearance, but its contents are good and bear the ring of the true metal. We wish it success. The *Nassau Literary Magazine* is a model of typographical neatness. The *Chronicle* is always rich and lively. The *Irving Union* is ably edited. Among our Eastern exchanges, The *Williams Vidette* takes the lead in typography, if not in ability. It is certainly a model paper. The *College World*, of Princeton (not Davenport) and the *Harvard Advocate* should be ranked high.

We are indebted to the Editor of the *Niles Republican* for a copy of his valuable paper. We should be pleased to retain it on our list of Exchanges.

The *Nation* continues to make its welcome visits. It is the source whence our literary society draws its most valued information and authority on all subjects that are now agitating the public mind. We recommend it to all as a clear, logical journal, free from Bohemianism and all other impurities of a kindred nature.

The *American Educational Monthly* for December, contains much valuable information.

We have received a copy of an Illustrated Magazine, entitled *American Homes*. The subscription price is cer-

tainly very low, being but one dollar a year. It contains fifty pages of popular literature, and is published by Chas. H. Taylor & Co., 51 Water street, Boston.

The *Scientific American*, a copy of which lies before us, is a publication that ought to be in the hands of every Farmer and Mechanic in the land. To the student of the industrial arts, it is an invaluable assistant. It is neatly printed, and all its designs are drawn with wonderful skill and accuracy.

Harpers Bazar, of December 16th, is a number of more than usual interest. The Companion illustration of "Thanksgiving in the North-West," brings up before us with awful vividness the savageness of the Fire Fiend in our neighborhood. A great inducement for subscriptions to the Bazar for 1872, will be the new novel, by Miss Thackeray.

Harpers Weekly, for Dec. 16th, comes to us with its usual rich collection of good things. Aside from the illustrations which are always first class, its literary character commands the respect of all for its pure, frank and fearless tone. Its stand against the Tammany Ring ought to win for it the confidence of everybody, as well as a place in every household.

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

A YOUNG lady of Michigan University, who was passing an examination in Greek, after she had read the passage assigned, addressed the Professor in these words: "Do let me read some more; this is such a beautiful passage."
 —*College Courier.*

It is not known who invented this insane conundrum: What is the difference between Shakspeare and Queen Elizabeth?

Answer. Shakspeare was a wonder, and Elizabeth was a Teudor.

The *Chronicle* says: "Let us pray!"

THE following questions are proposed for discussion in the literary societies:

How many is five? and why?

What are ducks? and how?

Is it or is it not? and whence?

—*The Capital.*

The *Chronicle* charges a poor fellow who only removed a magazine or so from the University reading room, with breaking the sixth commandment. The poor "sneak," whoever he be, ought to demand an explanation. It would not take many such blunders to ruin a man's character.

THE "Cap and Gown" clips the following from the "Open Hand:"

FOR THE CHEMICAL CHILD.

Sing a song of acids

Base and alkali,

Four and twenty gases

Baked into a pie;

When the pie was opened,

Wonderful to say,

Oxygen and Nitrogen

Both flew away!

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, DEC. 15, 1871.

EDITORS.

H. C. DILLON, E. A. LARRABEE, NORTON STRONG.

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

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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, Wisconsin."

VARIOUS TOPICS.

With this number the MERCURY will take a short leave of its friends, for a convivial frolic during the Christmas holidays.

Our patrons, however, need entertain no fears for its safety.

In the "Joy of Bacchus" we never indulge; and as an amulet against the ravages of small pox we each bear away the time honored scab.

Invigorated both in mind and body, we shall return in a few weeks prepared to drive even a more energetic quill than heretofore.

Thankful for prompt and efficient aid, and for many kind words of approval, in our past efforts, we beg a continuance of the same.

To all we wish a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

The public debate in the Addisonian Hall, last Wednesday evening was decidedly a success. The only regret that we could express, would be, that the outside attendance was not larger. We had hoped to see the friendly faces of our matrons and other lady friends, but were doomed to disappointment. Should they conclude, at another time, to grace the Hall by their presence, we think they will be well rewarded.

The question for debate, "Resolved that the studies in our College after the Sophomore year, should be elective," was one of unusual interest, and was entered into with a zest that was truly refreshing.

The arguments upon the affirmative need not to be repeated here. They were the well known, popular arguments of the day, deserving particular credit only for the lively and energetic manner in which they were presented. The negative side of this question, however, being so rarely defended in this day of popular education, deserves a more extended notice. The ground assumed by the negative was that the "Elective System" is in direct opposition to that principle, which has guided the best educationists in past times, viz.: that the first object of College Education is mental culture, a harmonious development of all the powers of the mind, without any reference to a special aptitude which the individual may possess for any particular subject. They denounced the popular cry that insists

upon changing a good College into a wretched excuse of a University, by demanding that their sons shall be thoroughly trained for any special pursuit desired, in the ordinary course of four years. This can not be accomplished in the compass of any ordinary collegiate course, except the student devote the whole time to the study of his special branch, and this, they insisted was inconsistent with the attainment of that culture which is the primary object of collegiate education.

If persons must have special training, and vast numbers, no doubt, must, why not go to the University or polytechnic school at once—surely those are the proper places for such training. Yet, for the sake of obtaining a few more students, many of our sister colleges have allowed their classical courses to be undermined and almost abandoned, by a base yielding to this unreasonable popular demand.

When we lose sight of the grand fact with which we started out, we lose sight of the very object of collegiate training; and when we abandon the "old system" which the experience of ages has fixed, we knock from under us the very foundation of the intellectual fabric. We must have the Classics to refine the taste and quicken within us an enthusiasm for literature; Mathematics to sharpen the judgment and strengthen the reasoning faculties; Philosophy to enkindle a liking for research and subtle thought; History to awaken enthusiasm for humanity and fit us for life's great struggle.

We may refer to this subject again; even now we have gone beyond our bounds and are compelled to pass over many pleasing features of the exercises.

The Moderator declared himself unable to decide the merits of the debate, it was so evenly sustained by both parties.

The oration by Mr. Morton, deserves our highest commendation. All of the exercises were of a superior character and reflect credit upon the participants.

The January number of the Aldine, a publication whose appearance was looked forward to with a great deal of interest, has reached us almost a month ahead of time. It more than meets our expectations, both in typographical appearance and in a literary point of view. "Dame Nature's School," a beautiful and pleasing chromo, which accompanied it, now graces our editorial sanctum. A particular merit of the Aldine, and one wherein it is far superior to any publication of the kind known to us, is the artistic excellence of all its numerous illustrations.

A pleasing collection from our master poets appears under the title of *Winter Pictures from the Poets*. Numerous other articles equally interesting and instructive appear, but space forbids their notice.

In conclusion we must say to all our readers that the Aldine is worthy of a place in every family.

A MONMOUTH Senior, the other day, while in the class room gave every indication that he was examining his text book for the next point. The Professor of course indignantly commanded him to close his book; but the Senior, gleesomely rubbing his knees, immediately exclaimed, "Sorra, the book isn't open!"

Oh, happy young man!

THE TRINITY TABLET has an editorial on the bad results of riding *bolny* horses.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION
RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North.....	10 41 A. M.....	12 08 P. M.....	7 27 P. M.
Going South.....	7 33 A. M.....	1 58 P. M.....	4 48 P. M.
Going West.....	8 00 A. M.....	7 30 P. M.	

The inmates of Taylor Hall took their last Monday morning's recreation in the shape of getting vaccinated. Almost every man in the college, from Senior to Fresh, with coat off and shirt sleeves rolled up, waited his turn in the college Library.

The MERCURY, having no desire to catch the small pox, went through the usual precaution with the rest. We stood the Doctor's steel very well, and when the deed was done were congratulating ourselves upon not "feeling pale;" but we were doomed to one more taste of steel before leaving the room. "That Junior," so apt to say appropriate things on occasions like this, would not let us escape without observing that "the vaccine is a very important matter."

The first thing we saw after this effort, was a circle of anxious faces about our horizontal frame, and a water bucket hovering over our head.

MUSCULAR.—The rule compelling students to choose between out of door or gymnasium air during three afternoons of the week is once more in force. The gymnasium being warmer than out of doors, we wended our way thither last Friday, and got a full share of the benefits of physical exercise. It is a difficult thing for a person to find a standing place where he will not be troubled by having some Grammar school leg or boot come in contact with his head. But we succeeded at last.

It was interesting to watch students as they made their appearance, manifesting such an intense (?) desire to get their muscle up, and beginning operations by hunting a good place in which to be out of the road. The MERCURY as it has had some experience would inform the public that such a place is not to be had on the first floor. And to all who were not equally successful we would recommend a seat on one of the beams as the least dangerous of any position that can be found. Of course you may fall down if you are not careful, but then it is better to break your neck yourself, than to have some one else kick your brains out.

CHAPEL MUSIC.—The choir has given a great many fine anthems this term. Those of us who have been in the institution for several years cannot but notice a marked difference in the anthems of to-day, and those which we used to sing some years ago. Our energetic precentor is deserving the heartiest congratulations for the improvement which he has effected both in the style of music, and the manner in which it is sung. We feel encouraged when we hear the music of Mozart and Mendelssohn in our chapel.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Our last Thanksgiving dinner, the all important event of the day, was a decided success. Former Thanksgivings, brilliant as they have been, were completely outshone by this. We are not prepared to state the number of turkeys whose juicy brown carcasses were mutilated by our two hundred knives and forks; but from the last "biscuit statistics" we will venture to say the number was immense.

Little exercising was done in the afternoon, a fact which we attribute entirely to the coldness of the weather.

OUR MORNINGS.—Racine is noted for its grand December sunrises. On several mornings this week we have been tempted on leaving our couch to shake off our natural practicality of mind along with the last night's sleep, and turn poet on the spot. The rich crimson and fiery gold of the East when seen in contrast with the blue waters of the lake offer us a sight which cannot be behind the grandest European sunset in its magnificence.

We will not make a fool of ourself however, although students even when hurrying through the snow, late to breakfast, must stop and admire.

DOGGEREL.—We understand that the Freshmen have adopted for their class motto, "Cave Canem." We hope the man who holds the rudder, and "sedet in puppi," will succeed in steering their fragile bark clear of the animal's jaws.

'HA! HA! HA! TIGER! AH!!!'—The Juniors complain of a classmate who can't open his mouth without attempting a pun. His efforts are so great that it is a wonder he does not die of over exertion. As his endeavors are usually to be heard in the class room, they become a source of annoyance to his near neighbors. They say they have no objections to his punning if he will only retire to his bedroom, lock the door, and do it in private, where his fellow beings will not be bored to death with them.

It is thought, too, that a little private practice every day, continued for ten years, say, might improve his talent in this line; and perhaps enable him to write an almanack.

At present his puns are so frantic that all attempts to discover their point are generally regarded fruitless. He owes what applause he gets, to any compassionate fellow, who will kindly take for granted that there is a point somewhere, beat a bar before hand, and request those present to go through the above form of applause.

HEALTH.—While sickness seems to be prevalent in so many of our cities, Racine is almost entirely free from maladies of any kind. In our midst, good health has not given place to a single case of serious sickness since the beginning of the term. It is only to be hoped that we may all come back after the holidays, as sound as we are at present.

THE READING.—Professor McAfferty gave, last Saturday evening, one of his interesting and instructive readings in the college Library, for the benefit of the reading room of the Addisonian society.

It was very well attended by the Grammar students, but we were sorry to see so very few of the ladies, and such a feeble representation of Taylor Hall. Every student in the college ought to be ready and glad to assist in an enterprise so praiseworthy as that in which the Addisonians are engaged, even if the reading were not by itself remuneration enough for such a trifle in cents.

The entertainment was a remarkably pleasant one, as indeed a reader of Prof. McAfferty's ability could not but render it. We were particularly pleased with the pieces entitled "Nothing to wear," and "The Bachelor's Dream." "Darius Green," read as the Professor alone knows how, brought down the house. As far as a pleasant and profitably spent evening was concerned, the entertainment was a decided success, and although a better attendance was anticipated, was by no means a failure pecuniarily. The Addisonians hope to have their reading room finely fitted up during the holidays, and ready for use after vacation.

The Ladies' Aid Society, we understand, intends giving some kind of entertainment on the Tuesday evening before vacation. We have not yet learned any particulars, but it will undoubtedly be a pleasant affair, and we wish them a paying attendance.

Don't forget to call on Fred W. Klein, when you want anything in the way of tobacco, cigars, pipes, canes, &c. He has also a fresh stock of beautiful holiday gifts. Go and see for yourself.

F. A. Blood, notwithstanding his late misfortune is still running a heavy business. If you want to make yourself presentable during the holidays, you will do well to give him a call.

SNOW BALL.—The Grammar school, disgusted with the gymnasium, chose up sides last Monday for a big snow-ball fight. We regret not being on the campus to take notes on the battle. The leveled fort, however, and hard beaten snow, which were gilded with the rays of the setting sun, prepared us for the Grammar school boy's statement, that "some of the fellers came near getting their heads knocked off."

At the bottom of a bill of Sunday school books from a prominent book store in New York, one of our Missionary Juniors found the following note: "We have no 'Sea Tiger' and no 'Sea Elephant,' and are out of 'The Path of Virtue.'"

R. Triest, successor to W. S. Mellen, ag't C. & N. W. R'y, will be at the Junction on Wednesday, the 20th inst. with coupon tickets and through-checks, for the accommodation of students who wish tickets to Eastern or Southwestern points.

The Missionary Society is steadily extending its borders. A new mission has lately been started under very encouraging prospects, about three miles northwest of the College, near what are called "The Rapids."

So many persons are questioning us about the Catalogue, that we take this opportunity of saying that it has gone to press and will appear during the Christmas vacation.

A plan for placing a gallery in the ante-chapel, just above the rood screen, has been submitted and will probably be carried into effect soon. More room is the cry from all sides, and we must have it. But whether the proposed gallery will answer the purpose without materially defacing the looks of the chapel is a matter of some doubt in our minds.

Original speeches are all the go here, at the present time. At the last exercises we were harrangued by "brave old Joshua" of the Freshman Scientifics.

He ventilated the "Elective System" and fixed his "pirin gaze with witherin skorn" upon the array of classical critics before him. But when told by the critic that his performance was a sufficient argument against his system, his plumes fell and he collapsed like an umbrella.

We can boast ten Juniors who in one meal demolished 150 biscuits. They are still alive and ambitious to run the number up to 200.

The "Fresh" seem to be reasoning like Darius Green with his flying machine.

The "Soph's" can spout:
Do ye 'spose we'll be left out?

There is a piece of snow statuary in a neighbor's yard, representing "a maiden Fayre." She looks cold and forbidding, yet we think an ardent embrace would melt her.

There is no need of "putting a head on" the Senior class. It has three already. Root, Landon and Dillon are a tie, and each has the maximum number of marks.

It is impossible just at present, to turn a corner on our chapel walks without going through the feat known to slangists as "sliding off on the ear."

Taking a rough estimate of the theory, we should say some two bushels of dust are removed from the chapel every day.

A quicker and less expensive way of removing it might be found, than carting it out on the knees of pantaloons.

SCENE—In a city.—Two Juniors with stove pipes and canes standing before the door of a mansion.

Juniors—(to the mamma who appears at the door.)—Is Miss V— at home this afternoon?

Mamma.—Well, y-e-e-s, she's at home, but it's her study hour just now. You might come in for a minute or so.

PERSONALS.

MARRIED.—On the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Worthington, in St. John's Church, Detroit, Rev. Robert W. Grange, of '68, and Miss Sarah B. Taber.

We extend to them our heartiest congratulations, and best wishes for their prosperity and happiness.

McLEAN, '71, spent last Sunday with us. He is well and jolly as usual. Come often, "Mac," we are always glad to see you.

Gwathmey, '73. Harry Gwathmey is in Evansville, Ind. We should be glad to hear from him.

Ed. Gault, formerly of the Grammar school, paid us a visit last Monday.

LEIGHTNER of '71 made us a call the other day. "Deutch" is looking healthy and happy. He says Chicago looks as though there had been a fire there.

Mr. C. B. CHAMPLIN of '70, passed a highly creditable examination before the Bishop of Louisiana, a few weeks since, and has been ordained to the order of Deacon.

Mr. C. is the first member of '70 to don the clerical robes. May his labors be crowned with an abundant harvest.

JAMES APPLETON MORGAN of '67, as we are informed has lately issued a volume of macaronic poetry. We have not been fortunate enough to get hold of a copy.

The MERCURY owes much to Mr. Morgan for bringing it into existence and nursing it tenderly during its infancy. As many will remember, he originated the idea of a college paper, and by his energy and unceasing diligence started the little 7x9 sheet which first bore the title of COLLEGE MERCURY.

EUGENE HALL of '71, '72 and '73, and LOCKWOOD of '74 are studying law with every prospect of success.

The bar will never want a "shining light" while these gentlemen remain to expound the wisdom of the immortal Blackstone. We cannot close this article without quoting Mr. H's celebrated reading of his favorite passage in "Der Wilde Jäger:"

"Bon Holl und Teusel feldt geheidt."

THE English declamation and composition prizes at Trinity College, University of Cambridge, have been awarded to an American—George Lockhart Rives, of Virginia.—*Vidette*.

A fresh magazine laid convenient to the hand in the living-room of a house, is a refining suggestion in the general effectiveness of the sacred picture of home.

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"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. X.

RACINE COLLEGE, Feb. 1, 1872.

NO. 7.

BELOW we give Edward Beecher's Translation of the Hymn of Cleanthes, taken from *Old and New* for January. Of the original, Dodridge says: "It is, beyond comparison, the purest and finest piece of natural religion, of its length, which I know in the whole world of pagan antiquity, and which, so far as I can recollect, contains nothing unworthy of a Christian."

HYMN TO JUPITER.

Great Jove, most glorious of the immortal gods,
Wide known by many names, Almighty One,
King of all nature, ruling all by law,
We mortals thee adore, as duty calls;
For thou our Father art, and we thy sons,
On whom the gift of speech thou hast bestowed
Alone of all that live and move on earth.
Thee, therefore, will I praise; and ceaseless show
To all thy glory and thy mighty power.
This beauteous system circling round the earth
Obeys thy will, and, wheresoe'er thou leadest,
Freely submits itself to thy control.
Such is, in thine unconquerable hands,
The two-edged, fiery, deathless thunderbolt;
Thy minister of power, before whose stroke
All nature quails, and, trembling, stands aghast;
By which the common reason thou dost guide,
Pervading all things, filling radiant worlds,
The sun, the moon, and all the hosts of stars.
So great art thou, the universal King.
Without thee naught is done on earth, O God!
Nor in the heavens above, nor in the sea;
Naught save the deeds unwise of sinful men,
Yet harmony from discord thou dost bring;
That which is hateful, thou dost render fair;
Evil and good dost thou co-ordinate,
That everlasting reason shall bear sway;
Which sinful men, blinded, forsake and shun,
Deceived and hapless, seeking fancied good.
The law of God they will not see nor hear;
Which if they would obey would lead to life.
But they unhappy rush, each in his way,
For glory some in eager conflict strive;
Others are lost ingloriously seeking gain;
To pleasures others turn, and sensual joys,
Hasting to ruin, whilst they seek for life.
But thou, O Jove! the giver of all good,
Darting the lightning from thy home of clouds,
Permit not man to perish darkling thus;
From folly save them; bring them to the light;
Give them to know the everlasting law
By which righteousness thou rulest all;
That we, thus honored, may return to thee
Meet honor, and with hymns declare thy deed,
And, though we die, hand down thy deathless praise.
Since nor to men nor gods is higher meed,
Than ever to extol with righteous praise
The glorious, universal King Divine,

FISKS.

To some, it may seem foreign to the character of a College paper, to bring into its columns the subject of James Fisk, jr., the great Erie Railroad swindler. Yet his history contains a lesson, even for us. It is nonsense to say, as some of the newspapers have said, that the manner of his death was a fitting end to his dishonest and depraved life. To drive up to a grand hotel, in a magnificent equipage, like a nobleman, and then to be shot down on his way to visit a lady whose support he furnishes, (one of the redeeming traits of his character,) and finally to die, surrounded by a score of eminent physicians and mourning friends, is not, after all, a very mean way to die.

Mr. Fisk, like many another notable villain, died in a most respectable manner, and that manner furnishes no particular lesson to us—but his life does. All are agreed that he made a most abominable and disheartening product of commercial civilization. He lied, and cheated, and stole; he was lewd, and gloried in his vices, and loved to parade them; and, in spite of all, he was eminently a successful man.

Sufficient moral reflections have already been made, both by the preachers and by the religious press upon his numerous vices, by way of doctrine and reproof; so that the very most has been made out of him as a warning and an example.

The use we would make of his career, is as furnishing an instance, and a very remarkable one too, of the evils of our short-term judiciary. It is half improbable that Fisks will ever cease to exist. We cannot prevent their appearance among us; but we can place insurmountable barriers between them and their prey, in the shape of honest courts. We prepared the way for the whole Fisk tribe, when we, under the guidance of sentimentalists, made our judges election for short terms, and still more, when knowing the Bench to be corrupt, no attempt was made to purify it. Fisk & Gould could never have obtained control of the Erie Railroad, or, having got it, could never have held it, if they had not found judges ready to aid them. There was perhaps not a move in the whole swindle, in which judicial connivance was not necessary, and in every case this connivance was easily obtained.

The purity of our Supreme Court, and the confidence which the people have in it, is owing, partly to the ability, but, in the highest degree, to the life-term of its judges. Electioneering is expensive business, and when the term of office is short, the honorable incumbent is compelled to steal pretty lively, to make judging a paying business. Had our New York judges been elected for life—subject, of course, to the laws of removal—the Fisk tribe would have found no assistance in their diabolical intrigues from courts of justice. Under this method our cheap judges

would be supplanted by able and honest men, who, under the present state of affairs, loathe to engage in an election-eering contest, which can promise to an honest man neither honor nor profit.

A cheap judge is about as dangerous an article as a cheap gun; you can rely on a cheap gun's going off, but you can never tell at which end.

It is just so with a cheap judge: he is sure to make decisions, but whether rogues or honest men will profit by them, no one can tell.

There is, and no doubt, always will be a great scarcity of perfectly holy men, but there is no use in getting discouraged over this fact; we can make judges still out of our present stock, and they will govern in holiness as we remove temptation away from them. The temptation is bribery. Bribes are necessary to make a short term judiciary pay. Therefore elect the judiciary for life, subject to removal for misconduct or incompetency, and the temptation will be removed, and our Courts of justice greatly purified.

It is in this connection that Fisk's career ought to teach us an important lesson.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Hurd & Houghton, New York, have just issued the first American collection of Macaronic poetry. It was prepared by James Appleton Morgan, A. M., who has prefaced the collection with an elaborate, learned and intensely interesting introduction. It fills a third of the book. The Macaronic is properly a kind of burlesque poetry, intermixing several languages, Latinizing words of vulgar use, and modernizing Latin words. To the unlearned it is a senseless jargon; to the linguist it is exceedingly funny. Erasmus was thrown into a paroxysm of laughter by a Macaronic work. The introduction contains many prose curiosities of composition. One is Lord Holland's "Eve's Legend," a two page story, so told as to use no vowel but *e*. All sorts of such odds and ends are given. On the whole, the book is very entertaining, for those who can appreciate the fine points. Not the least of its merits is its mechanical quaintness and finish. At first, one would think, upon opening the book, that it must have been published a century ago, the lettering is so antique. The binding is curious and rich.

Mr. Morgan graduated at Racine College, in the Class of '67, and was the first editor of the COLLEGE MERCURY. We are happy indeed to be able, thus favorably, to notice the first book of a Racine graduate. Send for a copy. For sale by Cobb, Andrews & Co., Chicago. Price \$2.75.

The Sigma Mu Paladium is the name of a very handsome four page paper, published monthly, by the young ladies of St. Mary's Seminary, Knoxville, Ill. Its contents are good, spicy, and interesting; the articles are all well written. *The Paladium* is a fine exponent of the ability and energy of the young ladies of St. Mary's, and we place it with pleasure upon our list of exchanges.

Dalhousie devotes about one-half of its space in the issue for December 30th, to "Courtship and Marriage." We hope the editor is not preparing the way for his own embarkation upon the turbulent waves of matrimony,

HARPERS' *Weekly* and *Bazar* are filled this week with their usual store of vivacity and solid reading. Harper's publications are truly American in character, and this accounts for their wide-spread circulation and influence. Whilst most other pictorial papers have pandered to a debased popular taste in publishing indecent pictures, which silently, but surely corrupt the mind of youth, Harper's have remained remarkably pure. It is hoped that the time may never come when Harpers' publications shall be instruments for corrupting the minds of the young.

THE NATION.—A review of this excellent paper is unnecessary, as every one knows who scans the different newspapers of the country, the superiority of its contents.

Appleton's Journal has a duplex way of appearing—first in weekly editions, and then in a monthly edition, consisting of the four weekly editions bound together. By this means the monthly becomes the largest of all our magazines, and contains the largest amount of reading matter. Price of the monthly edition, \$4 per annum; address D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

THE *Phrenological Journal* is to publish Sir Charles Bells's celebrated treatise on the "Anatomy of Expression," *seriatim*, in the *Journal* for 1872, making use of all the original illustrations. Subscription price, \$3; address S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

THE *Scientific American* for January 1st comes to us in a new and elegant dress. The first page is devoted to a fine portrait of Prof. Louis Agassiz, accompanied by an intensely interesting sketch of his life.

PETERS' *Musical Monthly* appears in a new dress for 1872—a decided improvement. Its contents embraces many new and rare productions. Every lover of song should subscribe for it. Price \$3 per year; address T. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York.

ARTHUR'S *Ladies' Magazine*, for January, is before us. The contents are, as usual, interesting, and highly appropriate, as the name of the magazine indicates, for home reading. Terms \$2 per annum; address T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia.

Old and New, for January, is a number of even more than usual interest. "The Hymn of Cleanthes," by Edward Beecher, is of great interest to every scholar. His translation of the Hymn from the original Greek, whilst not so literal as Dr. Clarke's, nevertheless more fully grasps the spirit of the original, and is a much finer poetical production. *Old and New* has an able literary corps. Subscription price \$4.00 per year; address Geo. E. Coolidge, Agent, Boston.

THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL.—This beautiful little quarterly magazine, devoted to new and sparkling matter for School Exhibitions and public days, is received for January. No teacher or pupil should be without it. It costs only fifty cents a year; single copy, fifteen cents. Write for it, to Alfred L. Sewell, publisher, Chicago, Ill. Send your subscriptions *now* and you will not regret it.

THE Dalhousie *Gazette*, in a recent criticism upon its file of College periodicals, fails to find any merit in any of our Western papers, except the *Chronicle* and *Tripod*, and charges the rest of us with dealing largely in Longfellow, Whittier, Shakspeare, the Palmist and "Highlutin." However true the charge may be against our neighbors—they can speak for themselves—we utterly and totally deny that we have ever adorned the MERCURY with such gay plumage. The aim of the MERCURY has ever been to present a lively, forcible and interesting sheet, devoted to the interests of our fellow students. We shall be liberal enough toward our Dalhousie friend to suppose that the MERCURY was not in that "file," and if it were, to give him an opportunity to recant.

AMONG our weeklies we are glad to welcome the New York *Observer*, the *Sun*, the *Advocate*, and the *Journal* of Racine.

THE New York *Weekly Witness*, is the name of a paper the size of the *Chicago Times*, published in New York City, at the low price of \$1 per year.

THE *Dollar Weekly Sun*, another New York City paper, contains a vast amount of reading matter. Its circulation is immense—otherwise, it could not publish at the low price of \$1 per year.

Scribner's Monthly, for January, opens with a highly interesting and instructive article on "The Big Trees of the Yosemite," not the least merit of which consists in the excellent illustrations by which it is embellished. The columns of *Scribner's*, as always, are filled with interesting matter. Send for specimen copy, enclosing 35c, to Messrs. Scribner & Co., N. Y. City.

WAIFS.

STATISTICS OF THE SENIOR CLASS.—Total weight 937 lbs; average 156 lbs; average height 5 ft. 9.4 in.; average age 21, oldest man 25; youngest 19; whiskers—black, 2; red, none; Schenechtady, 4; engaged, 1; hopeless, 2; waiting, 3; devout, 1; Saints, 0; doubtful, 4; ladies' men, 2; sports, 6; bummers, 3; Professions anticipated—Ministry, 2; medicine, 1; law, 1; doubtful, 2; smokers, 2; poets, 3; wits, 6.

Hood thus alludes to the birching habits of his day.

Ay, though the birches smart
Would mark those hours again,
I'd kiss the rod and be resigned
Beneath the stroke, and even find
Some sugar in the cane.

It is said that Alexis replied to the Boston committee's invitation in his native Russian: "Orl ritold bustah; yuken sormi legorf, butti tellu ile bloski hifur Boston. Gityur rumanwiski, anlotzof citti homerz reddi, anian olecatecazy wilbe downonyer likea neskemo onah tala-kandle."—*Chronicle*.

STUDENTS in French may be interested in the true Parisian style of conversation. The *Williams Review* gives a model:

Scene—the Boulevards of Paris.

"How do you carry yourself, Monsieur? Are you cold or warm?"

"Thank you, I am neither cold nor warm; but have you the horse of the carpenter?"

I have not the horse of the carpenter, but have the bread, the shoes, the knife, the wine and the blue coat of my father."

They always say these things in Paris.

HERE is a little friend of our early days, a child of good old Mother Goose, which is easily recognized in spite of its foreign dress. We take it from Morgan's Macaronics:

"Parvus Jacobus Horner
Sedebat in a corner,
Edens a Christmas pie;
Inferuit thumb
Extraherit plum,
Clamans, quid sharp puer am I.
"Parvula Ho-peep
Amisit her sheep,
Et nescit where to find them;
Ducere alone
Et venient home
Cum omnibus caudis behind them."

SCENE between a Professor and another Professor's wife:

Prof. "Madam, do you know what the Freshmen did to your husband, this morning?"

Lady. "No. You alarm me, sir. Pray tell me. Oh! those horrid Freshmen, what have they done?"

Prof. "Madam, I dare not tell you; but it was fearful. They gave him hell."

The frightened and loving wife rushed home, and, trembling, begged her husband to tell her all about it; and was quietly informed that the Freshmen had presented him with a beautifully bound volume of Dante's Inferno.

THE milkmen of our great cities delight to sing, "Yes, we will gather at the river."

1001, "Chicago phoenix like, will rise from her own ashes."

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

THE graduates of American colleges number 35,000.

MUCH nutritious food in *The Acorn*. The December number treats us to discussions on "The Shepherd's Dog," "The Sponge," "Monkeys" and "The Horse Thief."

JOHN HOPKINS, Esq., a wealthy gentleman of Baltimore, proposes to establish a University on the outskirts of that city. He offers nearly \$8,000,000 for this purpose, and will have the institution take his name.—*Vidette*.

VASSAR College "angels" actually eat "griddle-cakes." In what quantities may be judged from the fact that griddles are employed capable of accommodating one hundred cakes at a fry.

AT Williams they hurl hymn books and scuffle during the Chapel exercises.

ONE hundred ladies are studying law in our colleges.

AT present Yale numbers 805 students, Harvard 563, Cornell 565, Michigan University 1,207, College of New York City 676, Kentucky Wesleyan 767.

'73 at Yale is trying to re-instate the wooden spoon, but the movement is vigorously opposed by the *Courant*, which bitterly denounces the idea of hiring a man by such trinkets to be a gentleman.

The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, FEB. 1, 1872.

EDITORS.

H. C. DILLON.

E. A. LARRABEE,

NORTON STRONG.

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

TERMS:

College Year\$2.00 | Single Copy 25 cts.

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.

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, Wisconsin."

AFTER an absence of four weeks—rusticating in the interior—we again appear before the public and make a profound salaam.

The strength of the MERCURY has been recuperated by relaxation and life in the open air, and it greets its kind patrons again with a healthy and cheerful countenance.

We trust that our readers have all enjoyed a merry Christmas, and, as it is not too late yet, heartily wish you all a happy and prosperous New Year.

War, Famine, Fire and Death made sad records upon the history of 1871.

The new year now dawns upon us with a brighter aspect. Dark clouds, portending the horrors of war, still overhang some parts of the Old World; but let us hope that these will be dispelled by the bright beams of a universal peace, and that 1872 has come fraught with blessings for all mankind.

Influenced and encouraged by these cheerful prospects, we grasp the quill with renewed vigor, and high resolves to keep pace with the spirit of progress, and make the MERCURY a more welcome visitor even than heretofore.

The present volume ends with number 8. We shall continue to send the paper to our subscribers unless otherwise ordered. We trust all of our old subscribers will not only continue their subscriptions, but also make an endeavor to send us new subscriptions.

Through the aid of the MERCURY, the Addisonian Society has established a most excellent Reading Room, furnished with the choicest publications of the day.

Thus the College paper becomes a lever for good in every enterprise for the welfare of the College. Our alumni, who are always supposed to entertain an undying love for alma mater, should not forget the important part which the MERCURY plays in college affairs.

It claims your support, not only in a financial way, but in a literary way also. It has never—we regret to say—had this assistance.

We trust, however, that among the numerous good resolutions made at the opening of this happy new year, there was one resolve to stand by the MERCURY and help it, on its prosperous career, by quill and dollars.

Those of us who have had the good fortune to be present at the former anniversaries will doubtless be well pleased

to learn that Re-union Day is to be celebrated this year some time in commencement week.

The pleasant faces of our *quondam* friends and companions, rendered dear to us by long separation, have been indelibly stamped upon our memory by the festivities of that day and will ever render it doubly welcome.

Don't send any "regrets," classmates, but "come one, come all" and let us have a look at your dear old faces once more!

RACINE beat Evanston at base ball, 44 to 28.—*Orient*.

This was the only defeat suffered by the University nine during the whole season. Friends of the club have presented it with a magnificent silver ball, which will be contested for by Western colleges the coming season. If Racine provides a proper ball field she will be allowed to compete. It would be unfair to contest other than friendly games on such wretched ball grounds as those at Racine College.—*Tripod*.

We clip the above from a late issue of the Evanston College paper. It displays such a vast amount of "cheek" that we cannot refrain from a passing comment.

In the first place, if the "Orient" refers to the first game, the score was 33 to 28 in our favor, and, if to the second, that was 25 to 11 in our favor also.

The "Tripod," though not erring ignorantly, as does the "Orient," yet tries to keep back the whole truth from its readers by calling it their *only* defeat, when, in fact, the Evanston Nine was not only defeated twice by the College Nine—once upon our Campus and once upon their own, but also by the *Ætnas* with a score of 10—35. To err is human; and, to tell a story to one's own advantage is also human: the "Orient" did the one, but it was reserved for the "Tripod" to do the other.

This modest paragraph further says, "if Racine provides a proper ball field she will be *allowed* to compete."

Now, we never have held up our campus as a model ball field, but, from personal trial of the two, we are willing to leave it to any disinterested committee to decide which is superior, without the least fear of a decision in favor of the sandy desert at Evanston.

The two friendly contests with the University Nine, last summer, were very pleasant affairs, indeed, and the members of the College Nine have many pleasant recollections of the gentlemen who composed the Evanston club.

We should be sorry, indeed, to see a spirit of animosity or jealousy grow up between the two clubs. Yet we can not but think that all this cry about "poor base ball fields" is *prima facie* evidence of a hidden desire to rule the College Nine out of the coming contest, in order that Evanston may be sure of a triumphant retention of her "magnificent silver ball."

No disinterested spectator of the two games could have doubted for a moment concerning either the respective merits of the two clubs, or of the two fields. Indeed, many of the gentlemen from Evanston, unhesitatingly and unmasked, testified to the superiority of our own. It would be more proper for us, in fact, to complain of "improper fields" than for our Evanston friends; for that part of their own field which was not covered with sand, was so thoroughly covered with "pig weeds" that the devoted head of our worthy (r. f.) was scarcely discernible.

Should the University Nine, considerably *permit* us to contest for that magnificent piece of furniture, we, on our part, will permit it to choose its own ground anywhere upon these broad acres.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41 A. M.	12 08 P. M.	7 27 P. M.
Going South	7 33 A. M.	1 58 P. M.	4 48 P. M.
Going West	8 00 A. M.	7 30 P. M.	

JUST six weeks ago we stepped out for our Christmas vacation, and to-day we are once more in our places and college life runs along smoothly and quietly in the old rut.

Again the dust of vacation has been brushed from the text book, and with the gown wrapped about our holiday-fattened frames we start out once more on our work.

That bewitching triangle once more tingles in the morning ear, and the Chapel bell and clock sing out in the frosty air their melodious duet. Tuesday, Thursday and Friday bring once more their invitations to the Gymnasium, (our arms ache when we think of that first attempt of the turn on the parallel bars,) and muscle and blisters continue their development. Well, there is a pretty long term ahead of us, but who cares so long as pancake day comes once a week, pie day three times, and music practice—well, never mind the climax, we are all learning to sing.

Easter comes in nine weeks, (Ash Wednesday will be here in two,) and the first thing we know, winter, with its "pure driven snow," will depart, and the campus and base ball shows take the place of Gymnasium and rubbers. The term never drags in ball time. So away we go on the six months term.

THE Juniors' first salutation after vacation was, "How many pearls have you lost out of your class pin?"

WE experienced a strange sensation when we entered the chapel for the first time after vacation, in finding as we stood in the ante chapel a commodious gallery overhead.

The gallery will seat fifty, and as somebody remarked, (he ran away before we could take down his name,) it is the place hereafter to look for *gals*.

When the plan was spoken of last term there was some apprehension of its marring the beauty of the Chapel; but owing to its careful location in regard to the west windows of the Chapel, and the exquisite neatness of the workmanship, it is rather an improvement than otherwise.

WHY is some butter like the murderer of Hamlet's father?
Because its offense is rank and smells to Heaven.

THE Juniors are continuing their Thursday evening readings.

The first part of King Henry IV is the field of their elocution at present. "Glat" takes the character of Falstaff, and "Jang" by universal consent is to be Bardolph, "the Knight of the Burning Lamp."

We hope the Juniors will consider the project of giving a public reading.

"Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes,
An empty pocket 's the worst of crimes."

That'st what ails the MERCURY just now. What with one of our advertisers gone into bankruptcy, several others placed out of bounds, "Biff" squandering money at an expensive hotel in the suburbs, and "Harry" and "Josh" rusticating, in durance vile, among the farmers, we are—to use a familiar phrase—"hard up." Therefore, all ye who know yourselves to be indebted to the MERCURY, come up to head quarters, settle your bills, and thereby relieve your consciences and our financial embarrassments.

IF those doleful creatures who with raven-like voices are continually mourning through the building, "If ever I cease to love," will only give us a rest, we will take their word for their devotion, and if necessary give them space in the MERCURY where they can advertise the warmth of their affections without using their voice.

SOMEbody wanted to know, the other day, why the class-pin of '73 was like the month of April. It was a conundrum and of course we gave it up. We were unable to understand the answer, but it was something about *pearly showers*.

WHAT's the use in having a Shel Pop if it don't open? The Grammar School boys can't get into it "worth a cent."

SCENE:—Lower hall, Monday morning. Thermometer about 12° below zero in the shade. Freshman wrapped up in overcoat and furs evidently intending to go to the city. Enter Soph.

Soph. "Going down town?"

Fresh. "Yes, I was thinking of it."

Soph. "Well you're the very man I want. Look here, just take down my coal bucket and get a new bottom put in it,—and, say—if it isn't asking too much—just stop at the bakery and get me fifty cents worth o' buns, and call at Miller's for my boots. You might wait for the coal bucket and bring the things up in that."

Imagine the rest for yourself.

ALL of the bowling balls in the college Gymnasium have gone "reeling, rolling home" except two, and the sooner they go the better.

AT Madison that dear old expression "Hoop'er up" has found a rival in one equally expressive, "Stop'er." We would recommend the introduction of the latter into our midst. There are so many occasions when it could be appropriately used. For instance, when the organ *will* persist in ripping out a song of praise after the organist leaves off playing.

THIS cold and bracing atmosphere, and college meals are evidently agreeing with Messrs. De—f and P—p. They hasten on to the luxuriant 300.

WE are glad to be able to publish in this number of the MERCURY a contribution from Nashotah. Let us hear from you often, ye Theologues.

THE Catalogue will be ready for delivery in a few days. Its appearance corresponds very closely to the one of last year. The difference being a greater number of pages, a red border, changes in the curriculum, and stricter requirements for admission to the Freshman Class, and Scientific Department. The whole number of students now in attendance amounts to 200, of which 69 are in the College and 131 in the Grammar School.

THE air, since our return, has been cold, clear, boisterous and cutting. A few inches of snow has fallen. *

The coldest place in the State of Wisconsin, with the exception of a school house down in Grant County, is the path from the middle style on the north, to Taylor Hall.

THE ladies are getting up an entertainment, to come off in a week or so. It is to be of unusual interest. Proceeds to be devoted to St. Luke's Hospital. Let everybody patronize it liberally.

THROUGH the indefatigable industry and energy of Mr. Root, who knows no such word as fail, the Addisonian Reading Room was furnished and ready for use on the evening of our return.

Everybody was delighted with it, and the way it was patronized for the first week showed a hearty appreciation of its merits.

The novelty over, however, the attendance has mournfully decreased. The fault lies not in the Reading Room, but in the members themselves. Card playing, smoking, billiards and trashy novels are usurping the time which ought to be given to the daily news and such other healthy literature as the Room affords. This lack of general information of what is transpiring in the world around us, is continually manifesting itself in our weekly debates.

This is all wrong, fellows, and by so doing you are depriving yourselves of a most important element in your collegiate training.

THE members of the Board of Fellows are *ex officio* honorary members of the Addisonian Society, and entitled to witness and partake in the literary exercises, and also entitled to all the privileges and benefits of the Society Reading Room, whenever they see fit to avail themselves of them.

We feel at liberty to say, on behalf of the Society, that they shall not only be heartily welcomed, but are earnestly desired to "drop in" whenever an opportunity offers.

ON account of a shocking disposition on the part of the College Students to confound the *mens* and *thuis*, or, in other words, the rights of property, the authorities have been compelled to put in the Library doors the celebrated Duplex Elliptic Double Spring Back Action Combination Locks. They are said to be a perfect barrier against kleptomaniacs.

PERSONALS.

NASHOTAH.—We had a pleasant little affair here a few evenings since, which brought so vividly to my recollection the good old times of College life, that I thought I might insert it in the columns of the Mercury through the indulgence of whilom *confreres*. The spread—for such it was—was given in commemoration of the anniversary of Chas Gardner's Natal day; and Oxford, Trinity and Racine joined in the festivities of the hour. "Your humble servant," accompanied by

Trinitarian, of Racine experience, and an individual not unknown in classics and mythologic lore, wended their way to this hospitable "Retreat," inhabited by the *confreres* of *St. Sylvanus*. When they entered a sight met their eyes well calculated to calm the inner man. The board literally groaned with the weight of good cheer; all which, however, rapidly disappeared and went the way of all mortality. Toasts were offered and responded to. The Oxonian, as was meet, was the shining star of the evening. He literally brimmed over with geniality, and his wit flowed spontaneously. Songs of Oxford, Trinity and Racine were sung, and their refrains blended in harmonious accord.

Mr. Gardener, the *honoree* of the evening, was visibly affected at the kindness shown him by the brethren of his confraternity, and responded gallantly to several tender toasts. He is a fine genial fellow—you all know him—and well worthy of the mark of esteem which was vouchsafed him. These little episodes are of far less frequency than at College, and consequently, when they occur they break up the monotony of theological life, and one places more importance upon them. Hence, what may seem presumption on my part in sending this item, will dwindle down to a desire to show you that we keep alive College life.

MARK.

We learn from a letter to Mr. Jones, that Selby and Wheeler, both of '70, are down at Rocky Hill, Kansas, engaged in stock raising and doing a general drover business.

Surrounded and inspired by the cheerful music of the screech owl and the bellowing steer, "Fitz" reads with never failing interest the Bucolics of his favorite Virgil.

"Ed." is disappointed in the "noble red men," and says they have no respect whatever for bachelors of science, and would, without the least hesitation if opportunity offered, appropriate his scorching sides to ornament their moccasins.

If "Fitz" will write a graphic description of the rolling prairies and gorgeous scenery of "bleeding Kansas," we will rank him among our benefactors and "wire pull" him into Congress alongside of the immortal "Sunset" Cox.

Titost, of our "old boys" who remember "Phil" Rountree, of Grammar School fame, will be glad to learn that he lives in the sequestered city of Platteville, Wis. "Phil" is mining this winter, and is on the sure road to fortune. We saw his smiling countenance pulled out of a "sucker hole," a short time ago, and grasped his ochred hand with the feeling that we had got hold of something tangible.

We regret exceedingly to learn that our highly esteemed Rector of the Grammar School, Mr. Pitts, is about to leave us. A change of climate has necessitated his departure. The new field of his labor is to be the parish of Stuebenville, Ohio.

We shall also greatly miss the pleasant company of his interesting wife. Whilst we deeply regret their loss, we heartily wish them both health and happiness in their new home.

THE Rev. Mr. Converse, a graduate of Harvard College and bearing the highest testimonials as a scholar, is to succeed Mr. Pitts as Rector of the Grammar School.

Two of our scientific friends, a Sophomore and a Freshman, on account of exhibiting too great uneasiness in the harness, and too great a disinclination to labor in the noble cause of education, have been turned out to pasture for a few months, subject to the tender care of kind and comberate clergymen.

Their scientific studies for the time will be chiefly confined to the art of husbandry: such as chopping wood, feeding the pigs, and milking the cows. Their reward for good conduct will be paid in doughnuts.

Below we give a partial analysis of match games played by the College Nine last season.

These are not, by any means, the whole number of match games played, but simply four of those which we consider to have been the hardest contested.

Nor does the analysis afford the general reader a correct idea of the respective merits of the several players who compose the Nine.

The reader must not, however, permit the statement to detract from the merits of those players whose scores stand so conspicuously in type. Deserving of all honor themselves, they will, as heartily as ourselves, pronounce a eulogium upon their less successful fellows.

Players.	No. games	O.	Av.	R.	Av.	1st B.	Av.	T. B.	Av.
Osborne, s. s.	4	14	3.50	12	3.00	10	2.50	12	3.00
Whimore, c. f.	4	10	2.50	17	4.25	15	3.75	28	7.00
Doan, 1-b	3	8	2.66	11	3.66	7	2.33	9	3.00
McCreery, a-b	4	14	3.50	11	2.75	9	2.25	11	2.75
Lightner, 3-b.	4	9	2.25	14	3.50	13	3.25	19	4.75
January, 1. f.	4	13	3.25	10	2.50	10	2.50	12	3.00
Hentory, c.	4	16	4.00	8	2.00	7	1.75	7	1.75
Day, f. f.	4	12	3.00	10	2.50	11	2.75	14	3.50
Jones, p.	4	9	2.25	11	2.75	11	2.75	11	2.75
Hudson, sub.	2	3	3.00	1	1.00	3	3.00	3	3.00

SUMMARY.

College Nine—1st Base Hits.....	96	White Stockings.....	136
Opponents do do.....	48	do do—1st Base Hits.....	70
College Nine.....	9	Evanson.....	28
do —1st Base Hits.....	15	do do.....	11
do.....	33	Elkhorn.....	7
do.....	25		
do.....	38		

Throughout the season, the College Nine sustained but one defeat—and that an honorable one—viz., at the hands of the "White Stockings."

The Nine sustains a heavy loss by the leaving of Messrs. Osborne, McCreery, Lightner, and January; but the Captain still thinks he has plenty of good timber at hand, out of which he can build as good a boat as the old one.

We certainly hope that time may verify his most sanguine hopes.



- H. C. DILLON..... President.
- F. P. DAY..... Historian.
- HERBERT ROOT..... Poet.
- WORTH LONDON..... Ivy Orator.
- T. J. MORTON..... Ratler.
- ROSWELL PARK..... Propriet.

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"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. X.

RACINE COLLEGE, Feb. 15, 1872.

NO. 8.

STORM AND SUNSHINE.

When worn and weary with life's thankless toil,
 We pause and ponder on our woeful state,
 Or, angry, blame the resistless fate
 Which e'er seems bent our attempts to foil,
 How oft some venture of a bye-gone day,
 Some scheme which, hopeless, we to chance had left
 Repays our labor when of hope bereft
 And bathes in sunshine our too dreary way.
 Like the dove sent forth, it returns again
 Bearing back to our hearts the eternal truth
 That not all sunshine, not all rain
 Are the days of man or the days of youth,
 But that life's fiercest tempest must sometime cease
 And midst its struggles there are hours of peace.

—WILLOW-WOOD.

WHAT IS THE TROUBLE WITH OUR CLASSICS?

That there is something amiss is very certain, for the graduate of American colleges, as they stand to-day, presents in this respect about as strange a mixture of self-complacency and ignorance as can be found anywhere on the face of the earth. A moderate knowledge of Latin and Greek grammar having been attained—perhaps more, perhaps less—he enters college.

After four years spent in stumbling along, with the help of his Professor and his pony, through a few hundred pages of half a dozen authors, his work is done and he claims an acquaintance with the classics. His Prof. and his pony have served him nobly. He fully appreciates the smooth, fluent translation and learned comments of the one, and the ever ready help of the other, but as for attempting to accomplish anything without their invaluable assistance, such an idea never enters his head!

Is this a classical education? If it is, we had better throw the classics overboard. If it is not, what is the matter?

The trouble, it seems to us, lies in the perverted and unnatural idea which seems everywhere to prevail concerning college work. A college is regarded as a place where one gathers up and stores away facts and statistics which will be of service to him as an engineer, lawyer, doctor, &c.

Thus the one grand and noble object of a college is lost sight of, viz: the *developing* of the mind and the fitting one to fill with more *honor* a position in any profession or business he may *study* in after life. It is this idea which not only perverts and degrades the study of the classics but seeks to banish them entirely from our colleges. But even in this respect students are not consistent or reasonable in their treatment of the classics.

No student, no matter how earnestly he may have worked throughout his college course, would be foolish enough to claim an acquaintance with the medical or legal profession

on the strength of the little smattering of chemistry or logic, philosophy, &c., he has gained in his college studies. No, he will attend his lectures and go through his regular course of study after leaving college, and take it as a matter of course. He knows well enough that his college can only train his mind for the study of the profession,—that it does not profess to make him a doctor or a lawyer, and he acts accordingly.

But when an acquaintance with the classics, to obtain which is often the work of half a life time, is presented for his consideration he has no hesitation in claiming it. No, not even when he is unable to read the document through which the honor is received!

Is this sense? Does it reflect honor upon our institutions?

Why not have done with such nonsense?

If one expects, as he should, to make use of his college classics to *learn* how to properly read and understand classic writers and at the same time to acquire some knowledge of their styles, his course must of necessity be far different from that practised in many of our colleges.

The smooth flowing translation of the Professor will be of little service to him if he understand not thoroughly whence it is obtained. To obtain this result it is necessary, not only to *understand* the rules of construction and parsing, but to *have them at the tongue's end!*

Practice, only, will make one perfect. Let the rules be called for and the smooth translation will follow soon enough. This may, perhaps, sound like schoolboyism, but for real sound classical ability commend us to schoolboyism, if such it be.

This, and this alone, will make our classics what they should be and will effectually banish that piteous sight, now so common, of a college graduate—an A. B.—unable to read his own diploma and stumbling on the hackneyed quotations with which all literature abounds.

WI 534 COLLEGE JOURNALS.

Opinions vary so much as to what the object and character of a college paper should be, that the races and tribes of college journals are as manifest as the works of nature herself.

There is a very simple division, however, which comprehends them all: those that amount to something or a great deal, and those that amount to a very little or nothing at all.

Let us swallow the bad dose first and reserve the other to take away the taste.

There is the shabby brigade; and we do not mean by calling these papers shabby to cast a slur on their appearance typographically; a bad looking exterior is not of much consequence when there is good inside. But they

are shabby in their contents—that is our meaning. A class of papers which start out with a four or five column serial, and for the rest are made up of essays on "Life," "Benefits of Religion" and other topics of like vital interest.

Another paper is a specimen of the class which believes in disseminating general knowledge. It leaves out the serial, and substitutes for it five columns or so on, say "Contagious Diseases"—an article from the antiquated pen of a medical Professor—and fills up its remaining columns with the next best "long winded" articles it can find. Then there is another class of papers which run to the opposite extreme. They avoid long articles, but have such bad luck in getting short ones that it is a draw game between this and the preceding class, as to which is worse. Short articles are good; but when the short articles are nothing more than good advice done up in small packages and distinctly labeled "Don't Smoke," "Don't Chew," "Don't Swear," "Don't Get Drunk," they are not worth the paper that contains them.

But this will suffice for specimens of the inferior papers. It only remains to be said that the college papers which by general consent rank low, are those which, instead of discussing or chronicling things of interest, are devoted to the propagation of class room essays, silly stories, unwelcome, though fatherly advice, and long-winded effusions on nobody knows what.

But to leave the inferior, and by far the larger class of college papers, there are others which in our opinion are the models of what the college journal should be.

They are characterized in the first place by spicy originality, and in the second by that thorough identification with the institutions they represent which results not only in their editorials being of an interesting character, but in a tone of life and reality manifesting itself in all their contents.

Essays written merely for the sake of bringing out some pretty sentiment, or of stringing together graceful sentences, it is not the business of a college journal to publish. When a person wants to read an essay, all he has to do is to draw on his library, and he will probably find, no matter how small his stock of books, much of this kind of literature which he has never had the patience to read, though in point of pretty sentiment or elegant language far surpassing anything of college origin. For persons thirsting after stories or "Contagious Diseases," there is a world full of trashy novels and no end of medical books.

Half a page of "Locals" and a page and a half of advertisements is a much better college paper than such a collection of dryness.

THE title of "doctor" it is now stated, was invented in the twelfth century. Irenius, a learned professor of law at the University of Bologna, induced the Emperor Lothaire II., whose chancellor he was, to create the title, and he himself was the first recipient of it. He was made doctor of laws by that university. Subsequently the title was borrowed by the faculty of theology, and first conferred by the University of Paris on Peter Lombard. William Gordenio was the first person upon whom the title of doctor of medicine was bestowed; he received it from the College of Asti, in 1329.

CARELESS TALKING.

Talk is such a common article, we have so much of it on all sides and on all occasions that we are rather inclined to undervalue it. It is man's peculiar gift, but, like many other of his most invaluable possessions, he grows negligent of its blessings and destroys its value by sheer carelessness.

Now, in speaking of careless talking we do not refer to slang—that mark for all the shafts of wit and ridicule of our well intending fellow scribblers. We refer to careless speaking of any kind, or about anything. It is a very common habit and one which is certainly not as sinful as many we might be addicted to, but that offers no excuse for its continuance. It may be asked whether there are not some subjects about which, by reason of their unimportance, we may speak carelessly. In this as in a great many other questions the best way is to let each decide for himself and therefore we may take a moment or two to glance at what is involved in careless speaking. Careless speaking is speaking without thought or without due thought and generally makes itself known by one's saying something he does not mean. Though not quite as bad as the idiot who says everything and means nothing, it, nevertheless, is a step in that direction and even as such is worth correcting. But that it is more than this we shall see, when we consider that language was given us for the purpose of communicating our thoughts to one another. If this be so, how absurd it is to attempt to speak without bestowing a single thought on what we are to say.

We would smile "loudly" at the play of Hamlet with Hamlet *left out*, and consider it supremely ridiculous; but this habit of careless talking, if looked at on its own merits, would make the absence of Hamlet from his own play seem very good sense by contrast.

Ridiculous and absurd as it is, when we thus behold it, still it is a fault common to the best of us, and so insidious in its power and workings that it "steals upon us ere we are aware." The primary cause of the evil probably arises from a state of affairs which is characterized by some writer as "a time when one feels called on to say *something*, though he really can say *nothing*." These "times" are certainly very common, which may account for the prevalence of the habit, but, in our eyes, are no excuse for it.

If we *must* say something, why not give the subject sufficient thought to make a sensible remark, and not be obliged to acknowledge, as we too often are, that we "didn't think," or "didn't mean what we said." Aside from the shame which such an admission should create there are many times when a careless speech will bring trouble and disgrace upon us.

Some such thought must have inspired the writer of the following stanza:

"A word—the fruit of heart and brain;
Once spoken, ne'er recalled again!
With what nice care should lips be taught
And tongue beneath control be brought,
That ne'er amidst life's earnest toil
These offsprings may our good name soil."

A little care, a slight check on one's garrulousness will produce the desired result and gain respect for one's silence as well as one's words.

MESSRS. EDITORS.

I beg leave to offer through the columns of your paper, which is devoted to the interests of the students, a suggestion, which I think should meet with the approbation of both students and professors.

The measure which I would suggest is a very important one to all students, who are soon to be thrown into the world to make or mar our own fortunes as the case may be. As a large part of the population of the United States is composed of Germans, a young man, whether going into business or studying a profession, cannot hope for any great success, unless he is well acquainted with that language. German is very properly made one of the studies of our regular college course; but, as the time approaches when this study is to prove of real benefit to us, then for some reason it is dropped.

In answer to those, who express regret at this, some one may say, if you want to keep up your German, either take private lessons or enter upon a course of reading in that language; but this very few would be likely to do, and fewer still would have the time to do so. As for Greek the majority of students, unless they are expecting to teach, or to study for the ministry, will rarely look at a Greek book after they leave college, and a very small number indeed will have any practical use for this dead language. But with German it is different, and I offer as a suggestion, that which seems to me will prove of real advantage to us all our life long; viz. that Greek be dropped in Senior year and German substituted; or else that both of these studies be made elective.

Hoping that this suggestion may meet not only with the support of my fellow students, but also with the consideration and approval of our instructors,

I remain respectfully yours

A STUDENT.

PEACOCKISM.

Despite the well acknowledged truth of the saying, that "fine feathers do not make fine birds," there seem to be some persons in our midst who, although they acknowledge its truth, yet are so dull or, perhaps, so conceited that they cannot appreciate their force.

The truth which these words contain is not restricted to dress alone, but applies to all obtrusiveness or show. There are a hundred ways in which one may play the peacock besides in dress. Parading oneself before the eyes of men, though it be in rags, is prompted by the same senseless longing for show.

In a community like our College, class privileges are of great assistance to one who desires to play peacock. How easy it is to remind a poor "Freshie" that you are in a higher class and consequently *worthy of more notice and envy!* With what a magnificent air may one prove his *superiority* by the continual and ostentatious use of the petty privileges of a higher class! What can be more edifying, grand, and noble than the "airs" of an upper classman in the presence of the "Sophs" or "Freshies."

Notoriety may be a most powerful, but, in our eyes, it is a most contemptible means of gaining influence. We know that in some colleges it is the rule to consider lower classmen as unworthy of notice but we trust such a state of affairs will never exist in our midst.

But what should gain one influence and respect among his fellow students? What but intellectual capacity and real worth? Consider, then, how flimsy, contemptible and utterly detestable is that course of behavior which seeks to make up for the absence of these qualities by supercilious haughtiness!

The peacock, *as a bird*, is the the most *contemptible* of the feathered creation, but it only needs to *open its mouth* to be rendered the most *disgusting* as well.

Let human peacocks beware!

THE following, received a few days ago, will sufficiently explain itself to our readers without any comment.

K———, Feb. 9th, 1872.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Your issue of the 1st which you had the kindness to send me, and which, by the way, I think is far superior both in type and matter to any former copy I have seen, has been received. It was a most pleasant surprise and I spent a happy evening reading and re-reading its varied contents and thinking of the dear old College and my old-time friends.

There was one notice which particularly attracted my attention, and with regard to which I have determined to drop you a line or two. Among the various items of interest in your columns I came across a notice of "Reunion Day." Now I have always taken a great deal of pleasure in reunions of all kinds and my experience of the two last anniversaries at the College has been such as to make me look forward with great pleasure to the next. But a thought struck me as I was reading your notice.

The expense and trouble of a reunion day are no joke, and the bother of looking after the comfort of eighty or a hundred visitors is no laughing matter. Is it exactly fair to place upon the College the whole burden of a celebration which gives so much pleasure to all? Could not some arrangement be made by which the students might bear a share of the expense as well as part of the trouble? A comparatively small assessment would do much toward lightening Alma Mater's burden and would be a far more equitable way of managing the affair.

Why can't this be done? Why shouldn't it?

If the idea finds no place in your own minds it surely will in others; for it seems, not only to myself, but to many others with whom I have often spoken, a most desirable step.

I offer this merely as a suggestion, however, and trusting that it may not be without interest to you, I remain

Very truly yours,

F. K———.

THE following has been going the round of the College press. It is a bull worthy of an Irishman, but for students of natural history, who ought to know the habitat of the monkey, it is simply lamentable. It is a good joke on Darwin but a hard one on the College press.

"Two of Darwin's sons have been on a visit to Yo Semite. It is said that the *monkeys* were half tickled to death to see them, and asked kindly after their father."

—The Collegian.

The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, FEB. 15, 1872.

EDITORS.

H. C. DILLON,

E. A. LARRABEE,

NORTON STRONG.

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

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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, Wisconsin."

With the present number, volume tenth closes.

Those of our readers whose subscriptions expire with this volume will find an X marked upon their papers to notify them of this fact.

We trust that none of our present list will withdraw the aid hitherto extended to the MERCURY, and that all will forward the amount of their subscriptions at their earliest convenience.

The promised enlargement of the MERCURY has been delayed from time to time, because the alumni, old students, and friends of the College generally, have not given substantial encouragement to the project.

Thirty subscribers is the highest number our list has ever contained of persons living outside of the city of Racine. The generous people of this city, we are happy to say, have not only assisted us by their kind words of encouragement, but also with that which is far more to the point—their dollars.

There is not a friend of the College before whose eyes this article comes, who will not say with us, that there is not a college paper in the land so shabbily supported by the alumni, and other friends of the institution which it represents.

Notwithstanding this serious drawback, however, we have determined to enlarge by the addition of eight more columns. This change will take place with number 1 of volume XI.

Trusting to an awakening sense of duty on the part of our outside friends, and encouraged by a general willingness on the part of the students of the whole College to sustain a part of the expense by a slight advance on the present rates of subscription, we shall launch our improved bark on the first day of March next, determined, if it must continue so, to paddle our own canoe.

It requires but a slight effort on the part of our friends from the outside to place the MERCURY upon a sure foundation for all time to come.

Now, in its incipency, is the time when it most needs your support. When our graduates shall have become more numerous, and the College itself shall have greatly increased the number of her students, the support and even further enlargement of our paper will, of course, be assured.

Therefore send in your dollars at once and thus testify your hearty co-operation in our efforts.

OUR STATE UNIVERSITY.

A few weeks ago we took a hurried glance through the Wisconsin State University, and now subjoin a few facts relating thereto.

It numbers at present about 350 students.

It comprises, in all, six buildings. The main building, a handsome structure, built entirely of stone, and known as University Hall, contains the library, collections of specimens of natural history, chemical laboratory, recitation rooms, etc.

In front of this and to the right and left of it are located two dormitory buildings. These are each three-storied, and occupied by the male students.

Since the care of the rooms devolves entirely upon the students themselves, the reader can draw his own picture of their lamentable condition.

The young men, however, are perfectly satisfied with their own housekeeping, and think that such a state of affairs conduces greatly to the development of the true manly character. Our own comfortable rooms and home-like regulations are therefore condemned, by these disciples of Diogenes, as hotbeds for developing a luxuriant growth of soft young men.

The fourth edifice, also built of stone, and three-storied, is the University home for the female students. In this the rooms are arranged on the same plan as our own in Taylor Hall. They are large, comfortable and nicely furnished, at the expense of the University. This hall will accommodate 100 students.

Our young lady informant, whom we know to be a good judge of such matters, declares that the hash is good, and moreover, that everything appertaining to their household arrangements is as neat as a "wax figger." Our own observation corroborates this statement.

This feature of student life in the University has but just begun. Certainly it is a step in the right direction, and we hope before long to see the sterner sex treated in the same humane and sensible manner.

The fifth and sixth buildings are the President's house and the gymnasium.

As we did not visit the former, and, as the key to the latter could not be found, we must leave their descriptions to another time.

With regard to the institution as a school we can only say that, under the present management it seems to be greatly improving in its intellectual work. The great wonder, however, is that after so many years of quack doctoring by an inefficient Board of Regents, it should still retain as good a reputation as it now has.

BASE BALL AND CONFESSION.

Here is another contribution from the "Three Legged Stool", published at Evanston.

The Rev. Dr. DeKoven, Warden of Racine College, made a speech in the General Convention at Baltimore, in defence of allowed confession on the part of his pupils, on the ground that the Church encouraged all her children to open their consciences. A boy came to him once who confessed to have broken the rules in some flagrant manner, and was forgiven, as "he had told on himself." As he was about leaving the study, he innocently looked up at the Doctor, and said, "Really, Mr. DeKoven, don't you think you ought to whip me?"—*Ex.*

And this is Racine College! An exchange says the President has to give the seniors peanuts to keep them quiet during lectures.

Tripod.

As our readers will recollect, the "University Nine"

sustained two very mortifying defeats at the hands of the "College Nine" last season.

This, we think, very clearly accounts for the superabundance of bile that is just beginning to manifest itself upon the face of the Tripod.

The above is so utterly without foundation, and such a silly piece of scandal, that it would be unworthy of even a passing notice, did it not show forth so plainly the evil spirit which now possesses the Tripod.

PERSONALS.

NEWTON LULL of '69 spent Sunday, the 4th inst., at the College. He is looking hearty and happy. The Chicago fire injured him but slightly, in a financial point of view, and he is now a promising and successful "limb of the law." His address is 45, Peck Court, Chicago.

HARRY SIMON of '74 is enjoying the country air at Evansville, Wis.

"BRAVE Old Joshua" of '75 is now a domestic missionary, and is assistant Rector of a parish out in Sussex County.

A BRIEF account of our visit to the Wisconsin State University, and our chat with Mr. Bassford of the University Press, was unavoidably crowded out of our last issue.

Mr. B. reports the Press to be in a very flourishing condition. It being a private enterprise, carried on by the efforts and at the risk of two students, this flourishing state of their finances certainly reflects great credit upon the two gentlemen in charge.

Appropos to this is the saying of Sir Walter Scott, that "money is the true incentive to literary efforts."

The prospect of gain and the possibility of loss spurs on the editor to greater exertions.

This makes him strive to render his paper more acceptable to the public, by every means in his power; because he knows that an appreciative public will increase its patronage in proportion to the merits of his paper. No board of delegated students, with the prospect before them of empty honour, and abundance of grumbling, will carry on such a work with a tithe of the energy and ability which always characterizes the editors of the other class.

We heartily congratulate our brethren of the Press and wish them continued prosperity.

WE were forcibly reminded a few days since of the editorial triumvirate of last year, by the sudden and unexpected appearance in our sanctum of Messrs. Osborne and McLean of '71. They are both looking healthy. The atmosphere of Nashotah evidently agrees with them.

They report the sleighing excellent, five-mile promenades common, and young ladies above par.

BELOW we give a sample of the questions which are now propounded by the "Board of Schoolmasters" at Washington, to applicants for positions in the Civil Service. It is said that the oldest and most efficient clerk in the Treasury Department failed to stand the test. No wonder! Try for yourself.

"Where, when, and by whom, were spectacles invented?
Where, when, and by whom was gunpowder invented?"

When and by whom was printing invented?
How many elephants had Hannibal when he crossed the Alps?

Which is greater, six of one, or half a dozen of the other?

Would you argue that, because rushes on the banks of the Nile were advantageous to the infant Moses, that therefore, rushes on American banks would be advantageous to the 'infant republic'?

Which is which? If not, why not, and how many?"

WE clip the following from the Chicago Tribune, giving the name of "God" in forty-eight different languages:

"Hebrew—Elohim, or Eloah; Chaldaic—Elah; Assyrian—Ellah; Syriac and Turkish—Aloah; Malay—Alla; Arabic—Allah; Language of the Magi—Orsi; Old Egyptian—Teut; Armorian—Teuti; Modern Egyptian—Tenn; Greek—Theos; Cretan—Thios; Æolium and Doric—Ilos; Latin—Deus; Dow Latin—Diex; Celtic and Old Gallic—Diu; French—Dieu; Spanish—Dios; Portuguese—Deos; Old German—Diet; Provencal—Diou; Low Breton—Doue; Italian—Dio; Irish—Die; Olala Tongue—Deu; German and Swiss—Gott; Flemish—Good; Dutch—Godt; English and old Saxon—God; Teutonic—Goth; Danish and Sweedish—Gut; Norwegian—Gud; Slavic—Buch; Polish—Bog; Polacoa—Bung; Lapp—Jubinal; Finnish—Jumula; Runic—As; Pannonian—Istu; Zemblian—Petizo; Hindoostan—Rain; Coramandel—Brama; Tartar—Magatal; Persian—Sire; Chinese—Prussa; Japanese—Goezur; Madagascar, Zannar; Peruvian—Pachocamao.

LIST OF EXCHANGES.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| <i>Williams' Vidette,</i> | <i>Jurvis Hall Record,</i> |
| <i>College Courant,</i> | <i>Acorn,</i> |
| <i>Yale Courant,</i> | <i>Taryum,</i> |
| <i>Harvard Advocate,</i> | <i>Qui Vive,</i> |
| <i>Trinity Tablet,</i> | <i>Miami Student,</i> |
| <i>College World,</i> | <i>Blackburn Gazette,</i> |
| <i>The Cadet,</i> | <i>The Collegian,</i> |
| <i>Beloit College Monthly,</i> | <i>Kentucky Wesleyan,</i> |
| <i>University Press,</i> | <i>Orient,</i> |
| <i>College Days,</i> | <i>University Reporter,</i> |
| <i>Lawrence Collegian,</i> | <i>Irring Union,</i> |
| <i>Journal of Education,</i> | <i>Chronicle,</i> |
| <i>Newspaper Reporter,</i> | <i>Annalist,</i> |
| <i>Argus,</i> | <i>College Herald,</i> |
| <i>Dennison Collegian,</i> | <i>Western Collegian,</i> |
| <i>College Review,</i> | <i>University Review,</i> |
| <i>Cap and Gown,</i> | <i>Indiana Student,</i> |
| <i>Tripod,</i> | <i>La Fayette Monthly,</i> |
| <i>Sigma Mu Paladium,</i> | <i>Hamilton Monthly,</i> |
| <i>Madisonensis,</i> | |

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE *Action*, an ever welcome visitor, makes its appearance this week as usual, manifesting its superiority by a masterly article on the late trouble concerning the Alabama claims.

Its columns are filled with the most interesting topics.

THE *Aldine*, which well sustains its claim to be the handsomest paper in the world, appears with its usual array of beauties.

The "Morning on the Ausable" adds greatly to the reputation it has always held for reproductions of natural scenery.

THE *Qui Vive* makes its appearance in an improved shape and makes really a handsome sheet.

The *Tripod*, though very fair in its appearance typographically, is somewhat billious in its contents this issue. We would recommend a slight dose of Hg₂ Cl. or some other purgative to remove a strain of falsehood which has been running through its columns lately.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North10 41 A. M.	12 08 P. M.	7 27 P. M.
Going South7 33 A. M.	1 58 P. M.	4 48 P. M.
Going West8 00 A. M.	7 30 P. M.	

Local to senior Editor: "I say, I can't find any locals."

S. E. "Make Some."

L. "Shall I hit some one on the head?"

S. E. "Yes, any thing for excitement."

L. "I shall begin with you then, 1st. because I think a hit on the head will do you good; 2d. because there would be less danger to myself; 3rd. because the Junior Editor would have to write the editorials; 4th. because it would make more excitement, and people would not growl because the paper was late and our circulation would be increased.

Finale. Exit. Junior Editor pursued by a flying boot.

THE ladies, as was promised in our last number, gave their entertainment on Monday Evening. The Dining Hall was converted into an admirable place for public amusement, by merely removing the tables and erecting a stage in one end of the room.

The entertainment consisted of a representation of wax figures, with an interesting historical account of each figure in order, by Mr. and Mrs. Jarley.

Besides this a charade was acted, which gave to the entertainment that pleasant feature which is the corner stone of "The spice of life."

We must congratulate the ladies' society upon the novel and interesting character of the entertainment, as well as the smooth and agreeable manner in which it passed off.

The necessary tediousness of remaining a wax figure for a half hour at a time was barely apparent in those who took part "Patience on a monument" was never more striking.

The charade was easily and gracefully acted, and was by some regarded the most interesting part of the entertainment.

In our opinion however Mr. and Mrs. Jarley in their explanations of their wax works, were the shining lights.

Old man Jarley kept the audience on the grin during the earlier part of the evening. But when his fair spouse (of Junior renown) arrived with her luggage, and in high falsetto entered upon the histories of her figures, the refectory was kept in a state of continuous reverberation. We set down "Glad" as the *prima dona*.

The evening was rendered more pleasant by the music which filled up the interims. Mr. Park deserves much credit for the selection of some very fine pieces, and to him and the volunteer musicians who assisted him, we owe one of the pleasantest features of the entertainment.

The proceeds, we understand, amounted to \$80.00 and go toward furnishing a room in the St. Lukes Hospital of Racine.

THE breakfast was so good the other morning that our worthy H. M. returned thanks twice. Some people, even then, were not satisfied.

A JUNIOR recently startled his Professor and classmates in a recitation in English literature, with the information that one of the principal dates in the era of revolutions was the year 1850, which was the year of Milton's death.

NATURE has once more assumed her sloppy and dripping garments, and as we look out of our window a procession of Grammarians slowly and sulkily navigating one of the brick walks, are atoning for misconduct, "the crime of being a young man."

ALTOGETHER, the placid pools of water on the campus, just released from their long confinement in the chilling bands of ice and snow; the dripping trees, and those gloomy figures with pantaloons rolled up to the ankles, make up a picture so typical of injured and weeping innocence that it is with difficulty we restrain the tears that would fain swell the tide of the universal melt.

AT the last meeting of the Addisonian Society, which was open to the public, the public failed to make its appearance. Two gentlemen were requested by the President to see if the public were concealed elsewhere in the building; but after several minutes' search the com-

mittee returned alone. They thought they had persuaded the "Moke" to come, but the attempt proved a disgraceful failure. No one was glad except the Debaters.

PEOPLE who sit in the gallery say they can hear the organ very well. The gallery ought to be moved.

MESSRS Morrall and Whitmore, both of '71, received the cross last Sunday evening. The college Prefects are now nine in number and have already been assigned their positions for the coming Base Ball season. In Base Ball matters, as well as in other respects, the nine is unusually good.

"Stop 'er." The lake bank a short distance south of the College property has assumed a very threatening aspect. It seems to be getting ready this year for a "good square" cave.

Quite a large piece of territory, about the size of a front yard in a city, has already slipped down some five or six feet toward the beach, and the whole expanse, as well as the length of railing thereon, will certainly find a watery grave unless somebody stops it.

THE Addisonians have just debated the question: Resolved, that the United States is justified in demanding of Spain reparation for the insult given her commerce by the boarding of the Florida.

After the debate a vote was taken on the question, and went with quite a large majority in favor of the affirmative.

AN incipient moustache is fast beginning to force its way to the surface of one of our scientific Sixth Formers. A huge scab now marks the painful process. Should the winter frosts cause it to strike in upon his lungs, he may yet die in the struggle. However he must not be discouraged on this account.

Matrimony! Matrimony! Matrimony! The Dalhousie Gazette goes it three columns strong on "Courtship and Marriage."

THE Methodists have 61 colleges in the United States. The Roman Catholics 49.

FIFTY American colleges admit women.

CLASS OF '72.

H. C. DILLON	President.
F. P. DAY	Historian.
HERBERT ROOT	Poet.
WORTH LONDON	Ivy Orator.
T. J. MORTON	Ratler.
ROSWELL PARK	Prophet.

ADDISONIAN SOCIETY,

FOUNDED A. D. 1871.

In Omnia Paratus.

President	H. C. DILLON.
Vice-President	F. P. DAY.
Secretary	E. A. LAMARRE.
Treasurer	R. PARK.
Librarian	W. D. WHITMORE.
Censor	AQUILLA JONES.

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And all other articles in Vestments made by the

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Notice will be sent of the required measurements upon receipt of orders. Material and Work Warranted. Reference is made to the Rev. JAMES DE KOVEN, D. D., Warden of Racine College.

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By an experienced teacher, a few scholars to take lessons on the guitar. For terms and reference, apply at 197 Chatham St., Racine, Wis.

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This large first class hotel is beautifully situated on the bank of Lake Michigan, commanding one of the most picturesque scenes of any hotel in the North-West. This renders it very convenient and pleasant for the traveling public, while visiting Racine on business or pleasure. The rooms are airy and well furnished; table always supplied with the delicacies of the season.

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J. W. Hudson

College Mercury.

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XI.

RACINE COLLEGE, MARCH 1, 1872.

NO. 1.

RACINE COLLEGE.

BOARD OF FELLOWS.

Rev. JAMES DE KOVEN, D. D., *Warden.*

Rev. EDWARD B. SPALDING, A. M., *Head Master.*

- Rev. HOMER WHEELER, A. M., *Professor of Mathematics.*
- Rev. GEORGE W. DEAN, A. M., *Professor of Latin and Greek.*
- Rev. ALEXANDER FALK, Ph. D., *Prof. of History and German.*
- Rev. R. G. HINSDALE, A. M., *Professor of Natural Science.*
- Rev. J. J. ELMENDORF, S. T. D., *Professor of Philosophy and Belles Lettres.*
- M. S. VANLEAR HEARD, A. M., *Adjunct Prof. of Latin and Greek.*
- WATSON B. HALL, A. M., *Adjunct Professor of Mathematics.*
- GEORGE S. MEAD, A. M., *Adjunct Professor of History.*
- Rev. FAYETTE DURLIN, A. M., *Adjunct Professor of Greek.*
- Rev. JOHN H. CONVERSE, A. M., *Adjunct Prof. English Literature.*

RACINE COLLEGE was incorporated by the Legislature of Wisconsin, March and, 1852.

There are five buildings: Park Hall, in which are the School Rooms, Dormitories and Teachers' Rooms; and Kemper Hall, which contains the Dormitories, Infirmary, etc. The Chapel is a distinct building. The Rectory is a distinct building. A fifth building, called Taylor Hall in memory of those by whose generous benefaction the means were provided for its erection, is now furnished and occupied exclusively by the College classes. A sixth building, designed for the use of the Grammar School, will be completed before the opening of the Christmas Term. Each building, where students reside, has its own Head, who is assisted by a Matron, in the care of the students. The Infirmary has its own Matron. The Rectory is under the charge of the Housekeeper. The Curator has general charge of the grounds, etc.

The buildings are pleasantly situated, on ninety acres of land, on the shores of Lake Michigan, and can now afford ample and comfortable accommodations for about two hundred and fifty students. There is a well selected Library and Cabinet of Minerals, to which it is hoped that the friends of the College will send contributions.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Special attention is paid to the physical training of students. For this purpose there is a large and well furnished Gymnasium for exercise during the winter months, and a variety and abundance of material for out-door sports in their seasons.

CALENDAR—1872-'73.

- April 3—Wednesday—Easter Term begins.
- July 9—Tuesday—Reunion Day.
- July 10—Wednesday—Commencement.
- Summer Vacation Nine Weeks.*
- September 11—Wednesday—Christmas Term begins.
- December 18 to January 15, Christmas Recess.

1873.

April 1—Wednesday—Easter Term begins.

EXPENSES.

Entrance Fee (paid but once), \$25.00. Tuition for the Collegiate Year, \$400.00. Instrumental Music and French, extra.

The charge (\$400) includes boarding, washing, fuel, lights, necessary furniture (in the Grammar School), Tuition in the regular course—everything but clothing, books, stationery, medical attendance, instrumental music, and the charge for Library and Gymnasium (\$6 per term).

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

Candidates for the Freshman class, Classical Department, are examined in the following books and subjects:

- Latin—Zumpt's Latin Grammar, or its equivalent. Arnold's Latin prose composition, chapters I-XII. Caesar's commentaries, books I-VI. Virgil's *Aeneid*, books I-VI. Sallust.
- Greek—Anthon's Greek grammar, or its equivalent. Jacob's Greek reader, entire or an equivalent. Arnold's Greek prose composition, to page 84.
- Mathematics—Davies' University Arithmetic. Davies' University Algebra, to equations of the second degree. Davies' Legendre, books I-IV.
- English—Fowler's English grammar with an analysis of English sentences.
- History—The history of Greece, Rome, and the United States, with a general knowledge of Geography.
- German—Ahn's rudiments of the German language, and Otto's German grammar to irregular verbs.

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

To enter the School of Science, the same examinations are required, as stated above, with the exception of Latin and Greek; and in addition on the elementary principles of Natural Philosophy, as contained in Quackenbos' Natural Philosophy, and in Inorganic chemistry, as contained in Youman's chemistry.

Dates of Examination—July 9th, 1872, and September 9th, 1872.

For further particulars, send for catalogue.

Racine Grammar School.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT OF RACINE COLLEGE.

Rev. JAMES DE KOVEN, Warden
Rev. EDWARD B. SPALDING, Head Master.

Two large and well furnished buildings—Park and Kemper Hall—are devoted entirely to the use of the Grammar School. A new and handsome building, soon to be erected, containing a large and elegant study room, 90 x 32 ft, office, recitation rooms, etc., will also be devoted to the students of this department.

The Forms of the Grammar School are six in number, the sixth being the highest.

EXPENSES.

Entrance fee (paid but once), \$25.00. Tuition for the Collegiate Year, including boarding, washing, fuel, lights, necessary furniture—everything but clothing, books, stationery, medical attendance, instrumental music and the charge for Library and Gymnasium, (\$6), \$400.00.

ADMISSION OF BOYS TO THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Boys of ten years of age, and upwards, are admitted into the Grammar School and placed in whatever form they can enter.

Special care is given to the health, manners and clothing of the younger boys. If the boy be over fourteen, a recommendation as to his moral character is required.

The entrance Fee, \$25, must be prepaid, or the place will not be regarded as engaged. Should the boy not be sent, the fee will be forfeited.

Early application is desirable.

The College Year consists of thirty-nine weeks.

It is divided for convenience into two terms: the Christmas Term, beginning with the first or second Wednesday in September, and continuing, with a recess of four weeks at Christmas, until early in April; and the Easter Term, beginning early in April, and continuing until Commencement.

There is no recess between the Christmas and Easter Terms.

Scholars entering in the Fall are required to stay through the year.

New scholars will be received at the beginning of the Easter Term, or at any time during the year, the same rule being observed. The best time for entering is at the beginning of the Year, in September.

For further particulars send for catalogue.

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A. C. SANDFORD, Editor and Propr.

CLASS OF '72.



- | | |
|--------------|------------|
| H. C. DILLON | President. |
| F. P. DAY | Historian. |
| HUBERT ROSE | Poet. |
| WORTH LANSON | Ivy Octor. |
| T. J. MORTON | Reader. |
| ROBERT PARK | Prophet. |

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FOUNDED A. D. 1871

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"HAEC PLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XI.

RACINE COLLEGE, MARCH 1, 1872.

NO. 1.

A SCANDINAVIAN BALLAD.

BY HOEDT, TRANSLATED BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The lines are so musical and full of sweet pathos, and withal so little known to the generality of readers, that we have ventured to reproduce them in our columns.

THE SUNKEN CITY.

Where the sea is smiling so blue and cold,
There stood a city in days of old:
But the black earth opened to make a grave
And the city slumbers beneath the wave.
Where life and beauty dwelt long ago,
The oozy rushes and sea weeds grow;
And no one sees and no one hears,
And none remember the far off years.

But go there lonely at eventide
And hearken, hearken to the lipping tide:
And faint sweet music will float to thee
Like church bells chiming across the sea.
It is the olden, the sunken town,
Which faintly murmurs far fathoms down;
Like the sea winds, breathing, it murmurs by
And the sweet notes tremble and sink and die.

Where now is moorland, all dark and dry,
Where fog and night mists forever lie,
Of old there blossomed, divinely free,
A flowery kingdom of poesy.
A wondrous reign of visions proud,
'Neath bright blue heaven and white drawn cloud!
With scent of roses and song of birds,
And gentle zephyrs of loving words.

Each thing of beauty the old earth bore,
Each tone, each odor—alas! no more!
By art and music were hither brought,
And grew eternal in divinest thought.
Here lies the moorland, and dark and dry;
Here fogs and night-mists forever lie;
And no one sees and no one hears,
And few remember those far off years.

But if thou hast not, in sin and strife,
Forgot already thy childish life;
If things that harden the human heart
Have not yet murdered thy nobler part—
Then on that moorland in the summer dark,
While the winds sigh past thee, stand still and hark,
And a faint sweet music will float to thee,
Like church bells chiming across the sea.

It is the world that once hath been,
Which sadly chimeth, itself unseen;
Like the sea-winds, breathing, the tones creep by—
They faint, they tremble, and sweetly die.

It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as Death, should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind.—*Swift*.

A FEW LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL DAYS IN THE SUMMER OF '65.

It was a bright day in June when I began my career at Racine. I came on the noon train, and walked across the fields from the Junction.

The broad, shady lawns about the College buildings, which always put on such a cool, refreshing appearance in early summer, seemed to me, who had just left the city, as delightful a place as I had ever seen.

The boys were playing cricket, or lying down in the shade watching the games. There was no such thing as base ball in those days. No one knew anything but cricket, and with that every one was perfectly satisfied. At that time the base ball campus was a corn and pumpkin field, and out of bounds except when a cricket ball was knocked over the fence. I stopped awhile to look at a game they were playing on or near the spot where Taylor Hall now stands, and then went with one of the old boys to be introduced to the Rector and the Head Master in their rooms in Kemper Hall.

I was put in the third form, and in the Badger cricket club, and was given a seat in the large school-room.

The boy who sat just in front of me they called 'Squeegie.' I could never understand why he and the sauce we used to have for our pudding, should go by the same name; for I thought he was the homeliest boy I had ever seen. There were over twenty boys in the form: I wonder where they all are now. One fellow who sat near me always seemed to have a chew of tobacco in his mouth. The boys used to tell how he could chew without being found out. Another boy, a slim, sly fellow, went usually by the name of "Finney," but, in honour of the sharpest feature on his face, had the title of "Father Nose-gay" as well. There was another new boy in the form besides myself, a tall thin fellow, who seemed afraid even to sneeze. He was the butt of all jokes, and the boys used to call him 'Ada' and 'Nancy.' I shall never forget how in the first recitation in reading the teacher frightened him half to death by asking him what his name was. He answered too gently to be heard, but the rest of the class acted as sponsors, and said his name was 'Nancy', so down it went 'Nancy' in the roll book and afforded a joke at roll call for the next two weeks.

But, of all the form, a boy named Grace was the jolliest and most mischievous. He was not much given to getting his lessons, but could play cricket and get into scrapes admirably. I remember how he used to look on Sundays, with a velvet jacket, patent leather slippers, and his hair shining with oil.

In those days it was one of the Sunday amusements of Grammar-school boys, to walk the narrow ledge of brick that runs around the greater part of Park Hall, just below

the first story windows. Until this was put down by the Head master as injurious to the building, and the bricks proclaimed out of bounds, it afforded us a splendid place to play 'follow the leader.'

The front entrance to the north wing of the building was the starting point, and for all but good climbers the jumping off place was not far distant. Of course there were no window boxes in those days.

To climb around the front of the building was tolerably easy, but Grace was one of the very few who could cross the south end, and the only one whom I have ever seen pass the wooden shed back of the south wing, and reach the corner where the ledge stops.

For this and the cruel enjoyment of raking out the swallows' nests in the lake bank, Sunday was regarded the best day. Cricket and swimming were the chief amusements of the week.

In the evening our study hours were enlivened by the old tricks that every Grammar-school boy knows so well.

'Old Dab' used to keep our study hour, and of him nobody was much afraid. He punished offences by saying: "I'll give you—lines of Latin, sir," and slipping a check to that effect into a little box near his desk. But checks that went into this box ran a fearful risk of being fished out with a long penholder—*magister absens*—and of many of them 'Van' who kept detention, never got a sight.

When a check did get through, "*ad urbem iri non opus est mihi*" had to be written a certain number of times, and in case many checks escaped the pen-holder, the above sentiment had to be put into practice on Monday, and a mark lost. That was all.

But 'Dab' came down on one of us once, so as to give cement to the whole room. The beautiful 'Squee-gee' been indulging his poetical taste in writing a parody on these lines in the spelling book where the good qualities of "Old Rover" are described. He passed it to me. The lines went thus:

"Old 'Dab' he is the finest man
That ever ran a race,
His ear so quick, his eye so keen,
And such a pretty face."

He was so elated at his success that he got reckless, and 'Dab' whose eye for once was as keen as necessary, detected him while passing his poetry about the room.

Poor 'Squee-gee', there was no help for him, he had to carry his work up to 'Dab's' desk. 'Dab' read the lines, but his forced smile soon gave place to a frown of indignation, and provided his check ever got through, 'Squee-gee' must have had a tremendous amount of "*ad urbem*" to write.

The great draw-back to our happiness was the introduction of Major B—'s drills in sword exercise. Just at that time of the day when it had been our custom to go in swimming, the Major would have some one beat the drum for the drill; and instead of taking a delightful plunge into the lake, we must all form in front of the building and "praw the ground" while the Major gave his orders, sitting half drunk on the back of his fiery charger. The Major swore when his anger was aroused; and the best way to stir him up was to wait till he shouted "stand steady," and then poke the man in front with your sword, or when he gave the command "feel your touch" to argue

the point with him. The consequence was that the Major's swearing reached the ears of the Rector, and it was rumored that if the Rector heard of his swearing again, the Major would be kicked out.

The problem now was, how to get the Major the maddest, and we all took hold of the matter. No Form could beat the Third in raising his ire, and Grace knew how, better than all.

We had one more drill, and oh! such a drill. The Major would have found it hard to keep the third commandment, had he been a saint. What alternative was there for a half tight Scotchman raised, as he was, to a white heat?

So ended our drills. The major soon after made his farewell speech. As the term drew towards its close, and the time for the match games approached, Badger and Clarkson enmity grew stronger and stronger, and the cricket rage increased till it swallowed up even the worry of examinations. And when at last examinations were passed, and the matches played, it gave place only to the anticipation of the pleasures of home. '73.

FRESH IMPROVEMENTS.

But a few months ago we recorded the completion of our new and elegant Dining Hall, which together with Park and Kemper Halls make up about two-thirds of the east side of the contemplated quadrangle.

The Board of Trustees have just held one of their semi-annual meetings, and we are now able to announce, upon authority, that the remainder of this side is to be completed during the coming summer.

The design of the new building is the same as that of the Dining Hall. Beginning at the south end of Park Hall, with a breadth of 32 feet, it will extend, in the direction of the Dining Hall, 90 feet, leaving between it and the Dining Hall a space for a central tower-like structure 30 x 46 feet, and 72 feet high. Through the north side of this tower, and between it and the main building, will be an open arch way for pedestrian travel. The tower portion will be used for cloak and hat room, Rector's office, and recitation rooms. The main building will be thrown into one splendid study room, 90 x 32 feet, open roofed, stained glass side windows, and stained glass dormer windows in the roof, for ventilation, as in the Dining Hall.

The mechanical work upon it and the material to be used, is to be of the very best quality. The inside will be finished in oil. The desks in the study room are to be of an improved pattern and also finished in oil. The whole arrangement strikes us as being the most convenient as well as the most elegant design possible for such a purpose. When completed, the east side of the quadrangle will present a solid and beautiful front. Its entire length is 480 feet.

Those who understand the lay of the grounds, and the position of the different buildings can picture to themselves easily the fine appearance which this front will make. Park and Kemper Halls—two antique looking buildings, of Gothic architecture, stand at either corner; between them, and joining on to them, the Dining Hall and Assembly Hall: and in the center, towering above them all, and

forming, as it were, the key stone to the whole front, will stand the central structure.

To our mind the whole design makes a very pretty picture

Our numbers are increasing so rapidly in both College and Grammar School, that the erection of new buildings is becoming a constant and pressing necessity. The additional vacancy, which this new building will make, will be filled almost immediately, if indeed it be not already spoken for.

There is an urgent demand, now for a new College building. Taylor Hall is crowded; and, if a new building is not soon provided, many applicants for admission must be turned away.

We hail with delight these various substantial signs which now mark the prosperity and progress of the College. They speak volumes for her wide spread influence, volumes for the work which she is doing.

CRAMMING.

This delightful process, denominated "cramming," is one of the spasmodic diseases which prevail among college students previous to examinations. The disease is generally heralded by a large placard, similar to those posted in quarters plagued by the small pox. Upon it appear words to this effect: "Examination here soon—are you 'crammed?'" The first symptom is one of great uneasiness. This is followed by a sharp attack of the "blues," which, in turn, is succeeded by skeptical ideas as to the patient's ability to "skin through."

He carefully reviews Carneade's "Theory of Probabilities," and resolves to take a hot "cram" and "go in on luck." He swallows the "French Revolution," sandwiches a Dutch Grammar between his Analytics and Chemistry, and bolts the whole mass, following it up with an indigestible conglomeration of Latin, Greek and English Literature. The poor victim, now freely avows that much study is a weariness of the flesh, becomes disgusted with all knowledge and leans toward the opinion of the mystics, that goodness without knowledge will make a philosopher out of a fool.

But, alas! the crisis approaches. "Gags" must be invented with which to circumvent the inquisitors. His bright hopes of being a philosopher vanish away. He can't afford to be good just yet.

The dreaded inquisition opens; the care-worn victims enter; they "scratch," they "skin," they succeed, and and they "fizzle." Great drops of sweat bedew the massive foreheads of some, whilst others, *well prepared*, view the instruments of torture with the philosophic calmness of a cultivated intellect. The torture over, the victims stretch themselves upon their little beds and feel thankful that they still live.

Now, wherefore all this misery? We think it can be obviated.

Harvard has taken the lead in uprooting the evil effects of "cramming" and "skinning." This is the plan adopted: Make the advance rigid and thorough; have no reviews and keep the date of examination a profound secret until the very day arrives. If such a method be thoroughly followed out, a change for the better cannot fail to take place. It is a stroke at the very root of the alarming evils,

which are slowly but surely undermining the best attempts now making to educate the youth of the country in a thorough and liberal way. This method will compel the student to improve his time, day by day, or else place him among the list of drones, whom this plan would compel the authorities to drop, after each examination, into a lower class.

The only way by which an institution of learning can turn out good scholars is to make its method of instruction as thorough as possible. It is false mercy to be easy, when this very leniency defeats the very object for which the student enters college. The stricter the requirements of the class-room, and the more perfect the test of examination, the better it will be for the student, and the greater will be the honor reflected upon the college which pursues such a course.

ATTENTION, COLLEGE NINE.

You will, in all probability, meet with sharp work next season. Many of you are but freshly grafted into that honorable body, and consequently need much practice.

We notice, from our exchanges, that the different College clubs are putting themselves through a severe course of gymnastic training during the winter months.

The benefits to be gained by such a wise and prudent course is plain to all. They are making the muscle now which is to do the powerful batting next summer.

Lethargy is a sure sign of decay. We do not believe the College Nine is affected with anything of the kind, but we do think it is trusting too much to uninterrupted successes in the past, and, hence, is placing too much confidence in its former strength.

There is need, and a pressing need too, of immediate application to a thorough course of gymnastic training.

We recommend its veteran Captain to call out his troops at once and set them at work.

He has at his command plenty of good material and muscular fibre. It only needs to be toughened to make the "sphere" fly as it did last year.

Captain Jones, call out the troops.

LATER.—Since writing the above, and, no doubt, silently influenced by its distant magic power, the troops have been called out and muscle is being rapidly developed.

Behold a wonderful example of the mysterious influence of the MERCURY!

THE BABY OF '69.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Feb. 12.

Editors College Mercury:

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to claim the first boy of the Scientific Department of Racine College. The young "Gopher" arrived on the 7th inst. and weighed nine pounds down-weight. I trust the brave youth may be a Racine College boy, and give the worthy Profs. thereof less trouble than did his paternal ancestor.

He has not as yet expressed any preference in the cricket line; but I presume he will be a "Clarkson" and bowl in the De Koven Eleven.

His muscle is prodigious—which makes me the more confident that he will be a Racine boy and write for the MERCURY.

Paternally Thine,

JNO. O. SLEMMONS.

The College Mercury.

"Vigout Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, MARCH 1, 1872.

EDITORS.

H. C. DILLON, E. A. LARRABEE, NORTON STRONG.

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

TERMS:

College Year.....\$2.00 | Single Copy15 cts.

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.

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, Wisconsin."

We have the pleasure of presenting our readers with the initial number of the MERCURY, in its new dress and enlarged form.

It is gratifying to us, as it will be to every friend of the paper, to behold this substantial evidence of its prosperity.

The COLLEGE MERCURY was started in 1867, by James Appleton Morgan and Edward McKey. Its size was then 9x12 inches, and contained four pages of three columns each.

In the winter of '68, under the management of Mr. Sullivan, it was increased to an 11x14 inch sheet and contained four pages of four columns each.

In the spring of '69, Mr. Champlin induced his brother editors to enlarge it still further. Up to this time it had been printed at the *Journal* office in this city; but now it was placed in the hands of a first class Job office in Milwaukee.

The first number of volume V. appeared in May, 1869, handsomely printed upon tinted paper, having the same sized page which it now has, and contained eight pages of matter. Financially it was not a success the first year. From the beginning of 1870 to the present time it has steadily increased in circulation and now issues nearly 400 copies. The year 1871 can not be passed by without a more extended notice. That year, under the management of Mr. Osborne, a deep and broad foundation was laid, upon which succeeding editors might build the mercurial fabric with perfect confidence.

The editors for that year received their charge with many misgivings, and with no encouragement from their predecessors.

One of the prominent members of the outgoing editorial staff even gleefully made the remark to the writer of this article: "I count myself most happy, that the MERCURY is not going to fail on my hands."

What the editorial triumvirate for '71 lacked in ability, it made up in energy. It was always alive, and always looking out for the welfare of its charge.

The career of the MERCURY for that year will make some of the brightest leaves in its history.

Since September '71, our printing has been done at the *Advocate* Steam Printing Office in this city.

The beauty of its typography is entirely due to its careful management by the foreman of this excellent office.

We are also deeply indebted to the editor of the *Advocate*, Mr. Sandford, for numerous and valuable suggestions, as well as for his kind forbearance with our inexperience.

The paper itself is sufficient evidence of the excellence of his work, without a word of commendation from us.

So much for the efforts of others in behalf of the MERCURY; let other historians record our own.

By an increase of twenty-five cents each, on the last half year's subscription, cheerfully offered by the students of the College and Grammar School; and by increasing the number of our advertisements, we are enabled to offer the MERCURY to all outside of the College, at the old price. If the number of our subscribers increases, as we hope and believe it will, this temporary advance from our fellow students will hereafter be unnecessary. Most of the College *Monthlies* charge \$2.00 per annum subscriptions, whilst we are printing a *Semi-Monthly* at the same price.

Our terms are purposely kept low, in order that the College paper may be accessible to all.

If there is a single undergraduate, old student, or alumnus, who is unable to subscribe, he needs only to send in his name to get a copy free.

The College is increasing so rapidly in numbers and influence, that it requires but a short look into the future to behold the MERCURY in its full manhood—a sixteen page paper. But this increase in numbers will merely afford a slight increase in local aid. Unless the alumni stand by us the increase can never be steady and permanent.

We are pained to say that, out of the entire list of our alumni, but nine subscribe for the MERCURY.

At Yale, they call this meanness. We have not yet invented a name for it here; because we could find no word in the English language capable of expressing the meanness of it.

WHEN the project of establishing a Reading Room was first proposed to the Addisonian Society, there were many voices uplifted against it. It was declared by some, that it would be mutilated and destroyed as was the old College Reading Room before it. Others prophesied that no Librarian could be found, who would undertake the labor, incident to its proper care, for the mere honor of the position; and, actuated by pure, unselfish motives, labor to make it a success.

The sequel, however, has conclusively proved that all these prophetic croakings were utterly groundless.

The Reading Room is now under full headway, and bids fair to become one of the permanent and prominent features of the College.

The character of the periodicals, with which it is supplied, is of the high toned and purest class.

The *Chicago Times* is anathematized by some for its sensational qualities; yet none deny its superiority as an authentic news paper.

Not only is the character of the periodicals good, but the quantity is constantly increasing.

All of the best literary productions of the day are now to be found on the files.

There is also the germ of a future society library to be seen upon the shelves, comprising about 100 volumes. This is increased by regular, stated contributions from the

members. Contribution from old members and other outside friends are earnestly solicited.

The room is neatly furnished and amply commodious for present wants.

The arrangement of the periodicals, their care and preservation, the comfortable and cosy appearance of the room, and its successful working from its beginning, is due in every great measure to the constant and careful supervision of the obliging Librarian, Mr. Whitmore.

We regret his late resignation, and hope that his successor may follow out carefully the rules and regulations now laid down, for its future management.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE Yale Naught-ical Almanax thus defines prayer:— A performance carried on every morning at one end of the Chapel.

The same informs us that "Skinning" was first discovered on the first day of January (*some time ago.*)

THE enterprising students of Chicago University, after a very checkered history in their attempts at independent journalism, have just started a new paper called the *Volante*. One of the planks in the new platform declares that it does not intend to wage war against the authorities. The *Volante* is a handsome paper, and has the ring of the true metal.

ST. MARY'S, Knoxville, Ill., is the only female seminary in the country where the young ladies have enterprise enough to edit and manage successfully a college paper. The *Sigma Mu Palladium* is the name of their able and handsome production.

YALE intends to pray for all colleges, except the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

HASH was invented at Sparta, March 1, 372 B. C.
—*Naught-ical.*

AMHERST threatens to swallow William's College. The Williams Vidette replies in the well known words of Alex. H. Stephens, uttered when a big bully threatened to swallow him: "If you do you will have more brains in your belly than you now have in your head."

THEY have lately introduced a dead-fall system of examinations at Harvard. They have no reviews, and the students are subjected to the most appalling sensation of an awful and rigid examination hanging over them continually and ready to fall with its crushing weight at any moment. Under this system, cribs, photography and the other well known varieties of skinning—are all vanity.

THE College World, of Davenport, which has long held the enviable position of "the most conceited of college papers," now gracefully yields the palm to the William's Vidette.

VASSAR is hourly expecting the arrival of a fresh cargo of Japanese princesses.

THE Freshmen at Yale expect soon to initiate thirty innocent disciples of the great Confucius into "the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain."

WE have received the catalogue of Harvard University for the present year. Below we give a few facts, gleaned from its contents, which may be of interest:

Requirements for admission to the Freshman class are no greater than those laid down in our own catalogue, with the exception of a small amount extra in Latin and Greek; viz., in Latin, the Eclogues additional; and, in Greek, two books of the Iliad in addition to the Greek Reader, and an ability to write Greek with the accent.

The annual necessary expenses for the average student are from \$375.00 to \$600.00. This amount includes the same list of expenditures which are here included in the annual charge of \$400.

Harvard, no doubt, possesses advantages far superior to any of our Western colleges; yet the grade of her intellectual work is but little, if, in reality, a whit in advance. It has become a notorious fact, of late years, that the average graduate of our Western colleges is the superior both in mental vigor and real culture.

There is no necessity any longer for the Western boy to go East for his mental training.

The West can now educate her own children and do it better than her Oriental sister.

Forty sophs were conditioned in Trigonometry at the last Yale examinations.

The Annalist has concluded its serial on "Contagious Diseases" and gone to writing hymns.

Williams College professors have all gone a-visiting, and the boys are busy editing their two College papers.

—*Advocate.*

Cornell will send out a nine to play Eastern College Clubs the coming season. The Captain of the Harvard Nine thus welcomes the news:

"Come one, come all: the bag shall fly
From the second base as soon as I."

That international feminine establishment, known as Vassar, now exults in the royal presence of an East Indian Rajhess and a Timbuctoo Duchess. Vassar will have to put an appendix on that buckwheat cake griddle for the benefit of the Duchess.

From the letter of a student from Ann Arbor, published in the February number of the University Reporter (Iowa) we cull the following, which we are inclined to think is a scurrilous fling at what we consider an excellent paper. How is it friend Chronicle?

"The Literary students edit a paper, the *Chronicle*, published fortnightly during term time, but as it is sold at the exorbitant price of twenty cents per number, nobody reads it except the editors and dead heads."

A man who will grumble at the *Chronicle* or its subscription price (\$2.00 per annum), would grumble at anything. The writer signs himself "Pick," which we suppose is an abbreviation for *Picayune*.

It is astonishing the way jokes go the round of the College press. Some time ago the cry sounded from Maine to California that, "a Hamilton Sophomore has a sister who can everlastingly paw ivory and howl like a mule." We have just read for the one hundred and eleventh time that, "Professors at Racine College are compelled to feed the Seniors on pea-nuts, to keep them quiet during lectures." Oh! give us a rest.

It is safer to affront some people than to oblige them; for the better a man deserves, the worse they will speak of him.—*Seneca.*

THE SMOUGER'S DREAM.

I went to bed at one o'clock,
Just after a long night's cram.
I went to bed? No, I'll give it up;
This can't be a bed where I am.

No, no, it's a dining hall, lit up
With a sulphurous flame, and thin;
Professors—oh horrors—the waiting maids;
Look! look at their ghastly grin.

Oh look at the tables long and straight,
Drawn up by some ghostly art.
And—thunder and lightning—look at the guests,
Arranged six feet apart.

They're students, upon my life, they are,
And each in a black, black gown.
Their cheeks are pale, and on the feast,
Their eyes are fastened down.

I never saw in my life before,
A ghostlier board I think.
The tables are spread with legal cap,
Pens, pads, and bottles of ink

And, ah! there's a Prof. a sailing around,
With some of his "bills of fare,"
Castor and Pollux! Just look at their length;
No wonder those students stare.

Each ghastly guest is grabbing his pen
With nervously trembling hand.
I wonder if ever there crossed the Styx
A ghostlier, ghostlier band.

Oh! see that Prof. on the dais there,
In his sombre, silken gown.
There's something the matter, you bet your life,
Just look at that death-like frown!

Ho! now he's sliding across the floor;
What, what can the trouble be?
He's making straight for that tall chap there;
That tall chap looks like me.

Oh horrors, he snails on his ink-stand now—
It's mine as sure as the Fates,
He's ripped off the bottom, (the false one, glued on)
Good bye to those catch-words and dates.

Now there, he's nabbed on my blotting pads,
The same I rigged up last night;
He's splitting them open; confound the luck!
Those equations are coming to light.

That tall chap's me, upon my word,
And I am that student tall.
Well, that busts me pretty bad, you know,
No marks, expelled perhaps; that's all.

Just hear them chatter, and see them look.
What is it they're trying to say?
—Well, well I declare, it's a dream after all.
I'll try it over to-day.

Don't a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-tempered, envious or conceited, ignorant or detractive, consider with thyself whether his reproaches be true. If they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, although he hates what thou appearest to be. If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious, ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild, affable and obliging and his reproaches of thee naturally cease. His reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the person he reproaches.—*Epictetus*.

PERSONALS.

MR. SULLIVAN of '69 has our thanks for his favor of the 20th ult., and is credited to July 10, '72. The MERCURY owes many debts of gratitude to Mr. S.

MR. E. R. WARD, of Nashotah Theological Seminary, has credit for enclosure of the 2th ult., to July 10th, '72. He also has our thanks for encouraging words therewith. A communication from Mr. W.'s pen, at any time, will be highly valued.

The Rev. Mr. Pitts left Racine for his parish work in Steubenville, Ohio, last Wednesday. Both he and his wife carry with them the best wishes of their many friends in Racine.

MR. LIGHTNER, of '71, has been paying a brief visit to his Alma Mater. He is the same "Deutch;" and still possesses that same countenance, which bids defiance to the wrinkles of care and the storms of adversity.

IN another column appears an amusing letter from the enraptured *pater-familias*, John O. Stemmmons, of '70. That John is happy over the auspicious birth of the "Class Baby," there is not a shadow of doubt.

He fairly bubbles over with true paternal pride in the happy event. We heartily congratulate him, and can express but one regret, viz., that he was not a Badger.

MCCREERY, of '71, is in the commission business in St. Louis. For some time past he has been spending his leisure hours in playing billiards for the amateur championship of the city. His chances are said to be excellent.

MR. OSBORNE, of '71, has our thanks for enclosure of the 23d ult.

OUR FILE.

The Yale Naught-ical Almanac for 1872, has been forwarded to us through the kindness of Messrs. C. C. Chatfield & Co., publishers of the *College Courant*. It is replete with wit and humorous caricatures. A copy should be in the hands of every student. Price 35c; address Chas. C. Chatfield & Co., New Haven, Conn.

Harpers' Monthly for March, comes to us this week rendered doubly valuable by an interesting article on the United States Treasury Department. Send subscriptions to Harper Bros., Franklin Square, New York City.

Scribner's Monthly, which now graces our table, is too well known and appreciated to need comment. We must, however, call attention to the series of papers on "Living American Artists," the third of which appears in the March number.

A remarkable series of papers, entitled "Back-Log Studies," by Charles Dudley Warner, is now running in *Scribner's Monthly*.

The critic of the *New York Mail* calls Warner "Charles Lamb's new rival," and says that "Back-Log Studies" is the best thing he has written, and the best thing in its way any American or English magazine has had for many a day. Mr. Warner is the author of "My Summer in a Garden;" one of the editors of the *Hartford Courant*, and a rising star in American literature.

Wer nicht liebt Weib, Weib und Weisung,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang.

—Martin Luther.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41	A. M.	12 08	P. M.	7 27	P. M.
Going South	7 33	A. M.	1 58	P. M.	4 48	P. M.
Going West	8 00	A. M.	7 30	P. M.		

—A remarkable and astonishing enthusiasm was raised among the students at Evening Chapel on Sunday last, by the soul stirring words of Bishop Clarkson of Dacotah. He spoke of the 40,000 Indians under his charge, the glorious work going on among them by a mere handful of Missionaries, their pressing needs, their constant pleading for churches and teachers and the gladness with which they accepted the Word of Life. He roused our latent energies by telling of the Indian's superior mental capacity, and shamed our devotion by picturing their obedience and piety.

He dwelt upon the great missionary achievements of the past: how Xavier tried to force an entrance into China through the rock bound coast; how he was repulsed here and there, driven from one harbor to another, until finally, despairing of a present landing among that strange and secluded people, he pushed his bark out into the deep sea, and standing on the prow, with hands uplifted, exclaimed, "O, rock! rock! rock! thou shalt yet open to Christ."

"But, in Dacotah," he said, "there is no rock bound coast, no hostile voice to forbid an entrance."

How forcibly he answered the arguments of the plundering agent, and the mercenary soldier.

"Did the Apostles say, "Don't go to Corinth; because they are unclean; to Athens, because they are idolatrous, or to Rome, because they are devilish?"

"Does the City Missionary avoid the slums and dens of infamy of the white race?"

The Bishop's words were simple and conversational, his tone subdued, but full of the intensest feeling. Had he been preaching a Crusade, and the students ready to enlist, our halls would have been empty to-day.

As it is, a warm enthusiasm was aroused and many hasty resolves made to, one day, enlist under the banner of the good Bishop in the noble work of educating and civilizing the red man.

—The College Nine intend securing the Driving Park just south of the College grounds, for match games next season. The location is good, the grounds said to be in excellent condition and properly fenced for taking toll at the gate. This is a good move, and we hope the Nine may secure it. The only reason why this park is wanted, is, because it is properly enclosed for charging an admittance fee. Clubs from a distance can not afford to travel around at the present high rail-road tariffs and exhibit their prowess for fun: neither do the people expect them to do so: hence the present arrangement is being concluded, in order to bring about that happy consumation, so agreeable to the American mind, for combining business with pleasure.

No sordid lust for gain thus actuates the College Nine. No Tripodical intimidation has influenced its action; and no distant glitter of a "magnificent silver ball" has turned its cool and collected head.

—Have you tried to go down town since the Campus and College avenue have become navigable?

—During Lent there is to be a series of sermons preached in the Chapel. The recitation hours on Tuesdays are to be shortened and the service and sermon will come immediately after the fourth hour. The subjects are as follows:

1. Repentance. —The Warden.
2. Self Knowledge. —Prof. Dean.
3. Sorrow. —Dr. Falk.
4. Confession. —The Warden.
5. Amendment of Life. —Prof. Wheeler.
6. Restitution. —Prof. Hinsdale.
7. Absolution. —Dr. Elmendorf.

—SHROVE Tuesday brought with it, as usual, the popular and time honored custom of having griddle cakes at dinner. In the earlier days of the institution when numbers were small and griddle cakes big, we used to find it necessary to "let out a reef" after our dutiful observance of the day. But, alas! for increased numbers, it is now impossible to run the pan-cake machine fast enough to meet demands, and lemon sauce had to be taken without the griddle cake accompaniment.

Oh for a Vassar, double, back-action, self running, mammoth, griddle-cake engine with its 500 cakes at a time.

—THE bright and Spring-like days which we have had of late, have had the effect of rousing the dormant spirits of the base-ballists from their winter's sleep.

On an isolated piece of dry land, where the campus has at last raised itself above the water level, they have once more started "Knock up and catch." Players are allowed to take their choice between stopping swift liners with cold fingers, or, if they prefer—and some do—to let them pass, wading after the ball into a small sized lake.

—In the Yale Almanac, among other things chronicled in the February Column, are the different stages in the temperature of analytics.

"Feb. 3rd. Analytics get warm."

"Feb. 6th. Analytics grow hotter."

"Feb. 19th. Analytics are now red hot."

Racine Juniors will add: Feb. 23rd. Analytics up to a glorious white heat.

—If Terence had had any sense, he would have known how to divide his plays so that some one besides himself could find out the act and the scene required. He got a zero for every man in the Junior class, just by his confounded carelessness.

—A sopho who had occasion to use the word *logarithms* in his examination paper, has astonished his Professor, and well nigh overthrown English orthography, by spelling it *logerisms*.

—As we came out of Chapel the other morning, thinking about the service and the music practise, we observed the fragile P—p. He, who since the beginning of Lent has daily been fading into an attenuated, spiritual shadow, was surrounded by boisterous students who were *pecking* on him, just because he was small, and had a birthday. He resented the treatment. But a look at his determined brow assured us that it was not from any personal inconvenience, but for the *principle of the thing* that he resisted so dangerous a practise.

—A voracious and voracious Soph, of pretty good fighting weight, was recently disturbed in his slumbers with the impression that some one had called him a liar. When he awoke he found himself sitting up in bed dealing right handers at a substantial brick and plaster wall. He says he forgave the fellow and stopped pounding soon after he woke up. His knuckles are gradually healing up.

—The Choir has been practicing lenten anthems during the past week. One anthem, "Hear my prayer" was given to us last Sunday evening. A celebrated critic of our acquaintance admires the length of it more than any other quality, and contemplates *fleeing away* if they try it on again.

A portion of the *De Profundis*, arranged to the music of Mozart, we expect to hear before long. It is shorter than the other, and with this merit, and the name of the composer, every one is bound to be satisfied.

Among other new things for Easter, "Worthy is the Lamb" from the "Messiah" may be expected.

—Examinations. After a few days of the luxury of cramming, and several nights spent in dreaming of the sines and cosines of the Molusk; Palaeozoic and Mesozoic acids; the sulphates and carbonates of conic sections, and the poetical works of Cicero and Alexander the Great, we are at length obliged to look back upon the pleasures of a protracted Examination, as pleasures of the past.

—If those who are unacquainted with the delights of a written examination will imagine themselves in the refectory, and picture in their minds the tables loaded down—not with the weight of turkeys, oyster stews and common food,—but with such delicacies as pens, legal cap, examination papers, large blotting pads, and big ink-stands, they will be able to understand the pleasures of the three score and odd Professor-haunted students who reclined at the banquet.

We have heard of Friday dinners before, but deliver us from another course like that of Friday morning.

—The following effusion was found appended to the task of an unfortunate youth who is in the habit of being late to his meals. He has our sympathy and plenty of cold victuals:

About this thing I'd like to ask,
Where's the use in giving a task?
No punishment I am sure is given
To one, in coming late to Heaven;
Why, then, should you a man maltreat,
Because he does not wish to eat?
I count myself a grievous sinner,
For wantonly neglecting dinner;
And yet, I do not think that lines
This kind of creature e'er refines.

—A cold-blooded sinner, hearing of the illness of one of the attaches of the Refectory, asked the Matron to give him the body for dissection.

—A scientific "Soph" says he can distinguish fossils of the azoic rocks every time now.

A CHANGE.—The Grammar School students are rid of a great bore, by a change that has been made regarding declamation day. Their declamations are hereafter to occupy the last hour on Tuesday mornings, and Monday morning speeches will no longer break in upon the weekly holiday, to trespass on Grammar School patience.

—THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY has once more started its fortnightly entertainments. We have been wishing that the ladies would continue this custom, as it is one which has afforded us all many pleasant evenings.

The entertainment of Saturday evening, last, was quite well attended; and it is our opinion that the attendance would be equally good, if the rate of admission, at present so exceedingly small, were doubled, or even trebled.

The reading, which formed the entire programme last Saturday, was listened to with the same interest that Prof. McAfferty always secures from his audience. But the lack of any kind of music detracted from the entertainment what has heretofore been its greatest charm; and we hope next week to find this vacuum filled up with glees and instrumental music.

—THE JUNIOR PROMENADE took place on Thursday morning. Lake bank. Grave-yard. No ladies. No classics.

—The Hamilton *Literary Monthly* is said to open its editorial department thus:

"An editor sat on his three legged stool,
Before him a sheet of foolscap lay;
He scratched his head till he felt like a fool,
For he didn't know what to say."

We hope this has no reference to the editorial staff who who hatch the *Tripod*.

—THE COLLEGE NINE are swinging the "Indian Clubs," preparatory to wielding the ash in the ball season.

—THE SOPHOMORE SCIENTIFICS claim that the heaviest man in the institution is in their class. We hope the other classes in the College and Grammar School will trot out their men as soon as possible, and have them weighed. A matter of such importance should be decided at once. Down in the city there are scales for weighing loads of hay. The question might be settled in public.

—The Gymnasium is coming into favor again, and acrobats, consequently are growing plenty. We noticed two Grammarians industriously punching each other's noses the other day. Hope they enjoyed it; we did.

—The Grammar School Nine threatens to everlastingly pound the Freshman and Sophomore Nines the coming season. Uppertendom will do well to look to its muscle.

COLLEGE EXCHANGES.

Ohio Wesleyan, Argus, Journal of Education, Orient, College Courant, Alumni Journal, Yale Courant, Harvard Advocate, College World (Dav.), Cadet, Sigma mu Palladium, Dalhousie, Williams Vidette, Madisonensis, University Press, Trinity Tablet, Qui Vive, Tripod, Union Literary Magazine, Educational Monthly, University Reporter, Chronicle, College Days, Annalist, Miami Student, Cornell Era.

For one man who sincerely pities our misfortunes there are a thousand who sincerely hate our success.

THE census of Rome, just completed, shows a total population of 240,000.

WHAT makes us like new acquaintances is not so much any weariness of our old ones, or the pleasure of change, as disgust at not being sufficiently admired by those who know us too well, and the hope of being more so by those who do not know so much of us.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

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"HAEC PLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XI.

RACINE COLLEGE, MARCH 15, 1872.

NO. 2.

TO A SOLITARY BIRD
FLYING OVER THE LAKE, FEB. 29, 1872.
FOURSTONE.

Swift-winged and free,
Keen-eyed and bold,
Where tempests be,
Thro' storm and cold,
Lone in mid-air,
Grim solitude!
Tell me thy mood:
What seek'st thou there?
Ice-hummocks toss
Wild o'er the sea;
Darest thou to cross,
Tho' there may be,
Wanderer lone!
Like Noah's raven,
Shelter or haven,
Found for thee none?
Chill winter's snow
Mantles the hill;
Bird, wilt thou go
On northward still?
Beak now and bare
Prairies are lying;
Wilt thou be flying,
Bird, homeless there?
Fails not thy heart?
Seeks it not rest?
Where'er thou art
Yearns for thy nest?
Shrill if thou call,
Hears thee a brother?
Is there another
Dearer than all?
Hast thou a home,
Wanderer free?
Why then dost roam
Where tempests be?
Night is at hand;
Who will provide
Compass or guide?
Lead to the strand?
Fleet-winged and bold!
God is thy guide
Thro' storm and cold,
Whate'er betide;
Thee, bird, and me,
Come what come may,
Guiding for aye
Where rest shall be.
Thro' winter's cold, bird,
On let us fly;
Wings wide unfold, bird,
Summer is nigh;
Then will we rest, bird,
Closing our wing
Where angels sing, bird,
In Eden blest.

WIVES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Place a certain mixture of chemicals in a glass and touch its side, and the contents crystalize into a known and definite substance.

If we could touch the side of the glass of various public opinions concerning woman, what would it reveal?

We know what the world thinks of the man of genius, and, from his life in all ages, know that he is at once an object of wonder and an object of pity.

In his life time he has generally been ridiculed, persecuted and starved; and, not until death has mercifully removed him from a world, which could not appreciate him, has mankind discovered that a spirit of transcendent powers had lived among them, died in cold neglect, and left behind an undying fame.

"Seven cities sought for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

This sad couplet, so expressive of the great father of Greek poetry, may well express that of many a brilliant spirit which has since illumined the world.

The genius leads two lives—one a spiritual life, surrounded by the creations of his imagination; the other, a life, surrounded by the pressing cares of a material world.

It is of the live genius, divested of the bright halo with which his deeds have encircled him—as seen in his own house, amid domestic cares—and of the fair creature, who shares a destiny by his side for weal or for woe, that we would speak.

First, in the panorama, come before us poor, hen-pecked Socrates, and his long, lank, bony fingered and sharp-tongued wife, Xantippe.

Thus, at least, the fond imagination of the present loves to picture her. The very name, Xantippe, indeed has become a term of reproach, and is now applied to the modern scold.

That the world, however, has harshly judged Xantippe, there is not the shadow of a doubt.

Xantippe was a woman of the day, a woman of large practical common sense. She was surrounded by a family of hungry children to be fed and clothed, and for whom her liege lord had not the slightest thought.

Whilst he was standing from morn till eve, and from eve till morn again, meditating upon some abstruse point in metaphysics, the faithful and dutiful Xantippe was at home, hushing the children to rest with a promise of a crust in the morning, and wondering in her anxious mind where that crust was to come from.

In the meantime the happy thought has dawned upon the mind of our genius, and, in a fit of ecstasy, he hurries away to his boon companions around the convivial board.

The College Mercury.

"Yiqeat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, MARCH 15, 1872.

EDITORS:
H. C. DILLON, E. A. LARRABEE, NORTON STRONG.

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

TERMS:

College Year \$5.00 | Single Copy 15 cts.

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.

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 an anonymous communication.

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

TESTIMONIALS.

Although we are laying ourselves liable to a charge of vanity and conceit, we can not refrain from presenting to our readers samples of the numerous letters of congratulation which we are receiving every day. It is a great satisfaction to us to feel that our efforts are thus appreciated. Words like the following, chase away the wrinkles of care from the brow of the burdened editor, and make the quill run on smoother and more cheerfully than ever:

OFFICE SECOND NATIONAL BANK, }
CHICAGO, March 6, '72. }

Editors College Mercury:

GENTS:—Let us have another such edition of the MERCURY as your last. The reading matter is certainly on a par with the printing and beautiful form of the paper.

The present editors are deserving of all commendation for its improvement both in form and matter.

The College authorities have also taken a step in the right direction, by placing a conspicuous advertisement in your columns. It gives prominence to the institution, and, I hope, assistance to yourselves.

Herewith I cheerfully enclose the amount for my subscription.

Very truly your friend,
M. C. LIGHTNER.

LAW OFFICE OF JENKINS & ELLIOTT,)
MILWAUKEE, March 5, 1872. }

Editors College Mercury:

GENTLEMEN:—I received the MERCURY this morning in its new dress. It does credit to the noble institution which it represents. Every alumnus and every "old boy" should subscribe.

Enclosed please find \$1. my subscription for half year. Wishing you the prosperity you deserve, I remain,

Yours very truly,
DANIEL L. WHEELER.

ADDISONIA.

At the public society exercises of last Wednesday evening, Addisonia was able to welcome some of the ladies into her hall.

This is the first time that any visitors, other than College students, have appeared at the literary exercises of the society; and it is to be hoped that the attendance of the ladies may continue to be the pleasantest feature of the public exercises.

A little embarrassment was evident in some of the gentlemen who took part in the exercises, owing to the unaccustomed pleasure of addressing the opposite sex in public. But if the ladies continue to attend, custom will soon remove all uneasiness from the participants in the literary programme, and their presence, for this very reason, is the more to be desired.

There is nothing so invaluable to the gentleman as the ability to talk with fluency and ease before a company of ladies.

Nevertheless there are plenty of men who, though they talk correctly, and talk sense when they speak to gentlemen alone, always make fools of themselves when ladies are in their audience.

The exercises, generally speaking, were lively and interesting.

The first on the programme was the reading of the extract.

The extract, or we might better say extracts, as its plurality was its most striking feature, we did not like. It would have done better as a miscellany. The extract started out with a receipt for making the highly scented oil of friendship. Having done this with the accuracy and precision of a modern cook-book, it climbed the Chinese Wall; and then, after taking a short run on this monument of Celestial greatness, it jumped down from the wall and recited the "Unbeliever's Creed."

To tell the truth, we hardly saw the connection; but then it will not do to deny the old saying that there is some good in everything. If the extract was dry, its dryness was not owing to a want of variety; and, as it was an extract that we do not hear read very often, it possessed the merit of novelty as well.

It was well read, however, and taste in the selection is the only point to be criticized.

The extract was followed by the debate, on the question (now agitating the public mind) regarding the "one term system" of holding office.

The debate was carried on with energy by the regular debaters. No one spoke from the house.

Without recounting the arguments, it will suffice to notice that the debate went to the supporters of the "one term system," chiefly on account of the direct and practical manner in which they treated the question. Abstract arguments, on the other hand, and perhaps some *ignoratio clouchi*, lost the evening for their opponents.

The moderator gave his decision in favor of the one term system, both as regards the merits of the debate, and the question itself.

The essay was amusing and interesting, and showed the careful preparation that few society essays ever get. Its lively character made it a model for future essayists to imitate. Let those who pass off on the Society their class compositions, take notice.

The exercises closed with the extemporaneous speech on the expediency of admitting young ladies into our College.

The gentleman who was called upon, said he did not expect to be called up, and advocated the measure to be discussed, on the grounds that it had proved successful in some of the Eastern colleges.

His remarks were very brief; and in order to hear a kindred subject still further discussed, the moderator, in

closing, appointed as the subject for the next speech "The expediency of admitting young gentlemen into female institutions of learning."

[From the Mercury of August 1st, 1867.]

The following burst unbidden from the breast of a certain Junior, while dreaming over the dog-eared pages of Davie's Analytical—just one year ago. Now, from the exalted campus of the Senior year, he re-dedicates it to the Juniors whom he sees 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 :

ODE TO MY "ANALYTICAL."

Charming chaos, glorious puddle,
Opaque 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 oculation"
Shuts from me thy balmy clime.

As unto 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 gravies
As I love thy sunny face;
Sheep-bound master-piece of Davie's,
Benefactor of his race!

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

When were built the rocks azoic,
Sat'st thou on the granite hill;
And with constancy heroic,
To me thou art "azoic" 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 night-mare, while I sleep.

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

NATIONAL AID TO EDUCATION.

On the 8th of February, the long discussed National Education Bill passed the House of Representatives. By its terms, it devotes to popular education all the moneys received from the sale of public lands. At the same time that the government takes this stand in the direct support and furtherance of education among the masses, it does not, in the least, interfere with the right of a State to manage and control its own system of instruction.

The bill simply requires, as a condition of receiving the national bounty, that each State or Territory shall provide by its own local laws for the free education of all its chil-

dren between the ages of six and sixteen; that it will appropriate all monies received by the operations of this act, and that it will report annually the condition of its schools.

For ten years, as the bill now reads, the distribution of the fund to the several States and Territories, "shall be made according to the ratio of the illiteracy of their respective populations," as shown by the last preceding census.

It is of this last clause, the chief merit of the bill that we would speak. Wherever the darkness of ignorance has settled down upon a portion of the land, there the government intends to pour in the bright light of education.

In the South where the system of common school education has been more neglected than in the North; and where the poverty entailed by a devastating civil war now prevents the reconstructed States from establishing schools for the free education of her vast multitudes of poor, rapidly increasing in numbers, ignorance and vice, this humane act of legislation will operate more effectually in bringing about a firmer union than all the bayonets in creation.

This disposition of the funds derived from the sale of public lands, will also tend to allay that dissatisfaction, now so common among our laboring classes, occasioned by a wide spread belief that the vast public domain of this country is fast passing into the hands of wealthy monopolies, and hence, that the poor must ultimately become the serfs of the rich.

This measure not only assures them of the integrity of our government, but also declares that all such moneys shall be employed in educating, and thus elevating and enriching this very class.

EXCHANGES.

College Courant, Yale Courant, Harvard Advocate, Brunonian, Heddling College Register, Union College Magazine, Dalhousie Gazette, Miami Student, University Press, College Days, Annalist, Alumni Journal, American Journal of Education, Irving Union, Cap and Gown, Newspaper Reporter, Hamilton Lit., The Acorn, and the Mirror.

The omission of the Brunonian in former lists of exchanges was an oversight.

WHAT is the matter with the Cornell Era? We hear of it from time to time, but have received but one copy during the past year.

The Beloit College Monthly has not come to hand since last December. Hope it still lives.

The Lawrence Collegian is also among the missing. We are exceedingly anxious to keep up an uninterrupted exchange with all of the College papers of this State.

The National Base Bill Convention met at Cleveland on the 4th and elected the following officers: Robert Ferguson, of the Atlantic, President; H. C. Doolittle, of the Forest City, Vice President; N. E. Young, of the Baltimore Club, Secretary. The rules were then revised and adopted. With few exceptions, they are the same as last season.

Ignorance is more dangerous for a people than the armies of an enemy.—Martin Luther.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

AMHERST College has conferred upon the aged philosopher, Horace Greeley, the degree of L.L.D. Horace's next effusion will be "What I know about Law."

THE Trinity Tablet waxes wrathful over the Harvard Advocate, and calls its contents "Sophomoric" and "senseless balderdash."

YALE spends \$7000 yearly for class photographs.

WILLIAMS claims thirteen College Presidents among her alumni. When Williams looks into the past she becomes boastful, but a look at her present condition makes her cry Ichabod! Ichabod!

THE University of Virginia has seventeen secret societies. — *Tablet*.

Two young men, believing in the equal rights of the sexes, have applied for admission into Vassar. They were cruelly refused.

PRESIDENT White, of Cornell, who has been inspecting the different Universities of the country, with a view to ascertain the working of the co-education of the sexes, recommends the admission of females into Cornell. Perhaps Isaac Cornell's late offer of \$100,000 for this purpose, helped him to make up his mind.

YALE College was founded 175 years ago.

It has recently been discovered that a graduate and Bachelor of Arts of one of the Eastern colleges is a woman, who, unsuspected, went through the entire collegiate course under the style and habiliments of one of the sterner sex. She graduated in the class of 1869, and took a high part on the commencement programme. Query—What college and who?—*Orient*.

THE *Orient* copies three articles from the MERCURY, none of which are credited.

A *Boxton* Junior on being asked if he was engaged, said he had the refusal of a certain lady in town.

THE following is a rare example of vivid and picturesque imagery:

I stood upon the ocean's briny shore,
And with a fragile reed I wrote
Upon the sand—
 "Agnes, I love thee."
The mad waves rolled by and blotted out
The fair impression.
Fragile reed! cruel wave! treacherous sand!
I'll trust thee no more;
But with giant hands I'll pluck
From Norway's frozen shore,
Her tallest pine; and dip its top
Into the crater of Vesuvius,
And up in the high and burnished heavens
I'll write—
 "Agnes, I love thee."
And I would like to see
Any dog-gone'd wave wash that out.

—*Nathan Lit.*

THE preservation of the means of knowledge, among the lowest ranks, is of more importance to the public, than the property of all the rich men of the country.—*John Adams*.

ALWAYS consult discretion; it is more discreet to be silent than to speak when it is not accompanied by sense and reason.—*Epictetus*.

NEAR Washington there is a college for the education of deaf mutes. It has four professors and one tutor, besides its president. Every student there takes a course similar to that in any college. They publish a paper called by the appropriate and beautiful name, *The Silent World*. It is a national institution, and the only one of the kind in the world. Its graduates receive high salaries in various callings. Its intention is to educate those who, coming from the thirty-four schools for deaf mutes in the United States, are judged fit to enter. How much good may result to the twenty thousand of these unfortunates in America, is not easily told. — *Cap and Gown*.

THE *Cap and Gown*, also, believes there are monkeys in the Yo Semitic! at least it repeats that Irish bull on Darwin's sons, which has been going the round of the College press.

AN Ann Arbor student, who had a brother who was addicted to writing sentimental poetry, composed the following to cure him:

"I stood upon a hill-top,
A looking at the corn crop,
A moonbeam struck a dew-drop,
I have a sigh."

THE "first father" of the class of '71, at Yale, refuses the silver cup, much to the disgust of many advocates of this very appropriate and time honored custom. A graduate thus replies to this exhibition of false modesty: "Now, what is the real objection? Some excessively virtuous prude says, 'It is immodest.' What's immodest? Is there anything immodest in giving birth to boy? or a girl for that matter. Is there anything immodest in a cup? or is the immodesty concealed in the combination of the cup and the boy?"

Let some of those gentlemen who fairly out-Joseph Joseph in virtuous zeal, come forward and explain."

It is reported by the Spiritualists that Fisk, true to his natural instincts, has started a competing line of ferry boats over the Styx, and that Charon has been obliged to throw up the business.

He gets up "corners" down there, "gobbles up" stock, and so disturbs the the monetary affairs of Pluto's realms, that his majesty thinks seriously of sending him back to Wall Street.

MY Lord St. Albans said that nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads. — *Bacon*.

LONDON, with a population of 3,251,000, has 123,849 paupers, or about one pauper to every twenty-six of the inhabitants.

"DER Chunior— ein deutscher Boem," is the title of a poetical contribution to the *Beloit Monthly*. One verse reads:

"On Saturday nocht lie zallies fort,
Knocks at his Madschen's door,
Unt fints dot she on him's vent pack
Und gonet mit ein Sophomore"

A STUDENT in opening his speech before a class debating club began as follows: "Mr. President, the eyes of the 'vox populi' are upon us." — *Ea*.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North10 41 A. M.12 08 P. M.7 27 P. M.
Going South7 33 A. M.1 58 P. M.4 48 P. M.
Going West8 00 A. M.7 30 P. M.	

—There was a crash in the bun market last Monday. The City Bakery was broken before five in the afternoon. Reported cause: The Fresh have sent down for supplies enough to last them through their siege.

—The Juniors are practising in German conversation. The Professor asks questions in German, and requires a German answer from the student.

Professor (in German.) "Where shall the butcher put the meat? In the kitchen, or in the cellar?"

Junior (promptly.) "Ja."

—The water which of late has found its way into our pitchers, although once upon a time it dropped "as the gentle dew from Heaven," has now greatly fallen from its original purity.

It is pretty bad even when peaceful and cool; but when it is stirred up, and heated for Saturday night—whew!

—Class reports are no longer to be read off every week, as heretofore they have been.

The Professors we understand, are to hand in only monthly reports. This change as it relieves us of some of the monotony of Friday morning, and gives one a chance to forget for a while the misfortunes which sometimes accompany the marking system is a welcome one.

—The Declamation hour, on Saturday last, was enlivened by a Greek oration from one of the Seniors.

This makes the second time that Mr. Root has harangued us in a foreign language, as his oration previous was written in Latin. Although the Mercury does not as a general thing criticize the weekly speeches, we cannot but congratulate Mr. Root upon the smoothness and fluency with which the latter speech in particular was delivered: with the composition, and the sentiments it contained, we were equally pleased.

SCENE.—Student's room about half past ten o'clock on Saturday night. Enter Collegiate whose turn it is to bring up the warm water, holding a bucket of the same in one hand, and his nose with the other.

"Here's your water for you."

Room-mate (Dropping his foot-bath, and gasping for breath.) "Oh take it away! There's no use in my washing in it; I couldn't make it any worse if I should wash in it a week."

ANOTHER DOG.—A dejected looking dog, which some one has aptly described as a cross between a bull-dog and a lamb, has lately been making an attempt to incorporate himself with the institution. The Freshmen have adopted the animal, and smuggle him into class for the sake of pelting him with chalk and getting him by the tail. When the hound is not employed in this manner, he offers his services as a door mat. Several attempts have been made to discourage the animal, by kicking him down stairs; but the indulgent Fresh, have so corrupted his taste, that he would rather be kicked than not.

Take him away somebody. While 'Jack' remains we have enough canine to answer the purpose.

TILTON'S LECTURE.—We can not refrain from expressing our unqualified praise of Theodore Tilton's lecture, delivered in Belle City Hall on the evening of the 14th inst. His subject, "The Mind and How to Use It," was handled with a clearness of thought, a force of expression, and grace of elocution, that won the unbounded admiration of his hearers, and verified his reputation for being one of the finest orators of whom our country can now boast. We know nothing of Mr. Tilton's moral character, further than the floating gossip of the tongue of slander. But what we have seen with our eyes and heard with our ears, we can but heartily commend.

If Theodore Tilton, possessing the character now generally ascribed to him, could utter the divine truths, which he did utter, and with the warmth and enthusiasm in which he uttered them, then he is a scoundrel and a hypocrite—two things, however, which we don't believe.

But, if he is a corrupter of the youth, we feel blessed in our ignorance of the fact, and bear away the good received from him with a thankful heart.

"THAT PURP."—That sweet tempered inmate of Taylor Hall, who goes under the name of Jack, has been amusing himself of late, by unceremoniously taking bites out of the Collegiate leg. Just at present there is not a student in the building who is not going to 'kick the stuffing out of him.'

We are happy to say the "purp" is to be formally ejected from the institution. May he rusticate under some gentle dame, who will never cease to tan his hide. May the farmer's boot be his daily curse. May his days be many, and may the life of "the yaller dog" be his: *ultimum et terris factatus et alto.*

THE AUCTION.—The meeting of the Addisonian society on Wednesday the 13th, was made one of universal interest, by a notice that a chromo, belonging to the Society, and known as "Dame Nature's School" was to be disposed of by auction. The doors were thrown open to the public, and a stream of non-society men immediately flowed into the room.

The Society had already elected a loquacious member to act as auctioneer: and having taken his stand upon a table he began the business with the ease and grace of an expert.

The first bid was 5 cents; immediately raised to ten. The business now became exciting. Some one raised the bid to twenty-five cents. Fifty, sixty, seventy-five, followed on quick succession. Excitement became intense. A rash youth sang out "one dollar," and was just beginning to grow pale around the "gills," when some deluded admirer of art made it a dollar and twenty-five.

Bids came in slowly. The auctioneer had already harped the tune of "one twenty-five" for several minutes. The bidder showed signs of fainting.

The second call of "going" was greeted with a cry of "No!" A reckless victim of ambition raised the bid to one dollar and thirty cents. No one had cents enough to improve it, and midst a storm of applause the great work of art was pronounced "gone."

We will not take the liberty of expressing our opinion, as regards the number of Chromos of the same kind that could be bought for a dollar. The auction afforded some fun, and taking it altogether, the society got the worth of its picture.

—One more voice from the examinations:

“What is Chemistry?” (first question on an examination paper.)

Promising Soph. “Chemistry is that branch of mathematics, which treats—” well, no one but the Soph. can give you the rest of it.

—As was noticed in our last number, the College nine and their substitutes have gone energetically to work, and have laid out for themselves a course of training. On three mornings of the week the nine ball players have been making *ante breakfast* excursions around the race course. On other days they swing the Indian clubs, or exercise in the gymnasium.

This looks like business. We could wish for no better omen of a series of victories, in the coming season, than the enthusiastic manner in which the ball-players of the College have gone to work.

This course of training, besides the beneficial effect which it is having on the muscle of the nine, has done much for other students of the institution. From the time that the College Nine took their first run around the driving track, a mighty desire to go into training has been manifesting itself in students whose chances of playing with a college nine are as bad as those of the man in the moon. The enthusiasm has been growing daily, until at last nearly every student and scholar in the institution, from Senior to knee-high, has gone into some amount of training.

—A Junior anxiously inquired of the Professor of mathematics the other day, if Differential Calculus was not used in surveying. He has waited in vain for some out of door mathematics, and is just beginning to get restless.

—At puer Ascanius mediis en vallibus acri
Gaudet equo.

Recently translated, more or less freely, “But the boy Ascanius in midst of the valleys rejoices on a *bonny* steed.”

—The debt of \$502, that has been resting on the organ, has just been paid off by the generosity of a friend of the College.

—Many inquiries are made concerning the meaning of the word “Scheneectady,” used in our class statistics.

The Qui Vive thinks, that, as applied to Senior whiskers it must mean *invisible*. For the removing of all doubt we rise to explain.

Scheneectady is a little beyond Auburn, N. Y.; Scheneectady whiskers, therefore, would not be very far from red.

—The whole institution was panic stricken the other morning by the cry of small-pox! All were soon relieved, however, by finding that it was only a slight rash which had broken out upon the surface of our calm friend Mr. Small, of '74.

OUR BOYS' RECORD.

FIELDWELL, formerly of '72, has our thanks for his enclosure of the 4th inst.

“Tim” says, “I wouldn't be without the MERCURY for anything, and, although I am far away from the College, I take the same interest in her still.”

FRANK HARDER of '71 has our thanks for his enclosure of the 5th inst. He remarks, by the way, that “Having taken the MERCURY from its beginning, it is my intention (D. V.) to remain a subscriber to it 'until death do us

part.’” Frank is a wholesale and retail druggist in Madison, Indiana. His letter head is liberally spangled with pill boxes, brushes, bottles, trusses and cork-screws—all of which evidently mean business.

GEO. S. McREYNOLDS, our fellow class mate of '72, mindful of our necessity for that important article which alone greases the axle-trees of commerce, encloses us the wherewithal, for which he has our thanks.

George is still engaged in trade at Peoria. He has the wishes of his numerous friends here for an abundant success.

LIGHTNER, of '71, has credit for enclosure of the 6th inst.

We are glad to have been informed, by a letter from the gentleman himself, that our statement in last issue, locating Mr. McCreery in the commission business, was without adequate foundation; also, that we were misinformed as to his being engaged in a billiard contest for the amateur championship of St. Louis, a degree of glory which he does not covet.

We understand, by his letter head, that Wayman is a member of the firm of Crow, McCreery & Co., importers and jobbers of foreign and domestic dry goods, 523 north Main street, St. Louis, Mo.

“NED” BROWN, formerly of '73, writes us from Seante, W. T. On account of a severe attack of rheumatism, he has been obliged to give up civil engineering, and has again returned to the editorial sanctum. “Briar” has a large bump of esteem for Alma Mater. He does not tell us the name of his organ, but we suppose it is the “Seante Weekly Lyre.”

J. H. WHEELER, once of '71, is in the First National Bank of St. Paul.

MERRIAM, of '70, is also in the same bank. He has not yet, strange to say, become entangled in the cords of Hymen.

BARNUM, once of '73, is likewise a citizen of St. Paul, where he enjoys a peaceful life, untrammelled by the fascinating glances of the fair, and untroubled by the disciples of Esculapius.

CLARENCE FLEETWOOD, of '71, is an unscorched denizen of Chicago.

“CUI” Vittum, formerly of '73, out of genuine charity for the suffering cry, ‘sormi leg orf,’ began his worldly career as a medical student. This business proved too hard and cruel for the tender hearted “Cujus,” and he has apprenticed himself to a priest of the Church, and is engaged in “lay-reading” at Barraboo, Wis.



AQUILA JONES..... President.
W. HESTON..... Vice Pres't.
NORTON STRONG..... Sec'y and Treas.
F. S. GAULT..... Historian.



"HAEC PLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XI.

RACINE COLLEGE, EASTER, 1872.

NO. 3.

ATLANTA'S RACE.

'Midst the strange old myths and legends
Which, despite the hand of time,
With a wondrous power and beauty
Still live on in every clime,—
'Midst the wild Hellenic fables
Which abound in classic lore
There is one on whose deep meaning
I have puzzled long and sore.
When that fairest maid Atlanta
With her matchless gift of speed
Wished to chose herself a husband,
(If there 's truth in what we read,)
She gave forth the strange announcement
That her lord should be the one
Who in speed should be her victor,
Or could beat her "on the run."
But to this she farther added,
(That none, careless, might compete
And with eyes of idle wonder
Mark the swiftness of her feet.)
Since the race to none was binding
While each one was free to try,
She should take as lord the victor,
But the vanquished— he must die.

* * * * *
The time which noble youngsters made
And how each lost his head,
'T is not my purpose now to tell
'T were better far unsaid.
All doubtless think, as I do too,
A man must be a fool
Who 'd peril thus his own dear head
A "lightning" wife to rule.
But heads are periled every day
(The maid has changed her name!)
In striving for Earth's fleeting boons
And seeking wealth and fame.
O! could the losers, "foolish ones,"
But ponder o'er this tale.
'T were better far to ne'er have tried
Than, having tried, to fail.

WILLOW-WOOD.

THE SILENT WORLD.

A world of silence! What a deadening thought, that this busy, rushing, noisy world is to many thousands of human beings, a world of complete silence!

Deaf and speechless from their birth, this vast multitude of unfortunates, in every age, has gone down from a silent world to a still more silent grave, in utter ignorance of the music and eloquence of the human voice.

The ancients believed these unfortunates to be suffering under the curse of Heaven, and consequently proscribed them. By some, they were thought to be possessed of supernatural powers, but, generally, were ranked among idiots.

Aristotle denied that they possessed intellect, and St. Augustine, in the fourth century, says: "Deafness from birth makes faith impossible, since faith cometh by hearing, and he who is born deaf can neither hear the word, nor learn to read it."

Fourteen hundred years after St. Augustine uttered these words, the first philanthropic attempt was made to lift these wretched beings out of their degradation, and pour into their darkened minds a little of that light, which, though seeing around them, they yet comprehended not.

In 1760, Abbé de l'Épée, a young Benedictine of Paris, by observing carefully the natural mode of communication between two mute sisters under his charge, finally succeeded in reducing these motions and expressions to a sign language.

Sixty years later, Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, of Hartford, whose kind heart also yearned to alleviate the misery of this class of beings, having perfected himself, in this sign language, and improved upon it, he started, in 1818, his famous School in Hartford, and succeeded in interesting in his work many of our greatest statesmen.

As our various institutions of charity became more numerous, and the attention of Philanthropists became drawn to this class, active measures were taken by each of the states to provide means of instruction for them. These institutions have rapidly increased in number, until now, every state in the Union, except Florida, has its school for education of deaf mutes.

At the present time, there are thirty-three asylums and five day schools, having altogether an attendance of 4,068 pupils. This number, however, startling as it is, is scarcely one fourth of the number of mutes in the United States, as revealed by the last census.

As these efforts, once started, so richly rewarded the patient zeal of those engaged in the work, and as the standard of their education steadily raised, it was determined, by many prominent educators, foremost among whom were Mr. Edward Gallaudet and Mr. Kendall, to establish a National College, which should afford the more promising students in the different schools a thorough Collegiate training.

Once proposed, it was energetically carried forward, until Congress finally made the necessary appropriation.

On the 28th of June, 1864, the National Deaf mute College in the District of Columbia was publicly dedicated. It has four professors and one tutor, besides its president, and each student takes a course of instruction similar to that taught in other Colleges.

Particular attention is paid to physical training, and the students are said to be excellent base-ballists.

The graduates are much sought, for positions of trust,

and all receive high salaries. They make the best private secretaries, since they are not at all given to gossip.

Of the class of '70, one has already secured a patent on a very valuable invention, several are official clerks in Washington, and one is an assistant editor of one of our leading newspapers.

The Silent World is the appropriate name of a paper published by the students. It is to be hoped that they receive some kind of religious instruction, but regarding this, our deponent saith not.

The world which hitherto was silent, now speaks to these voiceless beings in tongues which we know not of.

The twenty thousand, hitherto miserable, helpless creatures, now redeemed from the alms-house, find active, useful and remunerative employment. The countenances which once betrayed the idiotic stare, now beam with the new, God-given light of intelligence.

Our praise and admiration of those noble minds, which have thus turned so many souls from idleness to action, from misery to happiness, from darkness to light, can never be too great.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE MARKING SYSTEM.

"How blessings brighten as they take their flight" is the poetic utterance of an old thought, but the truth it contains is ever new. We have been forcibly reminded of this fact by several occurrences lately.

We, who have always enjoyed the benefit of the marking system, have become so used to it that, like many other benefits, we have ceased to appreciate its value. This lack of appreciation makes itself apparent in a disposition to "rumble and find fault with its workings and decry it as fair and useless.

Now we do not for a moment pretend to say that these complaints are entirely groundless; but what we do maintain is that they are no more than what can be urged against any system of human invention. No human fabrication is faultless, and, while it is our duty to correct these faults as far as we are able, it would be a most senseless act to discard the whole as worthless because we cannot make it faultless.

Yet this, unless we are in error, is the step which is being taken by those who "cry down" the marking system.

We shall never fully appreciate it until we lose it and then it will be too late to correct our error.

We are led to offer these remarks by a change which has taken place in the plan of study and examinations at one of our larger colleges.

While we are not prepared to say but what this sudden change may effect all that it is intended to in the overthrow of cramming, we cannot help feeling that it was a very harsh remedy and may forcibly illustrate the cure that is worse than the disease.

The cause of the evil which is thus overthrown arises, as is generally understood, from over anxiety to pass examinations, that being the only necessary qualification for entering the next higher class. This being the case, it seems to us that if some means could be found of making the examination of less importance, the desired result would be gained and, in our opinion, with far less injury to the interests of the student than in the present mode of treating it. If we are right, why could not this be ac-

complished by the introduction of the marking system? It surely seems feasible. In making use of the system it could of course be altered to suit any special need. All that it is necessary to retain is the one principle that a student's work for every day of the term shall be taken into account in deciding whether he shall enter the next class or not.

It makes no very great difference how high the necessary average is placed, just so it is fixed, and a student understands that while his examinations are an important part of his work, still they are by no means an ALL IMPORTANT part.

Suppose we take as the perfect mark 10 and fix the average necessary to allow one enter the next class at 7, as we have it with us; it is at once evident that in twenty recitations it is impossible to have more than half a dozen failures and remain "above grade." Even in the case of half a dozen failures it is necessary to obtain a perfect mark in the other fourteen recitations in order to gain this result. If this is the case in twenty recitations or one month in any department, the effect in four or five months may be easily imagined.

It not only lowers the importance of the examinations and makes an even rate of progression necessary, but the examinations must receive quite a high mark to make them of any importance.

So much for cramming.

As for partiality and unfair marking, it is more or less one of the necessary accompaniments of all study under a professor.

It seems to us, however, far preferable to let the partiality and unfairness spread itself over a term of four or five months, and take our chances for a cessation or an occasional good mark, than to take it all in one dose at examination where we can have no second chance to propitiate the "stern arbitrator of our destiny."

We have purposely made ourselves brief and have hinted rather than said what we think. If, however, by our few words we have led any to give the subject a fair consideration, we have said enough and our end is gained.

BASE INGRATITUDE.

A Detroit man, who had contributed a bundle of his cast-off clothing for the relief of the victims of the Minnesota fire, received from one of the sufferers the following note: "The committee man giv me, amongst other things wat he called a pare ov pants, and 'twood make me pant sum to ware em. I found your name an' where you live on one ov the pokits. My wife luffed so when I shode 'em to her that I thot she would have a conipshun fit. She wants to no if there lives and brethes a man who has legs no bigger than that. She sed if there was, he orter to be taken up fur vagrinsy fur havin' no visible means ov support. I couldnt get 'em on my oldest boy, so I used 'em for gun cases. If you hav another pare to spare, my wife wood like to get 'em to hang up by the side of the fire place to keep the tongs in."

—The University of Cambridge, England, has chosen the following for the subject of its Latin ode at the next examination: "*Populus Americanus cum Britannis vinculo pacis et amicitie conjunctus.*" The poem is not to exceed thirty stanzas in length.—*Advocate.*

LOVE'S LABOR.

"The work and labor which in life we do
Is strangely varied in its aims and ends,
Yet all for merit on success depends;
Which lacking, we our efforts rue"
Thus spake the worldling midst his busy toil,
But sadly wond'ring, with an earnest tone
My heart gave answer: "And is this alone
Life's only object, which a chance may foil?"
And a voice within me that never is still,
Denies the false ut'rance so boldly put forth,
"There is labor on earth that defeat cannot reach,
Nor can failure diminish or tarnish its worth.
For the labor of love its object has won,
Though its aim may have failed, in the work that is done.

WILLOW-WOOD.

THE STUDENTS' NATIONAL CONVENTION.

In an age when all classes are holding conventions, from the dignified advocates of Female Suffrage down to the Donation Parties of country villages, which meet annually to eat their parsons out of home and substance, a desire has been awakened for holding a national convention of undergraduates.

Foremost among the advocates of this assembly of wise men stands the *Cornell Era*, which lays down the following important topics which it ought to discuss and settle for all time.

1. The legal status of students in their relation to boards of trustees, and faculties. 2. The needs of American student life, and the best methods of developing it. 3. Athletic sports, and the place they ought to fill in the American University. 4. How to form literary and other associations among undergraduates with the least waste of time and money. The formation of a national students' league, and the sphere which it should occupy.

These questions are of great interest to college students, and form a large share of the current topics for discussion in every college.

The convention might be a good thing in the way of a jovial reunion of students, and might offer opportunities for a display of much feverish eloquence; but as to any educational reform which it might bring about, we think it would prove an immense failure.

The whole spirit of the first topic is downright rebellion. It is an attempt on the part of rash boys and inexperienced young men to dictate modes of government to those who have been placed over them for the very purpose of educating and disciplining them in such ways as may seem best and wisest to them.

A college is not a republic, and can never be run on pure democratic principles.

We think the highest good of the student can only be attained by making collegiate life correspond as nearly as possible to the family life, wherein our natural guardians shall be represented by an efficient Board of Fellows.

We would as soon think of calling a convention of brothers and sisters to regulate the actions of their paternals, as to call a convention like the one proposed.

With regard to athletic sports, we see no need of any national assembly to regulate them.

They are already prosperous and thriving under the management of the National Base Ball Association, and, so far as we can ascertain, are everywhere receiving that attention which they so richly deserve.

We are inclined to think that this, like a former proposition for a national assembly of College Editors, will be a "ge-lorious fizzle!"

THE SOCIETY MANUAL.

SEELEY'S MANUAL OF COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETIES has been handed us for inspection.

The author is a Student in the University of Michigan, and its publishers Messrs. Chaplin & Ihling Bro's, Kalamazoo, Mich.

The Manual is a small, loosely printed book, of about one hundred and fifty pages. Beginning with an interesting, but exceedingly short introduction, showing the origin and progress of literary associations, he goes on to discuss their benefits. He maintains:—

1st. They are, when rightly managed, the best possible school of logical disputation.

2d. They furnish the best opportunities for the practice of deliberative oratory.

3d. They force us, as it were, into the acquisition of a great amount and variety of useful knowledge.

4th. They lead to a familiar acquaintance with the practice of parliamentary law.

The close of his short introduction is devoted to the influences of College Secret Societies, in which he very properly takes a stand against them. In discussing this subject he makes use of a quotation from Porter's work on "American Colleges and American Public," which in a few words sums up every argument against them. We reproduce it here.

"That such societies may be, and sometimes are, attended with very great evils, is confessed by the great majority of college graduates.

"Prominent among these evils is the fostering of an intriguing and political spirit, which is incongruous with the general tendencies of college life towards justice and generosity; and the division of the community and classes into hostile factions.

"Whatever excesses attend them, of late hours, late suppers, noisy demonstrations and convivial indulgencies, should be repressed by the good sense and manlier spirit of the college community.

"Could the continuity of these societies, from one college year to another, be broken up, the college life would be greatly ennobled."

The whole of this introduction fills but ten small pages. Certainly, for brevity with perspicuity, the author is a success.

The remainder of the book is entirely devoted to a record of the different college literary societies in the United States, closing with a statistical table, showing the name of each society, where located, date of organization, name of first president and number of members.

The oldest society in the United States was established at Harvard College in 1756, and the next, at Yale in 1768.

The different States are represented as follows: California, 5; Conn., 1; Ga., 5; Ill., 18; Ind., 18; Iowa, 10; Kan., 3; Ky., 4; La., 1; Me., 2; Md., 1; Mass., 2; Mich., 14; Minn., 1; Miss., 3; Mo., 1; N. H., 1; N. Y., 12; N. C., 2; Ohio, 35; Pa., 10; R. I., 1; S. C., 3; Tenn., 6; Texas, 2; Va., 3; W. V., 1; Wis., 10; D. C., 1.

They are sectionally scattered as follows: in the Eastern and Middle States, 19; Western States, 132; Southern States, 34.

The aggregate, 185, does not by any means comprise all of the college literary societies of the country, as very many neglected to inform the compiler of their existence.

On the whole, it is a very interesting work, and a valuable book to have in a society library.

Considering the smallness of the work, however, and the cheapness of its binding, we are inclined to think that, at publisher's price, \$1.50 per copy, somebody is pretty badly "enchred." We hope it is not the author, as he claims to have done the work purely for accommodation.

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, EASTER, 1872.

EDITORS.

H. C. DILLON, E. A. LARRABEE, NORTON STRONG.

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

TERMS:

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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, Wisconsin."

THE FORTNIGHT.

The past two weeks have been fraught with matters of more than usual interest. The Freshman has been released from durance vile, and now roams the fields and promenades the boulevards, in all the glorious effervescence of youth and innocence.

Jack, too, that irrepressible cur, has returned from his involuntary exile to the land of the Dakotahs.

He scented the grey wolf and the noble red man from afar, and concluded that his scalp was safer in his masters' study, than in the howling wilderness of the West.

The Prefects and Seniors also have been made painfully aware that they live in a world of change, by the departure of their faithful waiter, the swiftfooted George. George was the hero of cake-packers, the crowning glory of the Dining Hall. But he is gone and his place shall know him no more. The slow-paced Nathaniel, Knight of gravy blossoms, now swings the tray, as his successor. Several ineffectual attempts have been made to get up a respectable fire, but to the disgust of everybody, they all proved miserable failures. We ought not to be too fastidious, however, as they were after all very respectable scares.

Friends abroad need entertain no apprehensions of our ever getting scorched, as we possess one of the celebrated Babcock's quick-made-out extinguishers.

Notwithstanding the failure of Mr. Carl Schurz to utterly overwhelm the Grant Party, by his expected startling revelations in the French arms investigation, the St. Louis boys still firmly believe in the great bridge over the Mississippi. They all agree that "Carl" may be rather windy, but then the bridge is all right, so what's the difference?

The College Nine have been "snowed in" for some time, and consequently have been compelled to abandon their morning trot around the park. Their operations will begin again in a few days with renewed vigor. Fastest time yet made—once around, half mile track—three and a half minutes. If any of our neighbors can beat that, we will present them with a magnificent silver-ball.

The Adlibitians have met in solemn assembly and voted the Harvard system of dead fall examinations one of the grand illusions of this age of fertile expedients.

"Pop," too, has again entered the arena as an innovator of no small pretensions. He has taken a bad stand and intends, henceforth, to set the fashion in whiskers.

His first cut was a complete success, resulting in a grand Chapel demonstration, and the utter loss of his reputation as a tonsorial artist. How are the mighty fallen!

The fortnight too has witnessed the advent of a new and talented Macaronic poet. The first stanza of his production runs thus:

Halotomos parcite tunc tree;
Ne tange ciner single hough.
In juventute il protected me,
Kai stexo eum now.

Thus it must be conceded by all, that a fortnight which has seemed unusually prosy, was really big in important events. Look not at the surface of things, but dig deep with the "local spade" and a rich mine is sure to be unearthed.

COLLEGE NEWS.

OUR readers will recollect, that, when Alexis visited Harvard, he was not impressed with her true greatness. He even intimated in a letter, which was afterwards published, that Harvard had sunk down into apathy, serenely contented to recline on her laurels of the past. The *Advocate* very properly and angrily resented the slight, and has been hurling missels at the noble Russian "Cub" ever since. The following is the latest.

DER DOOKE.

Dere was a kleiner Russian boy,
Vot makes a voyage to sea;
He comes across der ocean wave
Shust as nice as vot could pe
He don't comed ofer very fasht,
But blenty time he took, —
Did dis leetle Russian sailor boy,
Der lofely leette Duke.
'Dwas in New York vere firsh he stop;
Und dey make so blenty noise,
Der peoples all coom running out,
Old men und leette poys.
Der ladies to der vintlows came,
Und dere pocket-kiefs they shook,—
To der noble Russian sailor boy,
Der lofely leette Duke.

The *Amherst Student* complains that eating and praying come too near together in the morning; they haven't time to do either well and satisfactorily—especially the former.

The Chinese Government has sent on thirty of its young men to be educated in the language and laws of our country, and will send thirty more each year. An appropriation of \$1,500,000 has been made to meet the expenses of the next ten years. Japan has already done much in this direction, about five hundred of the more advanced pupils at the Yeldo Government School, have been sent to America from time to time, to continue their studies in this country. Each one has an allowance of \$1,000 per annum to pay expenses.—*Ex.*

Vassar's 500 Cake griddle engine has been immortalized thus in the *College World*:

"I want to be a Vassar girl,
And with the Vassars stand,
A chignon on my forehead,
A wattle in my hand,
There right before Miss Perry,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd drink the sweetest coffee,
And eat cakes day and night."

CATCH YOUR HARE BEFORE YOU COOK HIM!!

Upon Wednesday, the 21st instant, as our reporter was casually promenading the lake bank he was called to take part in an affair, which, by reason of its exciting particulars and unfortunate—nay, almost tragic ending, has been considered worthy of a better position than in the column of our locals. As we have said, he was quietly promenading the bank when he was suddenly accosted by "Deek," who, breathless and trembling with excitement, bade him "go get a gun, quick," as there was a rabbit up the road and he wanted to kill him for supper. After some delay, a gun not being handy, a small revolver was procured instead and the party, consisting of our reporter and "Deek" accompanied by a "friend," started for the scene of action.

Arrived there, they found a "small boy," in whose care the "animale" had been left, standing like a stump in a cornfield, pointing at some distant object which neither our reporter nor his friend could make out, but which "Deek" confidently assured them was the rabbit.

After some consultation it was determined that "Deek" should try the first shot and soon he was picking his way through the mud to a fence from which the rabbit lay about twenty feet distant.

It was a moment of the most awful suspense. You could have heard pretty much anything drop, let alone a pin. There was an "indefinable something" in the air which made one feel as if something was to be "dropped."

The fence at last is reached. Deek peers cautiously around to select the best station from which to fire.

Having satisfied himself that his position cannot be bettered he raises the weapon and fires.

A dead silence succeeds which is far more trying to the nerves of the trio than the former suspense. Upon the clearing away of the smoke, however, the rabbit is seen quietly seated in its former position and the shot is repeated. The silence which follows is broken only by the moaning of the wind and the hoarse roar of the lake. In despair a third shot is fired and "Deek" sinks down hopeless and faint. Perceiving that the rabbit is still quiet and perfectly composed, the assaulting party is filled with confusion and the trio advancing to where exhausted "Deek" lies helpless, two more shots are fired.

Who shall describe the scene that followed!

Our reporter in a fainting condition implored the party to spare the poor creature, while ominous choking sounds were heard on all sides. But calm, quiet, and perfectly at his ease sat "Bunnie," wondering what those foolish fellows were doing over by the fence.

Finally some proposed to load up and try again and the spirits of our friends revived.

Meanwhile, as our party were engaged in preparing the murderous (?) weapon for another onslaught, "Bunnie," having grown chilled, probably, from sitting so long, arose, hopped leisurely around the field once or twice and squatted at the other end.

Determined to have his blood this time, the party sent "Deek" over the fence with directions to get as close as he could, and, if he did not hit the beast the first time, to throw the "shooting iron" at him which would undoubtedly fetch him. With quiet stealthy tread "Deek" draws nigh. But stop! He has lost sight of the game! He

will be on top of him in another step! -No, fortunately he sees the form of "Bunnie" and carefully sighting his weapon he fires. A cloud of fur rises, in the midst of which poor "Bunnie" is seen turning a somersault. "Deek" with a placid smile steps forward to grasp his prize when lo! with the speed of light it picks itself up and with a tumble or two to show how easily it can "throw itself," it departs.

"Deek" feels better, but the owner of the pistol is quite sick yet.

THE ENGLISH PRIZE ESSAY.

The time is approaching in which the above named essay is to be handed in. We have heard this remark made by several students who were intending to contest for the Prize: "What's the use of my writing? I don't stand any chance against so and so. It's a mere waste of time, ink and paper."

If mankind, generally, acted upon such a principle as is contained in the above speech, all the world's great enterprises would have been knocked colder than a wedge.

Is that a principle which ought to actuate the spirit of a vigorous, clear-headed, progressive young American? The answer comes from all sides, No.

Then why utter it? Why act upon it. "Know ye not, that they which run in a race, run all, but one obtaineth the prize?"

Is that any reason why all should not run? Of course not.

We hope to hear no more of such speeches. They are unbecoming a man, and reflect a sad light upon the mental vigor of our institution.

Founded by one of our most highly esteemed professors, one, who, perhaps more than any other, has our intellectual welfare at heart, and whose kindness, patience and skill, in guiding the literary exercises of the Addisonian Society, has endeared him to the hearts of every member, this prize is all the more highly valued, and can but prove of the highest good to those, seeking improvement in this most important branch of our education.

Alongside, however, of the statement of our friend, quoted above, we must say, from our own experience in judging of the merits of different writers among the students, that we know of no particular genius who has a sure thing on that prize.

We have the pleasure of knowing several excellent writers, whose different merits place them all on a par; and we venture to say that, if the question were put to the professor himself, he could not decide, out of a large list, which was the best writer.

We hope to see all these objections thrown to the wind, and a hearty rivalry take their places: for, the greater the number of contestants, and the harder the struggle for the mastery, so much the greater will be the benefit to the contestants, and the honor to him who gains the prize.

An extract from President Grant's speech to the Japanese Embassy, as furnished to the reporter of the *Transcript*. It is Japanese: *Mis toh art kar imeri seyer her ean amgat abers eyn. Doh edent sha ibri us sum ors meh sta ant an ohr shai ilsho yathie elephant.*—*Washington Transcript*.

PERSONALS.

Below we give a few interesting extracts from a letter recently received from our old friend Selby of '70. His numerous friends will be glad to hear of his whereabouts, as also of Wheeler, of same class, whom he casually mentions.

ROCKY HILL, LINCOLN CO., KAN., }
Mar. 6th, 1872. }

Editors College Mercury:

DEAR SIR:—Pardon my apparent neglect in not sooner acknowledging the receipt of the *MERCURY*. I have been so busy of late, riding about the plains, that I have had little time for dropping a line to any one. During my leisure moments, I have taken up the familiar college paper, and derived more real enjoyment from it, than I had ever imagined I could.

Both "Ed" and myself have felt the awakening of old memories from the casual observations made, and, especially, from the column of Personals, which never fails to attract our first attention. I am particularly proud, too, to find that, instead of deteriorating in excellence, the paper is taking most rapid strides towards perfection, and, thereby am happy to find that the fostering care, bestowed upon it by the class of '70, has in no wise decreased under the management of its succeeding editors.

Your request for a "graphic description of the sublime scenery of Kansas," I should be most happy to satisfy, could I overcome that peculiar modesty which all great minds feel at seeing their productions in print. There is much of interest to those unacquainted with the scenery of our more western country, that could not fail to attract many, and bring them hither to observe for themselves. Of course I could give only a sectional picture, but I think the scenery where I now am will bear a glowing description, could one but be found to do it justice. Very few opportunities occur with me to sit down calmly and draw the picture; but I will endeavor to give you a scanty outline before long, that you may believe that the old college boys do not wholly forget you.

This frontier life, that I am now undergoing, is very wild in its nature, and the men we meet are rough, and in most instances, in the highest degree unscrupulous. Murders and lynching lose their moral force, and the law, apparently, has great difficulty in preserving its dignity. Society is extremely unsettled, and very little like our western civilization, so, you may imagine, I am somewhat out of my element when, in the weakness of my spirit, I sit down to the enjoyment of Virgil and my other classical friends.

Pardon me if I close abruptly, and you will do so more readily when I finish with this pithy remark: "Enclosed please find two dollars."

Affectionately yours, FITZ.

We have received from our quondam classmate, "Briar" Brown, a copy of his handsome and well edited paper.

We hasten to correct a mistake made in our last issue respecting its name.

Its name is not, as we stated, "The Seattle Daily Lyre," but the "Puget Sound Despatch." We have no hesitation in saying that, under "Briar's" management, it can not fail becoming a most prosperous and reliable journal.

He speaks in glowing language of his prospects in that rich young territory, and feels that he is on the high road to wealth. We make a short extract from his letter.

"This country is just coming into the notice of emigrants, and I expect that when we have the Northern Pacific Railroad we shall have quite a State. It is hoped that the Railroad will make Seattle is Western Terminus, and if so, we shall have a city that will rival San Francisco.

The situation is beautiful. The land stretches away in front; three miles back lies Lake Washington, twenty-five miles wide; to the North are two smaller lakes, and to the South Dwamish river. To show what kind of land we have here, I will mention this one fact:

Within eight miles of town 800 bushels of potatoes to the acre are raised, and 1000 bushels of onions."

CRAIGHEAD.—We were surprised and pleased a few days since, at receiving a letter from our old friend, Craighead of Grammar school fame. He is a student in the University of Nashville, and one of the editors of *The Cadet*, a very neat and interesting monthly magazine, well known to our readers.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Since the last publication of our table we have received quite a number of our most valued exchanges, which it now gives us great pleasure to notice.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY is the first we take up. It presents us with an additional number of Warner's "Back Log Studies," and also a long and interesting paper entitled "Hidden Treasures," full of interest and information for those who love "nature's secrets."

Address Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER'S MONTHLY lies next within our reach, and, as is ever the case, we are amply repaid by its perusal. We are glad to notice an article from our "old friend" "Porte Crayon," and trust that it is the precursor of many others. The *Weekly* and *Basar* are before us also, but are so well known and appreciated that we need not call attention to their merits.

Address Harper Bros., Franklin Square, N. Y.

THE PIETROLOGICAL JOURNAL is the next to engage our attention. With regard to its contents we can only say that, if they are not so amusing and entertaining as those of some of our other periodicals, they are of far more value and interest to all who would make life a study. Not only are its contents of rare value but its price places it within the reach of all.

Terms \$3.00 per year, single copies 30 cents.

Address S. R. Wells, N. Y.

THE ALDINE, our fairest sheet, has paid its regular monthly call and deluged us with an abundance of elegant pictures and writing. We were also pleased to receive an account of the Aldine banquet.

ARTHUR'S LADY'S MAGAZINE has also found its way to our table, but, being peculiarly a lady's magazine, we are hardly fitted to judge of its merits. If, however, its contents please the ladies as much as its appearance does us, it will never lack favor.

THE NATION, our weekly visitor, has graced our table with its accustomed regularity. For one who desires to have a clear, fair and unbiased opinion concerning our country's affairs, we know of no paper which is its equal.

Address Publisher of *The Nation*, box 6732, N. Y.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41 A. M.	12 08 P. M.	7 27 P. M.
Going South	7 33 A. M.	1 58 P. M.	4 48 P. M.
Going West	8 00 A. M.	7 30 P. M.	

—A member of the Senior class has invented a machine which performs such wonders that it has almost driven him crazy with delight. All our pumping has been ineffective in eliciting from him any answer to the oft repeated question, "what is it?"

The only notice he takes of interrogations is to jump up on the nearest chair or table, clap his hands and shout. He vows he will not tell us what his invention is, till he has obtained a patent on it in every country of the globe.

Although he entertains no hopes that his genius will be rewarded as it deserves, he is nevertheless quite confident that he will be worth \$100,000,000 before the end of this year.

With this trivial return, which, he assures us, is a mere nothing when weighed with the true value of his invention, he will try to be satisfied, and will patiently resign himself to the cold treatment which the world extends to all geniuses.

On the strength of this invention the class of '72 are making arrangements to travel abroad immediately after their graduation. The inventor is to be introduced into every court of Europe.

—In consequence of the fine Spring weather which we have had of late, Badger and Clarkson animosity has begun to sprout. As cricket and base-ball, however, are impracticable, just at present, disputes have to be settled in the bowling alley. An interesting five-pin game was played on Thursday, between our worthy H. M. and young Sander-son, in behalf of Clarkson fame, and Master Campbell and the Captain of the College Nine, as upholders of the honor of the Badgers.

The Clarkson's took the first bowl, and made the respectable score of 63. The Badgers then took their turn, and lead off with three or four wretched squares: but the laughter which came from the party "setting up" nerved the Badger sinews, and Quill bombarded the middle pin with such dexterity during the remainder of the game, that when all five fell at the last ball of the last square, the Badgers were put one ahead by a score of 64.

—By a slight fall of rain the other night, and a slight freeze in the morning, the Chapel walks were rendered so slippery as to be perilous to the most sure footed.

The methods adopted for reaching the Dining Hall were more expeditious than graceful. Our "calm friend" performed the trip by taking a run as far as the slope west of the Chapel, and quietly performing the remainder of the distance—only half a block or so—on a sit down. The Mercury had "a little slide for a cent," but that was done with a true Hermean grace, that won universal applause.

—The rabbit whose interesting career has been noticed elsewhere in our columns, has at length met with a tragic termination to its life. A party, armed with a double bar-relled shot gun, went after it the other day, and succeeded in bringing the animal to the ground after three shots. On Thursday evening the game was cooked, and divided at supper among all who took part in its capture. The hunters say its running about in the rain for three days, without

any hide on its back, gave it a peculiar relish. Seven lead balls, and three charges of shot were found buried in the carcass. "Deak" thought he must have hit the thing that last time.

EASTER—Although our Easter was ushered in clad in the true habiliments of Christmas, we can recall but few, if any, of the long string of Easter days we have spent at Racine, that were more heartily enjoyed.

At the early service, at seven o'clock, the decorations of the chancel, brilliantly lit up by the large chandelier, above, presented an appearance so spring-like, or even summer-like, with the rich profusion of plants and flowers, that it was hard to realize that out of doors everything was buried in snow. The Choir never sang better in their lives, and the whole service passed off so beautifully that there was no one, who was not delighted with it.

At breakfast which came immediately after the service, there was the usual Easter gayety. The Warden requested the three youngest boys in the Grammar school, whoever they might be, to come up to his table, and crack eggs with him. The Grammar school hesitated to comply with this request, and it was feared that no one would accept the Doctor's challenge.

But wait, what is that huge form, slowly rising from one of the College tables? It is P—p. He snatches an egg from the table, and with "measured steps and slow," he ascends the dais. Wearing on his face an expression of sorrow for his victims, he wins from the Doctor's table egg after egg. Each victory is greeted with deafening applause, which grows louder as the victor, having completely overwhelmed the faculty table, return to his seat.

There was now a general uproar, and loud calls for De W—f, but other victories were left to young grammarians, who cleaned the College tables of all their stock.

One of these youngsters had a wooden egg, with which he went about smashing the less substantial article of hen manufacture. He was finally detected by a Junior with a glass egg, who invited him to crack. Glass and wood came together with tremendous force. For a while their owners stared each other in the face with blank dismay, and then the Grammarian "lit out."

At the service in the evening the singing was excellent. The anthem "Worthy is the Lamb," both in this and the morning service, was splendidly done. We cannot praise our energetic choir master too much for the admirable music which his efforts secured for the day.

At the reception, in the evening, the Warden read the hymn for the Sunday, pausing at the last line, "And turn all tasks to charity," to announce that these were prophetic words, and that all tasks were excused.

—About ten years ago, at the time of the war, the Grammar School contained on its roll a youth whose sympathy with the South was so strong, that it almost endangered the safety of the Nation. His ardent nature was fanned at last into such a flame of rebellion, that twice, while the Stars and Stripes were floating from the old flag staff east of Park Hall, he took out his pocket knife and cut the halyards.

The following letter, which has been preserved in a drawer of relics, as a memento of old Racine days, was captured from the boy, when he was at his warmest stage of secession:

JEFFERSON DAVIS—Dear Sir:—I am for Secession with all my heart and soul. I will shed my last drop of blood for Secession. I hope the time will come when you will invade and capture Wisconsin.
Yours Truly,

—PHILHARMONIC.—The Philharmonic Society intends giving a concert in the Refectory next Monday evening, April 8th.

Under the experienced leadership of Prof. Happ, the Society, which has been diligently at work during this term, has no doubt made the greatest progress.

A better place than our spacious Refectory, for a concert of this kind, could not be desired; and we feel that we can safely promise to all lovers of music the greatest treat which our home musicians have ever given us. Although the programme will consist for the most part of orchestral pieces, it will not lack in interest to lovers of vocal music. Mr. McLean of '71 is expected from Nashotah to take part in the singing. The following is the

PROGRAMME:
PART I.

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| 1.—Overture to Figaro, | Mozart. |
| 2.—Glee, | |
| 3.—Grand Trio in C, | Reissiger. |
| 4.—Glee, | |
| 5.—Serenade, | C. Saint Saens. |

PART II.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------|
| 1.—Chant Elegiaque, | Rossini. |
| 2.—Song, Will o' the Wisp, | Cherry. |
| 3.—Spinners' Lied, | Wagner. |
| 4.—Song, Friend of the Brave, | Dr. Calcutt. |
| 5.—Overture to Magic Flute, | Mozart. |

—The Sunday evening reception, a fortnight ago, was enlivened by a little excitement in the shape of a scare. The library, where Professors, ladies and students were gathered in social intercourse, was suddenly thrown into a state of commotion, by a smell of smoke, a simultaneous getting up and lighting out on the part of all the students, and a report that there was fire somewhere in the building. Where the fire was no one knew, but a committee of some fifty immediately rushed up the stairs in search of it.

The committee up stairs decided it was a sell, but lest a conflagration should chance to burst out from some unseen spark, they partially emptied their water pitchers on the heads of those who remained in the hall below.

Some few, who acted with more forethought, looked for the fire in the basement, where it was finally discovered in the smoking room, on the floor. Somebody seized an axe and chopped up the floor, and then after taking a spade and digging several feet into the ground beneath, so as to bring to light any spark that might be buried in the soil, the hole was filled with water and the room flooded.

The smoking room stove, which had been carried on; of the room, where it would be safe from the sparks, was finally conveyed back to its place, and one by one the excited spectators regained their breath, and were able to speak.

So ended a conflagration only equalled by the great fires of London and Chicago, having reduced to a he, something like a square foot of matting and required the sacrifice of nearly all the water in the building.

—The evergreens along the lake shore road, were made last Sunday, to take the place of palmtrees; and Palm Sunday was marked as usual with the sprig of evergreen which were universally worn, either fastened in a button hole, or pinned on the lapel of the coat. Some, who evidently went on the principle that their christianity would be known by the amount of green they carried, had the appearance throughout the day of walking or sitting beneath an overspreading tree.

—We saw in the hands of a couple of Juniors, a few days ago, a black envelope, about the size of a "Weber's Outlines," directed in large, yellow, Roman letters to our medical friend of Sauk County. The letter was sealed with a ghastly skull and cross bones, and is calculated to kill with fright all the postmasters between Racine and Baraboo, and to result in immediate death to the happy recipient.

—The stone for the foundation of the new building has already been deposited at the south end of Park hall. Business.

—A young "tow-head" in the Grammar school, gave the barber instructions, the other day, to shingle his hair close to his head with the exception of one long lock on top; and having oiled the pig-tail thus obtained, till it would stand erect, he marched cool and unconcerned into the school room. It is rumored that the next time he was "oiled," it was somewhere else.

—Some of the scientifics, of a geological turn of mind, have been spending their spare time on the pile of Silurian lime stone, south of Park hall, digging out fossils. It looks like a cheerful employment.

—The fall of snow which so dampened everybody's spirits, a short time ago, is gradually disappearing.

On the lake bank the walking is already very good, and that ancient game of "kick and slaps," otherwise known as "Pancakes," has once more been started by some of the Grammar school boys.

The game of "Pancakes" is a sure sign that winter has vanished.

—Our Grammar school acolyte who goes under the name of "Lager beer," has gone and got his head shaved. He is getting too high Church.

—A Senior, who knows how it is himself, has at last hit upon a temperance pledge which he can conscientiously sign. He recommends it to his companions in trouble.

"I solemnly promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except as a beverage, and profanity, unless prescribed by a physician, at least four times a day, excepting cider."

—That poor, unfortunate table, (of card room renown,) which has had so many *tricks* played on it, is at last an invalid and a cripple for life. Somebody has kindly jerked off a leg for it, and the abused tripod is now reclining helplessly against the wall.

—The habit seems to be growing upon us. Another youth, (a soph this time,) was recently so absorbed in a novel which he had brought into class, that, indignant at being disturbed just in the exciting part of his book, he answered his name in the roll-call, by furiously hawling out to the Professor to "come in!"

—Some of the pious inhabitants of the third floor of Taylor hall, have started a musical camp meeting, which they hold in a room in the south wing. Delicious strains of music which float down two staircases into our sanctum, salute our editorial ear just as it is about to touch the pillow, with the soothing, but more than useless advice "Oh, do not be discouraged." We sigh in vain for the call to "gather at the river," or anywhere else where they may lay down their bugles, and give the weary a rest.

College Mercury

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XI.

RACINE COLLEGE, APRIL 15, 1872.

NO. 4.

A LEAF FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

As I here rested and pondered, filled with emotions of pleasure,
All the fair beauty grew darkened as clouds from the south hurried
onward,
Shrouding the heavens in gloom and stealing away the bright sunshine.
Winds sadly moaned in the tree tops, while, borne from the dark rolling
vapor,
Threatened and rumbled the thunder; rose and sank on the breeze,
changing a roar to a murmur.
Awe held me fast, for the sight was one of wild beauty and grandeur;
Gust chasing gust through the forest which howled and groaned 'neath
their fury;
Seething and black those fair waters, while tumult prevailed and confusion.
Awe held me fast but soon fear of the tempest so fierce now approaching
ing
Bade me, departing in haste, to seek elsewhere refuge and shelter.
Close by the shore, some rods distant, a hut poor and rude lay sequestered.
Thither I turned in my need and soon 'neath its roof found a welcome.
Scarce had I entered the dwelling when forth broke the storm in wild
fury,
Horribly glared the weird lightning and rattled and rumbled the
thunder,
Shaking the earth with its crash as it pealed forth its loud detonations.
Fierce howled the tempest and rain; and dismal and dark was the
prospect.
Meanwhile mine host fed the fire which slept on the hearth 'midst the
ashes,
Kindling a warm ruddy glow which illumined the walls of the cabin,
Played on the rafters above and danced in each nook and each cranny.
Safe from all trouble and danger I now scanned mine host with some
interest.
Kindly and warm was his welcome when I besought his safe shelter;
Kindly and warm but I wondered hearing the sad tones that spoke it.
Now as I gazed on his form lit up by the bright rosy fire-light,
Wonder gave place to respect and respect to a deep veneration.
Tall once his figure had been, but now, bent by care, age, and sorrow,
Grey locks bestowed on it dignity; lent it an air sad and mournful.
Features he had of strange beauty, noble and grand in their contour;
Eyes that e'en now kept their luster and gleamed forth beneath the
dark brow now
Seamed with deep lines of care but broad full of thought and majestic.
Firm were the lips but faint traces remained of a once merry humor,
Playing about them at will, but now long since vanquished by sorrow.
E'en as full oft one in wand'ring some ruin will see grand and mournful,
Telling in cornice and column, which now stands alone cracked and
shattered,
Tales of past grandeur and fame which e'en now gleams forth 'midst
its downfall,
So on my mind smote the view of this lone one so sad yet so noble,
Noble in feature and form but careworn, oppress'd with life's burden.
Strange were the wild dreams and fancies aroused in my mind by his
presence.
E'en such as sweep o'er the traveller's mind as he scans some old castle
Rife with its legends and tales but to him all unknown save in story.
Musing thus scarcely I knew when mine host the bright flames had
ceased feeding.
Noiseless and still were his movements and ere I had riven the fetters
Fancy had oast o'er my mind, a seat he had taken beside me,

Fixing his gaze on the fire and silently noting the leaping
Flames as they twisted and curled and danced on their way toward the
chimney.
Loud wailed the storm-wind without and rattled and rumbled the
thunder,
Shaking the earth with its crash as it pealed forth its loud detonations,
Gust chasing gust through the forest which groaned and howled 'neath
their fury. W. W.

(Correspondence of the College Mercury.)

THE UNIVERSITY RACE

BETWEEN CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD.

LONDON, March 25th, 1872.

Editors College Mercury:

When I left the friendly halls of my Alma Mater, last July, I promised to contribute something occasionally to your columns, during my European tour. I regret that, thus far, I have neglected to comply with your request.

My prolonged silence, however, has not been owing to any luke warmness of feeling, on my part, either for the Mercury or yourselves. It proceeded from neither indifference nor neglect, but from our common enemy procrastination, which, you all know, is "the thief of time." Another reason was, because I saw by your paper that it was in a very flourishing condition, and was in no need of my poor contributions.

I was a witness of the great university race between Cambridge and Oxford, last Saturday, the 23rd inst., and believing it to be a subject in which many of your readers are deeply interested, I shall give you my experience of the day.

The race was to take place on the Thames, some six or eight miles from London. The boats were to start at Putney, and row as far as the ship at Mortlake, a distance of a little more than five miles and a quarter. For several days previous to the race the crews had been practicing in very unfavorable weather; and there was no little anxiety lest the storm should continue, and the day appointed for the contest be unpropitious. Friday evening the barometer fell considerably, and Saturday morning found the sky overcast with heavy clouds, and extremely cold, with a sharp North Easter blowing. At about half past nine a heavy snow storm set in; in fact the weather was so atrocious that it seemed as though the race must be postponed. As early as eleven o'clock, vehicles of every description were to be seen pouring out of the city for Putney, Barnes and Mortlake, which are the three best points for viewing the sport. I determined to go down by rail. At twelve o'clock, I started for Waterloo station, from whence trains run every few moments. Words are powerless to convey to your minds any idea of the jam that was met with there. After procuring my ticket I passed on, thinking I could get into a car, but upon reaching

the platform, I saw hundreds of persons rushing up and down seeking a place to store themselves. A long train of twenty cars would come in, and in less than a second they would be filled to overflowing. I watched several performances of this kind, when at length I thought it advisable for me to secure a seat for myself. When the next train came in, I attempted to jump into the door, but several other fellows made the like endeavor at the same time, and instead of getting into the car, we all stuck fast in the door. The crowd behind did not seem to appreciate our condition, but kept pushing, and asking why we did not get in? The press became too strong, and in we went. The compartment was intended to contain six persons, but instead of that number, we had fourteen. Fortunately the Guard called for tickets shortly, and upon finding two men with second class tickets, he ordered them out, as that was a first class carriage. We were then only twelve, and by being amiable we managed to get along tolerably well.

In fifteen or twenty minutes we reached Putney, where a great number descended.

Barnes was the next station. Here nearly every one got out. Myself and two others remained in until we reached Mortlake. Upon descending I found that I had to walk some distance before reaching the house where I had my seat engaged. The walk itself was nothing, but under the existing circumstances it was something awful. The mud was two inches deep, the snow was coming down thick and fast, the streets were full of carriages, cabs, hansom, etc. etc, so that it was impossible to walk there; and if you attempted to walk on the side walk you were constantly being run against and trodden upon. On arriving at my destination I found my seat even better than I had expected. It commanded a view of the last mile of the race. The shores of the Thames were covered and so were all the houses upon its banks. Besides this, there was a row of boats extending from one end of the race course to the other, literally jammed with people. To show how much the Londoners think of this annual race between the Cambridge and Oxford crews, here were at least half a million of men, women and children assembled, anxiously awaiting the hour for the race. If it had been fine weather, one might have thought the majority of those present took advantage of this day as a day of recreation; but to stand in the mud with a bitter north east wind blowing the snow in their faces for an hour or two before the race began, showed an enthusiasm which I have rarely, if ever, seen before.

The signal for starting was to have been given at half past one. Just at this time the snow fell with such thickness that it was almost impossible to see a hundred yards. At a little after half past one, I knew they had started, for I heard a mighty roar of voices coming from the thousands and tens of thousands stretching along the banks. As the contestants approached, the uproar increased to such a pitch that the noise was something appalling. The clouds very opportunely broke away and rays of sunlight burst forth, just as the two boats came in sight. Cambridge was leading Oxford by nearly a length. Both were working well, but as Cambridge was in advance of the Oxford crew, she was apparently pulling with ease, and certainly with the most perfect regularity. The Oxford men worked

hard and pulled their best until the very last, but all to no purpose. They were beaten, but only by one length. The time of the race was 21 minutes 14 seconds. The number of strokes per minute varied, sometimes the Cambridge crew were pulling 37 strokes a minute to the Oxford's 39. At the last stretch the Oxford crew made a most heroic attempt to pass their adversaries, and increased their speed from 39 to 43 strokes a minute. It is only just to say in behalf of the Oxford crew that they have been exceedingly unfortunate this season. They were unable to begin their training as early as they had desired, owing to the inclemency of the weather, and only a day or two before the race, one of their men was taken ill, which necessitated a substitute. Mr. Knollys was the man selected to fill the vacancy and he did as well as could have been expected. This is the twenty-ninth race between Oxford and Cambridge. Out of the twenty-nine Oxford has gained 16 victories, Cambridge 13.

There was one thing transpired last Saturday which in my opinion shows most plainly the progress of the present age.

The steamer which followed in the rear of the contestants, on board of which were the members of the Press, was "paying out a cable, and every five seconds telegraphing to all parts of Great Britain, and even to foreign countries, the precise state of the race. This was a new feature and as it had to be done with the greatest nicety, it is a thing well worthy of praise.

Hoping this may interest some few of your readers, and asking pardon for having trespassed so much upon your patience I remain as ever yours most sincerely

J. L. J.

SPLINTERS.

By Gen. Eaton's report for 1871 the total number of illiterates in the leading western states is: Ohio 173,149; Indiana 107,015; Wisconsin 55,265; Iowa 45,669; Missouri 222,385, of which 60,622 are colored. From this we see that Wisconsin exhibits a commendably small number in comparison with other states.—*Univ. Press.*

AN INVOLUNTARY CONFESSION.—Prof. — of William's College, stepped into a street car one evening, and suddenly found himself in the presence of an inebriated Sophomore. Grieved at the spectacle before him, and not wishing to attract any attention, he stepped carelessly up to the dilapidated looking youth, and, in a low sympathetic voice began the following colloquy:

Prof., Been on a drunk?

Soph.: So have I.

—The leading Universities of Europe in 1860, present a surprising contrast to our own liberty fostered institutions a full decade later. Number of students in attendance—Vienna (Aus.) 1,133, Moscow (Rus.) 1,725, Padua (Aus.) 1,578, Naples (It.) 1,550, Berlin 2,467 (present number of professors 173, the largest in the world,) Edinburgh (Scot.) 1,464, Dublin (Ireland) 1,400, Munich (Bav.) 1,326, Oxford 997; number of instructors 138.—*Press.*

NECESSITY FOR FAITH.

Do not start, gentle reader. This is not a theological narcotic, which is about to be administered to you. The writer's purpose is not to prove that "faith is the substance of things hoped for;" neither to ridicule the different Faiths of mankind, as did Pope, who sneeringly says:

For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;

nor yet is it the object of this essay to search out and define the true Faith, amid the jangling creeds which now perplex the Church militant, and do violence to Heaven's first law.

The humble layman surrenders these higher and more difficult themes to the learned fathers, content himself to treat of the necessity for faith.

The history of mankind reveals nothing more plainly to us, than the fact, that man naturally looks up to and venerates some Being superior to himself. The science of Phrenology too, (if indeed it be a science) declares that man possesses an organ of veneration, as one of the faculties of his mind.

Now, all of our faculties were bestowed upon us by an all-wise Creator for our good; and, like the body, were intended to be developed and improved. Among these, faith, the highest, seems to have been given, as a guide to all the others. Without faith, then the other faculties of the mind may labor to no purpose, and thus, the proposition is laid down: Man must believe, if he would ever accomplish anything great. Do you want proof of it?

Compare modern with ancient art. Why is it that our own day produces no Phidias, no Raphael, no Titian? Why is it that we can neither sculpture an Apollo Belvidere, nor rival Raphael's "Transfiguration," or Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin Mary?"

It is because we do not believe, as they believed.

Faith, in our own day, is scoffed at by one class,—the majority, and held by another,—the minority, simply as a cold, dry, logical formula.

It was not so with the great artists of the past. The sculptor of the Apollo Belvidere believed in his Apollo. His whole soul was filled with the ideal of his beauty, his strength and majesty. As the imagination of the genius conceived him, so he wished to represent him to mankind, sculptured in enduring marble, that he might do honor to his great and glorious King, and give to his fellowmen a conception of the deity whom they worshipped.

Faith seized the mallet, genius guided the chisel, and this unrivaled work of art stood forth,—the admiration of all ages.

Faith beamed from every line of Raphael's countenance. He believed that the Saviour was "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." Faith added wings to his imagination, enabling him to pierce the very Heaven of Heavens and gaze upon that glory and majesty, which eye hath not seen and tongue can not describe.

An imagination, that could grasp such a conception, could produce the "Transfiguration;" but cold unbelief, however versed in art, however refined in taste, and however susceptible to a love of the beautiful, must stand

abashed in its presence, and confess its inability even to approach it.

Titian too, with an unquestioning faith, believed in the Blessed Virgin as the Queen of Heaven. The ideal of her beauty, her purity, her queenly bearing, and her sweet humility, was ever before him. Genius guided his brush, faith his imagination, and his famous picture of the "Assumption" stood forth upon the rude canvas.

Handel and Mozart, too, no less celebrated in music, than the former artists in sculpture and painting, must not be passed by. They furnish two notable examples of an exalted faith which enabled them to grasp the angelic harmonies of Heaven and bring them down to Earth.

Faith breathes through every line of the "Messiah;" and "The Requiem" is itself a monument to a faith that looked beyond the grave into the joyful rest of Paradise.

Pass from the domain of art to that of history, and what do we find written there concerning faith?

"It would fail me to tell of Gideon and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae; of David, also, and of the prophets: who through faith subdued Kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

It was not the promise of a licentious paradise, nor yet a blind devotion to a false prophet, which fired the Mohammedans with reckless courage, and led them on to certain victory. It was a deep, unwavering faith in one, true, personal God. Faith in a human leader dies with the death of that leader, and is afterwards powerless to bind a nation together in any strength. But faith in a personal God, who stands to his people in the relation of a Father, can never die. This is why Mohammedanism is still so powerful, and why we may not believe their brilliant success in arms to have been owing to a blind devotion to their prophet.

The Greek and Roman soldier believed his deity to be by his side in battle, and hence preferred death to retreat. This is why they were invincible.

Faith made Greece the mistress of the world in art; and faith made Rome's legions the conquerors of the world, in arms.

As a last example look at unhappy France. Compare her greatness, when she was a believing nation, with her present abasement,—the fruit of the seeds of infidelity, sown by Voltaire and his contemporaries, and enough will have been seen to convince us, that, unguided by faith, man builds to no purpose, and that to the believing mind, nothing is denied. Faith gives a definite purpose to life in this world, by leading us to look forward to a life to come, and by teaching us that our happiness there will depend upon our actions here.

Without faith, the mind must ever grovel amid Earth's absorbing vanities,—a very hell of vain hopes and bitter disappointments; but with it, and by it, mind is lifted up above matter, and, although still entangled by the cares of Earth, yet lives a higher and a better life amid the invisible things of God.

The College Mercury.

"Vigcat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, APRIL 15, 1872.

EDITORS.

H. C. DILLON. E. A. LARRABEE. NORTON STRONG. E. G. RICHMOND.

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

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A limited number of advertisements inserted on liberal terms.

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, Wisconsin."

A. C. Sanford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

We have this day associated with us Mr. E. G. Richmond, in the management of the Mercury. Mr. Dillon having resigned the active management of the paper, Mr. Richmond will assume his duties.

It has long been felt, that the burden of editing a paper and, at the same time, managing the finances and attending to its publication was too great for any one man to bear.

Accordingly we have chosen Mr. Richmond, a young man whose business ability fits him in the highest degree, for the responsible position of treasurer and manager.

All remittances, and all letters upon business matters should hereafter be addressed to him, and we hereby empower him to receive all money due the College Mercury, and to settle all claims against it.

Mr. Dillon will continue to have charge of the editing of the paper, assisted by Messrs. Larrabee and Strong; and we hope by thus giving our undivided attention to its contents, to make the Mercury still more worthy of its many friends.

PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT.

The spring term has just begun, and as we now enter upon the shorter and sunnier part of the College year, a hurried glance over the past and the coming portion of our year's voyage, may not at this time be out of place.

Winter has held out manfully this year, and has not finally surrendered to his fair conquerer, until, in her efforts to subdue the stern monarch, Spring has long seemed fatigued and exhausted.

But long, comparatively, as the winter has been, memory needs but feeble wings to bear us back to the time when all its gloominess was yet to be encountered.

It is easy to imagine ourselves back in that monotonous part of Winter when all Lent, and a line of weeks besides, intervened between us and Easter.

It seems like looking back over only a short distance to recall to memory a time still earlier in the College year, when we were looking forward to the Christmas holidays, as eagerly as we now anticipate the vacation in Summer.

The wide ocean which lay between us and the end of the year, has now dwindled down to the narrowness of a stream. Christmas and Easter which we have used as islands to mark our course are both behinds us, and when we touch

land again, the long trip of one more collegiate year will be at an end.

This year bids fair to be the most prosperous of any in the history of our College. Besides our rapid growth in numbers this year will have seen the institution enriched by two new buildings. It opened with the addition of the new refectory, and before its close the new school building will have begun, which is to join in one symmetrical row all the buildings of the Grammar department, and complete the east side of the future quadrangle.

As to ourselves, personally, each one must be judge of his own progress. A long winter term, though its days are often dull, and the College routine then most monotonous, is, nevertheless, the time of real improvement. Rightly employed these days bring forth an abundant intellectual harvest.

For the remainder of the year, study will be pleasantly relieved by the out of door games. Already with the early signs of Spring, base ball and cricket are reviving.

At Racine athletic proficiency never retrogrades, and there is every prospect that our College Nine and Eleven will bring their play to a standard as good, if not even better than that of last year.

If Winter has passed away so quickly, with what swift pinions will these three short Spring and Summer months fly into the past. Commencement week will be upon us almost before we are aware.

For '72 these three months are the last of College life; and while every day as it passes brings us nearer the end of our year's work, it plucks at the same time a strand from the silver ties which for another class are so soon to be broken.

We shall all, in time, have to change the work of College days, for a long term in the busier world outside; and great as is the gladness which rewards the accomplishment of a years work, we cannot approach its end without some feeling of sadness for the changes which the next must bring.

FIELD SPORTS.

The following, contributed by one of our fellow students, has been gratefully accepted and published for the benefit of those who were among the unfortunates of the 8th.

It is written by one who has evidently "been there" and we trust will not be without interest.

I am—or rather I was, for I am no longer—a great lover of field sports. The avidity with which I grasped at every sporting book from the long and uninteresting discourses to be found in that abomination of all people of sense, called "Dead Shot," and the pleasant writings of Bumpstead, Lewis, Murray and others, even down to the gentlemanly and elegant writings of Forrester may better imagined than described.

For a time I fairly lived on these volumes, they were my daily food and oftimes was a dinner or a supper passed by in utter contempt, in order to spend more time with my darling books. I felt sure that I had in me the making of a most extraordinary sportsman, and that time alone was needed to bring out one of the wonders of the age.

With my increasing years (I was about twelve or fourteen) came an increased desire to rival the wondrous heroes to whom for so long I had paid mental adoration.

The time came at last and I got a gun. After about a week's careful study of the "Manual" by our friend F. I'd concluded that I was about ready to take the field, and big with importance and loaded down with powder, shot and game bag, which latter was large enough to hold a bushel with ease, I embarked on my first sporting expedition.

It was a beautiful day in early October. The sharp autumn frosts had lent to the air that marvellous bracing power over which I have heard sportsmen so often go into ecstasies and as I trudged manfully along in the chill morning air (about 5 o'clock a. m.) I thought of the jolly hunts of which I had read and wondered how I should stand it to carry home this immense game bag full in the cool evening. I thought it strange that in these marvellous stories the heroes never complained of the weight of their guns, for mine bothered me terribly and I wondered how they managed it. A day's hunt over the wet marshes in search of snipe; up to my knees in mud and water, increased my wonder, although it did not increase my admiration for this particular sport.

Birds were plenty. Oh, yes; but the plaguery things would persist in getting up just when I wasn't ready, and if I ever was so rash as to fire at them, they proceeded on their way with the utmost *nonchalance* imaginable. At last I hit one. How I don't know; it surely was not my fault for I never saw the bird till he fell and fired the gun with both my eyes shut. But he fell, and brimming over with joy I stepped forward to secure my coveted prize. How shall I describe the sequel. As I stepped forward careless of where I placed my feet, intent only upon getting my bird, I suddenly felt as if something had slipped from under me and instead of my bird I got—up to my shoulders in mud. Oh, what nasty slimy things I got hold of and the more I tried to get out, the more I couldn't do it, until finally, covered with mud, my eyes, nose, ears and mouth being literally "chuck full," I crawled out on the bog and took an observation. What was the result of this observation I need not say. In fact I made several observations concerning field sports and snipe shooting in particular, not very complimentary in their character. I went home that night, but strange to say, did not have even *one* snipe in the capacious game bag. This mishap was followed by many others of a similar character until my taste for field sports gradually left me. I learnt one thing, however; if one can get up any great amount of enthusiasm over the writings of Forester and Bumpstead, let him enjoy them, but let him not go out on the snipe field to put them to the test. I always take my field sports in my room now, before a nice cozy fire with dry feet. I like them first rate taken in that way.

Verbum sap.

A PLAGIARISM.

In a recent number of the Blackburn Gazette, published at College, Carlinville, Ills., appears a poem, entitled "Waiting," which flaunts at its head the name of the would be author, D. B. Taylor.

We read the effusion with much pleasure, and pronounced Mr. Taylor at once a young poet of no mean order.

But imagine our consternation when a few days later, we came across the source of our young plagiarist's inspi-

ration. It consisted of three pretty stanzas, published in 1858, in The Churchman's Magazine, entitled, "The hardest time of all," and written by Serrat Dondeny. It proved the *hardest shock of all* to our feelings, at discovering this lamentable example of mental and moral depravity.

Below we give an extract from each, that the reader may judge for himself, of the truth of our assertion.

The metres are exactly alike, and as regards the mere verbal differences; whilst such things may serve to strengthen our belief in the inspiration of the writers of Holy Writ, they are very far from carrying conviction as to the inspiration of Mr. Taylor.

THE HARDEST TIME OF ALL.

BY SERRAT DONDENY.

There are days of deepest sorrow
In the season of our life;
There are wild, despairing moments,
There are hours of mental strife.
There are times of stony anguish,
When the tears refuse to fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.
Youth and love are oft impatient,
Seeking things beyond their reach;
And the heart grows sick with hoping,
Ere it learns what life can teach.
For, before the fruit be gathered,
We must see the blossoms fall;
And the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

WAITING.

BY D. B. TAYLOR.

There are times of keenest anguish
All along the way of life;
There are dark, despairing moments—
There are hours of mental strife.
There are days of deepest sorrow
When the tears refuse to fall;
"But the waiting time, my brother,
Is the hardest time of all."
There are days of anxious waiting
For events to come and go.
When the heart grows sick with hoping—
While the moments move so slow
Yes, 'tis then the heart grows weary
As we falter to our fall;
"For the waiting time, my brother,
Is the hardest time of all."

In the same paper appear the following "Rules for Success in Life—"

"Take for your motto *honesty*.

Don't steal.

Don't deceive.

Love God and keep His commandments."

The reader may draw his own conclusions. We forbear.

"FILTHY LUCRE."

An individual, remarkable for the profuseness and utter prodigality with which he scatters his scrip, has lately charged the Mercury with an inordinate desire for "filthy lucre."

He dearly loves the paper, and like Artemus Ward, is willing "to sacrifice all his able bodied relations" for its welfare. He would even gladly see the editors themselves in the condition of "Job's turkey," rather than that the paper should lack any of that sparkling vivacity which so tickles his cultivated ear. He proposes to strike out all the advertisements, by means of which the present editors are growing so enormously rich, that the college peace is likely to be disturbed by Tammany Rings and Erie Wars. He longs to see those four pages of advertisements filled with sparkling flights of genius and the ready flow of wit. This is all very well to talk about, and such pretty sentiments look very well on paper, but they will not stand the logic of experience.

Without those advertisements the Mercury would come to an untimely end, and our friendly critic would lose even those stray flights of eloquence, and those occasional outbursts of wit, which now and then flit across the too monotonous pathway of our college paper.

He calls forth a smile upon our careworn visage, when he talks so mildly about the vast sums of "filthy lucre" which we are accumulating. Why, my dear fellow, even after pay day, we could not match pennies with a First Former.

Columbia College pays her president \$8,000, and her professors' \$6,000, the largest salaries paid by any college in the country.

COLLEGE NEWS.

HARVARD has taken steps to resurrect its Cricket Eleven. A number of persons have already joined the new Club, among them several old base-ball players, who have resolved to devote their muscle and energy to the support of the game of England.

THE Harvard *Advocate* has refused the publication of a humorous poem of two hundred lines, beginning:

"An elephant sat in a swallow's nest,
Drinking a cup of tea;
And watching a delicate hen, that sang
From the top of a neighboring tree."

[*Ex.*

Probably the *Advocate* has something better. Here is a specimen of a Harvard *atom*; in other words "a joke in the *Advocate*":

Fond Mother (to youngest hopeful,)—Jonnie, what bird made this cake?

Y. H.—Cookoo, ma.

Take one more; it can't possibly hurt you.

Inquiring Sophomore (to instructor who has been dilating on the omniverous habits of the ostrich,)—Please, sir, do ostriches ever eat hair pins?

Instructor (severely)—Sometimes, Mr. X., when they find one; but that does not *hair pin* very often.

THE PROFESSIONAL NINES.

It may be interesting to many of our readers to see a list of the organized professional Nines for the coming base ball season. We clip the list from the Yale *Courant*, by which it was taken from the Philadelphia *Press*. It is complete and official:

ATHLETICS.—McBride, Malone, Cuthbert, Fidler, Treacy, Meyerle, McGeary, Reach, Mack, Anson, Sensitivefer.

TROY.—Wood, Allison, Force, McAtee, Bellan, Nelson, Gedney, Hodes, S. King, Martin, Zettlein.

BOSTON.—McVey, Spaulding, Gould, Barnes, Schaffer, G. Wright, Leonard, H. Wright, F. Rogers, Birdsall.

FOREST CITY.—Pratt, Wolters, White, Hastings, Carleton, Sweasy, Sutton, Holdsworth, Pabor, Allison.

MUTUALS.—Hicks, C. Mills, Cummings, Start, Hatfield, Pearce, Boyd, Egger, McMullen, Bechtel.

ATLANTIC.—Barlow, Brett, Dehman, Carney, Ferguson, Burdock, Chapman, Remsen, McDonald.

BALTIMORE.—Matthews, Craver, E. Mills, Pike, Radcliffe, Higham, York, Hall, Fisher, Carey.

The following are the committees of the National Association for the ensuing year:

JUDICIARY.—Messrs. Hayhurst, Davidson, Doolittle, Young, Pike, Miller, Wright, Clark and Ferguson.

CHAMPIONSHIP.—Messrs. Davidson, Clark and Hayhurst.

It is possible that the Olympic and National Clubs, both of whom have strong teams, may put in an appearance for the pennant before the 1st of May.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PETER'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for April has just come to us. It contains ten pieces of music; six arrangements for voice and piano, and four piano forte solos.

The music published by Mr. Peters is selected by one who knows how to distinguish the trashy stuff of the day, from music in its true sense.

Thirty cents a number; a marvel of cheapness.

Address J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, N. Y.

THE SIGMA MU PALLADIUM comes to us in a new shape, which we think is a great improvement over the old

We reckon it among our favorite exchanges.

THE SYBIL, a late addition to our list, appears in good shape and full of pleasant matter. We are happy to reckon it among our exchanges.

THE BELOIT MONTHLY comes to us this week in a very neat form and makes a right handsome appearance.

We have also received an interesting little magazine called AMERICAN HOMES and gladly place it upon our list of exchanges.

—Anthon's text books have for many years been a subject for severe condemnation and withering sarcasm among scholars. The following on the same subject, which came to our ears a few days ago, is too good to be lost. To illustrate his opinion of Anthon's work's, a gentleman related the following anecdote.

A certain gentleman, in whom dwelt the spirit of Nimrod, was in the habit of bringing home a well filled bag of game whenever he went a hunting. His neighbors, wondering at the success of a man whom they knew was not a good shot, determined to make an investigation.

They did so, and found that the mighty hunter was in the habit of firing away his ammunition at the woodpeckers, and buying his fine pheasants of the farmers.

Now, says the humorous gentleman, that's just the way with the students of Anthon's Classics. Anthon shoots the game, and the student fetches it in.

—Extensive preparations are making for Re-union Day, which happens this year on Tuesday, July 9th.

Printed invitations, accompanied by a programme for the day, and commencement week, will soon be forwarded to the old students.

We believe there will be the largest concourse of people at our next annual Commencement that was ever seen upon these grounds.

The re-union dinner will probably be served in our new and beautiful Dining Hall.

There will be the usual amount of wit and humor displayed in the speeches, we presume; and if the gentleman who was "born on the banks of Connecticut," will only come, the acme of bliss will be reached.

LIST OF EXCHANGES.

College Courant,
Yale Courant,
Harvard Advocate,
Dulhouse Gazette,
Orient,
Indiana Student,
College Days,
Tarzan,
Miami Student,
Tripod,

Qui Vive,
Cap and Gown,
Lawrence Collegian,
Beloit College Monthly,
Alumni Journal,
Acorn,
Volante,
College Courier,
Sigma Mu Palladium,
Griswold Collegian.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41 A. M.	12 08 P. M.	7 27 P. M.
Going South	7 33 A. M.	1 58 P. M.	4 48 P. M.
Going West	8 00 A. M.	7 30 P. M.	

—There will be no Summer this year.

—Work on the foundation of the new building will probably begin in a few days.

—In our last short respite from snow several lively and well played games of base ball took place on the campus. We have some very promising players among our base ball-ists. Leekley's short stopping is winning universal applause. Martin of '75 is also showing excellent play. The Winter has had no effect on his fielding; we noticed him serving up a fly at centre field with the same ease as of old.

Base ballists are impatiently waiting for the snow to disappear again, in order to continue the games.

The Captains of the Badger and Clarkson clubs were in hopes of beginning regular practice on Thursday next. This cannot be done, however, until the snow is shovelled off the field.

—Mrs. Peavey still offers a liberal discount to College students on books.

—The "Shie Pop," which like a caged elephant has been spending the Winter in the gymnasium, will in a day or so begin to roam on the campus.

—The Addisonians are making their preparations for the society day exercises.

We congratulate the society upon the order of exercises which they have adopted. The omission of both debate and extemporaneous speech is an excellent alteration in the programme.

Mr. Thos. L. Sullivan of '69 has been unanimously chosen Orator for the occasion. Mr. Sullivan's literary and oratorical talent will long be remembered; and it is universally hoped that he will confer upon the society and his many friends at Racine this much wished favor.

Mr. Strong of '73 has been elected Poet.

The Miscellany will be read by Mr. Whitmore of '74.

—Garnkauffer's Emporium is supplied with a full assortment of well selected styles for Spring suits. Call and see him.

—We learn the city is going to build another pier, for the protection of the lake bank opposite the grave-yard. If this is not speedily done, coffins sticking out of the sand will give to the bank an awful similarity to fruit cake.

—The defeat of the Clarksons on the bowling alley, recorded in our last issue, did not discourage them. In their anxiety to get a victory, two celebrated members of this club persuaded a couple of harmless Badgers to go out to the gymnasium and give them one more chance.

Two rubbers were played; the Clarksons lost both. But not satisfied with merely losing the rubbers, (a thing which anyone could do,) they managed by their unparalleled skill to lose every game. They lay it all to bad "setting up." An excuse which they hit upon after a week's careful reflection.

—Tobacco and Cigars at Klein's.

COLLEGE NINE.

—We have gleaned the following facts concerning the Nine for the coming season, which we present for the benefit of our readers.

The batting order of the Nine with their positions is as follows.

Whitmore, c. f.	Benton, c.
Day, l. f.	Sturges, 3rd b.
Hudson, r. f.	Leekly, s. s.
Resor, 2d. b.	Jones, p. and Capt.
Doan, 1st b.	Woodie and Pond subs.

A game was played upon Monday the 8th according to this arrangement of positions and order of batting, and, although the positions were in many cases entirely new to the players, the Nine did themselves great credit in fielding as well as batting. We hope soon to make our base ball column one of the most interesting features of our issues.

—Samuel & James offer to do the right thing on Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods, this Spring. Call and examine their stock.

—A student who doubted the report that our bell ringer is a man of German university education, attempted to muddle him on some of the Greek and Latin authors.

After answering all his questions, the German gave him about half a page of the Odyssey from memory, and the soph departed perfectly satisfied.

—'73 is waiting anxiously for the results of the past term's declamations. The six Juniors whose speeches have been the best during the term, are alone to contend for the Larrabee prize.

—A fine assortment of Balls and Bats and Croquet Sets at Winslows. Call and see them.

—Class Day for '72 will be Tuesday, July 9th. The exercises will take place in the afternoon, shortly after the re-union dinner. Bach's splendid band will probably discourse sweet music upon that enchanting occasion.

The Class will make every effort to make this one of the most pleasing features of Reunion Day.

—The class of '72 have received from Messrs. Gavit & Co., of Troy, N. Y., the design of their invitations for Commencement. It was thought by all, who saw the beautiful invitations, engraved by the same firm for the class of '71, that they could never be surpassed. But the present design has been pronounced by many competent judges to be very much handsomer.

—We are glad to welcome among us Mr. Winterbottom. Which perhaps accounts for our recent snow storm.

We understand that a Mr. Summerville, a candidate for the Grammar School, is coming. May he come speedily.

—That memorable event, the simultaneous birthdays of Aquilla and Priscilla has again made its annual appearance. The 14th inst. was the auspicious day.

The Mercury assisted Aquilla in the mastication of a sumptuous cake, which was gaily illuminated by candles in the most approved ritualistic style.

We noticed a similar contrivance before the youthful Priscilla in the Dining Hall. Happy pair! We might liken them unto Castor and Pollux, were it not for one thing. The one is an iron clad Democrat, and the other, a conservative Republican.

—THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT, as was promised in our last number, took place in the refectory last Monday evening.

Owing to the rainy weather which prevented an attendance from the city, and a woeful indifference for classical music among the students, the attendance was feeble.

The whole programme was admirably rendered; indeed the persevering efforts of the society, under so skillful a conductor as Prof. Happ, could not fail to result in the best rendered music that we have ever heard at the college. We only except the music of the band sometimes hired from Milwaukee. As to the programme itself, no one of any musical taste could fail to be pleased with the selections. A more tasteful programme of classical music has certainly never been played at the college; perhaps never in Racine. For any one who turns up his nose at a programme, beginning with the overture to the "Marriage of Figaro" and ending with that to the "Magic Flute," music has no charms. For all such, a classical concert is a pearl cast before swine.

Space will not admit of our giving each piece the notice it deserves. We were particularly pleased with the elegant piano playing of Miss Hoy in the Trio in C, and her accompaniments to the solo singing. Also with the four hand piano accompaniments by Miss Hoy and Miss Elmen-dorf. The vocal music was excellent. The solos by Mr. Rowe, and the glees by the quartette were heartily applauded. In spite of the small attendance, the concert was a success. It is only to be regretted that so many who might have listened to it lacked the taste to appreciate it, and that so many lovers of good music were prevented by the rain from hearing it.

—All who have heard "Reinike" get off "If ever I cease to love," and "Susan who lives in the dell;" or have heard him in his last great forte, "Spring's delights are all reviv-ing," will be glad to know that he now sings tenor in the choir. "Nick," no less celebrated as a soloist, twangs his clarion in the same place. The boys sitting back of the choir have been on their knees before the chapel officers, to get their seats changed. So wonderful is the power of music.

—Call and see Liegler's Spring styles of Hats and Caps, 123 Main-st., next door to Roggenbau & Fixen's.

—About a week ago the Nimrods turned out *en masse* with the evident intention of peppering some of the pigeons that were flying in large flocks across the college grounds. But since the hero of the rabbit chase has died of remorse, the nerves of our sportsmen have been unsteady. The birds left a few feathers for the boys to remember them by, and went joyfully on their way.

—Carpets, Rugs and Oil Cloths of every description at Roggenbau & Fixen's.

—The annual choir supper was given by the Warden last Thursday evening. The supper was spread in the refectory, and was cooked and served in the most elegant style. It is of course unnecessary to say that with such a supper to be eaten, and with a body of youths so willing to take the contract as the choir, full justice was done to both. The supper was enjoyed vastly, and every one left the Dining Hall happy and satisfied. If the trebles would only "lay themselves out" in chapel, as they laid the victuals in, at the supper, we might hear something strong.

PERSONALS.

JOHN BATTEN, formerly of '73, was discovered by our reporter, a few days ago, studying law in Chicago.

Racine bids fair to have, at some future day, many illustrious barristers.

OSBORNE. We had the pleasure of greeting our old friend "Olin" on the 1st. Nashotah life evidently agrees with him as he looked hale and hearty.

MCLEAN. "Mac" also made his appearance with "Olin." We noticed with pleasure the same marks of good health which are seen in all our Nashotah friends after a winter's labor at theology.

MORGAN. Our friend Morgan also made his appearance among us. His countenance was graced with a "blonde" moustache which added greatly to his good looks.

PERRINE. We had the pleasure of receiving a visit from our old Grammar School companion, Perrine, on the 7th. Time has worked a manifest change in "George's" appearance, so that we scarcely recognized our old friend.

SEAMAN. "Jimmie," alias "Lute" was also among the many visitors we have had the good fortune to receive since Easter. Coming in company with Perrine his visit was rendered doubly pleasurable. Jimmie looks well and sports a brilliant black moustache.

CHARLEV PURDY, lately of the Fifth Form, Grammar School, writes us from his home in Independence, Iowa, enclosing his subscription for the Mercury. He sends regards to his old associates, and says that his fun is now *unbounded*.

M. L. SULLIVANT, Jr., has our thanks for enclosure of the 10th, inst. His paper will be forwarded as desired.

We clip the following from the New Orleans Picayune.

"We learn that the Rev. CHARLES B. CHAMPLIN, Assistant Minister at Trinity (Episcopal) Church, has received and accepted a call to St. John's Church, of this city and will enter upon the discharge of his duties on the 1st prox.

Rev. Mr. Champlin is a gentleman of talent and ability, and the congregation have cause for congratulation in securing the services of this energetic young divine to minister for them."

You have our best wishes, Champ!

MCCREERY, '71. We have had a short visit from Wayman. Business is evidently agreeing with him. "Mac" sat at his old table in the Dining Hall and looked perfectly natural.

In another column will be found an exceedingly interesting letter from Mr. Jesse L. January, of '71.

His present European tour ends with his return to London. Foreign travel evidently has not dulled his love for athletic sports. He seems to be in excellent spirits, and says that he hopes to be with us again shortly.

The following is an extract from a Poem on

"Only a baby
Thout any hair
'Cept just a little
Fuz here and there."

—Targum.



"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XI.

RACINE COLLEGE, MAY 1, 1872.

NO. 5.

CLASS SONG OF '73.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY WILLOW WOOD.

College days are fleeting,
Bold our hearts are beating,
As each hour in toil we spend or free.
Let each jolly fellow
Shout in cadence mellow,
Hip! Hi! Ho! and wake old '73.

CORUS:

Hip! Hi! Ho! Let each man shout it out
Hip! Hi! Ho! Let each man ring it out,
Hip! Hi! Ho!

What to us is trouble?
Care is but a bubble;
Raise the cry till echoes ring again.
Let each jolly fellow
Shout in cadence mellow
Hip! Hi! Ho! and swell the loud refrain.

Now our song is started
Let none be faint hearted;
Rest from toil will tell another day.
Let each jolly fellow
Shout in cadence mellow,
Hip! Hi! Ho! we'll frisk it while we may.

Some one's had a honing;
What's the use of groaning?
Pain and grief should never outlive the day.
Let each jolly fellow
Shout in cadence mellow,
Hip! Hi! Ho! and drive sad thoughts away.

When these years are ended,
Joys with labor blended,
O! how drear is life with them compared;
—When each jolly fellow
Cried in cadence mellow,
Hip! Hi! Ho! and all our pleasure shared.

College days are fleeting,
Bold our hearts are beating,
As each hour in toil we spend or free,
Let each jolly fellow
Shout in cadence mellow,
Hip! Hi! Ho! and wake old '73.

"CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES."

There is an old story, familiar to all students of "Webster's Spelling Book," which sets forth the difference between the farmer's bull goring the lawyer's ox, and the lawyer's animal committing the same offence upon the property of the farmer.

Owing to the tender age at which this excellent book is generally perused, the moral of the anecdote is too apt to be overlooked. The story serves to amuse for a moment and is soon forgotten. The lesson which it conveys, should not be forgotten, for it is one of very general application.

A thoughtful person cannot fail to notice that in the affairs of life it frequently makes all the difference in the world whose bull does the goring. As a rule we are apt to frown with a holy horror at the atrocities committed by our neighbor's bull, but we easily forgive a little playfulness on the part of our own animal.

If our neighbor gets the better of us in any transaction, we at once feel that he is guilty of dishonesty, that he has taken advantage of our innocence to impose upon us.

If, however, we have driven a hard bargain with him, the affair presents an entirely new aspect. We have merely gained the fair advantage of trade. Our greater shrewdness is surely entitled to its reward, or what is the use of being shrewd? In short, our bull has done the goring; and if our neighbor does not wish his live-stock injured, he must keep his fences in better repair.

Another person is guilty of some slight indiscretion, he yields to strong temptation; our high moral sense is immediately aroused, and we decide that he is a dangerous character.

A similar act committed by ourself is excused as a fault of youth, as a very pardonable folly. Here again it is our pet who is inclined to be a little sportive.

Passing from the narrow sphere of private life, we find that in national affairs as well, circumstances alter cases. We are very apt to "stand by our country" right or wrong, to regard her quarrels as our own. The patriotism of the American youth is fanned into a bright blaze by the narrative of Lexington. His little bosom heaves with indignation as he reads how the murderous "red-coats" fired upon his brave ancestors on that memorable April morning. Just to think that the British hirelings dared to call the colonists a mob, that they actually ordered them to disperse! Less than a century has passed, and Baltimore takes the place of Lexington. The miserable rebels dare to oppose the passage of our brave boys in blue. A few shots are fired, not wanton and unprovoked shots this time however, a few corpses are made, and a "glorious victory" places the first laurels upon the brows of our noble volunteers. How like to Lexington it would have been, but for the little fact that different bulls were gored.

But the mine of patriotism which Lexington offers to us is not yet fully worked; let us look at the march back to Charlestown.

We read that "the whole country was in arms," we are told that "every house was a fortress, every stone wall was a rampart." The brave colonists were in wait behind every hedge and fence, and the British were harassed by a well directed fire from patriotic rifles. Less than a century passed and this march had many a counterpart, but the well directed fire had become "murderous," and the rifles were handled by "bush-whackers."

Guerrilla warfare had ceased to be patriotic, it had become barbarous and cowardly. The heroes of Lexington are duly enlogized in our school histories, but bush-whackers will ever be held in detestation by the patriotic youth of America; and yet how fine is the distinction. It is only a question concerning the ownership of a bull. Again, the British occupation of New York was, of course, very galling to the patriots, who were exposed to constant insult from the ruthless invaders of their soil. On the other hand, the course pursued by Gen. Butler at New Orleans was precisely the one which the case demanded. Forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, and since the inhabitants of New Orleans had rebelled against lawful authority, they must take the consequences even if they were not very pleasant.

England was no doubt very much to blame for suffering the Alabama to be equipped within her ports, her negligence was culpable in the extreme; the United States, however was not at all to blame if her muskets were purchased by French agents. It was none of her business who bought them if they were only paid for.

Equally then in affairs of state and in private life, does the moral, which the little story conveys, hold good. It was as true in the time of the Apostles as it is now, that circumstances alter cases. St. James found it necessary to reprove the early Christians for letting the circumstance of a gold ring and fine apparel influence the degree of respect shown to a stranger. We are by nature given to a certain degree of selfishness and can seldom judge impartially when our own interests are at stake. The law recognizes this truth and in many cases the defendant is not permitted to testify in his own behalf.

Evil as are the results of the fact that circumstances alter cases, they can never perhaps be entirely eradicated. Even the most unselfish person must frequently feel his inability to judge of his own actions, and exclaim:

"O wad some power the giffie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us;
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion."

—*Finecut.*

COLLEGE HABITS.

To judge from the condition of affairs which prevails in a college and the general character of our college students, this is a subject which attracts but little attention. The culture of the mind was originally the one engrossing object of a student's life, and of late years the development of the body has gained a similar importance; but, as yet, the foundation of habits which shall endure through life, is a matter to which a student gives but little thought.

In the consideration of this matter we would call attention to three facts which we propose to demonstrate: first, that college habits are *necessary*, i. e. they will be formed, whether we desire it or not, and are the inseparable accompaniment of our course; secondly, that they are beyond the reach of college rules, and in themselves, if not looked after, *evil*; thirdly, that they are *lasting*. These three facts, once established, will, we feel confident, amply prove the importance of this subject.

Are they *necessary*?

In answering this question let us first glance at the age of those who enter our colleges. The average age at which

collegiate studies are begun is generally placed between fifteen and eighteen, but, for convenience, let it be placed between fourteen and nineteen. This places the collegiate education of every student somewhere between his fourteenth and twenty-third year.

The character of a youth at this time of life is thus aptly described by Horace:

Gaudet equis canibusque et aprici gramine campi;
Cereus in vitium slecti monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus aeris
Sublimis cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix.

"He rejoices in horses and dogs and the bloom of the warm sunny plain;

Like wax to be moulded to evil, and fierce to all who restrain,
While slow to provide for himself, wasting gold on each wish of his heart

By passion and eagerness ruled from his dearest love he'll depart."

We must admit that, as a whole, the picture is a true one. Burning with all the fire of his newly acquired manhood, but still subject to the wild impulses of the boyhood which he has just left, he lays himself open to every influence, good or evil, which can be brought to bear upon him. Can these influences, constantly repeated, or continuously exerted, be without effect? Most surely not; and the *only* effect they can have is to mould his life, by the formation of habits. These habits can no more be avoided than the fatigue which follows exertion. They may be good; they may be bad, but they are necessary and indispensable accompaniments to the period of life which we spend in our college studies.

Are these habits beyond the reach of college rules? Can they not be moulded by college laws? Are they essentially evil? In most colleges the former two would be needless questions, inasmuch as there is no attempt made to answer them. In our own, however, where the severity of the rules is often made a ground (certainly a weak one!) of complaint, we should have ample means of trying the matter. Let us examine the state of one of our freshmen, on whom the rules bind most closely. How closely may he follow the rules, obeying in the letter each one, and yet indulge in the *very habits* which they were intended to overthrow?

We will merely examine his regular work. The first imperative summons our freshman receives is the breakfast bell. This gives him an opportunity of lying in bed until the last minute and then, half dressed, half washed, and in no wise prepared to leave his room,—much less to sit down to breakfast, hurrying over to the dining room where he begins his day's work. It is to be hoped that the neglect occasioned by his sudden departure from his room may be made up at some other time; but there is no imperative *need* of his doing so, if he does not desire to.

The next summons which he must obey is the chapel bell. There is no power to *make* him attentive, if he chooses not to be, and having gained nothing by his attendance at the morning service he proceeds to his morning recitations. We need not follow him further; he is getting along splendidly and with care may contrive to lose the whole day. The evening study spent in idleness, he goes to bed to arise on the morrow and go through another day. The days lengthen into weeks and the weeks into months. He is not so low in his class as he might be. A little care-

ful management of some articles of inestimable value to a person in his position gives him a moderate position in his class, and so the four years roll by. As he nears the end, his trammels one by one drop off and give him increased facilities for killing time, until, having *religiously observed* the better of all the laws, he finally stands at the end of his course.

Further comment is unnecessary. The student has let the college take care of his habits with his studies. The result shows the inability of the college to do this, as well as the character of the habits themselves, if left in this condition.

Are they lasting?

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined," is an old saying, corroborated by the experience of our every day life. The man of forty discovers to his sorrow that he is "not so young as he was," and new customs come hard to him. He cannot get used to them, and, as for forming new habits it is almost an impossibility. While he is painfully aware of this fact, he is also struck by the pertinacity with which his old habits cling to him. This of itself would have but little to do with our subject were it not that upon examination the greater part—nay, all of these habits will be found to have had their origin in those very years which we spend in acquiring a collegiate education.

Why is it then that this truth is not better known and appreciated? To answer this is by no means a difficult task. Who cares to be reminded or convinced of a truth that interferes so materially with his ease and pleasure? Were it not far better to remain in doubt, or ignorance? Unfortunately our doubt and ignorance can have no effect upon the working of the truth. What shall we say when, in spite of all our self deceiving doubts, we one day awake, as we most surely shall, to the painful reality of the truth whereof we doubted? Is it worth the while, even from a practical point of view, thus to lull ourselves into a false security?

Shall we sleep the sluggard's slumber,
But to wake and wail our woe?
Can our doubting change the harvest
Of the worthless seed we sow?

The habits of youth must and will form the man. Our youth is now with us and wise is he who makes it a blessing and not a curse to his future years.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

We rejoice to find that so many of our neighbors take a deep interest in our morality.

For years our Smoking Room and Billiard Table have engaged the attention of envious critics. We had thought however, that the subject had long since either lost its novelty, or that our critics had tried the experiment for themselves, discovered its benefits and henceforth intended to give us a rest.

The University Press, however, overhauling its old files, to find, if possible, something to sling at its neighbours, happily found the following missile.

"Other colleges besides Racine are allowing billiards to be played within the college buildings. Not long ago a delegation of Antioch students obtained a billiard table, and with the permission of the Faculty, it is to be one of the recreations of college life—*College Mercury*."

So much the worse for other colleges. "Others do the same" used to be our favorite argument with district school teachers; but we seldom succeeded in making them see the force of such logic.

—*University Press*.

Arguments from example are always admissible, friend Press, if you think not, then so much the worse for your logic.

How the billiard table at Antioch may have worked, we never had the pleasure of learning. We do know, however, how it has worked here and can heartily recommend the introduction of a similar instrument of morality into the State University.

Mere self assertion, Mr. Critic, has no weight; and the use of such puerile trash by way of argument leads us to infer that you have not yet fully emancipated yourself from the logic of your district school.

THE CAMPUS.

For the remainder of the term the games are to play such an important part in each day's routine, that a few words concerning them will not here be out of place.

We take great pleasure in noticing the energetic manner in which the captains of both the Badger and the Clarkson side have been at work, arranging the clubs and starting the play.

The material for excellent players both in Cricket and Base Ball was never so plenty in the college, as to-day, and there is no reason why both games should not this season be brought to a higher perfection than ever before. This can not be done without real work on the practice days.

In past seasons the practicing has seldom been done with as much care as it should. More care has always been taken during the week previous to the match; but the practice days as a general rule have been observed only in a lazy and spiritless manner. It would be difficult to picture a more lifeless scene than is sometimes found upon the cricket ground; and nothing but a society of old woman could rival the gabbling which we have frequently heard on the field where a club was practicing (?) base ball. The truth of the matter is, our practicing must speedily be reformed, or,—good bye to our laurels.

It is to be hoped that the coming season will bring with it in this respect a marked improvement. The practice games should be given as much of the reality of a match game as can be possibly infused into them. We do not like the custom of doing away with the tallying in cricket practice. Besides causing loose play and taking all the spirit out of the game, it results in those ridiculous blunders that are so frequently noticed in the matches, where bungling work in the field gives four or five tallies to a bat that merited but one. Too much talking on the field has a like injurious effect, and in the lower divisions especially should be strenuously prohibited.

In the matches of last year it was evident to all, that however well individuals of the clubs might play, the clubs frequently played poorly together.

The college nine is the only club in the institution that plays (to use a musical expression) in time and tune, or, in other words, plays as well as a club as its members do individually. The reason of this is almost too obvious to be mentioned: it is all owing to the nine having practiced so much together.

It is this ability to play together that our clubs most need, and the regular practice days are the only opportunities of acquiring it. Upon the use of these three days of each week much of our future glory depends.

The College Mercury.

"Vigcat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, MAY 1, 1872.

EDITORS.

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VANITAS VANITATUM.

It was once the boast of the American people that they loved simplicity. That time has long since passed away, and now, whether it pleases or shames, it must be confessed that we are the most extravagant people on Earth. The wife of an American "Shoddy" can outshine in dress and costly ornaments the grandest lady in the courts of Europe.

Foreigners laugh at our attempts to imitate royalty. Expecting to witness and be refreshed by contact with a plain, liberty loving people, they justly sneer at our boasted democracy. The Grand Duke is introduced to the magnificent, the extravagant, the gorgeously attired, the florid Mrs. O'Toole. He is dazzled by her diamonds, drizzled with her fawning compliments to royalty, and puzzled by her astonishing grammar.

How refreshing it is to gaze upon the old fashioned knee-buckles of our great-grand-fathers, and listen to the tales of the good old fashioned people now resting in their graves!

We are not enemies to progress, nor do we sigh for a return of past days. But we do sigh for a return of that common sense and simplicity which were the noble characteristics of our revolutionary sires.

Simplicity is no enemy to progress. It will not slack the busy wheels of commerce, nor strike a blow at inventive genius. But it would curb the domineering spirit of an aristocracy of wealth—the bitterest foe to democracy.

In the eyes of the young, wealth would no longer be the one object in life, and man would cease to trample upon man in the mad race for gold.

There was a time when the exalted Senior passed his severe examinations, made his eloquent oration, received his degree and stepped quietly forth into the arena of life, without any flourish of trumpets to let the world know he was coming. Now all is changed.

The Senior's ability is now measured by his ability to settle bills.

The idea of graduating in this enlightened Nineteenth century, without the thousand and one absolutely necessary and indispensable concomitants of Commencement and Class Days, would be simply preposterous.

There must be gorgeous invitations, flattering photographs, plug hats, silver cradles, brass bands, parties,

suppers, dances, swallow-tailed coats, etc., etc., *ad nauseum*.

A wise man has truly said: "A loud laugh betrays an empty head." May it not also be true that the last grand flourish upon Commencement Day betrays a similar weakness?

Whether it does or does not betray such a weakness, to the lover of simplicity, at least, all this coming array of eloquent fireworks must be called a vanity of vanities.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

From Commissioner Eaton's last report to Secretary Delano, we glean the following interesting facts concerning the progress of education among the masses in Greece.

In a population amounting to 1,437,026, there is an attendance of 81,197 in her different schools. This is a percentage of 1 to 17 $\frac{2}{3}$ of the population of the kingdom, and is a very creditable showing, as compared with the educational condition of most other countries of Europe.

Female education is neglected. Out of the entire number of students in the kingdom (81,197) but 16,086 are females.

In the Universities law and medicine are the chief studies. Out of an attendance of 1,244, 622 are studying law, and 423 are named as students of medicine.

The result of such an over supply in the two professions has been productive of much evil to the state.

Minister Francis, writing from Athens says of this class:

"Many of them, unable to obtain employment in their professions, grow up in idleness, too proud to engage in productive pursuits, and struggling for subsistence by other means than manual labor. Numbers take up politics and endeavor to obtain employment in the public service. These embrace a large proportion of the office-seeking class, and constitute an element of mischief in political agitation by clamoring for frequent ministerial changes in the hope of securing subordinate official positions."

The public school system, established but forty years ago, seems likely to bring about a more healthy state of affairs.

Minister Francis speaks highly of the American Mission Schools. We give his own words on the subject, with reference especially to the mission of the Rev. Dr. Hill, which he ranks first in importance.

"The American mission-schools in Athens are doing an excellent work; especially the one founded by Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Hill, under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. The first school was established by them in July, 1831. These schools have been instrumental in giving an impetus to education, particularly as regards females, throughout Greece. During the forty years in which Rev. Dr. Hill and his accomplished wife have faithfully labored in this field of enterprise here, thousands have been educated in their schools. The pupils have been gathered from every rank in the community. Many Greek ladies have been taught the English language in these schools, which are now under the charge of Miss Muir, Mrs. Hill still acting as directress. Number of pupils at this time, 442; of whom 105 are boys, and 337 girls."

For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the educational system of modern Greece, we give below a brief outline.

1. The common schools for boys and girls are supported at the expense of the communes, the government also rendering aid where it is needed. The children of the rich, or the moderately well off, if they attend these common schools, pay for tuition from ten to fifty *leptas* (about 17 cents U. S. coin), a month. The poor pay nothing at all. The teacher receives the tuition fees and salary besides. In regard to the proportion of those knowing how to read and write as compared with those not knowing, we have not yet received such full information that we could speak with certainty.

2. Parents are required by law to send their children of the age of seven to twelve years to the common schools; but this law has not thus far been thoroughly enforced.

3. In the gymnasia are taught the preparatory studies for the entrance into the university, such as the ancient Greek and Latin languages, mathematics, history of elementary philology, with geography, etc. In the Greek schools the studies are preparatory to entering the gymnasium. Attendance in the Greek schools and gymnasia is without charge, inasmuch as our higher education is sustained at the expense of the government.

4. The university has four schools, those of theology, law, medicine, philosophy, and the school of pharmacy. The school of philosophy has two departments, mathematics and philology.

It seems strange thus to behold modern Greece receiving instruction in matters of Education from the West, which in turn was raised from a state of barbarism by the Learning of Ancient Greece. This is, however, the march of civilization. It dawns in the East, extends its light to the farthest West, and leaves the East enveloped in darkness.

Our own feet tread upon the remains of an ancient and unknown civilization; and so, ages hence other feet may tread upon ours.

O MIXTI COLLEGI!

The University Press charges the Simpsonian with getting off the following fervid eulogium upon the co-education of the sexes, as practised at the Simpsonian Centennial College, Iowa. The language is very questionable indeed, scarcely worthy of publication at all; nor would we give it publication in our columns, were it not that we desired to show the advocates of this system of education, the true moral tendency of that much boasted "mysterious influence," which sentimental visionaries believe is exerted by the weaker over the sterner sex.

Read for yourselves however. The light hearted, giddy headed youth who drizzled the following words in the "Simpsonian" makes a confession which only confirms us in our former opinion, that mixed colleges are one of the many corrupting delusions of this experimental age.

"If there is one thing sweeter, snugger, squeezer, kisser, hugger than another in this world of love and sunshine, it is going to a college mixed. Smiles, sugar and soothing syrup, serenades and sadness, study nothing, go among 'em, everything.

In this world of progress who wants to go to a convent to study? Not I. The "mysterious influence" is the proper thing for a student. Who wants to trifle away four years of his or her prime in hard study without any "influences"? Why boys and girls are as necessary to each other as pendulums to clocks or wheels to buggies.

The old fashion of "going it alone" is played out for the better one of "going it double."

Some may take their education 'straight,' but as for me 'give me 'mix' or give me nothing.'

Of all the institutions which a fast age has fixed
There is nothing that compares with a college that is mixed."

PROMIX.

JUNIOR DECLAMATIONS.

The contestants for the Larrabee prize have at last been named, and it is probable that the six will soon be at work over their orations.

The Junior prize exhibition ought to be made one of the pleasantest of the Commencement week exercises. With care in the selection of subjects for the speeches, there is no doubt of its proving something more than a mere examination. It can be made a source of real interest to those who listen. We well know that an undergraduate can not hold an audience entranced with his newly fledged eloquence. No one would attend the Junior speeches with such an anticipation. But that the least talented of the Junior class is unable to prepare a speech of an interesting character, we deny. Everything depends upon the subjects which the speakers select for their orations. An interesting speech on an uninteresting subject, is as rare as a handsome likeness of a homely face.

Subjects of interest at this day are far from being scarce. If the despairing Junior will cease to look up into the clouds for the theme of his eloquence, and cast but a hurried glance over the ground at his feet, subjects of a suitable and interesting kind will be easily found.

For a graduating oration, the crowning ornament of the college course, a dignified and lofty subject is perhaps in place, as affording a better field for classical oratory. But in the Junior speeches, there is no call, it seems to us, for sublime sentiment. These should be of a less dignified, a less aspiring character; suited to the natural, conversational style, rather than the affected, bombastic splurge which can only be tolerated when the speaker appears on the college stage for the last time.

It should be borne in mind, too, by those who take part in the Junior declamations, that a large portion of the audience will be composed of ladies; and the subjects should be selected with considerable partiality for female taste. This rule we are sure is a safe one. The speech which pleases the ladies is sure to win applause from the rest of the audience.

We have suggested subjects of a light character, because they are more interesting. It may perhaps seem to some that subjects of this kind, are not suited for declamation. For declamation of the elevated style of Cicero and Demosthenes they are not; but in that kind of oratory few undergraduates excel. These subjects at least ensure a more natural style.

It is a question in our mind whether there is not as much room for real oratory in the speech which requires a natural and unaffected delivery, as in the utterance of the lofty sentiments of an elaborate and flowery oration. At all events it is this natural style of oratory for which the present day, particularly calls; and if it is seldom met with, it is certainly appreciated whenever it is found.

We have taken the liberty of speaking thus plainly, confident that subjects chosen with these considerations will give to the Junior speeches an interest which the more important orations of the graduating class will not entirely eclipse.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North.....	10 41	A. M.	12 08	P. M.	7 37	P. M.
Going South.....	7 33	A. M.	1 58	P. M.	4 48	P. M.
Going West.....	8 00	A. M.	7 30	P. M.		

—Sunday, 21st inst., brought us our regular weekly snow storm. Mr. Merryweather of the Grammar school arrived the day before. We still find true that ancient proverb, "What's in a name?"

—Among our new arrivals we welcome Mr. Lente. Easter will be along in forty days.

—The Grammar school Prefects are in every way a very exemplary body, and are doing their duty manfully. We congratulate Messrs. Phillips, Hudson, Walker and Clay upon their recent incorporation into that honorable body.

—We rise to make a correction. "Reineke" wishes it to be distinctly understood that the name of the heroine of his tender melody is "Jenny who lives in the dell," and not "Susie," whom, he says, lives in the city. "Wade in" in "Reineke" and rival the "Merry Warbling Birds" in singing the praises of the sweet and gentle Jenny.

—The exercises of the Missionary Society on Sunday evening, the 21st inst., were the most interesting to which we have had the pleasure of listening for a long, long time. The society was not assisted by any outside speakers, and each of the gentlemen who made reports did themselves great credit. We wish especially to commend Mr. Livermore for his maiden effort. His subject was "Anglican Brotherhoods," which he treated in an able and masterly way. His delivery, however, was too calm, and his voice too low.

Give us more such exercises, and we will promise never more to grow weary and inwardly profane.

—A grand instrumental concert, by Bach's celebrated Band from Milwaukee, is to be given under the auspices of the Class of '72, on the evening of Re-union Day. This will be the first concert ever given by these celebrated musicians in Racine, and we predict for them an immense and appreciative audience.

The same band will play during the exercises of Class Day and upon Commencement Day.

Seventy-two are sparing neither pains nor expense to make Commencement a pleasure to all.

If the Class never do anything more in life, and never again appear "in public on the stage," it will at least depart from Alma Mater in the midst of a grand display of sounding horns and eloquent fireworks.

—The examinations of the Class of '72 will end May the 29th.

—Over two hundred children are gathered and instructed in our Mission Sunday schools every Sunday.

—The incoming Freshmen Class will probably number over twenty-five.

—A game of base ball was played on Wednesday between the college nine and a nine picked from the balance of the college and Grammar school.

The picked nine were allowed five outs, and were defeated by a score of 17 to 10. Six innings.

—The Badger and Clarkson Clubs have been reorganized for the coming season and are now vigorously training and practising for the annual matches.

The Captains are as follows:

BADGER CLUB.	CLARKSON CLUB.
1st Eleven, <i>Aquila Jones.</i>	1st Eleven, <i>E. R. Woodle.</i>
1st Nine, <i>Aquila Jones.</i>	1st Nine, <i>E. R. Woodle.</i>
2nd Eleven, <i>F. S. Gault.</i>	2nd Eleven, <i>E. G. Richmond.</i>
2nd Nine, <i>Joseph Charles.</i>	2nd Nine, <i>James Hough.</i>
3rd Eleven, <i>Joseph Charles.</i>	3rd Eleven, <i>Nelson Perin.</i>
3rd Nine, <i>Mabie Campbell.</i>	3rd Nine, <i>Nelson Perin.</i>
4th Eleven, <i>E. Hall.</i>	4th Eleven, <i>Charles P. Taft.</i>
4th Nine, <i>Turner Rumsey.</i>	4th Nine, <i>Percy Brooke.</i>
5th Eleven, <i>Harry Evans.</i>	5th Eleven, <i>Harry Ashley.</i>

—The exercises of the Addisonian society were varied on Wednesday last by substituting for the usual literary programme, a formal trial of the impeached censor. The occasion was deemed by the society of so great importance, that the doors were thrown open to the public.

The trial was conducted in strict accordance with court regimen. Mr. Doan appeared as counsel for the defendant, attired in the genuine habiliments of the law, and in his personification of petti-fogger, kept the court in such an uproar as even the astute sheriff was unable to restrain.

For the first few hours the trial afforded considerable fun; but during the last eight or ten the audience gradually became convinced that it was too long-winded to be interesting.

—The ivy of '72 has gone into training.

—The Freshmen the other evening were favored with tumblers of milk at supper; other college tables were not similarly treated. This is the grossest kind of personality.

—Regular cricket and base ball practice-days are again coming with *tri-weekly* regularity.

The book-worm, the fossil and the fattened calf groan piteously.

—The athletic P—p appeared at the first cricket practice in a war-like red cap. Tremendous pounding was expected when he gracefully accepted the willow and took his station at the wicket. He carried out his bat (after the first ball.)

—We are happy to announce that Mr. Thos. H. Sullivan of '69 has kindly consented to address the Addisonians on Society Day.

—The ladies intend giving another entertainment on the evening of the 8th of May.

We understand that it is to be of the same interesting character as their last. There are to be some more "wax figgers," displayed probably by some relative of Mr. and Mrs. Jarley. Tableaux and charades may also be expected.

—"Knock up and catch" finds a large number of devotees this year. The game keeps the Campus employed at nearly all hours of the day. Whenever a moment of spare time can be found, a crowd is sure to go out with a bat and ball, and "hoop 'er up."

—It is hoped that the new Grammar school building will be so nearly completed by the close of the term, that the commencement exercises can be held in it. This will be an improvement even upon the out of door arrangement of last year.

—The Juniors who are to take part this year in the prize reading and declamations, are Everhart, Strong, Jones, Larrabee, Gault and Hudson.

—The class song of '73 appears on another page. The music which Mr. Strong has arranged for the words is exactly suited to the liveliness of the song. Just at present it is the subject of all the whistling in the building.

—A certain student never goes down town by way of Main St., without turning up to Wisconsin a block this side of the M. E. Church. One dark night when returning from town he forgot to turn up until he was directly under its frightful spire. He says he just more than waded in the rest of the way to his room.

A Freshman who went to one of his superiors to apologize for an unpardonable insult, reverently describes the greeting which awaited him by saying "the boy just more than gnashed his teeth, and pealed every eye in his head."

—The lovers of base ball have been making arrangements for a "muffin" game between the Freshies and Sophs. The match, if it is played, will take place too late for us to notice it in this number. Both classes can boast of unrivaled champions, and the game can not fail to be a close one. The Sophs will put their heavy weight in the position of short stop, thus completely blocking up the distance between the second and third bases. They declare the Freshies will never knock a ball out of the diamond unless it first pass through Fatty's dead body. The players are to wear stove pipes and knee breeches.

—The college grounds promise this year to make a finer appearance than ever. Great pains have already been bestowed upon the lawns and walks, about Kemper Hall and the refectory, and some choice shrubbery has been set out in different parts of the grounds. Two new evergreens have been placed east of Taylor Hall. The old ones seem not to be doing very well this Spring; in fact they have been dead for several years.

—The match days for the remainder of the year are as follows:

- First Eleven, Thursday, May 9th.
- Second Eleven, Monday, June 10th.
- Third Eleven, Monday, June 17th.
- Fourth Eleven, Monday, June 24th.
- Fifth Eleven, Monday, July 1st.
- First Eleven, Thursday July 4th.
- Second Nine, Thursday June 13th.
- Third Nine, Thursday, June 20th.
- Fourth Nine, Thursday, June 27th.

It will be remembered that the First Nine match, and the first game of Cricket between the First Elevens were played last Fall. Both of these games went to the Clarksons.

The city of Racine is showing signs of wild and reckless dissipation. Think of it; a theatre for three consecutive weeks; and, Oh, such a theatre!

The hours have been changed to the Summer arrangement: afternoon study coming immediately after dinner, instead of following evening service, and breakfast (not so pleasant) coming half an hour earlier than before.

Professor (lecturing on the different classes of insects.) Give me a specimen of the *aptera*.

Junior. The angle-worm.

Prof. (somewhat discouraged.) Well, let us have an example of the *lepidoptera*.

Incorrigible Junior. The mud-turtle.

—Everybody was delighted to see the genial face of Mr. January, upon his arrival at the College on the evening of the 27th ult.

His trip to Europe has not altered his former appearance in the least. He is the same hale and hearty fellow. He threw himself straightway into his old college habits, played with the College Nine, on Monday last, and did honor to left field with all the grace and dexterity of former days. He will make a flying trip to Nashotah, to see his old room-mate, "Olin," spend another day with his Alma Mater, and then return to his home in St. Louis, where, he says, his friends are going to put a *belle* on his neck, and domesticate him.

—In our Personal columns we spoke of not having had the pleasure of speaking with Mr. Doe. We afterwards encountered him upon the Campus and had a pleasant chat.

He is in the lumber business in Chicago, and looks as tough as one of his own pine knots.

THE following comes from a College in Mississippi:

MARRIED—Mr. Lorenzo Day, of '70, to Miss Martha Week, of Chickisaw County.

A Day is made, a Week is lost,
But time should not complain;
There 'll soon be little Days enough,
To make a Week again.

THE COURANT is responsible for the following:

Miss White, a strapping young lassie, some six feet tall, at one of our Western Universities, is nick-named "Alba Longa" by her facetious comrades.

Query, what University?

St. Mary's (Knoxville, Bl.) New Hall, when completed, will be a large, commodious and handsome structure.

The school has grown wonderfully since the beginning in 1868, and now gives evidence of a vitality which will secure its success in the future.

The energetic young ladies of the school publish a handsome and well edited monthly, called the *Sigma Mu Paladium*.

THE SONS at Ripon College use second hand hair pins for book-marks. Another advantage of mixed colleges.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE JUNIOR Exhibition of Hamilton College took place March 28th. There were thirty-three speakers, seventeen of whom occupied the afternoon, and sixteen the evening.

THE SENIORS of William's College have established a telegraph line for the purpose of gaining a practical knowledge of the art.

BISHOP ATKINSON, of North Carolina, is to preach the baccalaureate sermon this year, at Washington and Lee University.

PROF. DRAPER, of Columbia College, is to edit a new scientific department in *Scribner's*, called "Nature and Science," beginning with the May number.

PAUL A. CHADBOURNE, L.L. D., formerly President of Wisconsin State University, has accepted the Presidency of William's College.

YALE has already made preparations for fifteen match games of base ball this coming season.

A LARGE number of students at Yale arose early on Easter Day, and notwithstanding the rain, attended the half past six service at Trinity.—*Yale Courant*.

BELOIT COLLEGE graduates thirteen at her next commencement. Rockford Female Seminary graduates the same number. It is reported that each fair one has selected a Beloit Senior, and intends to "go for him."

THE SOPHOMORES of Lawrence University must be a hard looking crew. "Bummers" stop them on the street and inquire for the best saloon in the city.

BASE BALL is stagnant at Trinity College. The National game seems to have fallen into disfavor. The boat club, however, is taking fresh life.

AT ALBION COLLEGE the ladies occupy four out of seven places in the class day exercises.

THE DEEDS for the sale of Trinity College grounds to the city for \$600,000 have been made out. The college also gives bonds to commence the new building within the city limits within five years.

CORNELL COLLEGE, Ia., has an endowment of \$100,000.

BROWN UNIVERSITY was founded in 1764.

THE "Atom" editor of the *Harvard Advocate* continues to breathe feebly. The following sample of his wit is the latest:

"We are promised hard work in the gymnasium hereafter, as there will be *Lister* (blister) in charge." Give us one more, and then die.

PERSONALS.

THOMAS. Our old friend "Rip" of '71 was among us on the 19th. He looked "flourishing," was evidently none the worse for his three years medical study and practice.

BOWEN. We also had a visit from friend "Jimmie" of '75. It is the first visit he has paid us, we believe, since his trip to Europe. Travelling evidently agrees with him as he looked extremely well.

MORTON of '72. At last accounts "Quin" was pushing his patent through the office at Washington. We hope soon to hear something further from him.

LULL of '69. We are happy to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from "Newt" containing his subscription, for which he has our thanks and credit to July 10th.

PLANT. From Mr. Bowen we learn that "Lou," of '72, is still in Switzerland enjoying himself.

DOE. We noticed Charley Doe in the gallery of the Chapel a few evenings since, but did not have the pleasure of speaking to him. He has not changed in the least.

MITCHELL SCOTT, of '75, writes us from St. Louis, enclosing amount of subscription. He does not say what he is doing.

PONSONBY, formerly of '74, writes us from Fort Eric, Canada. He still entertains a warm affection for Alma Mater, and expresses a tender regard for '74. His future address will be St. Thomas, Canada.

DEWOLF. We were fortunate enough to meet our old friend, who sails under the above title, on the street the other day. He has seceded from the Grammar School, and is running a private arrangement of his own down town. Unmolested by Prefects, he is a law into himself, and is supremely happy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Our table has once more become flooded with pleasant reading matter, which it gives us great pleasure to notice.

THE HARPER *Weekly* and *Bazaar* are the first to meet our eyes. The former has been steadily improving, until now it appears (in our eyes, at least,) fifty per cent. better than it did six months ago. The *Bazaar* is also in good order, but our masculine tastes forbid our expressing a fair judgment of its merits. The *Monthly* for May has not yet been received.

SCRIBNER'S for May has been received. We would especially call attention to the serial of Mrs. Oliphant, "At his Gates" and an additional paper from Charles D. Warner. Terms, \$4.00 a year.

Address Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for May has also been received. In addition to an interesting article on the combination of the faculties, it contains many other interesting papers.—Terms, \$3.00 per year.

Address S. R. Wells, New York.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for May has been received, and contains among its many good things, an interesting chapter from "Three Years in a Man-Trap." Terms, \$2.00 a year.

Address T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ALDINE for May has been received, excellent as to artistic portion, especially "Adirondac Scenery," still we must say that the light and elegant character of the reading matter makes it equally acceptable and valuable. Terms, \$5.00 a year, including a chromo.

Address James Sutton & Co., 23 Liberty Street, New York.

THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL, a quarterly devoted to the interest of School Exercises, Exhibitions, Public Days, &c., has been received. Terms 75 cents a year, or 20 cents sample copy.

Address Alfred L. Sewell, Chicago, Ill.



"HAEC PLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XI.

RACINE COLLEGE, MAY 20, 1872.

NO. 6.

CLASS SONG OF '72.

BY HERBERT ROOT.

Joyous and free!
 Now will we sing,
 Merrily sing as we go:
 Join in the song!
 Pleasures belong
 To those, who enjoy them below.
 Four years of toil,
 Ended for aye!
 Ne'er will we meet here again.
 Studies are done;
 Life's work begun!
 Brothers, we now will be men.
 Now we must part!
 Journeying on,
 Onward through sorrows and joys:
 Ne'er we'll forget
 Where we have met,
 While we were merry young boys.
 Far, far away
 From these old halls,
 Hither we'll wander in mind.
 Memories dear
 Ever will cling
 Fondly about them entwined.
 Days, that are past,
 Tell of the joys,
 Which never more shall we know:
 Days, that shall come,
 Sorrows may bring,
 Sorrows and troubles and woe.
 Yet we rejoice,
 Merrily sing!
 Brothers, come banish all cares:
 Hearts, that are brave,
 Battles will win;
 Victory crowns him who dares.
 Happy, then, we
 Ever shall be,—
 Happy and free while we may.
 Loudly we'll sing,
 Voices shall ring,
 Marching through life's weary way.

ANOTHER BADGER VICTORY.

THE CLARKSON FIRST ELEVEN DEFEATED BY A SCORE OF
 108 TO 156.

On Thursday the 9th inst., Ascension Day, the second in the series of matches between the Badger and Clarkson First Elevens was played. The day dawned auspiciously, with enough clouds to avert the burning rays of the sun, and with a warm south-west wind to temper our naturally cool atmosphere.

The nickel was tossed at 10 o'clock A. M., and the Badgers were sent to bat, with Day and Doan handling the willow.

The Badgers' hearts beat anxiously as they remembered their defeat of last November, and considered being sent to bat first as an inauspicious sign.

Mr. Day, however, received the Clarkson balls with the utmost indifference and sent them flying over the campus in every direction, in a way that almost demoralized his opponents. Whenever he struck a ball the whole Clarkson Eleven would take after it, and back one another up in a long disorderly line, until it was safely in again. They certainly deserve credit for their agility, but not for their poor fielding.

The campus was now ringing with uproarious applause, and the Badgers felt confident of victory.

Mr. Day held his bat until he ran up the handsome score of 37. Mr. Doan, usually one of the most successful batters in the Badger Club, was not favored by the fickle goddess to day.

Jimmie Hough gave him a "soft-soaper," which caused him to retire with an "egg-shell" registered against him. Aertson then took the willow, batting neatly and securing five runs when he was bowled out by Hudson. Mr. Mead shared Doan's fate, at the hand of Hudson.

Mr. Rowe now went in and made some very fine strikes, securing eleven runs; bowled out by Hough. Taber succeeded him, and, in his first attempt, made a powerful rap, by which he got five runs. His next was a skew ball striking his leg, whereupon the Umpire decided him out on "leg before the wicket!" Rather "thin;" but as the Badgers were feeling quite mellow about this time they did not dispute the decision. Norris took the fallen bat, and struck for victory, making a beautiful play, and securing three runs upon it. His total was four runs; bowled out by Hough. Benton next took the bat securing four runs, when he was caught out by Hudson. Larrabee was the next, who ran up a score of four. Benton, Larrabee and Jones distinguished themselves as usual by running up a large number of hys. The same gentlemen distinguished themselves in a like manner last November, defeating the Clarksons in the first innings by swift running and dogged determination.

Of the remaining Badgers, Walker O. was "shelled" out by Hough, and Jones carried out his bat closing the innings with a total score of 99.

The Clarksons now took the bat, feeling that a great responsibility was resting upon them, and determined to

"FORGET THE LAST ARMED FOR EXPEDITION."

Messrs. Spalding and Hudson led off, both playing finely, but at the end of the third run Mr. Spalding was bowled out by Mr. Mead. Hough then went in and made

several skilful plays, securing seven runs, when he was caught out by the dextrous manipulations of Larrabee.

Whitmore was the next victim. He played with the air of a man who means business, but alas! for his zeal. In his great eagerness to secure runs, he forgot the "popping crease," and the sophisticated gentleman who stood behind it. He had secured nine runs and hope was beating high. He made a bold launch outside of his "popping crease," but the ball, instead of being delivered, "swung around the circle" and took his bails off, and the valiant "Billy," wilted like a morning-glory. The remaining Clarksons soon followed in the train of disasters; none, however, making plays worthy of special notice, with the exception of Ellis who made several fine raps, securing six runs, when he was caught out by Day.

The fielding of the Badgers afforded a remarkable contrast to that of the Clarksons. Messrs. Mead and Larrabee bowled with telling effect. Larrabee gained the first "maiden over," but Mead's bowling was what did the business for the Clarksons. The round hand bowling seemed harder for the batters to manage than the under hand bowling, yet it did not bowl out a single man during the entire match.

The innings closed for the Clarksons with a total of 74.

The second innings was not so successful for either side as the first, though each played with a harder will and more dogged perseverance. The wind, too, had by this time changed suddenly to the north, and blew such searching, chilling blasts that all eagerly wished for the end of contest.

The Badgers retired with a score of 57, making a grand total of 156.

The Clarkson score was still smaller, 34, bearing about the same ratio to the Badger score as in their first innings, which is quite remarkable. Their first score was less by 25 than the Badgers, and their second by 23.

Mr. Hudson, as in the November contest, was the Clarkson lion. In the former match he ran up a score of 51, making one-half their entire score; and in this contest made a score of 45, which is not far from half their present score. It is very rarely that we find a man who is equally powerful at the bat and as a bowler; but Mr. Hudson certainly does combine these rare qualities. What will become of the Clarksons when he leaves the College, is something fearful to think of.

We cannot leave the subject without speaking of a new tactic introduced into the game by Mr. Jones. Fired with a firm resolve to win the victory, he determined to bring his base ball into requisition. Accordingly he took the place of bowler in the second innings, and pitched swift bottom batters. This was a poser for the Clarksons. Even Hudson fell a victim to it, and whilst several of them managed to block them successfully, they could not make but few runs on them. In the first part of the game, Jones dispensed with a wicket keeper, placing the extra man at "short leg," filling the places of wicket-keeper and long-stop himself. This worked admirably and added greatly to the fielding of the Badgers.

Taber took the same position when Jones was bowling, and filled it with great credit, although being quite unwell during the entire match.

It is but just, perhaps to say that the Clarksons played at a disadvantage because of the sickness of two of their men. We doubt, however, whether their regular long-stop could have done as well as Mr. Doe, or their regular bowler better than Mr. Hough. Their wicket-keeper, Mr. Ellis, played remarkably well, and we heartily congratulate him.

We were pleased to see some of the professors and several ladies upon the field. Such things still infuse spirit into the hearts of modern men of muscle, as did the presence of the fair ones into the hearts of the knights of old. Considering the rawness of the weather in the afternoon, we are tempted to reverse the usual order in speaking of the weaker sex, and to call them brave women and fair men.

The next match will be the decisive game, and is looked forward to with great expectations. It will be played late in June. We trust the Badgers will not recline upon their laurels, so as to neglect the all important drill, which will be needed for the last "tug."

The Clarksons feel sore, and will fight to the bitter end next time, but if the Badgers are awake they will fight in vain.

We append the score giving all the particulars of the game:

BADGER FIRST ELEVEN.			
FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Day	- 37 b x Hudson.	Day	- 2 b x Hudson—39
Doan	- 0 b x Hough.	Doan	- 3 b x Hudson—3
Aertsen	- 5 b x Hudson.	Aertsen	9 b x Hudson—14
Mead	- 0 b x Hudson.	Mead	- 7 l. b. wicket—7
Rowe	- 11 b x Hough.	Rowe	- 5 b x Hough—16
Taber	- 5 l. b. wicket.	Taber	- 12 b x Hough—17
Norris	- 4 b Hough.	Norris	- 1 b x Hough—5
Benton	- 4 c x Hudson.	Benton	3 b x Hough—7
Larrabee	- 4 run out.	Larrabee	4 b x Hough—8
Walker O.	- 0 b x Hough.	Walker O.	1 not out—1
Jones	- 1 not out.	Jones	- 0 c x Sturges—1
Byes	28.	Byes	10—38.
Total	99.	Total	57—156.

CLARKSON FIRST ELEVEN.			
FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Spalding	3 b x Mead.	Spalding	5 s x Mead—8.
Hudson	- 32 not out.	Hudson	13 b x Jones—45.
Piper	- 1 c x Larrabee.	Piper	3 c x Jones—4.
Woodle	- 2 b x Mead.	Woodle	0 b x Mead—2.
Hough	- 7 c x Larrabee.	Hough	1 b x Mead—8.
Whitmore	- 9 s x Larrabee.	Whitmore	0 b x Mead—9.
Sturges	- 5 b x Mead.	Sturges	5 not out—10.
Doe	- 0 b x Jones.	Doe	1 c x Larrabee—1.
Morrall	- 2 b x Mead.	Morrall	0 b x Mead—2.
Ellis	- 6 c x Day.	Ellis	2 s x Day—8.
Talbott	- 0 l. b. wicket.	Talbott	3 b x Jones—3.
Byes	4.	Byes	0—4.
Wides	3.	Wides	1—4.
Total	74.	Total	34—108.

Scorers,—Messrs. Edwards and Small.
Umpires,—Messrs. Everhart and Nicholson.

Ad urbem ivit Doudias cum Caballo et calone,
Ornavit pluma pileum, et dixit "Macaroni."
—Morgan.

CONSTANCY AND CONSISTENCY.

These are two qualities of widely different character and yet not so widely separated after all. Let us look around us and we shall find them not only assimilated in name but actually moving hand in hand amongst us.

The one calls forth the other and together they go far to make up the character of those whom we call noble.

Does constancy come and take up her abode with us; no sooner is she established within us than we straightway prepare ourselves for the arrival of her sister consistency. Is consistency the inseparable companion of any of us; it is only because constancy has long since made her home with him. Constancy aids one in his battles and bestows upon him victory, but it is consistency who enables him to triumph gloriously. Constancy surmounts all obstacles and makes the mountain a mole hill, but it is consistency that clears the path of thorns and briars and gives the true glory to the conquest.

Fair sisters, inseparable twain, happy he who makes you his companions.

This fair picture might perchance seem out of place in the columns of a college paper, were it not for one fact. It is a picture fair in itself, but it is also a sober reality and our college is the place where it is oftenest found. Upon what does our appreciation of a student depend? Do we not respect him according as we can rely upon him or his word? But suppose that in a slipshod shilly-shallying way he manages to keep his promise, but at the same time is guilty of innumerable inconsistencies,—acts which, while we overlook them in others, we find unpardonable in him. Does he not fall, in our estimation almost as seriously as though he turned out careless and unreliable?

Nay, he falls below the careless and unreliable one; for by our acquaintance with the jovial, thoughtless character of the latter we learn to expect pretty much anything from him. Nothing to him is inconsistent. The very absence of all constancy renders it impossible for inconsistency to exist.

Take, however, one who is constant in all his aims and desires, and if we find inconsistencies in him the case is far different. It is a proof that his constancy is sustaining some injury, perhaps ready to depart from him altogether. It is a sad thing to see one endeavoring to be constant in his course through life and yet tied down by little inconsistencies at every step.

If the sight is a sad one to look upon it is only because it is doubly sad for the person himself. The repeated evidence of the lack of the very quality he is endeavoring to cultivate renders him less and less self-reliant and according as self-reliance departs his constancy leaves him. Again the sight of such a one gives rise to a feeling of disgust. It is like biting through the fair surface of Sodom's fruit, to find nothing but ashes within.

When we see a student fired with noble impulses, manly and upright in his character, deserving and winning our sincere respect, how revolting and disgusting to us is the feeling produced by beholding some mean selfish action marring his course.

How disgusting is the sight of one who professes himself to be a Christian and carries his professions to a degree that is almost unpleasant—how disgusting it is to behold him, the one whose constancy we perchance had

learned to admire, suddenly casting himself down to wallow in the mire and filth which the lowest of times shuns. If it is disgusting to us, it is to be hoped it is disgusting to himself as well; but alas! it is to him too often a subject of congratulation to think that he is now "no better than other men."

There is, however, still another side to constancy. It is constancy alone that gives one's efforts their full force and consistency alone that gives them their true value.

The one who battles manfully in all directions at once, what could he not accomplish were his efforts directed towards only one point.

The picture of the two companions, the one all powerful, the other glorifying all conquest, is wondrous fair, but far fairer it seems to us is the picture of him who works under their direction.

THE TAYLOR-BLACKBURN PLAGIARISM EMBROGLIO.

The *Blackburn Gazette*, in which appeared "that plagiarism" of Mr. Taylor's, to which we referred in a recent number, has reached us.

It is appropriately disfigured with red chalk, to call our attention to the startling fact that it does not *claim* to be an *original* sheet; and that the much abused Mr. Taylor is not a student of the Blackburn University, but an *unknown* genius, whom "we never saw, heard of, nor read of."

In the first place, Mr. *Gazette*, we object to your spelling our name with a *u* instead of an *e*. Mercury was a deity, in heathen mythology, of too great usefulness, and too wide-spread celebrity, for us to allow you, unrebuked, to disfigure his honorable name in such a shocking manner.

In the next place we are glad to know that Mr. Taylor is not a member of your institution, and that he is a poet (?) of unknown origin. It is devoutly to be wished, both for his own sake and that of his former admirers that he may forever remain in obscurity.

Had he the genius of a Chatterton, he might rise even under the burden of this sad revelation of his moral depravity; but as *his* genius is not of the creative, but of the *filching* kind, let us charitably leave him to the enjoyment of that oblivion, which covers a multitude of sins.

You must not blame us, however, for treading on your corns.

We paid you the highest compliment which we could possibly have paid you when we took it for granted that the excellent matter in your columns was *original*.

We regret to learn that it is not so; for we cannot conceive any excuse for the existence of a college paper, which is not strictly edited by its students.

Whittier, Longfellow and the psalmists are very good in their place; but their place is not in a college paper, except it be by way of illustration or embellishment in an essay.

In conclusion, Mr. Blackburn, we have only to say, that the vulgarity of your closing sentence exhibits a degree of coarseness, to which we cannot descend.

Its vulgarity is only equalled by the silliness of your former "Rules for Success in Life."

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, MAY 20, 1872.

EDITORS.

H. C. DILLON. E. A. LARABEE. MORTON STORNO. E. G. BICKMOND.

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

TERMS:

College Year.....\$2.00 | Single Copy 15 cts.

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.

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, Wisconsin."

A. C. Sanford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

This number of the MERCURY makes its appearance a few days later than the regular time for its publication. For the benefit of those who have expected the number nearer the middle of the month we would say, that the time of publication of this and the two remaining numbers of this year has been purposely changed, in order to publish these three last issues at regular intervals from each other, and at the same time to prevent the last number from becoming due until the week before commencement. The last issue of the year would otherwise make its appearance as early as the middle of June, and thus the events of the month, which intervene between the 15th of June, and the close of the term, would be left unchronicled.

By thus slightly lengthening the intervals between these last numbers the occurrence of this blank, to which we have alluded, will be prevented, and our last issue will appear late enough to enable us to publish the programme of commencement week, and to take notice of many of the interesting events that cluster around the last few weeks of the year.

We trust this explanation will satisfy all whom our seeming delay has disappointed.

THE LAST DEBATE.

At the meeting on Tuesday evening Addisonia had a very lively debate on a subject of considerable interest. The question discussed was with reference to the two departments in our institution of college and grammar school: "Resolved that the proximity of college and grammar school in this institution is injurious to both."

It is a question which has never met with a doubt in the minds of the trustees, and one which in all likelihood will never be discussed by authorities any higher than the members of the Addisonian Society.

The affirmative party on the debate endeavoured manfully to shoulder the burden of proof, and went to work at the question as audaciously as circumstances would allow.

They argued that the total dissimilarity in the two departments as regard the ages, the privileges, and the studies of the students, made such a conjunction detrimental to both.

They said that the greater privileges of the students of the college, caused a certain amount of discontent among the scholars of the grammar school.

They believe that the necessary association of college and grammar school students, was, owing to the wide differences in the ages of the students of the two departments, injurious to both parties; that friendships contracted between the young man in college and the boy in the grammar school were in a great majority of cases still more hurtful, inasmuch as no additional dignity ever accrued from such associations to the student, while the grammar school-boy was frequently petted and spoiled. They could recall instances of such injurious friendships and affirmed that such instances were common, while friendships of a beneficial character were exceedingly rare.

The affirmative also attempted to show that the moral tone of both departments was lowered by their proximity. This they tried to do by raking up into a heap all such immorality as "smouging" and other things which a fertile memory enabled them to find, and asserting that the negative could not prove to the contrary, laying it down as a rule that whatever immorality exists in the collegiate department is all owing to its being near a grammar school.

On this point the affirmative "slipped up." Few were able to swallow the assertion.

The affirmative also said, without firmly establishing the point, that the plan was financially extravagant, and that the training was not as thorough in either department as it could be if that department were a distinct institution.

They made it a strong point that the collegiate department loses dignity from being thus associated with a grammar school; that the institution itself which goes by the name of Racine College is represented outside by two students from the grammar school, where there is one from the collegiate department, and that the college proper is thereby lowered in public estimation, and cannot prosper as it otherwise would.

The affirmative thought a big grammar school much better than a small grammar school with a small college attached, and preferred a large college to a college of smaller size in close proximity with a grammar school.

The negative of course had nothing further to do than to answer the arguments brought forward by the affirmative. Owing to the nature of the question many of the arguments of the affirmative were of that character that it only required of the negative a flat contradiction to cancel them. When the affirmative said *yes*, the negative always said *no*, and whatever the affirmative *thought* of course the negative *did not think*.

The affirmative alluded to the discontent in the grammar school, but of course to *prove* that there was discontent was impossible. The negative, as might be expected, were unwilling to take their word for it, and said there was no discontent. The affirmative knew there *was* by experience; the negative knew by experience there *was not*.

To the argument brought forward concerning the nature of the associations and friendships between the members of the two departments, the negative replied that such associations were to a certain extent prohibited inas-

much as the grammar school students are not allowed in the college building.

In answer to the objection that the training was less thorough, the negative pointed to the high standing of some of the members in the different classes and forms. An appeal to facts would have been perfectly in place just here, but the appeal in question was somewhat one-sided. The negative could have met the argument much better in some other way.

They would not allow that the collegiate department was lowered in dignity as the affirmative stated; but failed to meet this point squarely, and only partially answered the objection.

The negative made a great mistake in devoting so much time to bringing up arguments for the system, instead of answering the objections brought against it. In many instances where arguments of the affirmative might have been easily met, the negative took no notice of them whatever; and they answered other arguments only partially, in order to find more time to bring forward their own.

Many of the arguments of the affirmative which the negative allowed to pass unnoticed were so fallacious, that the moderator decided, with some hesitation, that they ought to receive no weight in his decision, and the debate was decided in favour of the negative.

As regards liveliness of speaking the moderator gave the preference to the affirmative, and to their credit it must be said that their speaking increased in earnestness, proportionately to the fallacy of their arguments.

NEWS FROM THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

As yet we have learned the names of only five of the grammar school journals: *Lower School Times*, *Lower School Tribune*, *Lower School Sentinel*, *Lower School Herald*, *College Lyre*, and *Lower School Star*.

These journals are written out on strips or on foolscap, and, as there is only one copy of each, we publish for the benefit of those who have not seen the original papers, a few extracts which we consider too good to be lost.

We learn from the *Lyre* that

"The fight that was to come off yesterday has been postponed till to-night at ten o'clock. The combatants are Messrs. S—and M—. Admission 50 cents. Children half-price."

On the first page of the *Times* is this

EDITORIAL.

"This being our first and great bombastic entrance into this world of action, in which we are called to perform our parts bravely like M—and S—the memory of whom is dear to every American heart, and now in this great moment may our hearts throb with joy and never be turned to sorrow."

Poor M—and S— seem to get it heavy. Names in the original are always printed in full. The *Times* goes it strong in the local column, with no regard for truth. Witness the following:

"A sad accident occurred on the day before yesterday. Master N—E— while gazing down in a gopher hole had his 'nasal' bitten off. The gophers are in great excitement about the nose."

"Our friend S. still continues to frighten small boys of

Park Hall with his terrible war-cry 'I advise you to cheese that.'"

The *Times* has another local on "What we know about the entertainment of Wednesday, which commenced with the tableaux of the *Beautiful Snorer*." It is thus that they allude to that magnificent representation of the *Sleeping Beauty*.

The following is an advertisement:

"GRAND LECTURE, by Sir— on what he knows about giving tasks. As it will be of great benefit to the college, the audience will be allowed to remain until the lecture is over."

The greatest fault of our grammar school editors is their fearful personality. Some of those M's and S's may get after them unless they are careful.

COLLEGE PAPERS.

So much has been said of late about college journalism, by the different college papers, that the press of the outside world has taken up the subject, ventilated it and given rise to many wise and valuable thoughts.

The following extract from an article on the subject, in the *New York Independent*, is too true to be lost:

"The many college newspapers are of the greatest use, and fully justify the outlay of time and money which they require. Every college, of any vitality, has a journal; and although they are by no means perfect as yet, still these student-papers are very creditable, and every year improve in their appearance and substance. They are a sign of the times. They indicate the influence of culture in the world. They assert the presence of a mighty body of men and women toiling under the best inspiration for the noblest intellectual object. The immediate value of these papers to the students is very great. They are an incomparable machinery for rhetorical practice. The best way to learn to use the English language is to write for the columns of a newspaper. College journals are also great instruments of manliness, industry and good order among the students; they constantly manufacture public opinion on the right side. A good college paper is worth more for the moral and gentlemanly tone of college life than a library of by-laws, and an army of faculty spies."

With the breaking up of winter and the setting in of spring—a fact which had appeared rather dubious of late—the elevens and nines are once more at their accustomed work. Naturally, the first topic which presents itself for our consideration in this connection is what elevens and nines is the college to play this summer? Rumor says that the Evanston nine is to have two or three games with us. We hope so.

We are sorry to announce, however, that the intended match with the Nashotah eleven has been broken off on account of the inability of the latter to fulfil their engagement. Can any one give us any information with respect to the proposed use of the riding park for the college base ball matches? Are we to have it or not? We should like to hear somewhat concerning the matter, for if we are to be allowed to use it, it is high time we should know it.

Pulchrum autumnus pulcher.—Hoc.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41	A. M.	12 08	P. M.	7 27	P. M.
Going South	7 23	A. M.	1 58	P. M.	4 48	P. M.
Going West	8 00	A. M.	7 30	P. M.		

—The long expected entertainment of the Ladies' Aid Society took place on the evening of Wednesday the 8th. Taken as a whole we think it quite an improvement on their last effort. The music which was under the supervision of Mr. R. Park was good and gave evidence of considerable progress on the part of most of the musicians. We noticed an addition to the usual number of instruments in the shape of our old friend the "pig" which "Wads" was manipulating with great fluency.

The tableaux were excellent, especially those of the "Sleeping Beauty" and "The Trial of Antonio."

We must congratulate "Portia" (Mrs. Amos) upon her brilliant success.

The vocal music, furnished by the glee club, was good, but the first quartette was sung too softly. The second was excellent.

What shall we say about Mr. Jarley and Betsey? If there were any defects in Betsey's (Mr. Gant's) descriptions they were all lost in the superb soprano solo with which we were favored. The incorrigible "Eph" (Mr. Doan) was eminently successful in his attempts at "bringing down the house."

We must not omit the last but, by no means, least portion of the evening's work—"The Trial of Constance de Beverley." The part of Constance which was taken by Miss Elnendorf was very well rendered, but we are afraid that the tableau itself did not receive its proper amount of attention or appreciation on account of the lateness of the hour. The only objection we have to offer is that the delay occasioned by the rather tardy preparation of the tableaux protracted the entertainment rather longer than was agreeable.

—Monday the 13th inst. was a disastrous day for upper classmen. The seniors were conquered by bright eyes in the city; the juniors were defeated, in a scrub game, by the Grammar School Nine, and lastly, the sophomores were completely overwhelmed by the freshmen, in a match game of cricket.

We have already devoted such a considerable portion of our columns to the First Eleven match, that we could not feel justified in giving an extended notice of the sophomore and freshman contest, were it not so rare an occurrence for classes to test their strength in cricket. Heretofore whenever a dispute has arisen between classes, regarding their comparative strength, base ball has always been called into requisition to settle the matter. We were commending this new spirit in favor of cricket to a well known base ball enthusiast, soon after the match, whereupon he hurled this withering and silencing retort at us: "The sophs have been beaten by the freshmen already in every other kind of a game, and so there wasn't anything else for them to play.—Cricket eh?—Bah!"

Throwing partisan spirit aside, it was a good game, and remarkably well played by the freshmen.

Charles, especially, did himself great credit, running up

the enormous score of 54, which we think is the largest score yet made in any cricket match heretofore played in the college.

Lockwood also played well, making a score of 27 runs, which, for a man of his muscular powers, is something prodigious. Taber, Resor, McKey, Martin, and Aertsen also did well, each securing respectable scores. Resor and Hough distinguished themselves by their fine bowling.

Of the sophs it is but right to say that three of their best men were not in the game, and also, that they did not play their usual game by any means. They still feel confident of victory, and like Horace Greeley with Grant, they are willing to do anything to beat the freshies.

Of the sophs, Doe, Nicholson and Whitmore made the largest scores. The bowling of Messers. Nicholson and McDowell deserves great commendation.

At the close of the game, the score stood 74 to 109 and three wickets, in favor of the freshmen.

The right of '75 to plug hats, we suppose, will not be disputed any longer by '74 at least.

The next conflict between these two warlike classes is to be a mufing game of cricket, and the victory will be decided in favor of the class that makes the *least* number of runs. We look forward with great expectations.

—Seven hundred invitations to the reunion of old students have just been struck off by the *Advocate* press. The invitations are ornamented with a very handsome monogram containing the letters R. C., and beneath them a scroll with the college motto *Vigat Radix*. The design equals in beauty anything of the kind that we have ever seen, and its beauty is enhanced by the printing in two colors. The invitation is a model of neatness and reflects the greatest credit upon *Advocate* work.

—A member of the scientific department is said to have discovered in one of his recent ramblings a bat's nest. The cruel-hearted P-p hooked all the eggs and is going to put them under a setting hen.

—Journalism is all the rage in the grammar school. The lower school edits some five or six papers. A specimen of these, *The Lower School Times* lies upon our table. It is edited by Masters Ponsonby, Parsons and Tolhurst, and is carefully copied on six pages of foolscap. Its contents, especially the locals and personals, show promising editorial talent, but if the *MERCURY* may be pardoned for doing so, it would advise these clever young editors always to avoid personalities.

—The piece of ground on the south side of the chapel, which is known as the flower garden, has been sodded over. Separate beds cut in the shape of crosses, diamonds, circles and ellipses are to take the place of the unsodded garden of last year.

—From a single spot on the campus we counted, the other day, eleven games of cricket. Considering that it was not a practice afternoon this shows a growing interest in the game.

—The freshmen paste placards on the outside of their doors with their names printed thereon in large letters, for the enlightenment of visitors. A placard of this kind on the third floor announces to the public that the inmates of a certain room are "temperance men and liberal republicans."

—Work has begun on the foundation of the new grammar school building. We expect to see the building nearly completed by the end of the term.

—We have a freshman who is so "sweet" on a certain young lady, that in a fit of passionate devotion he adopted a little dog and named it "May" in honor of his fair charmer. The "purp" ran off and left him.

—A grammar school youth objects to being yelled at as if he were blind.

—The gophers are leading a miserable life. It affords undying amusement to the small boys of the grammar school to drown the poor things out of their holes, and to lead them about the grounds with a piece of string. June bugs will be along pretty soon, and then the gophers will perhaps be given a rest.

—Mr. C. S. Harris has been looking out for the comforts of his customers as usual. The newly papered walls and general neat appearance of his dining-hall give evidence of his desire to please.

—Horace Greeley is upheld by the leading grammar school papers.

—The road back of the grave-yard will soon be ready for use. It cuts off quite a large piece of ground from the southeast corner of the college lot by taking a graceful bend into main street.

—Students who expect to have a good show of flowers by commencement week should be getting their window-boxes out. As yet almost nothing has been done in respect to horticulture, except the gardening of the college.

—The invitations to the Warden's reception and the class party of '72 have, we understand, just been received from Gavitt. They are said to be beauties.

—The grave for the new building to go into is almost dug, and the grammar school premises are now covered with saffron-hued dirt.

—The horse races on Saturday last caused considerable excitement in Racine, and were witnessed by less than a million. Yet chapel was not excused.

—Five of the six juniors who are to contend for the Larrabee prize are among the eight of the class who have attended society exercises during the past year. A forcible argument for literary societies.

—Three cold-blooded students took an evening swim in Lake Michigan on the 18th. We met one or two of them shortly after they had ascended the lake bank. They said the water is "aw-w-w-ful wa-a-arm."

—After the last meeting in the month, the Addisonians will rest from society work until the anniversary.

—The college nine has sent a challenge to the Evanston club, to play a match on the 3rd of June. An answer is expected in a day or so.

—Dinner on reunion day is to be at 1:15. It's time to save up.

—A senior who was appointed by the Missionary society to read an essay at the public meeting, has handed in some class-room work on Darwinism. It is only a half an hour long.

—The Rev. Mr. Worthington, of Detroit, has been asked by the Missionary Society to deliver an address before the society at the end of the term.

—A traveling menagerie consisting of two Frenchmen and an immense bear appeared on the college grounds one day last week, and performed in front of the recitation rooms of Taylor Hall. The grizzly monster slung around a small-sized telegraph pole with the greatest of ease, and the two other animals kept up such a howling that one of the Professors sent out word for the show to move on.

Since we were visited by the "bar" the "Chapeau le ding dong" waltz is all the rage. We have noticed several times two distinguished members of '72 practicing the step and the music; one howling the above mentioned waltz in imitation of the original soloist, and the other acting the part of the affectionate performing bear. This show has also been the occasion of the repetition of an endless number of those *unbearable* puns which were perpetrated some time ago upon the introduction of a bear's foot into the refectory. Taking it altogether the animal has had a very injurious effect upon the institution.

—FOUND!!!—On the walk to dining-hall, \$0.15. The owner may recover it by applying at the room of Bump, Hudson & Fox and proving property.

WALKING.

It has always been a matter of surprise to us that among the college students there should be so little taste for walking, or, as it is more generally termed, rambling.

We can find enthusiasm enough over base ball, cricket, and shooting, and once in a while a slight mania for running off to a farm-house for strawberries and cream, &c., but as for a real out and out ramble, where walking and a view of nature are the only objects to be gained,—this has but very few advocates among the college students.

We are aware that we have no very grand natural scenery in our neighborhood; but to one who has any love of beauty there are many little nooks and dells around the country which would well repay the one or two hours walk necessary to reach them.

We feel bound to add that our attention was particularly directed to this subject by a few remarks of Dr. Elmen-dorf not long since.

Who will be the first to try a Monday's ramble. We have tried it several times and find it pays. X.

We have just learned the painful news of the death of HARRY GWATHMEY. To all to whom this tidings must come it cannot but bring, as it has brought to us, feelings of the deepest sadness.

For some time he had been suffering from a lung disease, and daily growing worse he went to New Orleans about five weeks ago, in company with his mother, hoping to receive some benefit from the change. It proved of no avail, and on the 10th inst., he died.

For every one who has at any time been a fellow-student of Mr. Gwathmey's his death involves the loss of a courteous, an amiable and a generous friend. Few of the class of '73 to which he belonged would have singled out this one of their number as the first whose loss they should be called to mourn.

To his bereaved parents and his many friends we tender our heartfelt sympathies in this loss so painful to us all.

PERSONALS.

WHEELER OF '71. Shortly after our last number went to press, we heard from several of the students that "John" was in town. Since then we have received a message stating that although he was here, he spent only a few hours, and had no opportunity to pay us a visit.

SPARROW OF '70. We are happy to announce the marriage of Mr. T. Sparrow. Our informant has given us no details, but we hope to learn more soon.

MCCREA OF '73. From one of our number who has visited the burned city, "which phoenix-like has risen from its ashes," we learn the whereabouts of our old friend "Gus." He "spreads himself" in a large clothing establishment on Madison St., looks well and is evidently quite happy.

KNEELAND OF '73. We also learn that "Burr" is driving a large business in the tobacco line in the firm of Flint & Kneeland. Good luck to you "Mosey."

MCCREA FORMERLY OF '75. "Ned" is also engaged in clothing business in Chicago. His exact whereabouts we have not been able to ascertain.

WHITTEMORE OF '69 is to be ordained in Arkansas. He has accepted a call to Camden, in that diocese where a sphere of great usefulness awaits him.

PRESCOTT OF '69. We had a visit from "Perkins" the other day. He is to be ordained this Trinity, and for the present will remain in this diocese as a member of the brotherhood soon to be organized by the Bishop.

RUDO OF '69, in the same class is also to be ordained on Trinity Sunday, and will engage for the present in the same work as Prescott.

SPLERRY OF '73. We were glad to receive a letter from our old friend George Sperry, formerly of the Grammar School. He is in business with his father in Stockton, and wishes to be remembered by all of the "old boys."

GEORGE CROGHAN, of '73, is at Hellmuth College, London, Ontario. "Shrin" lets us hear from him occasionally, and always wishes to be remembered to his old fellow students. He says cricket and base ball both flourish at Hellmuth the same as at Racine.

NOTES FROM EXCHANGES.

The third term catalogue of Yale shows that the number of academical students has fallen off during the year from 527 to 497. The freshmen number 108 compared with 128 in the fall; the sophomores have left 131 from 135; the juniors 128 from 134; while the seniors remain intact at 129.

Ohio has more colleges than any other State—numbering 33. Pennsylvania with 29 ranks next.

The class of '74 at Madison University, New York, have resolved not to contend for certain prizes, and to graduate in alphabetical order, without class honors.

\$48,000 has been given by Hon. John Comant, of Jaffrey, N. H., to the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, the income to be devoted to scholarships for the aid of students.

At Albion College the ladies occupy four out of seven places in the class-day exercises.

At Yale only three essays have been handed in for the Porter prize.

The *Annalist* has been enlarged, and improved greatly in appearance.

The Seniors at the Wisconsin State University have been cut down to four minutes as sufficient time for their graduating orations. The faculty thinks they can tell all they know in that time.

Ann Arbor graduates eighty-six this year.

The elective system at Harvard is not an entire failure as regards the severer studies. Out of 130 sophomores, 110 have taken Latin and Greek.

The number of undergraduates entered at Oxford at the beginning of this year was 2,284.

The *Courant* thinks a Yale student ought to get along on \$500 a year. In the class of '70 the average was \$1,066, and in that of '71, \$1,002 a year. \$2,500 was the extreme.

Cricket seems to be coming into favor among our colleges. We noticed a few days ago that Harvard was re-organizing a club, and we see from the *Chronicle* that another has been organized at Ann Arbor.

The *Chronicle* says a lively interest seems to be taken in the game. A live player smashed three bats in the first practice.

For a polished and classic reply, the following will do: *Professor of English Language*.—On which syllable of hypotenuse is the accent?

Freshman.—On the pot.—*Chronicle*.

The Harvard nine has formally declined Yale's proposition to play a series, and has challenged them to settle the contest by a single game.

The "senior girls" of Simpson Centenary College are going to organize a base ball club. They are tired of running races and climbing fences.

The University of Wisconsin has five literary societies.

The *Press* heads its column of jokes N'O.

During the coming season the Harvard nine will only play on Saturday; by order of the faculty.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY has also been received. It is filled with new music, and contains among other treasures one of Will Hay's latest and best songs, and a pretty little song by James E. Stewart.

It is a publication which, by reason of its extreme cheapness as well as the value of its contents, should be in the hands of every lover of music.

Price only 30 cents per number.

Address J. L. PETERS, 599 Broadway, N. Y.

The *College Spectator*, a monthly paper, published by the class of '74, at Union College, has reached us. It is a live sheet, and begins life with a determination to succeed. It has our hearty wishes for its continued prosperity, and we add it to our list of exchanges with pleasure.

The *College Herald*, published at the University of Lewisburgh, Pa., has been enlarged from a twelve to a sixteen page paper, and otherwise greatly improved.

College Mercury



"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XI.

RACINE COLLEGE, JUNE 12, 1872.

NO. 7.

THE LEGEND OF SIR WYNKYN DE WORDE.

"SUB CRUCE SALUS."

The Knight:—"Me miserum! quò fugiam
Sevos incursus hostium?
Qua mihi Salus pateat?
Qua Requietis ostium?"

Me miserum! lassatus
Hostes atroces fugio—
Uxorem enecatam
Et raptos natos lugeo.

Aula paterna sternitur
Radicibus excidio.

Ah! vae mihi tristitias
Ex omni parte video.

Me miseram! quò fugiam
Sevos incursus hostium?
Qua mihi Salus pateat?
Qua Requietis ostium?"

The Monk:—"Fili! Sub Cruce Salus!
Et Requietis ostium—
Sub Cruce non timebis
Sevos incursus hostium.

Audi Tu Salvatorem—
'Ad me vos fatigati
Ad me venite omnes
Qui estis onerati.'

Tu tuum Salvatorem
Vir miserande! rejicis?
Tu hoc vero promissum
Tranquillitatis dejicis?"

* * * *

Tum lacrymis obortis
Adoravit Bellator
Crucem CHRISTI, Qui omnium
Redemptor est et Sator.

Nashotah, Wis.

△

CONTEST FOR THE SILVER BALL.

UNIVERSITY NINE DEFEATED IN THE FIRST GAME, BY A SCORE OF 17 TO 20 IN FAVOR OF THE COLLEGE NINE.

The long-looked-for initiatory game in the series of matches for that "magnificent silver ball," about which we have heard so much, was played on Monday, the 3d inst., and resulted in a victory for the College Nine.

Both nines worked hard, and equally deserve great credit for their perseverance.

The University Nine has greatly improved since we played them last, and, without doubt, played their very best in this game.

We cannot say the same of the College Nine. Most of them are new men, and unused to the excitement of matches with strange Clubs. Their nervousness was apparent to

their opponents, who were not slow to take advantage of it.

Whilst we must call it the poorest game ever played by our nine, it was, in the eyes of old and experienced players, quite as well played as could have been expected of the new nine in its first match, and on such a miserable field.

A goodly crowd of students and friends of the College Nine accompanied them, in order to witness their first effort of the season; among them we were pleased to notice our popular matron, "Aunty" Sears, and several of the professors' wives.

A special car was placed at the disposal of the party, by the obliging Superintendent of the Northwestern Road, General Howe.

Thus gathered together, the journey was made gay and festive by jolly songs and an abundance of other fun.

Evanston was reached at 9:30 A. M., where, strange to relate, not a soul was present to receive the Nine and show them their quarters, or to pay them the slightest attention. They soon found quarters, however, with the rest of the party,—numbering in all about one hundred persons—at the Hash-Mill House, kept on the shaving plan, by a Mr. Skinner.

This Mr. Skinner, by the way, is a very enterprising host, and we can recommend him to the traveling public as a professional hashist, who can dish you up in the smallest style, and at the biggest prices, to be found anywhere in the Northwest. Prices rose amazingly on our arrival, and mine host was detected, by a watchful Freshman, changing the price label on his cigars.

After a *frugal* repast at 12:30, the Nine arrayed themselves in their harness and proceeded to the "model" ball-field. And what a field! A "bog-trotter" might feel at home on it, but not a man who knows what good ground is. As we stood in the middle of it, there were hummocks to right of us, hummocks to left of us, hummocks all 'round us. The ardent pursuer of a fly to right field, if he care at all for his neck, must look more to his feet than to the ball. This is that model diamond upon which our unhallowed feet were to be *permitted* to press! We feel most happy, O, Tripod! that we have been permitted to gaze upon your sacred bogs, but we shall cease to sigh for silver balls, if they must be won upon such grounds.

The toss was won by the College Nine, and the game was called promptly at 1:30 P. M., with the University Nine at the bat.

By reference to the score, the position of the men may be seen.

The game began with Kimball at the bat. After a few passes, he struck feebly to Jones, and got his first, on a wild throw by Jones.

Collins got his first on an error, sending Kimball to second. Lunt struck to Sturges, who sent the ball to Clarkson in time to cut him off. Gaines, put out on 1st. Side out, making one unearned run.

First Innings. Whitmore struck to Lunt, who sent it to first in time to cut him off. Day got his 1st, on an error by Lunt. Hudson made a powerful three-base hit, bringing in Day. Resor struck out. Leekley struck 2d and brought Hudson in. Benton barely struck to 2d, but got it on error by Lunt, and brought in Leekly. Sturges struck to Lunt, who sent it to 1st in time to cut him off. Innings closed with a score of three runs; one earned.

Second Innings. Cooper sent up a foul, which was taken in by Jones. Elmore got his 1st on error by Clarkson, and 2d on pass-ball. Wadsworth struck to Clarkson, who put him out on 1st. Elmore took 3d on pass-ball. Martin got his 2nd on a safe hit, bringing in Elmore. Beatty struck to Jones, who cut him off on 1st. Side out. Score, 1—unearned.

Clarkson got his 1st on error by Lunt, and 2d on pass-ball. Jones struck to Gaines, who took it in on the fly. Whitmore struck safe between 1st and 2d; got his 1st. Day got his 1st on safe hit, sending Whitmore to 3d; stole his 2nd. Clarkson came in on passed-ball, Day going to 3d. Hudson took his first on called-ball; stole his 2nd; took 3d on passed-ball,—Day tallying—and finally came in on passed-ball. Resor put out on 1st. Score, 4; two earned.

Third Innings. Kimball sent up a sky-scraper, which was finely taken in by Hudson. Collins struck to Resor, who cut him off on 1st. Lunt made a base hit to left field, and got his 2nd on a bad throw. Gaines got his 2nd on a muff by Day, bringing in Lunt, and came in himself on a wild throw by Benton. Cooper put up a foul fly, which Sturges failed to take; struck to Jones, who cut him off on 1st.

Sturges put out on 1st. Clarkson caught out by Kimball, on a foul. Jones got his 1st on error by Beatty, and 2nd on a pass ball. Whitmore struck safe bringing in Jones. Day caught out on a foul, by Kimball. Score, 1—not earned.

Fourth Innings. Elmore got his 1st on error by Resor. Wadsworth got his 1st, sending Elmore to 2nd. Martin got his 1st on error by Jones. Beatty struck safely to 1st, bringing in Elmore, bringing Martin to 2nd and Wadsworth to 3d. Kimball then struck to Jones, who sent it home, cutting off Wadsworth; Benton sending it to 3d, cut off Martin, thus making a beautiful double play. Collins got his 1st on a safe hit, sending Kimball to 2nd. Lunt was put out on 1st. Score, 2; one earned.

Hudson caught out on foul, by Kimball. Resor struck to 1st, and got 2d on passed-ball. Leekly struck safely to 1st, sending Resor to 3d; stole his 2d. Benton was put out on 1st: Resor tallying, and Leekly going to 3d and then coming in on passed-ball. Sturges struck a liner to Cooper, who took it in neatly. Score, 2; all earned.

Fifth Innings. Gaines sent a fly to Day, who muffed it, and then got his 1st; took 2d on passed-ball, and stole his 3d. Cooper was cut off on 1st, Gaines tallying. Elmore struck to Jones, who cut him off on 1st. Wadsworth also struck to Jones, and shared the same fate. Score, 1; not earned.

Clarkson struck to Lunt, who cut him off on 1st. Jones followed suit. Whitmore sent up a sky-scraper to Gaines, who took it in neatly and received Billy's hearty congratulations. First whitewash.

Sixth Innings. Martin struck safely to 1st; stole 2nd, and got 3d on a passed-ball. Beatty got his 1st, bringing in Martin. Kimball sent up a foul, which was taken by Benton. Collins struck to Leekly, who cut him off on 1st. Lunt struck a swift liner to Leekly, which was captured, of course. Score, 1; earned.

Day sent a liner to Lunt, who took it. Hudson struck to 1st, stole 2d, and got 3d on a passed-ball. Leekly sent a fly to Lunt and shared Day's fate. Second whitewash. College stock rapidly declining.

Seventh Innings. Gaines struck to Jones, who put him off on 1st. Cooper got his 1st on error by Leekly, and stole 2nd and 3d. Elmore struck to Resor, who cut him off. Wadsworth took his 1st on call-ball. Martin got his 1st on error by Resor, bringing in Cooper; took his 2nd on pass-ball, Wadsworth coming in. Beatty struck to Day and got his 2nd on a muff, Martin tallying. Kimball took his 1st on call-ball. Collins struck safely to 1st, bringing in Beatty. Lunt got his 1st on a wild pitch by Jones, Kimball tallying. Gaines struck a liner to Leekly. Score 5; none earned.

Benton sent a beauty over center-field and got his 1st, and stole 2nd. Sturges struck out. Clarkson sent a fly to Martin, who took it in finely. Jones struck to 1st, sending Benton to 3d. Whitmore made a base hit, sending Jones to 3d and bringing in Benton. Day made a powerful second base hit to left field, bringing in Jones and Whitmore; got his 3d on a pass-ball. Hudson put out on 1st. Score 3; 1 earned.

Eighth Innings. Cooper made a fine three-base hit, to c. f. Elmore got his 1st; took 2nd on pass-ball. Wadsworth struck to Resor, who cut him off on 1st. Martin struck to 1st, sending Elmore to 3d, and forcing out Cooper on home. Beatty struck to Leekly, who cut him off on 1st. A whitewash for the University. College stock gradually rising.

Resor got his first on error by Cooper. Leekly made a base-hit, bringing in Resor; stole his 2nd and 3d. Benton got his 1st, bringing in Leekly. Sturges struck to Wadsworth, who cut him off on 1st, Benton going to 2nd. Clarkson put out on a foul to 1st. Jones made a rousing three-base hit to r. f., bringing in Benton. Whitmore got his first on error by Kimball, Jones tallying; stole his 2nd and took 3d on passed-ball. Day put out on 1st. Score, 4; none earned.

Ninth Innings. Kimball struck a beauty to l. f., but it was taken in as handsomely by Whitmore. Collins made a two-base hit to c. f. Lunt got his 1st, and stole 2nd, Collins tallying. Gaines got his 1st, bringing in Lunt; stole his 2nd, and got 3d on passed-ball. Cooper took his 1st on called-balls. Gaines came in on a passed-ball. Elmore sent a beautiful fly safely to Day, who took it affectionately to his "buzum." Wadsworth made a three-base hit to l. f., bringing in Cooper. Martin out, on a foul tip to Benton. Score 4; three earned.

The score now stood 17 to 17 on uneven innings, with University stock decidedly low, when Hudson struck for

victory, sending the ball flying over Center Field's head, making his 3d with ease, and coming in on passed-ball. Resor got his 1st on an error by Cooper. Leekly made a safe hit to l. f., sending Resor to 2nd. Benton sent a fly to Martin, who seized upon it. Sturges made a base-hit, bringing in Leekly and Resor. Clarkson got his 1st on an error by Collins, sending Sturges to 2nd. At this juncture Kimball gave out, and Martin took his place behind the bat. Jones got his 1st, but forced out Clarkson on 2nd. Whitmore sent up a foul which was taken in by Martin. And thus ended the game, leaving Jones on 1st, and Sturges on 3d. Score, 3; earned, 2.

Total score—17 to 20, in favor of the College Nine.

The second match of the series will be played on the College Campus, on Saturday, the 8th inst., and the last in Chicago—the day to be announced hereafter.

We feasted our eyes on the "magnificent silver ball," as it lay in state, in the show-case of a "shotecarypop." In size it equals a cricket-ball. It shineth like a star of the first magnitude, and upon its smiling countenance is engraved in Greek—"Glory to those who Conquer," and in English, "For the Champion Base Ball Club of the Colleges of the Northwest."

It is a very appropriate stake for such a contest—is tastefully gotten up, and reflects credit upon the ladies who presented it to the University Nine. It is not so useful as the other silver now owned by the College Nine, but nevertheless will not look bad stored away among the archives; where, may it long remain a captive in a strange land.

We cannot close this article without referring to what seemed to us a gross breach of hospitality on the part of the University Nine.

In social games of this kind, it is always customary to entertain the club which comes from abroad. The University Nine experienced such hospitality at our hands last year. But no such attention was paid to the College Nine. They were not received at the depot by any member of the University Nine, but were left to find their own quarters and to settle their own bills.

Some attention was shown our Nine after the game was over; and we wish, on behalf of the College Nine, particularly to thank Mr. Kimball, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Gaines, for their gentlemanly manners.

We have never witnessed a game where there was such an attempt made to "bully" the Umpire, as was made in this game by the Evanstons.

Mr. Washburn, by his quiet and gentlemanly conduct, and by his impartial decisions in every case that came fairly before him, proved himself to be a competent and worthy judge.

For further particulars we append the score :

RACINE.				EVANSTON.			
B.	O.	R.		B.	O.	R.	
Whitmore, c f.	2	3	2	Kimball, c.	0	3	2
Day, l f.	2	3	2	Collins, 1 b.	3	3	1
Hudson, r f.	2	2	3	Lunt, 2 b.	2	3	2
Resor, 2 b.	1	3	3	Gaines, l f.	1	3	3
Leekly s s.	5	1	4	Cooper, s s.	1	4	2
Benton, c.	1	3	2	Elmore, c f.	0	3	2
Sturges, 3 b.	1	5	0	Wadsworth, p.	2	4	1
Clarkson, 1 b.	0	5	1	Martin, r f.	2	2	2
Jones, p.	2	2	3	Beatty, 3 b.	2	2	2
	16	27	20		13	27	17

RUNS EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
RACINE	3	4	1	2	0	0	3	4	3—20
EVANSTON.	1	1	2	2	1	1	5	0	4—17

RUNS EARNED.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
RACINE	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	3—7
EVANSTON.	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2—3

Umpire—Mr. Washburn. Scorers—Messrs. Gault and White.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

A neatly got up pamphlet in the German language has just been issued by E. Steiger, 22 and 24 Frankfort street, New York. The subject-matter is of particular interest at the present day; and the title may be rendered in English: "The Kindergarten in America. Origin, character, significance, and educational means of Froebel's system and its adaptation to American conditions. Briefly sketched for the use of parents, teachers and lovers of children." The principles of the celebrated German educational reformer, Friedrich Froebel, have hitherto been only partially applied in this country, but enough has been achieved to cause them to be extensively and carefully studied with a view to their more general adaptation to America. These principles are now everywhere occupying the attention of thinking men engaged in education directly or indirectly, and they appeal to the affection and sound sense of parents in general. The pamphlet is therefore well-timed; and all conversant with German will find it in a very clear exposition of the system of education it aims at disseminating. It may be had gratis on application to the publisher.

PEOPLE always fancy that we cannot become wise, without becoming old also; but, in truth, as years accumulate, it is hard to keep ourselves as wise as we were. Man becomes, in the different stages of his life, indeed, a different being; but he cannot say that he will surely be better as he goes onward, and, in certain matters, he is as likely to be right in his twentieth as in his sixtieth year.

—GÖTTE.

It is NOTORIOUS that those who first suggest the most happy inventions, and open a way to the secret stores of nature; those who weary themselves in the search after truth; strike out momentous principles of action; painfully force upon the contemporaries the adoption of beneficial measures; or, again, are the original cause of the chief events in national history, are commonly supplanted, as regards celebrity and reward, by inferior men.

—NEWMAN.

The following attestation of ownership, is taken from the fly-leaf of an Oxford student's MS., which contains the whole art of logic in verse:—

Hic liber mihi attinet,
 And bear it well in mind,
Quod ego cum Guilielmo Blackford—
 See courteous and see kind—
Si ego cum perdam,
 And you perhaps it find,
Redde mihi interum
 And bear it well in mind.

GUILLIELMUS BLACKFORD,
 Liber ejus, Anno Domini, 1673.

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, JUNE 12, 1872.

EDITORS.

H. C. DILLON. E. A. LARRABEE. NORTON STRONG. E. G. RICHMOND.

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A limited number of advertisements inserted on liberal terms. 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, Wisconsin."

A. C. Sandford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

A SUGGESTION.

An old student whose loyalty to Racine, and whose interest in her welfare grow stronger as his college days retire further into the past, has offered us a suggestion which we consider well worthy of a place in our columns. His suggestion was probably called forth by the issue of our reunion invitations and commencement week programmes.

Why would it not be a feasible plan, he says, to publish every year, after the annual reunion, an account in pamphlet form, of the proceedings of the day, together with the address, orations, selections of class history, etc., that make up the programme of the class day exercises?

The suggestion was made only in order that those old students who should be unable to be present at the reunions, might have the opportunity of knowing what transpires and the manner in which the day is celebrated. But although on this consideration alone the plan is worthy of a trial, it has other admirable features equally attractive, to which the originator of the idea did not allude. A record of the events of reunion day and a copy of the class exercises of each year, would be, even to one who was himself present, well worth the small cost of such a pamphlet. Perhaps, as a memento it would be even of greater value to those who attended the exercises and festivities of the day than to those who were unable to do so. By the graduating class especially such a record of the events of their class day would be highly prized.

As the college grows larger and the number of old students and alumni increases, reunion and class day will be attended with still greater interest, an interest which perhaps in no other institution can be so great as here at Racine, where the home life peculiar to our College lends to such occasions their greatest charm. Surely, it seems to us, the day should not be allowed to pass unrecorded.

Of course in this as in so many excellent projects, the great obstacle to be overcome is the difficulty of making the undertaking financially successful.

In this case we think the difficulty can be met, and it is to be hoped that the plan will prove to students of the present and by-gone times alike, sufficiently popular to insure its being undertaken by some one with success.

THAT EVENING MAIL.

OUR attention has been called to an article concerning the game at Evanston, which appeared in the *Evening Mail* of Chicago. It is an article which, not to call it mean, sneaking and cowardly, is utterly false from beginning to end. After alluding to the game, it says:

"The Racines came in full force and with *full confidence* in their chosen umpire, steadily refusing to have any other, to which *whim(?)* the Universities acceded, with their accustomed generosity. While we regret to cast a shadow upon the conduct of the Racines, we would advise them to do less of threatening and more of fair playing, and would suggest that appearances would be much better, if they would allow the opposing party to have a voice in the choice of umpire."

In taking any notice of such a piece of scandal, we do it only to correct an impression which those few of our friends, into whose hands the *Mail* may have possibly fallen, have thereby received.

In the first place, it is always the custom in base ball, for the challenging club to select its umpire, the club challenged reserving, of course, the right to object, when not satisfied with the choice. In the case under consideration, the University club did not offer the slightest objection to the choice our nine had made. Such an idea probably never entered the mind of any one of the club. Had any dissatisfaction been shown, a change would willingly have been made. Indeed, the College Nine had already done as much. The umpire of the game at Evanston was substituted by our nine for an umpire formerly chosen, upon its appearing to the University club that the gentleman first suggested might be biased in his decisions.

What is meant in the article by "threatening," we are unable to understand. Two gentlemanly clubs do not generally indulge in any such preliminaries, nor were we aware of anything of the kind in the match with the University Nine.

As regards the umpiring itself, the decisions were as fair and correct as could have been given by any umpire. Misjudgments may have been, and probably were given, but they were misjudgments which, owing to the hair-breadth differences which leave the player in, or put him out, are common and necessary to every match of base ball, by whomsoever umpired. If wrong decisions were rendered, they were given for or against both sides alike, and it is a shame that sympathy for a fairly-beaten club should avail itself of so child-like a subterfuge.

WHAT, with the senior examinations over, the commencement week bulletin up, and only ten or twelve days before examination week, the sky begins to look a little squally for some of us. Freshmen are anxiously consulting Latham's interesting pages with an occasional prayer to the classical divinities to help them in the forthcoming contest, while sophs and seniors wander with uncertain but hasty footsteps through the mysteries of Euripides and Aeschylus, and scan with hopeless breasts the pages of Analytics and Calculus.

There is no great bustle, but in the anxious eye and nervous step, it is easy to see that mighty forces are at work.

CLASS OF '72.

The class of '72, whose examinations were concluded on the 29th of last month, and who are now taking their newly acquired privilege, and enjoying their six weeks' rest preparatory to their work during commencement week, have ample cause to be well satisfied with the closing up of their collegiate course. Their examinations are said to have been the best ever passed in the College; which, taking into consideration the fewness of their numbers and the amount of ground upon which they were examined, is a very high compliment to their abilities. The few days immediately following their examinations were rendered very pleasant by an evening spent at the residence of Dr. Falk, and another at Oak Cliff. Both occasions will probably be remembered among those happy incidents which lend such a charm to college life.

Get your "fire-works" ready, boys, and make your last days a fit ending to your well-spent years.

COLLEGE SINGING.

It is an object of wonder that among so many students as are gathered together here, there is so little of what is called "College singing." It seems still more strange, when the number of good voices we have among us is remembered, and when we bear in mind the time and practice that is devoted to their culture in the music classes.

Were it not for the smoking-room, we might say that we have no college-singing at all; among the smokers there are a few who sometimes keep up the singing during smoking hour, but this singing of some half dozen voices, is far from containing the spirit of a good college "howl."

We are no advocate of the sickly, sentimental trash, like "Put me in my little bed," and the rest of the baby-talk and nonsense that in our day is so frequently set to music; neither have we any desire to hear those songs (into which college-singing is perhaps more likely to degenerate,) that a man of modesty or reverence for things sacred, could not take part in—but college songs and college-singing, when kept free from elements of this kind, go to make up one of the pleasantest features of collegiate life, and it is a pity we have so little of what might be enjoyed so much.

There is a pleasure in such singing, rude as it is, which in the music-class choruses cannot be found, for its chief delight consists in its perfect freedom and independence.

We might sing in the smoking-room, or on the lawn, or sitting in a row on the front fence; it makes no difference where, so long as we get good songs and howl them out.

BASE BALL NOMENCLATURE.

The lovers of base-ball among us may be interested to learn that many of the terms employed in that game are derived from dead languages. A knowledge of the sources will, doubtless, raise their present opinion of the sport which they so much admire.

Ball is unquestionably derived from *ballo*, "to throw."

Base comes from the aorist participle of *baio*, *-bas*, indicating something which the player has "gone for."

Bat every one will recognize as an altered form of *bath*, the Sanscrit verb "to persuade." Confer the Greek *Peitho* because by the bat the ball is *persuaded* to go to distant parts of the field.

Foul.—Some suppose that this is connected with the game-fowls; but further and more critical search shows this to be erroneous. The true source is from the Greek *philo*, through the French, *foule*, "a crowd," because the foul so often causes commotion by falling among the crowd behind the bat.

—*Cap and Gown.*

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

Ruskin has presented \$25,000 to the university of Oxford to endow a mastership of drawing in the Taylor galleries.

Harvard has received from sub-freshmen 220 applications for admission.

The seniors at Williams have resolved to spend \$100 for the purchase of books for the library.

The North Western University at Evanston, has a library of 25,000 volumes.

A new plan of giving out lessons in Greek is proposed at Dartmouth College. The text books are to be given up, and the lessons for each day are to be given out on slips of paper the day before. These slips are to be returned when used and to be changed with every class. The object of the innovation is to cause more study on the part of the student.

The university of Cambridge, England, has given Chicago a complete set of the well known books issued from the Pitts press.

Trout fishing is now one of the amusements at Williams.

The Ann Arbor cricketers expect to play the Peninsular club of Detroit before the close of the college year.

The sophs have beaten the freshmen in a game of foot ball by a score of 5 to 4.

The *College World* will be glad when Congress adjourns so that the prayer for that body can be omitted on Sundays. It makes the service so long, and, judging from the newspapers, seems to do so little good.

The Ann Arbor freshmen lately succeeded in putting a horse up in the chapel, and the janitor not being able to get the animal down in time for the morning exercises drove him into the law library. The *Chronicle* says the only effect of this freshman trick was, on account of the burning sulphur and burnt paper, to make the chapel more resemble the infernal regions than a place for divine worship.

The way in which sophomores answer questions. *Instructor in mathematics*: How many of these problems have you wrought? *Sophomore*: I didn't wrought any at all. —*L.v.*

Our Greek Professor recently, while giving a long note on some point of Ancient Geography, was asked by a student what was the use of learning such notes.

"Geography and Chronology, sir, are the eyes of History, without which it would be blind," replied the Professor. *Student*: (*sotto voce*) "I'll take my history blind." —*Madesonensis.*

Irrepressible Sophomore returns from a call on his fate with suspicious capillary appendage on his immaculate bosom. He is extremely fond of pets—said he held the cat.

—*E.v.*

The last graduating class at Nashotah is said to be a remarkably able one. Three of the class are graduates of Racine.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41 A. M.	12 08 P. M.	7 27 P. M.
Going South	7 33 A. M.	1 58 P. M.	4 48 P. M.
Going West	8 00 A. M.	7 30 P. M.	

THE SECOND GAME WITH THE EVANSTON NINE.

CAPTURE OF THE SILVER GLOBE.

Saturday the 8th, which was anticipated with the greatest excitement during the past week, and not without considerable anxiety lest a rainy day should prevent the eagerly awaited game, proved after all an admirable day for a match. The University Club and a company of about sixty who came with them from Evanston, arrived at Racine on the early train. The College had hoped to make them its guests, and accommodations were made in the refectory for the whole party, but they decided instead of leaving the cars at the junction and coming directly to the College, to ride down into the city and to dine there.

At one o'clock, however, all were assembled on the College grounds, and the University Nine having assumed their uniforms during the College dinner hour were waiting the College Boys on the field. Everything had been set in readiness during the morning, and the game was called the instant the College clock struck half past one.

The first innings was enlivened by two beautiful plays. A wild throw to second was magnificently backed up by Hudson and handed back to Resor in time to extinguish the first man on the second, and a grounder speedily *en route* for left field, was pounced upon by Leekly before it left the diamond, and with skill and agility that we have never seen passed, safely lodged in the unerring paw of Joe.

Resor and Benton batted well in the first innings, Resor making second on a hot grounder to the right of second base, and "Billy" coming around to third on a fine one to right field.

The Evanstons were evidently somewhat annoyed at the pitching. Elmore got them their first tally in the second innings. They had better success in the third innings and brought their score up to four. Taking the field they managed by live playing to pay back the whitewash which they were given in the first innings.

The first half of the fourth innings was short and sweet. Evanston stock went down again, after another whitewashing. Benton made a magnificent foul bound catch out in the neighborhood of the *small boys*, which won a burst of applause.

In the latter half of the innings Quill sent a hot liner over second base, and gave the lead for some good batting. Jones, Whitmore, Martin and Hudson each added a tally to the score. Resor sent a fine grounder to centre field, and went to second, but was left there when Kimball rivalled Benton by a difficult foul bound catch and closed the innings.

Evanston retired from the bat with another whitewash in the fourth innings.

Benton sent off another safe one to right field, and Quill made some more music over the second base with a whistling liner. Billy and Quill came home on a fine second base hit of Whitmore's. Martin made a safe hit and sent

Whitmore in with another tally, but was left on base himself.

Evanston went to the bat for the sixth innings. Resor fielded a ball handsomely to first, which put out Gaines. Cooper made a fine bat to left field and got his first, and succeeded finally in getting home. Benton took in a foul tip with ease off Elmore's bat, and demolished Beatty on a foul bound.

The College then took the ash again and Evanston went manfully to work in the field. Kimball took Benton on a foul fly, and Sturges went out on a fly to Cooper. Evanston gave the College a second whitewash.

The first half of the seventh innings was played principally by Leekly. Collins sent him a grounder, but it was handed over to second in time to cut off Kimball while napping. Gaines tried him on another of the same kind, but "Tom" was still there, and with a lightning pick up and throw killed him on the first. Another whitewash for Evanston, coat No. 3. Lunt and Collins left on the bases. Jones and "Biddy" brought in two more tallies, but Hudson was left disappointed on third, as Gaines took in a high fly from Resor.

The eighth innings was "short and sweet." Cooper tried Resor with a grounder, and paid the usual penalty on first. "Billy" spoiled the hopes of Elmore and Martin on foul flies. Coat No. 4.

Evanston took the field and did like expeditious work. Leekly went out on a foul bound to Kimball, and Sturges died on a fly to Wadsworth. Benton went out on first after three strikes.

Beatty opened the last innings with a grounder to Leekly, and was "dished" on the first. Wadsworth went out on three strikes, and Kimball, the last hope, was ruined on a foul bound to Benton.

The College went to bat for the last time and was given another white-washing, Clarkson and Jones going out in quick succession on first, and Whitmore after sending a fierce daisy-cutter at Lunt, breathing out his heroic soul in a similar manner, leaving the score 15 to 5 in favour of the College nine. Notwithstanding their defeat the Evanston nine showed some admirable playing, and as has been stated above, gave the College nine four white-washes for the six they received. The playing of Kimball behind the bat was excellent and Wadsworth's pitching was much admired. Indeed the nine is made up of nothing but the best material.

As for our own boys they never showed better what they are capable of doing. Jones and Benton worked together as they always do with the accuracy of machinery. Leekly's short stopping can not be praised enough. It would have done credit to any nine in the country. "Biddy" Martin deserves congratulation for his good play. Notwithstanding it was his first game with the College nine he worked with the nerve of a veteran professional. His batting was spoken of by every one, and we almost regret that Quill's hard pitching prevented his getting a fly out on the field. We have a compliment at the end of our pen for each man in the nine but time and space forbids a more extended notice.

We can not close however, without expressing here the universal satisfaction with the prompt and gentlemanly manner in which Mr. Langworthy umpired the game. It

was a pleasant feature in the match which the most brilliant play did not eclipse. Even the Chicago *Evening Mail* would find difficulty in criticising the umpiring of this game, and will probably be compelled to resort to some other excuse.

RACINE COLLEGE.				N. W. UNIVERSITY.				
R	I	B	O	R	I	B	O	
Whitmore, c. f.	3	2	0	0	Kimball, c.	0	1	5
Martin, l. f.	3	4	0	0	Collins, l. b.	1	0	14
Hudson, c. f.	2	2	0	1	Lunt, 2 b.	1	1	3
Resor, 2 b.	1	3	3	4	Gaines, l. f.	1	0	1
Lecky, s. s.	0	0	1	3	Cooper, s. s.	1	1	4
Beaton, c.	2	2	0	1	Elmore, c. f.	1	1	0
Sturges, l. b.	0	0	0	0	Martin, r. f.	0	0	0
Clarkson, l. b.	0	0	11	0	Beatty, 3 b.	0	0	0
Jones, p.	4	2	1	3	Wadsworth, p.	0	0	3
Total	16	15	27	12	Total	5	4	27

RUNS EACH INNINGS.									
Innings	1	2	5	4	5	6	7	8	9
Racine Col'ge	4	2	0	4	3	0	2	0	0-15.
N. W. Univer.	0	1	3	0	0	1	0	0	0-5.

RUNS EARNED.									
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Racine Col'ge	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0-4.
N. W. Univer.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-1.

Umpire, Mr. Langworthy. Scorers, Messrs. Gault and White.

The game lasted but an hour and forty minutes, being the shortest one that the nine ever played. Many of the company from Evanston remained upon the grounds for a short time after the game, and wereshown about the buildings before leaving for Evanston on the Evening train.

—We regret to announce that the College Nine will be unable to make use of the Park as a ground for their matches this season.

—The Seniors having passed their examinations and complied with the late rule concerning their commencement work, are now resting—some at their homes, and some as yet with Alma Mater, preparatory to their last grand effort.

—Two hundred dollars worth of books have been ordered for the library; many of them have already arrived. We noticed among others the works of Schiller. Several of the juniors intend to take a German-English lexicon, and wade right through them.

—The foundation of the Grammar School hall is completed, we expect in a few days to see the walls rapidly rising.

—The armies of June bugs and gnats are on the wing, especially the latter. In some parts of the college grounds it is impossible to open the mouth without receiving an allopathic dose of *diptera* into the system.

—The class of '72 covered themselves with glory in their recent examinations. The Professors universally acknowledged that theirs were the best senior examinations ever passed in the College.

—The Rev. Mr. Egar of Nashotah was chosen by the seniors to preach their Baccalaureate sermon. We understand he has accepted.

—Senior (to new waiter) say Ferdinand, are we going to have any desert to day?

Ferd. No, going to have pudd'n.

—The library has been gorgeously painted, grained, and calsomined. The mixture of colours promised before the work was done to give the room a rather *Dutchy* appearance, but it looks more civilized since it is finished.

—Examinations in the Collegiate Department begin on the 25th.

—SCENE—on the Campus. Occasion—the return to the college of Ex-Professor for a short visit.

Small Grammar School boy: The say Mr. X. has come back.

Another Ditto: Yes, there he is now. Gosh, what a plug hat!

—A Junior thinks his Professor in the classics ought to pass over his false quantities in reading Latin and Greek, with more indifference. He says there is a false quantity in the *Æneid*, Book II, line 774, which the critics excuse on the ground that *Æneas* was scared by the ghost of *Creüsa*, and he believes his Professor scares him as badly as ever *Creüsa* scared *Æneas*.

—The seniors have sent out their invitations to the class party and Warden's reception. The invitations are as handsome as any we have ever seen. The seniors themselves think even handsomer.

—A great number of visitors, old students and alumni are expected at the reunion, and Bach's concert. The exercises of the coming commencement will probably be attended by a much larger number than ever before.

—The College nine having come out victorious in the two Evanston games, has obtained permission to play the *Ætna* club of Chicago. The game will be played probably a week from Monday next.

—The window boxes in the different buildings are beginning to make a charming appearance.

—The yelling at the match on Saturday, is said to have been heard some miles out in the country. The farmers knew what club was "getting beat," by the sound.

—SCENE—Library—Painters laying on the yellow, the brown and the green.

Enter student, (looking around the room,)—"Not *very* Dutchy."

Enter 2d student, (surveying the job.)—"Oh, no, not *VERY* Dutchy."

1st student—"I suppose the yellow matches the brown. Wonder what they'll get to match the green?"

Painter, (calmly.)—"The students."

Exeunt studentes.

—The base-ball excitement of last week was varied on Monday by the annual Second Eleven match, in which the Clarksons were defeated in one innings by a score of 68 to 52. We are unable in this number to give an account of the game.

—The choice of rooms for the coming year has, for the last four days, been the one topic of consideration. The choosing was never before attended with so much excitement, but we rejoice that the tumult is now, in most cases, settled.

—The Lake Michigan bathing is fairly initiated, and in consequence of a new regulation there is a cry for bathing rags.

—A Junior who never went in swimming before with bathing clothes, recently gave proof of his sagacity by modestly pulling on his swimming drawers over his pantaloons, expecting to pull off his breeches when he got ready to go into the water. He abominably failed.

PERSONALS.

ROBERT NUTT, formerly of '77. While witnessing the match at Evanston on the 3d we were glad to grasp the hand of our old comrade "Bob." He is preparing for the University and is evidently doing well to judge from his looks.

THOMAS of '70, paid us a flying visit on the 5th. Looked well but did not stay long enough to give us a chance to hear much from him.

J. J. FAUDE, '72. We have received a letter from "John Jacob" asking after the boys etc. Jake reports "all quiet along the Potomac." Your papers shall be sent, "Jake!"

L. WILLIAMS. We met "Lucian" at Evanston on the 5th. Was looking well and evidently "quite happy."

LIGHTNER OF '71. "Lit" could not resist the temptation to come and see the old nine play, so we met him also at Evanston. He says he never felt so much like playing his old position (s. s.) as he has this summer.

RUDD, '69. We also met in Evanston, Rudd who was drawn thither by the forthcoming game. His new habiliments change him considerably, but we still readily recognized our old friend.

BROWN, '73. "Briar" writes us a long letter from Seattle. Is occupied in his father's office in that city, and like ourselves has had a taste of an editor's pleasures.

SPERRY, '72. George lets us hear from California. He promises to send '73 a barrel of the best California fruit he can find, when next September comes around.

KIMBALL, '74. "Will" made us a visit last Saturday, and was a delighted spectator of the Evanston game. He is in an architect's office, at Milwaukee.

THE Rev. Mr. Pitts and his wife, have made us a visit from Steubenville. Mr. Pitts himself was unable to make but a short stay.

GAULT. We found Ed. Gault on the train as we went to Evanston. He looks well and happy.

NASHOTAH THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, }
May 20th, 1872. }

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As the next meeting of the Alumni Association of Racine College is rapidly drawing nigh, I give below, for the benefit of those of your readers who are members of that Association, the "Minutes" of the last meeting. Will you be kind enough to give them a place in your columns?

LIBRARY, TAYLOR HALL, RACINE COLLEGE, }
July 12th, 1871. }

In the absence of the President of the Association, the meeting was called to order by the Rev. Mr. Piper, class of '67, President, *pro tem*. In the absence of the Recording Secretary, Mr. Merriam, of '70, was elected Secretary, *pro tem*.

The Constitution of the Society was then read, after which it was signed by the class just graduated.

The Society then proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

President.—Rev. Mr. Vernor.

Vice-Presidents.—Rev. Mr. Piper and Mr. L. S. Burton.
Rec. Secretary.—Wm. Jas. Miller.
Cor. Secretary.—Geo. S. Mead.
Treasurer.—T. W. McLean.
Standing Committee.—Messrs. Piper, Mead, Hudson and Miller.

On motion of Mr. Hinsdale, of '68, the Society proceeded to the election of those who should take part in the exercises of the next meeting, preceeding the commencement of 1872. The Rev. Mr. Wallace of "'65" was elected Orator, with the Rev. Mr. Fleetwood as substitute. Historian—the Rev. Mr. Piper of "'67," with the Rev. Mr. Hinsdale of "'68" as substitute. Poet—Rev. Mr. Champlin of "'70," with Mr. T. W. McLean of "'71" as substitute.

On motion of Mr. Merriam, one dollar (\$1.00) was levied on each member for the Alumni supper.

Mr. Hinsdale moved that the Cor. Secretary be instructed to solicit from each of the Alumni a subscription in behalf of a Memorial Window to Wm. C. Lightner, of the class of "'65," deceased.

On motion, the Society adjourned.

WM. JAS. MILLER,
Rec. Secretary.

Contributions to defray the expense of the Alumni supper may be forwarded to the Treasurer, Mr. T. W. McLean, Nashotah.

The next meeting of the Association will take place July 10th, 1872. A full attendance is earnestly desired.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

For the last time until next September we now apply ourselves to the welcome task of noticing the reading matter which has accumulated on our table during the month:

HARPERS MONTHLY for May and June, both have been received since our last "table" was published. In the latter we notice an article from our old favorite "Porte Crayon," "The Mountains." We also find a paper upon California, and its scenery, well written and of great value to tourists.

The WEEKLY has also been received as well as the BAZAAR.

The supplement, "London, a Pilgrimage," adds greatly to the value of this well-known sheet, while Nast, with his political cartoons, affords a peculiarly attractive feature to its pages. Terms. Monthly, \$4.00; Weekly, \$4.00, Bazaar, 4.00 per year. One copy of all three per year \$10.00. Address

Harper Bros., Franklin Square, New York.

THE ALDINE for June has also been received and, in addition to its very pleasant reading matter and usual array of art, it contains two engravings which would gain an enviable reputation for any publication, "Gertrude of Wyoming" and "Pines of the Racquette." The former is certainly a masterpiece and surpasses anything we have seen in that line.

Terms \$5.00 per year with chromo.

Address James Sutton & Co., 25 Liberty St. N. Y.



"HAEC PLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XI.

RACINE COLLEGE, JULY 6, 1872.

NO. 8.

"ANGLIA COLUMBIÆ, MATER FILIÆ ATERNO
PACIS FŒDERE CONJUNCTA."

Anglia! heroïum Genetrix virorum!
Quæ feros cultus hominum domasti,
Quæque, dum Tellus remanet, manebis
Optima Matrum!

Te canam! late dominantem in orbem,
Sive, quâ Sol Oceano recumbit,
Sive, quâ litus resonans Eoâ
Tunditur Undâ.

E tuis agris animosa proles,
Impetu magno properans per orbem,
Angliæ Nomen tulit, atque leges,
Imperiumque.

Procreavisti validam Leonum et
Asperam tactu, Generosa! prolem,
Quæ potens es a genere efferorum
Orta Leonum!

Scilicet gaudes animo quod, a Te
Matre, tum cæcâ, validis coloni
Debita armis arripuere jura
Sicut ab hoste!

Scilicet gaudes animo quod, Illi
Viribus Matris domuere matrem!
Scilicet gaudes quod, ab Anglicano
Sanguine Nati!

Lenit annorum series dolorem—
Gaudiis veris animum novato,
Namque mores et tua, Sectus orbis,
Jura recepit.

Cæteris major, tibi neve mater
Inpar, implevit meritâ remotas
Gloriâ terras, Suboles recens a
Stirpe vetusto.

Quidquid effecit tua magna proles,
Mater! aut quidquid faciet tum est, et
In tuæ famâ Subolis vetustam
Famam iterabis.

Esto Pax Alma! ut bene nunc, et olim
O! sit æternum sociale pactum,
Inter et matrem et subolem perenne
Fœdere junctas.

Tum Fides, et Jus, et Honos, Pudorque
Semper immoti ac stabiles manebunt,
Sparget et terras opulenta pleno
Copia cornu!

Eecce quam multa æquorcas per undas
Transilit merces referens carina

Mutuas, cervis et agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.

Deinde de cœlis referam camonâ
Fulmen arreptum? aut referam benignæ
Vinculum jungens subolem, sub alto
Aquore, matri?

O! recens vivas Genetrix recenti
Gloriâ magnæ Subolis libenter
Maximæ grates meritas rependat
Filia Matri!

Anglia! heroïum Genetrix virorum
Florens tempus veneranda in omne!
Et novâ antiquum diadema cinga:
Filia laude!

Nashotah, Wis.

Δ

HUMAN NATURE AND THE PARSONS.

There is, perhaps, no study preparatory to public life, more important than the study of human nature. There is no class of men to whom a thorough knowledge of human nature would be of greater value than to the Parsons; yet there is no class of professional men so utterly destitute of it.

We occasionally hit upon a parson, whose deep insight into the ways of mankind is perfectly marvellous, and look upon him with a mysterious awe, as if he were a divinely commissioned prophet.

These refreshing exceptions, however are as rare as oases in the desert.

It may be asked why a class of men, whose very occupation is the transforming of what is vile in the nature of man to the true, beautiful and good, should be so delightfully unsuspecting, so ready to be "gulled," and so ignorant of the ways that are dark, and the tricks that are vain.

The answer is obvious.

They lead a too secluded life; they are too enwrapped with the things of Heaven to take notice of the things of Earth.

The monastic system in its most rigid form, is not far away in the past, and its ardent advocates are still to be found, crying, "Save yourselves from this untoward generation." Cut loose from the world, place between yourselves and your fellow men massive walls, forbidding gates and grating bars; and breathe the unwholesome damps, and learn to hate the scanty rays of the kindly sun, which stream in upon the gloom through crack and crevice, to mock your cheerless life, until all natural emotions are crushed, your flesh mortified and your soul saved.

This spirit of seclusion, though less strong, and happily growing weaker, still prevails, and is thought by many to

be the proper manner of life for the guileless parsons, who are generally as harmless as doves, if not as wise as serpents.

What is the result of it? The parsons are behind the age in which they live. Their flocks are hurrying on with rapid strides, with the parson clinging to their coat tails bellowing, "Stop 'em!" "Stop 'em!" "The world's gone mad!" You are the lunatic, not the world. Let the crowds hurry along in this busy age, but do you also hurry along with them if you would do them good, and whisper the words of comfort in their ears as they run. The Bible is as good for the nineteenth century as for any preceeding one, and is so plain that he who *runs* may read.

Learn a lesson in human nature from the Jesuits. They were sent out to christianize the North American Indians, at a time when all this vast and busy land was a howling wilderness.

How did they go to work? They smoked the pipe of peace with the rude savage over his wigwam fire: they went with them on their hunting and fishing expeditions, endured their hardships, and won their hearts. They accompanied them upon the war-path, shared the dangers of battle, moistened the lips and closed the eyes of the dying, and whispered in their ears the promises of the Great Spirit.

Now, suppose these much abused Jesuits, after the manner of the modern orthodox divine, had assembled the noble red men in Nature's meeting house, and should harangue them for hours on the evils of smoking, on infant baptism and on the superiority of a vegetable diet to baked Iroquois,—what would have been the result of such a missionary expedition? Doubtless, a few more scalps, a few less Jesuits and as many heathen as before.

Human nature was Descartes' greatest and most valued study, and was the means of rescuing him from the whirlpool of intricate speculations into which a blind devotion to books had hurried his predecessors. It enabled him to clear away the fog which had so long shrouded the vexed questions of philosophy, and scatter the rubbish of the past by letting in the enlightening rays of common sense.

The parson and the physician are often aptly contrasted as the physician of the soul and the physician of the body. But who would hesitate to call that doctor of medicine a *quack*, who should pretend to treat the diseases of the body, without being thoroughly conversant with its structure and laws? Yet physicians of the soul walk to and fro, and up and down the earth, administering their narcotics in utter ignorance of the nature of the souls which they are vainly endeavoring to heal. The one is a *quack*; the other, honored of all men, the dupe of the confidence man, and the pet of the ladies.

What is the remedy? Mix with the world, study yourself and study your fellow man. Marry, by all means; be a man amongst men, and learn what it is to have molasses in your whiskers, crying babies and sleepless nights, and to endure, without internal profanity, the presentation of grocery and millinery bills a yard long. A few years of such experience, in the midst of a busy people, will open the eyes of the blindest of parsons, teach him how to discern the character of man, and to heal the spiritual diseases of the Nineteenth Century.

Vermont University, Beloit College and Racine College Commencements happen on the same day of this year.

"BONA VERBA QUÆSO."—TER.

Among a certain class of persons, of whom we have by no means a few representatives in our midst, the idea seems to prevail, that as long as their language is grammatically correct, it is above all criticism. Not that they by any means sanction the use of immoral language, but, while they may be utterly intolerant of anything of this kind, they are equally unwilling to admit the claims of anything like delicacy in their language. By delicacy we mean nothing more than a proper choice of words with respect to the subject in hand. Vulgarity is closely akin to indelicacy, though generally supposed to be an error of another sort.

It is enough for them if a word can show a clear derivation, and if from the Anglo-Saxon, so much the better. We remember often hearing as a defense for a rather indelicate, and certainly inappropriate expression,— "Why, that is a good old Anglo-Saxon word; I see no objection to its use." Nay, we have seen the matter carried further, and a rough, ill-chosen Anglo-Saxon term used in preference to a much more delicate and suitable word of Latin origin, simply through fear of being thought too nice or affected.

If we object to such a proceeding, and are not convinced of our error in supposing that the Latin word is not affected, as a final resource we are met with the triumphant assertion that the strongest language found in our literature is that which contains the most Anglo-Saxon. "Give us strength and energy," say our friends, "and leave elegance and delicacy for those who desire it."

Now, while we acknowledge that under certain circumstances the Saxon element is by all means the most powerful, energetic and effective weapon that can be used, still we must object to the custom of "trotting out" (pardon the expression, but it best conveys our meaning,) our Anglo-Saxon on every occasion.

A heavy two-handed sword is doubtless an excellent thing to use in a fierce conflict, and may serve its own purposes most admirably, but surely it is not a weapon to be employed in fencing. So with our words: the strongest and most energetic must give way when the heat of the battle is over, and the slender rapier and dress-sword take the place of their more mighty companions, unless, like a veritable Quixote, we would make ourselves the laughing-stock of all our companions for warlike pretensions.

But, aside from the question of force or energy, there is another all-powerful reason for discarding, on many occasions, Saxon terms altogether. It must be remembered that the Saxon element of our language is that which belongs to a comparatively uncivilized age. Consequently, when, with the advance of civilization, men began to draw those finer distinctions which invariably accompany the growth of the human intellect, new words must be found to convey to the mind these distinctions. Where could proper terms be found so well as in the languages of those nations among whom these distinctions were observed. Thus, in addition to the old Saxon word "love" the terms affection and interest were brought into requisition, neither of which conveys the same idea as "love," although both may approximate to it; yet, all three spring from the same source and owe their existence to those distinctions which mark the cultivated mind.

To attempt, therefore, to express all our ideas in this "strong, energetic Anglo-Saxon," is simply absurd, and lays one open to the charge of ignorance as well as indelicacy. In fact, as we hinted above, vulgarity in its worst forms is but the intensified indelicacy which proceeds from a greater or less degree of ignorance.

While we say this, we do not wish to advocate a spirit of false modesty or over nicety in the choice of our words, but we merely wish to show that a word may be appropriate in one case, while it would not be appropriate in another, as the different tools of a workman are adapted to different kinds of work. A soup-ladle was never intended to stir a cup of tea with, and although the end in view, viz: the stirring of the tea, might be accomplished through its instrumentality, still, be his reasons what they might, we could not repress a feeling of contempt or disgust for those who should thus break over such a well-known rule of propriety.

Why can we not carry the same idea into our use of words?

For instance, while it would be foolish in the highest degree to object on all occasions to the use of the word "belly," still we should but lightly esteem his education who should use the terms "belly" and "stomach" indiscriminately, or the former when the latter was called for.

The true beauty of language consists in saying *exactly* what is meant, and no more. Let there be strong words where strength is needed, and nice and appropriate words where exactness is needed, but in all cases, "*bona verba qualeso.*"

THE CHOIR PICNIC AT GENEVA.

The eagerly awaited 1st of July has at last come and gone, and with it such a day of enjoyment as is found by the most fortunate not more than once a year. The clear sky overhead, and the freshness which the rain of the night before had given to everything below, made the day the very model of a summer holiday.

The choir, with representatives of the Senior Class, the Sixth Form, the College Nine, and the professors and ladies of the college, assembled at Racine Junction a little before eight o'clock in the morning, and were soon comfortably settled in a special car, whirling over the Western Railroad toward Geneva Lake. Although the ride out and back was much enjoyed, it was so unimportant in comparison with the other events of the day, that we cannot afford enough space to take it into account; but we must do justice to the Western Union and say that the sometimes lazy locomotive that promenades that track, on this morning at least woke up to a sense of duty, and in order to show what it could do on special occasions, went along with a "whiz."

A ride of an hour and a half brought us to Springfield, where the whole party disembarked, and where stages and other conveyances were waiting to carry us over the four miles road to Lake Geneva. Old "Tiglath" was there in all his glory, unchanged since last year, and his big wagon was soon packed with a heavy load of Trebles and Altos who knew from the experience of the last picnic where to look for fun. The rest of the party some in wagons, and some in phaetons were soon following in the train of "Tiglath," rolling over the loveliest of country roads, while the

simple peasants gazed at the caravan-like procession with surprise and consternation.

Finally the long line of vehicals made a sudden turn in the road, and soon the first sight of the sparkling waters of the lake broke upon the view. Another turn and the train swept through Main Street, while the country shop-keepers were standing under their signs to find out what they could about the singing and howling procession. We rattled along through the village, along the lake shore, up the hill and then glided through the gate and around the curving carriage drive up to the piazza of a magnificent mansion which Mr. Sturges has just erected on his beautiful grounds. Our kind host and hostess welcomed us on the broad piazza, that almost surrounds this splendid edifice, and the elegant rooms, large and numerous enough to lose even a party like ours, were thrown open for those who wished to refresh themselves after the ride.

The house faces the lake and is built on a hill that stretches away in front, sloping gently down to the margin of the water. Although one part of the piazza is reached by only one or two steps, that part of it which directly faces the lake is, owing to the descent of the hill, some fifteen feet above the ground. The view which it commands we despair of describing. We will get the reader to imagine himself standing upon this piazza and to picture the scene to himself: the slope covered with shade and fruit trees as it lies beneath his feet, the blue lake sparkling in the sunshine, the thickly wooded point and rounding bay on the opposite side of the lake, and away in the distance as far as the eye can reach the rolling country glorious with woodland and grain. The lake of course was the center of attraction for the students old and young. Plenty of sail boats and skiffs were at the shore ready to be filled, and it was not long before we were scattered about over the lake. It was just the day for sailing. After several boats of less importance had gone out on short voyages, a small schooner was filled with a gay cargo of twenty-five or thirty passengers. Ere long some one in the stern gave notice that the boat was about to "tack." there is no sight so beautiful as the havoc which that word "tack" made with parasols, stovepipes and heads, but every one managed to come up all right, when the sails had swung across to the other side. The waves were excessively sportive, and the ladies had to be stowed away in the stern of the boat where they would not be splashed. On the bow, dry seats were decidedly scarce, and one could heartily congratulate himself if he happened to get a place where he could sit down on only an inch of water. But alas, as soon as he could settle himself down to enjoy such a luxury, another wave was sure to come into the boat and sit down in exactly the same spot.

For any one who preferred enjoyment on dry land there were plenty of amusements on shore, but every one seemed to be of a nautical turn of mind and *terra firma* offered her charms in vain. Not a single choirster or senior, I will venture to say, left the lake without having a swim. No one can appreciate the real enjoyments of the water who has had a dive into the lake at Geneva. No more Lake Michigan for us; our taste is corrupted. To that great expanse of ice water we bid a long farewell.

At length we were summoned to the dinner; some long

[Continued on the Sixth page.]

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, JULY 6, 1872.

EDITORS

H. C. DILLON. E. A. LARRABEE. NORTON STRONG. E. G. RICHMOND.

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

TERMS:

College Year \$1.00 | Single Copy 15 cts.

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. 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, Wisconsin."

A. C. Sandford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

As the senior editor draws forth his quill to pen the words which sever his connection with the editorial staff of the MERCURY, his mind runs swiftly back over his three years' labor upon it, and he finds that it has taken so firm a hold upon his affections that the parting words are extremely hard to say.

But the world moves on, and the Senior must move on with it, to make room for the younger aspirants, who long to occupy the Editor's easy chair.

Fresh fields and pastures new await the graduated editor. His pen, perchance, may hereafter dabble in the mire of political strife, perchance may be wielded by the Bohemian penny-a-liner, or edit a Church "*Weakly*."

But wherever he is, whether on Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strands, he will look back with pride upon the continued usefulness and prosperity of the College MERCURY.

It is not for us to eulogize the work of our College paper during our long connection with it. Its present prosperity is a standing eulogium, upon which our words can make no improvement.

It is our desire, more particularly, to return to the numerous friends of our paper, our hearty thanks for the generous support which they have extended to it in the past, and to express the hope that their support of it to our successors in the future may be no less cordial and substantial.

To the business men of Racine we are under many and lasting obligations. Without their continued assistance, it would have been impossible to make the MERCURY self-sustaining. Their well-known and often tried generosity has never yet failed to display itself, whenever the enterprises of the college have needed their assistance.

The college is widely known as a power for great good in the midst of this growing city. The citizens of Racine have seen it in its feeblest infancy, have watched its rapid growth and youthful strength, and now behold it budding into manhood, and entering upon a career of great prosperity.

We feel assured that the MERCURY will continue to grow in favor, and will soon attain a large circulation among the citizens of Racine.

We shall often sigh for a glimpse at our exchanges. Their perusal has afforded us many hours of enjoyment. The College press can be called a puerile con-

cern, but holds an important place among the periodicals of this country, and is now recognized in all editorial conventions.

The College sanctum is the training school for the future editor, just as the class room is the training school of the scholar. Both, working together, can not fail to send out into the world, men who are eminently fitted to fill the most responsible positions in the field of journalism. We shall not take upon ourselves the invidious office, as some have done, of settling the question of superiority among our numerous college exchanges. They are all meritorious efforts, and we sincerely wish them all continued prosperity.

As none but the senior editor leaves the college this year, the MERCURY will move on without the least difficulty, after a vacation of nine weeks.

We leave the paper in charge of its junior editors with the utmost confidence that, under their able management and with the pecuniary assistance of their numerous friends and fellow students, the MERCURY will continue to prosper financially and improve materially.

SEVENTY TWO.

The Chicago *Tribune* says "Strawberries are leaving the market and Commencements are coming in," and then indulges in a little pleasantry at the expense of graduating fireworks, gratuitously suggesting to all valedictorians this *new* and happy thought.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime;
And in dying, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of Time."

We have noticed for many years that just previous to annual commencements, the press of the country seems moved by a spirit of duty to prepare the minds of the people for the exodus of the graduates, and to remind the forthcoming B. A.s that the world has seen their like before, and still moves, and breathes and has existence.

Now, it is our opinion that the minds which produce these stale sentiments could never have been trained inside of college walls. Nothing truer was ever said than this: "The ignorant man despiseth knowledge." His envious tongue wags loudly wherever you may go. A little knowledge has puffed him up to such a degree, that he imagines the "exalted" senior, like a majestic balloon sailing through the air, filled with nothing but gas. That Seniors, puffed up by the contemptible conceit that they are destined to work a revolution in the existing order of things, may be found, no one will deny.

That such bipeds have found their true level in the past, and will continue to do so in the future, we hail as the beneficent and unalterable law of a kind Providence.

But Seniors, as a class, are humble men. "A little knowledge puffeth up," but a great deal maketh a man humble.

The more a man knows, the more he feels, like Newton, that he is only standing upon the beach, picking up a few pebbles, while the great ocean lies unexplored beyond.

No. The Senior does not expect to revolutionize the world. No herald is needed to announce to the world that he is coming. He feels thankful that the world is as it is, and will take his place humbly in the ranks, beside his fellow man, and labor for the common good.

ANOTHER BABY.

This time the joyful tidings comes from Columbus, O., and Will Comstock is the happy sire.

The little philosopher came into the light of this mundane sphere, on the night of May 22nd. It is a boy. Its weight was precisely 9½ pounds, and the delighted papa triumphantly claims the "Cup" of '69.

Through the kindness of Mr. Prescott of '69 we have been favored with a glimpse of the letter announcing its arrival.

The state of mind of its paternal ancestor is plainly visible in his excited Rhetoric. Nothing can possibly recuperate him, except the silver cup of the baby of '69. Let it be forwarded at once.

BEECHER ON GRAMMAR.

Mrs. Stowe gives a characteristic account of a gramatical exercise at which her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, assisted in his school days. Young Beecher was about eleven years old, and was as full of fun and mischief as at present. The teacher was drilling her pupils in the rudiments:

"Now, Henry," said she, "'a' is an indefinite article, you see, and must be used only in the singular number. You can say 'a man' but you can't say 'a men,' can you?"

"Yes, I can say 'amen,' too," was the rejoinder; "father says it always at the end of his prayers."

"Come, Henry, do n't be joking; decline 'he.'"

"Nominative he, possessive his, objective him."

"You see 'his' is possessive. Now you can say 'his book,' but you cannot say 'him book.'"

"Yes, I do say 'hymn book,' too," said the impracticable pupil with a quizzical twinkle.

Each one of these sallies made his young teacher laugh, which was just the victory he wanted.

"But now, Henry, seriously, just attend to the active and passive verb. Now 'I strike' is active, you see, because if you strike, you do something. But 'I am struck' is passive, because if you are struck you do n't do anything do you?"

"Yes, I do; I strike back again."

After about six months Henry was returned to his parents' hands, with the reputation of being an inveterate joker and an indifferent scholar.

A BOY'S IDEA OF AN EDITOR.

"The editor is one of the happiest animals in the known world. He can go to the menagerie afternoon and evening without paying a cent; and to inquests and hangings. He has free tickets to picnics and strawberry festivals, and gets wedding cake sent to him.

"While other folks have to go to bed early, the editor can sit up every night and see all that is going on. The boys think it's a great thing to sit up till 10 o'clock. When I'm a man I mean to be an editor, so I can stay out nights. The editor do n't have to saw wood, or do any chopping except with his scissors. Railroads get up excursions for him. There are a great many people trying to be editors who can't, and some of them have been in the profession for years. If I was asked, if I had rather have an education or go to the menagerie, I would say let me go and be an editor."

CRUMBS FOR THE CURIOUS.

One of our classical professors has just explained the derivation of the word candidate from the Latin *candidus*, white, because in ancient Rome candidates for office wore white togas, emblematic of their own spotlessness of character. Whereupon a student asked if Horace Greeley wore his white coat because he was always a candidate for office.

The popular superstition that overturning the salt is unlucky, originated in a picture of the "Last Supper," by Leonard de Vinci, in which Judas Iscariot is represented as overturning the salt.

Cornell University is the only one of the three hundred and sixty-nine colleges in our country which has a professorship of American history. In fact, it would surprise most of our college professors to know that America has any history worth the teaching in comparison with the learned guesses respecting the wolf that suckled Romulus, and the Amazons who inspired the early Greek with awe. — *Appleton's Journal*.

Oxford University celebrates its 1000th anniversary this year.

Hon. B. Gratz Brown of Missouri, the liberal candidate for Vice President, is a graduate of Yale '47.

Harvard has an annual income of \$1,000,000.

A new plan of giving out lessons in Greek is proposed at Dartmouth College. The text books are to be given up, and the lessons for each day are to be given out on slips of paper the day before. The slips are to be returned when used, and to be changed with every class. The object of the innovation is to cause more study on the part of the student.

Harvard University advertises more than any College in the United States.

The elective system of Harvard proves thus far to be quite expedient. Out of 130 Sophomores, 110 have taken the Latin and Greek. — *Ex.*

Ex-President Woolsey is said to be engaged on a work upon political economy.

The alumni of Williams are about to erect a \$10,000 building for a boarding club, where the students can get good board for two dollars and a half a week.

William Cullen Bryant was suspended at Williams for the diabolical crime of reciting a poem called *Thanatopsis*, which had not been corrected by the President. — *Ex.*

The Seniors and Juniors in Wisconsin State University, at Madison, have been studying Anglo Saxon. At the same institution the Senior graduating orators were limited to four minutes each.

Prof. Loomis's mathematical series have been translated into Chinese, and are now in use in China.

Williams College has two students from India, one from the Bahama Islands, one from Nova Scotia, and one from India.

Beloit College has a "J.  bulim, and a Turk.

[Concluded from the third page.]

tables were spread under the trees and loaded down with the most delicious viands.

The grace was sung by the choir, and the whole company was soon comfortably seated on benches or chairs about the tables doing ample justice to the repast. Any one who has seen the choir eat will need no assurance that on this occasion they "went in" nobly.

After the dinner every one proceeded as before to the kind of enjoyment that best suited his taste. Of course with an excellent piano in the parlor, two large rooms that could be thrown open, and, last and best, plenty of fair ladies to lead to the dance, the light fantastic toe was soon tripping to the waltz and gallop. Amidst such delights the dreaded time of departure came much too soon. The choir and the members of the music classes were drawn up in a line on the piazza, and Mr. Rowe conducted the singing of some new part songs. Singing has double effect amidst such surroundings; and who could not help singing on that unrivalled piazza and after such a dinner! After the secular music the choir sang at the request of the ladies "Lead kindly Light," and then after a hearty leaves taking the stages and wagons were again filled and we reluctantly were rolling away over the hills to Springfield to take the train for Racine.

So ended a day which shall ever remain among the pleasantest memories of those who shared its enjoyments at Geneva. No one came away without the conviction that he never had a better time in his life, and all our united thanks are but an insufficient return to those whose kindness and generosity has given us a day of such unalloyed pleasure.

— The "Student's Concert," under the able management of Mr. Rowe, bids fair to eclipse anything of the kind ever before gotten up among the students. It is to come off Monday evening, the 18th inst., in the new Dining Hall.

— The Senior Concert, for which Bach's celebrated Orchestra has been engaged, is to be given in Belle City Hall, instead of the College Dining Hall, as was previously advertised. Mr. Bach has just returned from the Boston Jubilee, where he took a part among the most celebrated musicians of the day. It is needless for us to say anything in his praise; the immense audiences which he draws wherever he goes, is a sufficient testimony to the excellence of his orchestra.

Tickets are for sale at the office of the *College Mercury*, and at Winslow's Book Store, in the city.

Tickets, 50 cents, Reserved Seats 75 cents.

— The music classes, as the fruit of the practices of the past term and the labor of our energetic choir-master, have learned a great many excellent part songs. The entire chorus, which consists of about 125 members, is to give a concert before the end of the term, in the Refectory. It will be a grand affair.

— Mr. Crook would like to hear from all those students who wish kalsomining done this summer. The work will be done at the lowest price, and in any color or tint desired.

See advertisement.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41	A. M.	12 08	P. M.	7 27	P. M.
Going South	7 33	A. M.	1 58	P. M.	4 48	P. M.
Going West	8 00	A. M.	7 30	P. M.		

The past fortnight has been a busy one, as well on the Campus as in the field of mental exertion. Cricket has played an important part in the trials that have been made at physical skill and endurance, and is now frequently indulged in as affording a relaxation from the more arduous exercises of base ball.

THE FRESHMAN ELEVEN has completed a series of games with the Sophs, in which it carried off the palm with a high hand. The first game went to '75 by a score of 169 to 74, and the deciding game was won by 147 to 94. The Freshmen have some excellent batsmen, who make their eleven a remarkably strong one. In their first game with the Sophs, Charles made the handsome score of 54 tallies, and in the second the respectable sum of 30. Taber batted well in the second game, and secured 33. Doe., of the Sophomore eleven, scored 37. At present, the Juniors are champions, having defeated the Freshmen in a closely contested game, by one or two tallies; but it is only just to say that '75 played to great disadvantage, in the absence of one of their best batsmen.

THE CLERICAL GAME.—An interesting game was played on the 20th of June, between a picked eleven from the College, and an eleven composed, with the exception of three players, from the Clergymen of the diocese. Owing to a rain, only one innings could be played, in which the Reverends were defeated only by a score of 86 to 69.

IN OUR LAST NUMBER, we were unable to notice a match played between the Badger and Clarkson Third Elevens. By ordinary batting, the Badgers made in the first innings a score of 61. The Clarksons required two innings to show what they could do; 16 in the first, 20 in the second, and 5 byes. Imagine the disgust of an ancient "Osceola" at such a score. The game was in some respects a very interesting one; it was played with no apparent exertion, and was finished up in a short time. The score was small, (this is always a pleasant feature in a game,) and, as may be seen from the figures, was "also remarkably close."

— During the past week, examinations have absorbed all the energy of the collegiate department. Cramming has been worse than ever. Hard students are not satisfied with cramming at cricket-matches, cramming down the lake shore, and cramming in bed, but jerk out a book at the dinner-table and cram there. We sigh for examinations to end; it's getting fearfully monotonous.

THE FOURTH ELEVENS played their annual match last week, and the Clarksons got a well-earned victory. Both clubs were very evenly matched, and the game towards its close was thoroughly exciting. The Badgers led the score in the first innings, and promised on going to bat for the second, to secure another triumph for the red; but after dinner, their nerve forsook them, and they were mercilessly shelled out by their plucky opponents. On the Clarkson side, Taft batted excellently, and scored 22. Of the Badgers, Hale, Einstein and Campbell wielded the willow with considerable skill, each getting 13 runs. Score, 73 to 66.

THE FIFTH ELEVENS played their match the same day as the fourth. In this contest, the young Badgers nobly upheld the honor of their club, "dishing up" the youthful Clarkson by a score of 68 to 43. Young Mr. Jabez Holmes played a beautiful bat, and covered himself with glory; he made 25 runs, or, in other words, three more than the whole Clarkson club made in their first innings.

— During a storm, one night last week, an oak, within forty feet of the refectory, was struck by lightning. Fastened to the tree was one of those large lanterns which during the night reflect their bright beams upon the walks. Next morning, strange to say, the lantern was missing. A promising youth observes that when the lightning lit on the tree, the light lit out.

— The Grammar School are to have a spelling match next Saturday evening. We welcome the return of a custom which for several years has been abandoned. It will recall to the minds of some of the College students the palmy days of the Grammar School, when "Van" used to manipulate the spelling-book in the large school rooms.

— The charter of the Addisonian Society has been elaborately copied by Mr. Clarence Bennett, of the Grammar School. The work is done in ink, and the beauty of its execution, as well as the neatness and taste displayed in the design, reflect great praise upon Mr. Bennett's artistic skill.

— Ely has on hand a fine collection of stereoscopic views of the College buildings. Every student should buy at least half a dozen of these views to take home with him, where he can put them in the magnificent stereoscope of some tender and blushing maiden, and display, life-like, to her wondering gaze, the marble halls of his alma mater.

— The young Isaac Waltons of the Grammar School, sit patiently with line in hand, on the piers in front of the College, waiting for a "bite." The largest fish pulled out this season, measures some three or four inches in length. On several occasions, the unsuspecting collegiate has run his foot against these monsters of the sea, while in the act of drawing on a boot after a bath. Boys, this is not right; you should either eat your fish, or throw them back into the water.

— We sat quietly, one day, and watched a Lower School boy clean out his desk, and the following are the astonishing articles which he pulled out: 1 dozen dog-eared books; 1 peck of rubber string and old yarn; 1 screw-driver; 1 old hat; 1 forlorn-looking base-ball shoe; 1 pop-gun; ½ dozen assorted paper fans; 1 box collars; assortment of dirty neck-ties; several old bottles; some more string and sundry inexplicable sticks; 1 piece of old iron; 1 prayer-book; a broken bat; a few old nails, and a Bible.

We would like to remind the Lower School, that "Order is the first law of Heaven," and that if any of them want to go there, they had better begin house-cleaning at once.

— The "Eds" and "Bills" played a match game of base-ball, on the 24th ult., which resulted in the "Eds" getting everlastingly "cleaned out." The game was called at the close of the sixth innings, when the score stood 14 to 2, in favor of the "Bills." The *Mercury* is requested to say that the "Eds" were defeated partly on account of sickness, (?) and partly from a lack of tallies. They feel perfectly confident of their ability to utterly "squelen" the "Billies," as soon as their health is sufficiently restored; but the Dr. assures them that their disease is constitutional, and hence incurable.

— THE GAMES. — We regret exceedingly that, in this issue we are unable to give extended notes of the different games of base ball which have been played since our last number appeared. The hurry of preparation for the duties of Commencement Week, and the large number of other matters requiring notice, compel us to brief.

— The Second Nine match between the Badger and Clarkson Clubs, was played on the 18th ult., and resulted in the lamentable defeat of the Badgers by a score of 16 to 25.

The two clubs were quite equally matched, and hence the defeat of the Badgers reflects all the more credit upon the Clarksons. The Badger men were not judiciously placed at the beginning of the game, thus enabling their opponents to get such a start at the outset that defeat was inevitable.

— The Badger and Clarkson Third Nines played their match on June 20th. It resulted in the humiliating defeat of the Clarksons by a score of 16 to 32. The youthful captain of the Badgers, Mabie Campbell, when comparing the diminutive size of his own men with the "strapping" members of the Clarkson Nine, had little hopes of defeating them. He was a plucky boy, however, and commanded the pluckiest little nine that can be found anywhere. In the Clarkson Nine were five college students, — one Junior, two Sophomores and two Freshmen. We cannot notice many individual plays which we greatly admired, but in general must say that the little Badgers covered themselves with glory.

— The Fourth Nine match was played on the 29th ult., and was by far the most exciting home game of the season. At the outset the Badgers had things pretty much their own way, the score in the first innings standing 4 to 1 in their favor.

At this juncture, however, by some unaccountable blunder, the Badgers flattened out completely and their opponents rapidly caught up to them. From the fourth to the ninth innings it was "nip and tuck" between them for the victory.

The excitement was intense; it was even painful, and when at last the Badgers gained the victory by only one tally, the applause was perfectly deafening.

The little Badgers threw themselves into each others' arms and hugged and hurraed in a very transport of joy. As Josh Billings would say, it was a most "tetching sight."

The score was 23 to 24 and the time of the game 3½ hours.

— The Fifth and last of the nines played for the Class of '70's cup on the 4th of July. In this game the Clarksons fairly ran away with the Badgers, and made them hunt their holes at the end of the seventh innings.

The Nines were very unequally matched, and it was evident from the beginning that the Badgers stood no show at all for the victory. Both sides did some very good playing, which elicited applause from the bystanders.

The little Badgers evidently had the sympathy of the lookers on, and many regrets were expressed by strangers at their defeat. Cheer up, Captain Sherman, and drill your men all the harder for the next season. Fortune will yet smile upon your vanquished followers, and victory perch upon your banners.

PERSONALS.

Married, on the 12th of June, 1872, in the city of Chicago, by the Rev. Dr. DeKoven, Warden of Racine College. Mr. Newton Lull, of '69 to Miss Mary Cotes.

"Newt" has our hearty congratulations and wishes for a long and happy life.

The Reverends C. L. Mallory, Lyman Phelps, William Dafter, R. B. Wolsley, George Wallace, E. H. Rudd, E. B. Spalding, Geo. Vernor, and Messrs Mead, Hudson and Rowe made up the Clergymen's Eleven, which played a picked eleven from the College on the 20th of June.

Bishop Armitage visited the College on the 25th ult., and confirmed eight students.

We regret exceedingly to hear that Frank Comstock, formerly of '74, has met with a severe misfortune. He was out shooting, when by an accidental discharge of his gun, he was shot in his left arm, compelling its subsequent amputation at the elbow.

His many friends here sympathize with him deeply in his sad misfortune.

On the 20th ult., quite a number of our old students, now in the ministry, came down from Milwaukee, where they had been attending the Diocesan Convention, to try their hands at wielding the willow in their favorite game of cricket.

Messrs Rudd, Vernor and Wallace were among the number.

The untimely shower which came up in the course of the game, sadly interfered with their sport. Nevertheless they seemed to enjoy themselves hugely, and entered with such spirit into the game that our boys had hard work to defeat them in the first innings.

While at Beloit, a few days ago, we had the pleasure of meeting and chatting with Mr. Eaton, senior editor of the *Beloit College Monthly*.

He has our thanks for kind attentions while there.

We are informed by very credible authority, that "Breck" of '69, is seriously contemplating matrimony.

We have certain knowledge of several other "old boys" who

Sadly unfortunate,
Anxious for strife,
Rashly importunate,
Are seeking a wife.

But, as published bans are no longer thought necessary, we must leave our readers, like the Irishman, in "breathless expance," until the happy events take place.

Mr. John Ravenroft Eoff has resigned his position as first assistant in St. Steven's School, to accept one in the New York office of the Inman line of steamers.—*Essex Chronicle*.

Mr. Eoff was once a member of our present senior class. He has our best wishes for success in his new position.

Thomas L. Sullivan, of '69, will deliver the oration on Society Day, July 8th.

The Rev. Mr. Egar, professor of Church History at Nashotah Theological Seminary is to preach the Baccalaureate Sermon this year.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We have received a small pamphlet called the *PARISH GUIDE*. Though rather small and unpretending in its appearance, it is, nevertheless, full of life and vigor. It contains many topics of local interest; is chiefly devoted to the promotion of home work, and its energetic tone reflects great credit upon the zeal of its author and publisher, the rector of St. Paul's Church, Erie, Pa.

The *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL* reaches us with a large amount of interesting matter. It is a live magazine, and is enthusiastically devoted to progress and the interests of this busy age. Published by Samuel R. Wells, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

The *SCIENCE OF HEALTH*, a monthly magazine published by the above named author, we consider a valuable addition to the literature of the day. Ye who would be healthy, and know how fearfully and wonderfully ye are made, should subscribe for it by all means.

The *NATION*, whose head is always level on the great questions of the day, very sensibly supports Grant, as the least of the two evils. All who truly wish to read the ablest and most unbiassed editorials on our political questions, should not be without this paper.

Price \$5.00 per year. Address "The Nation," N. Y. City.

Mr. J. L. Peters, publisher of *PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY*, out of the abundance of his generosity has been sending us two copies of his valued production each month. To lovers of melody, who wish a rich treat of rare music for a whole year, send \$3.00 to 599 Broadway, N. Y.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for July is replete with interesting matter. As we have noticed before, the illustrations are executed with great skill. It is second to no magazine in the country. Price \$4.00 per year. Address Scribner & Co., New York City.

We have also received the *CHURCH NEWS*, published at St. Louis, monthly, at the low price of fifty cents per year. It is a very interesting paper and is devoted to home interests.

The *GOSPEL MESSENGER*, a weekly journal published at Syracuse, N. Y., and devoted to the interests of the Church, has come to us. We give it a hearty welcome, and add it to our list of exchanges with pleasure.

Knowledge was conferred on man for a nobler purpose than to be made a mere instrument to supply his temporal wants. Its source is in Heaven, its aspirations are celestial, and it is an outrage on the dignity of the Donor, were we to degrade that glorious gift, which He intended to shine as a light to the world, into a mere kitchen fire, by which to warm our earthen pot.—*Ethics of the Fathers*.

The following institution has been established: "The Central Wesleyan College of the South-western Conference of the German Episcopal Church." Amen.

One of the lower chemistry class denies, in toto, that he died of the love of Jupiter, and affirms that it was her affection for another god that killed her. Science tells him of the lo-dide of Mercury.—*Oxol*.

College Mercury---Supplement.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK, JULY 7th TO 14th.

DULCE DOMUM.
 Concinnamus, O solites!
 Eja! quid Silemus?
 Nobile canticum,
 Dulce melos, domum.
 Dulce domum resonemus.
 Appropinquat ecce! felix
 Hora gaudiorum:
 Post grave tedium,
 Advenit omnium,
 Meta petita laborum.
 Musa, libros mitte, fessa;
 Mitte pensa dura:
 Mitte negotium,
 Jam datur otium,
 Me mea mitito cura.
 Ridet aens, prata rident;
 Nosque rideamus.
 Jam repetit Domum,
 Dauias advena;
 Nosque Domum repetamus.
 Heus! rogere! ser calalos:
 Eja! hunc emus;
 Limen amabile,
 Matris et oscula,
 Suaviter et repetamus.
 Concinnamus ad Penates;
 Vox et audiat:
 Phosphore! quid jubar,
 Segnius emicans,
 Gaudia nostra moratur?

CHORUS.—Domum, domum, dulce domum
 Domum, domum, dulce domum,
 Dulce, dulce, dulce domum,
 Dulce domum resonemus.

SUNDAY, JULY 7.

Baccalaureate Sermon

Will be preached by the Rev. Mr. EGAR, of Nashotah, in St. Luke's Church, Racine, at 11 A. M., Sunday, July 7th.

ERRATA.

We regret exceedingly that in the article on "The Choir Picnic at Geneva," several lamentable blunders have crept in through careless proof-reading.

In the fourth paragraph read for *vehicals, vehicles*. In the fifth, read, for "on the bow," and "on only an inch of water," the word "in" etc. The sixth paragraph should read as follows:

"For any one who preferred enjoyment on dry land there were plenty of amusements on shore, but every one seemed to be of a nautical turn of mind and *terra firma* offered her charms in vain. Not a single chorister or senior, we will venture to say, left the lake without having a swim. No one can appreciate the real enjoyments of the water who has not had a dive into the lake of Geneva. No more Lake Michigan for us; our taste is corrupted. To that great expanse of ice water we bid a long farewell."

In the seventh paragraph, on page 126, read for "could not help singing," *could help singing*.

In the notice of the "Student's Concert," read 8th instead of 18th.

MONDAY, JULY 8.

Society Day.

RACINE COLLEGE,

Monday, July 8th, 11 A. M.

Exhibition of the Addisonian Society

In Omnibus Paratus.

Order of Exercises.

Overture.

President's Address, - - - R. PARK.

Music.

Selections from the Miscellany, - E. A. LARRABEE.

Music.

Poem, - - - NORTON STRONG.

Music.

Oration, - - - Mr. T. L. SULLIVAN, of '69.

SOCIETY SONG.

Huzza!
 Brothers! Frank and Free,
 Let our harmony
 In chorus sing:
 One in mind and heart,
 Each shall bear a part,
 While we loudly sing,
 Echo answering
 Vivat! vivat! vivat Ralis!
 Friends! Companions all,
 While the dying fall

Speeds merrily:
 And in social hall,
 Prompt at duty's call,
 All contending free,
 Still our song shall be
 Vivant! vivant! vivant Sodales!

Brothers! name a word
 Which shall be heard
 With honours high:
 Name it in our song,
 Let the sound prolong,
 Friend of each and all;
 Honour now the call,
 Singing vivat! vivat Custos!

Bright eyes, ne'er forgot,
 Dear to us the spot
 Where we met:
 Gentle ones and dear:
 Far and yet so near,
 We ne'er forget,
 Green your memory yet,
 Vivant matres! vivant puellae!

Songs must have an end,
 On our way we wend,
 Parting a while;
 Yet shall we hear,
 Echoing loud and clear,
 Voices which beguile
 E'en from care a smile,
 Singing vivat! vivat Radix!

Larrabee Prize Exhibition.



Monday, July 8th, 1872, 3 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

- Oration—Count Bismarck, Edgar Everhart.
- Oration—Maternal Influence, F. S. Gault.
- Oration—Necessity for Revolutions, T. C. Hudson.
- Oration—Mind and Muscle, Aquilla Jones.
- Oration—Character of Charles XII, E. A. Larrabee.
- Oration—A Plea for Beauty, Norton Strong.

The Exhibition will conclude with an Exercise in Reading.

Students' Concert,

IN THE DINING HALL

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 8, 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

- Glee.—Here in cool Grot, Lord Mornington.
- Quartet.—The Hunt is up, Hatton.
- Glee.—Awake, Æolian Lyre, Danby.
- Quartet.—Patter! patter! (April Showers,) Hatton.
- Part Song.—Spring's delights, Müller.
- Quartet.—Crabbed Age and Youth, Stevens.
- Glee.—Swiftly from the Mountain's brow, Webbe.
- Trio.—Mynheer Van Dunck, Sir H. Bishop.
- Solo, and Chorus.—Now tramp o'er moss and fell, Sir H. Bishop.
- Part Song.—Red leaves are falling, Elizabeth Stirling.
- Song.—The Bell-ringer, Wallace.
- Part Song.—The Lass of Richmond Hall, Leslie.
- Duet (Buffo).—Bring the Maid, (Rose of Castile,) Balfe.
- Chorus.—The Carnavale, Rossini.

ADMISSION FREE.

WHITEWASHING.

The *Tripod*, in its last issue, tries to whitewash those members of Evanston University, who so far forgot proper decency during their visit to Racine, as to become beastly drunk, and thus disgrace their Alma Mater. If anything extenuating can be said in their favor, it ought, by all means, to be said. This very whitewashing article in the *Tripod*, however, is *prima facie* evidence that the writer, as well as ourselves and every other spectator, knows their conduct to have been utterly inexcusable. How much more manly it would have looked, Mr. *Tripod*, if you, like your more noble President, had frankly confessed the fault and expressed your unfeigned regret at such conduct!

We sincerely regret that we are compelled to allude to this matter, which were much better buried in oblivion. Does the *Tripod* think that one vestige of that filthy stain can be removed from those young men by calling our college a *monastery*, or the reporter of the Racine Journal an uneducated ass? Yet this is the logical trash, with which the *educated* (?) editor of the *Tripod* seeks to "whitewash" two drunken wretches, whom he ought to consider a foul blot upon the University. We have seen a great deal of whitewashing, political and social, in our time, but never anything, which for brazen affrontery, equals this. "Let us have peace." The more you stir this matter in the *Tripod*, the worse it will smell.

TUESDAY, JULY 9.

Re-Union Day,

Chapel 12:30 P. M., Dinner, 1:15.

Class Day.



RACINE COLLEGE,

Tuesday, July 9th. 4 P. M.

Order of Exercises.

Overture

President's Address, - - - H. C. DILLON.
 Selections from Class History, - - - E. P. DAY.

Music.

Poem, - - - - - HERBERT ROOT.

Planting the Ivy.

Ivy Oration, - - - - - WORTH LONDON.

Music.

Dedication of the Rattle, - - - T. J. MORTON.
 Prophecy, - - - - - ROSWELL PARK.

Music.

Transfer of Senior Hat to '73, - - - H. C. DILLON.
 Response of '73, - - - - - W. K. DOAN.

CLASS SONG--'72.

Words by HERBERT ROOT.

Music by ROSWELL PARK.

Joyous and free?
 Now will we sing,
 Merrily sing as we go:
 Join in the song!
 Pleasures belong
 To those who enjoy them below.
 Four years of toil,
 Ended for aye!
 Ne'er will we meet here again.
 Studies are done;
 Life's work begun!
 Brothers, we now will be men.

Far, far away
 From these old halls,
 Hither we'll wander in mind.

Memories dear
 Ever will cling
 Fondly about them entwined.

Days that are past,
 Tell of the joys,
 Which never more shall we know:
 Days that shall come,
 Sorrows may bring,
 Sorrows and troubles and woe.

Yet we rejoice,
 Merrily sing!
 Brothers, come banish all cares:
 Heavts that are brave,
 Battles will win;
 Victory crowns him who dares.

Happy, then, we
 Ever shall be,—
 Happy and free while we may.
 Loudly we'll sing,
 Voices shall ring,
 Marching through life's weary way.

Grand Orchestral Concert

—BY—

Bach's Celebrated Orchestra

—AT—

BELLE CITY HALL.

Tuesday, July 9th, 8 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Overture to "Martha," Flotow.
2. Waltz—"Artist Life," Strauss.
3. Aria from "Falstaff," Balfe.
4. "Traumerei," Schumann.
5. Introduction to "Lohengrin," Wagner.

PART II.

6. Overture to "Poet and Peasant," Suppé.
7. Waltz—"New Vienna," Strauss.
8. Operatic Selections, "Fra Diavolo," Aubert.
9. Polka de Concert, with Solo and Echoes for
 Cornet Ch. Bach.
10. Chorus and Grand March, from "Tannhauser,"
 Wagner.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT



Racine College,

Wednesday, July 10th, 1872, 2.30 P. M.

Order of Exercises.

MARCH.
PRAYER
MUSIC.

Oration—Salutatory—Dolor Altor Magnanimitatis, *Herbert Root.*

Oration—Political Parties, *F. P. Day.*

MUSIC.

Oration—Scholasticism, *Worth Landon.*

Oration—The Power of Conviction, *T. J. Morton.*

MUSIC.

Oration—Science: Past, Present and Future, *R. Park.*

READING OF THE ENGLISH PRIZE ESSAY.

Awarding of Prizes and Presentation of Medals.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

MUSIC.

Valictory Oration—The Mind and How Educate It, *H. C. Dillon.*

MUSIC.

Awarding the Quintard Medal.

BENEDICTION.

MARCH.

Warden's Reception and Class Party, 8 o'clock.

ROLL OF HONOR FOR 1872.

THE CLARRSON CUP.

Not yet decided.

THE RECTOR'S CUP

Won by the Badger Second Eleven.

THE HEAD MASTER'S CUP.

Won by the Badger Third Eleven.

THE PREFECT'S CUP.

Won by the Clarkson Fourth Eleven.

THE BEER'S CUP.

Won by the Badger Fifth Eleven.

THE ARMITAGE CUP.

Won by the Clarkson First Nine.

THE QUINTARD CUP.

Won by the Clarkson Second Nine.

THE ASHLEY CUP.

Won by the Badger Third Nine.

THE INGRAHAM CUP.

Won by the Badger Fourth Nine.

THE CLASS OF '70'S CUP.

Won by the Clarkson Fifth Nine.

THE SILVER BALL.

BADGE OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE COLLEGES OF THE NORTH WEST.

Taken from the University Nine of Evanston by the College Nine.

College Nine defeated the Beloit College Nine. Score 53 to 7.

BASE BALL.

BELOIT COLLEGE VS. RACINE COLLEGE.

On the 4th of July was played the long looked for match game between the nines of Beloit and Racine Colleges.

It was not, as we had anticipated, a close game. The Beloit boys were nervous, and allowed our nine to run away with them. They did not even do themselves justice. They have defeated in succession the "Rockfords," "Janesvilles," "Clintons," and "Elkhorns," and have the deserved reputation of being a first-class amateur club. In the first innings they played splendidly at the bat, and managed "Quill's" balls in a way that made him feel extremely nervous. After this good beginning, however, they completely flattened out, and the amount of "muffs" and missplays became so numerous as to defy the pencil of a reporter to keep track of them.

A few of their men played splendidly throughout the game, but, as they were not well supported, their efforts were in vain. Of these we cannot withhold our unfeigned admiration of Mr. Comstock's catching and throwing. He was also strong at the bat, making a home run in the last innings. Mr. Werk as pitcher, did himself credit and bothered our boys somewhat with his "soft-soapers." Mr. Keep, short-stop, played well, at one time taking in a very difficult foul fly beyond third base, by making an astonishingly quick run. Mr. Merriman also played well at the left field taking in several difficult flies.

Our boys played beautifully throughout the game, not so well, however, as in the last Evanston match, because there was not so much need of it. "Quill" did not have a single "out," and Leckly only spoiled his score in the last innings. Martin made a brilliant home run. But we cannot mention each of the fine individual plays. All did well and nobly vindicated their right to the "silver ball."

The Beloit College Nine presented a pleasing contrast to the Evanstons in their gentlemanly behavior. We are glad to have had the pleasure of their acquaintance, and hope this may not be our last game with them. We regret that we have not room to append the score. The grand totals were 53 to 7, in favor of the College Nine.

College Mercury

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XI.

RACINE COLLEGE, JULY 17, 1872—COMMENCEMENT EXTRA.

NO. 9.

"ANNUS MIRABILIS."

A POEM

Delivered before the Addisonians of Racine College, July 8th, '72.

BY NORTON STRONG.

Since "Annus Mirabilis" was the title grand
Which Dryden chose, when wonders both by land
And sea inspired his sounding verse and rhyme,
Which echoes still from that far distant time,
Be this the title, too, which I may take
To trace in song a year whose changes make
One pause.

Not many weeks had gone their round,
And warm October, which with beauty crowned
The saddening death-bed of the dying year,
Held still its glory, and with heavens clear
And dream-like sunshine—all a fount of gold—
Ensnared the heart, and pleasing wrought ten-fold
More goodness by its hints of heavenly bliss,
Than sermons grand of worlds that follow this!
Midst scenes like these, which give new life and health,
And gladden every heart by nature's wealth,
When life's smooth current smoothest seems to glide,
By discord racked our dear Clionia died.
Oh! where are now those golden locks so fair?
The brow where youth and beauty dwell, till care
With sudden hand wrought furrows deep and dark,
And throng of untold anguish left their mark;
While pain-distorted, the cheek so fair turned pale.
What woes the poor maid suffered! 'tis a fearful tale.
As cold November with its chilly hands,
And winter glittering with its icy bands
Soon wrap in gloom the brightest day,
So Clionia's life when vexed by our—yet stay!
For ours is not the task to tell her ills;
We would but show the grief our breast which fills,
When one so young, endeared by actions kind,
A favored friend who round our hearts entwined
The chains of love,—with scarce a chance to know
Wherein her sickness lay, from us must go.
Farewell, Clionia; though long years roll by
And low in death thy golden locks may lie,
And strangers fill the halls where once with thee
We passed those pleasant hours,—no more to be;
Though time and change may heal the aching heart
Yet ne'er, O dearest friend, shall they depart—
The memories of each long and happy day
Made doubly dear by thee,—now passed away.

Oh! would that thus our tale of woe might cease.
But no! amid these days of heavenly peace,
Another flushed with health and vigor, decked
With youth and beauty, soon his footsteps checked,
And as the hazy autumn clouds roll by,
When earth seems fairest,—laid him down to die.
No pain racked couch was his. For oft e'en while
A child as 'midst his sport with laughing smile
He passed each sunny day, anon a throe
Within of weary faintness told of woe

Some day to follow. Anon 'twas over, and soon
His heart was merry o'er some precious boon
Culled fresh from those alluring fields, where round
In graceful curves Pearl Rivers singing wound.
But years rolled by, and now, the youth grown man,
Great works has surely wrought. But now began
To show itself the fruit of that fell strife
Which nature waged with death throughout his life,
And Philo, free from pain, as months rolled by
By these strifes warned, foresaw that he must die.
The end drew on with autumn's sunny days,
When Clionia, blessing all that met her gaze,
With health and youth to charm each well-spent hour,
Thought not of death nor feared his mighty power,
Till lo! the hand which Philo felt so long
Now laid both low and hushed her ringing song.
Together now they rest, the youthful pair,
Of life, to all so sweet, too brief their share.
But death spares none, and must be ours some day:
May we depart as well beloved as they.
Thus far, O friends, our tale is one of woe,
But storm or sunshine last not here below,
So now our song shall lighter numbers choose,
Since grief is past and joy inspires our muse.
Where late Clionia lived and Philo sought,
To shun, the death his fainting spirit wrought,
And both in pleasant toil engaged each hour,
Another reigns and rules with loving power.
Where erst Clionia's smiles were wont to greet,
We lay our offerings at another's feet,
And Addisonia with her winning grace
Allures each heart and fills the vacant place
Too young as yet to claim the reverence due
To veteran minds; her faltering work, 'tis true,
May scarce call forth the plaudits long and loud,
And ringing bravos from the admiring crowd;
Yet still her aim 's attained with none of these,
If by her efforts she may somewhat please.
The years far hence shall with her praises ring,
But now as yet in life's sweet budding spring,
The germs alone are seen, from which must grow
The future maid.

And now, O friend, to show
What time with magic touch shall bring to pass,
When years of culture shall their gains amass,
Were doubtless soon accomplished, and a task
Which he whose heart was hers would gladly ask,
Yet why attempt, in old and time-worn strain,
To paint the "Golden Future" o'er again,
Suffice to know that she to us so dear
In all her power and beauty is 'midst us here.
That looking forward with unflinching gaze
She moulds the future by these present days.
Enough! the year with all its varying change
Is past and gone. We've let our memory range
O'er these its greater works of death and life—
With which all times and years are ever rife,
Our task, though welcome, is but ill performed,
For thoughts, which old-time memories lured and warmed,

Through lack of skill remain untold. And now
As o'er our work we glance, they throng our brow
And plead for utterance till they fairly shame
These few poor lines that bear the name
Of poesy. But who can sate with words
Sweet memories of the days gone by? The birds
The flowers and trees, they each must have their line;
While thoughts, no words can utter, vainly pine,
And the work, which while we wrought it seemed so sweet,
We now halt long to scatter at our feet.
The greeting which we hear, too long delayed,
To you, O friends, at length must now be said.
To all who kindly listen here to-day,
To hear the music of her poet's lay,
Or mark the glories of her stronger arm,
Our Addisonia sends a welcome warm;
And may those following in the coming years
Enjoy the pleasure of such willing ears.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

The exercises of Commencement Week began with the Baccalaureate Sermon, which was preached by the Rev. Dr. Eggar of Nashotah Theological Seminary, on Sunday morning, July 7th, at St. Luke's Church, in the city. It was an able and eloquent discourse, and was listened to with marked attention. The only regret was that the Doctor's voice was scarcely powerful enough to reach that part of the audience which sat farthest from him. The procession of students, alumni, professors and clergy from the College to the city was orderly and imposing. The service in the church was, as usual, full choral, and was rendered beautiful and deeply impressive by the hearty and superior singing of the choir and congregation.

The address before the Missionary Society, which was to have taken place at the evening service in the chapel, was omitted on account of the unavoidable absence of the Rev. Mr. Worthington, of Detroit, who was to have delivered it.

The Warden's Reception, in the evening, was the most interesting and entertaining of the whole year. Quite a number of fair visitors were present, which is sufficient to account for the unusual pleasantness of the occasion.

In this fitting manner, unalloyed pleasure, kept within the restraining bounds of an holy moderation, Baccalaureate Sunday was brought to a happy end, and the way prepared for

SOCIETY DAY.

The anniversary exercises of the Addisonian Society were held in the gymnasium Monday July 8th, and were opened at 11 A. M., by the address of the President—Mr. R. Park. Whilst in this sketch of the closing events of the College Year, we shall assume the character of the historian rather than that of the critic, yet we cannot, in this connection, avoid condemning the fault-finding tone of the President's address, which laid conspicuously, before the audience, society sins, which, true as they were, were much better and more charitably kept as family secrets.

Mr. Parks' tribute of gratitude to Rev. Dr. Elmendorf, the greatly beloved Moderator of the Society, and to whom it owes so much, was beautiful, touching and well-deserved.

The Miscellany was then read by Mr. E. A. Larrabee. In introducing his selections to the spectators, the editor warned them, in a very humorous manner, against expecting anything profound; assured them that the Miscel-

lany's chief merit was its folly, and begged them to give their undivided attention to the folly of a first-class lunatic. The reading fully justified the Editor's sage remarks. It was lively, well read, and entertaining. The poem by Mr. Norton Strong, was a production of which we wish to express our unqualified approval and praise. Its title was "Annus Mirabilis," and the production one which shows Mr. Strong's poetic talents to be of no common order. We give it entire on our first page, and leave it without further comment to the discriminating taste of the reader.

The oration, delivered by Thomas L. Sullivan, M. A., of Indianapolis, a young and promising lawyer, and member of the Class of '69, was deservedly the crowning feature of the day. It was able; it was eloquent, and it carried conviction. His theme was Society in general, but particularly the government of the United States. He opened by an apology for the natural boastfulness of the American, and for their unbounded admiration of their own system of government. Yet with all due allowance for these social imperfections, he said he must exclaim with Izaak Walton, though of a different subject, "Doubtless God could have made a better government, but doubtless God never did." He maintained that the combination of these three qualities,—goodness, wisdom and strength, into the rule of a society, must make that society the best government. The monarchy has strength, but lacks goodness and wisdom: the aristocracy—properly a government of the best men—has wisdom, but lacks goodness and strength: the democracy, however, whilst possessing each in an imperfect degree, on account of the frailty of human nature, yet combines them, making a symmetrical whole. We regret our inability to give even the faintest idea of the real merits of this admirable oration, but hope in our next issue to print it entire, that all may have the benefit of its perusal.

The music, interspersed throughout the exercises, was furnished by the College band under the leadership of Mr. Larrabee and was quite good. The singing of the Society song was not a success; to use a favorite criticism frequently resorted to in our Rhetoricals, it decidedly "lacked animation."

These exercises occupied the forenoon. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock, the prize speakers of the Junior Class contended for

THE LARRABEE PRIZE.

The speakers were six in number, and earned their right to contend for the prize by the excellence of their oratory during the past year. As three of their number are now editors of the Mercury, and as the writer is a warm personal friend of one of the defeated contestants, whom he, with a host of others, thinks richly deserved the prize, therefore it is thought best, in this place, to substitute the well-written and unbiassed account of the reporter of the *Racine Advocate*:

"This prize is given to that member of the Junior Class who shall deliver the best original speech and show the greatest proficiency in reading. The contestants this year were Messrs. Everhart, Gault, Hudson, Jones, Larrabee and Strong.

Mr. Everhart's speech was a glowing eulogy on Bismarck, his qualities as a statesman, a warrior and a pa-

triot. The speaker ranked Bismarck among the benefactors of the race, and showed how he had raised Prussia to her present high rank among the nations.

Mr. Gault followed with a graceful tribute to "Maternal Influence." He dwelt with great feeling on the power of a mother's love, and the great influence which it exerts on the life and happiness of the young. The subject of Mr. Hudson's oration was "Necessity for Revolutions;" in the course of which he showed the universality of revolutions, and their use in counter-acting the weakening and debasing effects of too great prosperity. Mr. Jones demonstrated the necessity of muscular as well as intellectual training in forming the perfect man. Mr. Jones' style was singularly easy and natural, and was heartily cheered by the audience. Mr. Larrabee depicted the virtues and vices of the brilliant but ill-fated Charles XII, of Sweden, in a manner that excited sympathy for his hero among the audience. His style was easy and graceful, his voice clear and strong. Mr. Strong opened his oration with a beautiful and poetic description of the Greek ideal of perfect beauty, after which he entered an effective "plea for beauty." As long as beauty has such advocates as Mr. Strong, we do not think it need fear total extinction in the American breast.

After an exercise in reading the exercises closed, and the audience dispersed, well pleased with the afternoon's entertainment; and certainly we think the College may be proud of the young gentlemen who took part in the exercises, for they showed thorough intellectual training, as well as original thought. The prize was awarded to Mr. Jones."

THE STUDENTS CONCERT

took place in the evening and proved to be one of the most delightful and entertaining exhibitions which we ever before remember to have witnessed at the College. The able and indefatigable Mr. Rowe, Precentor of the choir, had for some time been training a large number of the College students and boys of the Grammar School with a view towards giving a concert during Commencement Week, in which all the music scholars—about one hundred in number—should appear as a grand chorus. As we said before it was delightful; we lack words to express adequately our full admiration. The Glees were especially well rendered, and called forth many flattering plaudits. We have not space to particularize each of the pieces upon the programme, but cannot leave the subject without expressing our unbounded admiration of the solo and chorus "Now tramp o'er moss and fell", in which Mrs. Hinsdale sang the solo. All who have heard this lady's voice,—so powerful yet so rich and sweet, can imagine its sweetness upon this occasion supported by Mr. Rowe's superb chorus. To those who have not, we can only regret our inability to describe it.

The concert was held in the Dining Hall, which was crowded by an appreciative and enthusiastic audience. It must have given Mr. Rowe the greatest pleasure to hear his scholars do so well, and to receive the enthusiastic plaudits of such an audience. He richly deserved them all; and we will add for ourselves, that his musical talents, his energy and kindly nature, make him an ornament to Racine College, which we trust she may never lose. Thus Monday, like Sunday, passed away in the midst of the

most delightful of homelike enjoyments, ushering us into the busy scenes of

REUNION DAY.

Extensive preparations had been made for the reception of an unusually large number of old students, but everybody was disappointed by the extreme paucity of the numbers who came. The difficulty and uncertainty of getting accommodations in the city doubtless kept many away. Fifteen hundred invitations were sent out, and yet less than fifty of the old boys were present. Nevertheless it was a happy occasion. Those who came met a hearty welcome and had a pleasant time. At half past twelve P. M. all were gathered in the chapel where after a short service the Warden made an address welcoming his old boys back to Alma Mater. After chapel all passed to the Dining Hall, where our popular and indefatigable matron, Mrs. Franklin, had served up a sumptuous repast. The good things disappeared rapidly, and ample justice was done Mrs. Franklin for the excellence of her repast. After dinner the following dry toasts were offered and responded to. "The College." Responded to by the Head of the College, Mr. Dillon. "The old boys, who are clergymen." Responded to by the Rev. George Wallace, of '65, now in charge of a parish in Janesville, Wis. "The old boys, who are laymen." Responded to by Thomas L. Sullivan, Esq., of '69, now a lawyer in Indianapolis. "The Games." Responded to by Frank O. Osborne, of '71, now a theologian at Nashotah. "The ladies and especially those of the old boys." Responded to by Newton Lall, Esq., of '69, now a lawyer in Chicago. Here the Warden left his chair, and advancing into the hall, seized Mr. Wallace's handsome little baby, raised it tenderly in his arms and toasted "The old boys, who had babies." This exhibition of the Warden's paternal affection struck the assembly in a tender spot, and brought forth tremendous applause. The baby, like Gen. Grant, acted very wisely, accepting the plaudits with infantile modesty, not attempting to make any response, much to the satisfaction of the Warden who evidently feared it would, and thus spoil his fun. The last toast offered was, "The Bishops and Clergy present," and was eloquently and feelingly responded to by the Rt. Rev. The Bishop of Illinois. After thanks were returned, the old students, undergraduates and guests left the Dining Hall, to attend the

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

As the writer was a participant in these exercises, he prefers to substitute, for any remarks of his own, the account of the gentlemanly reporter of the "Advocate."

"At four o'clock P. M. the Class Day exercises took place; it had been intended to conduct them out of doors near the end of the chapel, but a smart shower coming up just before the appointed time, compelled them to change the programme, and they were therefore held in the gymnasium.

Class Day, as its name indicates, is the day particularly set apart for the enjoyment of the graduating class. In it they throw off the solemnity attending the other commencement exercises, and indulge in humorous exercises consisting of class history, prophecy, &c., and at the same, plant the ivy and put a stone in the chapel wall.

The exercises of the day were opened by the President's

address by Mr. H. C. Dillon. Mr. Dillon disclaimed for the class any right to the title of the "Seven Wise Men," as they were only six in number, but still they did not wish it thought they were not wise on that account; he humorously alluded to and explained the duties which the other members of the class were to perform, and introduced Mr. Day the class historian.

Mr. Day recounted many humorous incidents in the history of the class from the year 1866 up to the present time. The class has had many vicissitudes, being reduced at one time to only two in number, and only one who was in the class in 1866 graduated at the present time.

Mr. Root delivered a poem for the occasion, in the course of which he showed far greater acquaintance with the game of euchre, than with the art of poetry; in fact he avowed that he had no help from the muses in the production of his poem; an avowal which was entirely unnecessary on his part as the audience speedily found out the fact for themselves; we tried to find out what the subject of his poem was, but we could not and so let it pass.

The Ivy Oration by Mr. Landon was an exceedingly well written speech, in which was expressed many beautiful thoughts; he gave a history of the place which the ivy had held in the estimation of all nations, and closed by expressing the hope that their ivy would preserve the memory of the class and suggest useful lessons to future students.

A silver rattle had been provided, which was to be given to the first boy baby, which should be possessed by any member of the class; this was dedicated by Mr. Morton, in a humorous speech, detailing some of his own infantile experiences, which, however, he cautioned the audience not to believe.

Mr. Park's prophecy depicted the future life and occupation of the various members of the Class. If Mr. Park is a reliable wizard, the future occupations of the Class will be as manifold as they are varied: professional billiard players, inventors, horse-doctors, clergymen, presidents, chief justices, etc., etc., figure chiefly in the future of the Class of 1872.

In conclusion Mr. Park advised the audience to reverse the prophecy, making Mr. Dillon a Bishop, Mr. Day a merchant prince, Mr. Landon a judge, Mr. Morton an inventor, rich as Croesus, and Mr. Root a D. D., and the future of '72 would be clearly seen.

After the transfer of the silver plug hat to the incoming Senior class, and the singing of the Class song, the exercises, which had been quite interesting throughout, closed.

The inimitable music which was interspersed among the exercises was furnished by Bach's Band of Milwaukee, who gave a concert in the evening at Belle City Hall, which we are sorry to say was not half so well attended as it deserved to be."

THE SENIOR CONCERT,

Alluded to by the "Advocate," was a brilliant affair, and attended by a large and appreciative audience. Many of the citizens of Racine declared that it was not only the most select, but also the best looking assembly ever gathered in Belle City Hall. The unfortunate rain which came up in the afternoon prevented a large number, who other wise would have attended. Bach's Orchestra "laid themselves out" on this occasion, and did their "level best."

Everybody present was delighted, and enthusiastic in applause. The musicians won golden opinions, and their annual return to the college commencements will be hailed with delight. To Mr. Odell and Mr. Small, of the Junior Class, the members of the graduating class return their hearty thanks for valuable services rendered on this occasion. After the concert quite a large number of the students and alumni repaired to the elegant mansion of Mr. Durand, where a brilliant party was given by the kind host in their honor. Others wary of the "wee sma' hours," and wishing to husband their strength, returned to the college and gave themselves into the arms of Morpheus. Many slept; but there were weary anxious brains which found no rest. The spirit of their dream was troubled by dull forebodings of

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

At morning chapel the Warden reappointed the following as Prefects of the college:—Mr. Geo. Ball of the incoming Senior Class, Mr. Gerrald McDowell of the Junior Class, and Messrs. Hills and Clarkson, of the incoming Freshmen Class. He also appointed as Prefects in the college Messrs. Landon and Aertsen of the Sophomore Class, and in the Grammar School, Taft and Kingsbury of the Sixth Form; Burrows, of the Fifth Form, and Tolhurst of the Fourth Form. Immediately after chapel the congregation went to the gymnasium where the cricket and base ball cups were awarded to the winning clubs. As the result of the games were noticed in our last issue, we refer the reader to that account for further particulars. The speeches made in the delivery of the different cups were replete as usual with sparkling wit and humor. The Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Wisconsin maintained with telling humor the side of the Badgers, and as he had the powerful assistance of that most happy wit, the Rev. Dr. Locke, he had no difficulty whatever in the conflict at repartee which followed. The Clarksons, on the other hand, were ably defended by the Rt. Rev. the Asst. Bishop of Indiana, and by the Head Master. One capital reply was made by Bishop Talbot, however, which fairly staggered Dr. Locke and brought down the house. Dr. Locke was firing away at the Clarksons in his own inimitable and happy way, when he triumphantly pointed to ancient history, sacred and profane, and declared that it was full of the Badgers, mentioned in the most honorable connections, but that the name of *Clarksons* could nowhere be found in antiquity. "Why!" says he. "sacred history tells us that the Tabernacle was covered with Badger's skins." "Yes," replied Bishop Talbot, "but it was because there were some Clarksons around there who skinned them."

The following prizes were awarded on this occasion:—one each to Clarkson and Martin F. for best spelling in Grammar School; to Gerrald McDowell, as best tenor singer in choir; to Cronkheit, as best alto, and to Coxe and Parker as best trebles.

The distribution of these prizes and the presentation of the cups was a very pleasant affair and was very entertaining and enjoyable to the large number of persons gathered to witness it. At its close

THE ALUMNI MEETING

Was held in the College Library. As the proceedings of this body are not intended for publication, we will simply

say that both the action and appearance of the dignified "grads" were highly creditable to the college. The members of '72 signed their names to the Roll, and were thereupon admitted to full fellowship. Provision was also made for placing tablets in the chapel in memory of our deceased brethren, William E. Lightner, M. A., of '65, and the Rev. Horace Hinsdale, of '68. The Rev. Arthur Piper, of '67, was reelected President; T. W. McLean, of '71, Treasurer; J. W. Miller of '70, Recording Sec, and Mr. George Mead, M. A., of '67, Corresponding Sec.

All communications regarding the proceedings of the Alumni should be addressed to Mr. Mead, Racine College.

THE ORATIONS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS

awarding of medals and prizes, and conferring of degrees took place in the Dining Hall at 2.30 P. M. Here, as in the exercises of Class Day, the writer was one of the victims, and consequently prefers to make use of the report of the "Advocate," which with the exception of a few errors, is a fair and impartial account

"The new Dining Hall was filled completely, long before the hour appointed for the exercises to commence, so that many were obliged to stand. The exercises were opened by the Latin Salutatory by Mr. Root: the manner of the gentleman was easy, and we are credibly informed that the matter of his speech was fully equal to the manner in which it was delivered; of this, however, we are not prepared to speak, not having an interpreter on the spot to render Mr. Root's rolling periods into English. Of one thing however, we are certain, that it must have required great study and application to fill the post which Mr. Root filled so creditably.

Mr. Day followed in a well-written oration on the subject of "Political Parties," his opinion was that political parties were absolutely necessary to the well being of such a government as our own, to hold in check the corruption and mismanagement which would naturally result from a long lease of power. The speaker defended parties from the false accusations which had been brought against them, and showed plainly the difference between a praise-worthy party spirit and a narrow partizanship which is only prompted by private gain. His arguments were well chosen and convincing.

Mr. Landon's oration on the subject of "Scholasticism," was an eloquent defence of the Schools and Schoolmen of the Middle Ages. He traced the rise of Scholasticism from its beginning under Charlemagne, until it was finally laid aside for the more advanced theories of modern times, and also defended it from the ridicule which had at various times been brought against it, showing that we owed the greater share of the advancement of the present day to the talent and industry of the old schoolmen. Mr. Landon's oration showed deep reading and great beauty of expression, which was not surpassed by any of the graduating class.

The Power of Conviction was the subject of Mr. Morton's speech, and it was handled in a powerful manner.

He demonstrated the utter impossibility of turning a man from his purpose when the conviction of any important truth had taken possession of his mind; conviction is the necessary adjunct of Faith, and without it, no decided ideas on any subject are possible. Mr. Morton's manner was not quite as easy as that of the other graduates, but

the matter of his speech was certainly above the ordinary run, and the earnestness with which it was delivered showed that he felt every word which he spoke.

The subject of Mr. Parks oration "Science, past, present and future," was one well calculated to inspire enthusiasm in the most prosaic; and the manner in which the speaker handled it showed that he was perfectly familiar with the subject, and if we are not very much mistaken Mr. Park has a natural aptitude for the scientific branches of study. He began by noting the different scientific theories of the ancients, the foolish as well as the scientifically correct ideas which entered their brains; showed how the sciences were gradually, developed, until Galileo, Newton and Copernicus laid the foundation for the modern system of scientific research; and considering the vast advances which have been made in the past few decades, the speaker expressed the idea that the scientific knowledge of the world would develop until what now we look upon as supernatural would be governed by laws as well known to man as the law of Gravitation is at present.

The reading of the Elmendorf Prize Essay came next in order. The Elmendorf prize is given to that member of the Collegiate department who shall write the best essay on a subject given by the Professor of English Literature. Four essays were prepared this year on the subject, "Dante and Milton," and the Committee, while complimenting all of the essays, awarded the prize to Mr. Root.

In the limits of this article we can hardly do justice to this essay of Mr. Root's. The subject is one which requires not only diligent study, but also original thought, clear discrimination, critical taste and a nice appreciation of the beautiful. In all of these points Mr. Root was fully equal to the task, and won many golden opinions from the audience. As a poet he awarded the palm to Milton, but as a man to Dante.

After the awarding of prizes and conferring of degrees, the Valedictory Oration by Mr. H. C. Dillon, came next in order. Of this oration we wish to express our unqualified approval. The subject, "The Human Mind," was a grand one, and was treated in a manner suitable to its grandeur. Mr. Dillon's manner was easy, decisive and convincing, and the whole oration showed that the speaker was possessed of a mind which had been well trained, and was ready for the problem of life. His valedictory was at once dignified and affecting.

The Quintard Medal, for the best oratorical performance was awarded to Mr. Root, and after the benediction the exercises of Commencement were finished.

In the evening the Class party was given in the new Dining Hall, and was a brilliant affair. The spacious hall, the congenial company, and the faultless music, all combined to make up a brilliant social gathering, such as has rarely before been witnessed in Racine.

On the whole, the College may well feel proud of the class which it has just sent into the world. They are few in number, but the exercises of Commencement must have fully convinced all who were present that though their number is small, in point of intellectual culture, they will compare favorably with the graduates of any institution of learning.

The College is prospering now as it never has before, and the earnest wish of the writer is that it may long continue so to prosper."

THE WARDEN'S RECEPTION AND CLASS PARTY.

was, as the "Advocate" reporter says, a brilliant gathering of youth and beauty, far exceeding any heretofore held at the College.

The revelry began with the Class Dance, Mr. Lull and wife, Mr. January and Mr. Lightner of '72, dancing with the class to make up the sets. There was ample room in the spacious Dining Hall for all to engage in the dances, so that everything passed off admirably and all present appeared to enjoy themselves to their fullest extent.

Bach's inimitable orchestra discoursed their sweetest strains upon this occasion, affording additional delight to the appreciative minds there present and giving an additional grace to the "flying feet."

The Class supper was elegant and sumptuous reflecting the highest credit upon our energetic matron, Mrs. Franklin.

We have called the party a revelry, yet it was not the kind of revelry so commonly seen now-a-days, and which shames our boasted number one society.

It was a gathering of Christians, assembled together for the purest kind of joy, and over it all was thrown a Churchy sanctity, which alone can make enjoyment a blessing, and Earth a paradise. In the morning all appeared fresh and lovely as usual, and after Morning Prayer gathered in front of Taylor Hall to sing.

ADVICE DOMUM

and bid farewell to Alma Mater for the summer vacation of nine weeks. Many departed, never to return again; and the tearful eyes were not few, which looked for the last time perhaps, upon the sheltering walls of the BEST COLLEGE IN AMERICA. Three rousing cheers were given for Alma Mater; three, for the Warden and Professors; three for the "matrons and the maids," and three for the Head of the College.

The farewells were solemnly and heartily said; the trials and tribulations of the past year seemed forgotten, and the boys departed with a deeper and more earnest love for the College than we have noticed for many years.

Farewell again says the writer to all, and may your vacation be no less pleasant and profitable than your remaining years at Racine College.

[FROM THE RACINE JOURNAL.]

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT RACINE COLLEGE

Since writing the foregoing account of our exercises, the following article has appeared in the Racine Journal, and as it speaks the minds of the great majority of our readers, on the action of certain committees, we give it below entire:

"The exercises of the week began with the Baccalaureate Sermon, which was preached in St. Lukes Church, by the Rev. Dr. Egar, of Nashotah Theological Seminary. The address was able and eloquent. Monday, July 8, was taken up with the exercises of the Addisonian Society, and the Junior orations for the Larrabee Prize. The orations were all original, well written and highly creditable to the College.

The committee gave the prize to Mr. Jones, but, as we claim the right to criticize the action of that committee, and, at the same time, we are expressing the minds of the audience, we think Mr. Larrabee fairly won it. The stu-

dents' concert in the evening, was a happy and successful affair, and very creditable to Mr. Rowe and his boys.

Re-union day, Tuesday, was appointed for the gathering of the old boys. The dinner was sumptuous and well appreciated. Several dry toasts were offered and responded to by the boys. It was a happy affair and passed off agreeably to all. In the afternoon the exercises of Class day came off. The storm which came up so suddenly marred the exercises by driving the audience into the Gymnasium. Notwithstanding, the exercises were interesting, and with few exceptions, heartily enjoyed. The Class of '72 is composed of but six members, yet they make up in quality what they lack in quantity. The Senior Concert, in Belle City Hall in the evening, was a brilliant affair, and drew a large, handsome and appreciative audience.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Wednesday, July 10th, was the last day of the school year, and, fittingly, was the grand day of the week. The morning hours were occupied in appointing prefects for the ensuing year, and in the presentation of the cricket and base ball cups to the winning clubs. The orations of the graduating class, the conferring of degrees and awarding of prizes, medals, etc., came off in the Dining Hall at 2:30 P. M.

Of the orations, we wish to say in brief that they were all not only excellent in matter and style of delivery, but also highly creditable to the intellectual training which Racine College gives her sons. The order of the orations etc., were as follows:

- Latin Salutary, "Dolor Magnanimitatis," Herbert Root.
- "Political Parties," F. P. Day.
- "Scholasticism," Worth Landon.
- "The Power of Conviction," T. J. Morton.
- "Science, Past, Present and Future," R. Park.
- Valedictory Oration, "The Human Mind," H. C. Dillon.

The English Prize Essay was awarded to Mr. Root. The subject was "Milton and Dante," and the committee praised highly each of the essays presented, declaring that either one was well worthy of the prize. The Quintard Medal, for the best oratory displayed in the graduating class, was awarded to the Salutatorian, Mr. Root. The scene which followed the decision beggars description. The dissatisfaction at the awarding of the Larrabee Prize had been great, but now the indignation of the vast audience was unanimous in opposition to the committee. The dignitaries upon the platform left their seats, and in the very faces of the committee, warmly congratulated the Valedictorian, Mr. Dillon, and told him that he richly deserved the prize. The young man received an ovation from the audience worth more than a dozen medals.

The class which Racine sends forth this year is an honor to the College, and if the young men who compose it do not make a mark in the world, we will surrender our mantle to a better prophet.

The exercises of the week, which had been of a very high order, closed with a brilliant party in the evening. Bach's Milwaukee Orchestra furnished the enchanting music enjoyed on this and former occasions by our citizens.

To the young men of '72 we can heartily wish "God speed," and to the College that it may continue its useful and successful work.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Going North	10 41 A. M.	12 08 P. M.	7 27 P. M.
Going South	7 33 A. M.	1 58 P. M.	4 48 P. M.
Going West	8 00 A. M.	7 30 P. M.	

—The Mercury printing bills for the past year amount to nearly \$600.00.

—Why does Commencement resemble a Boston urchin? Because it is a hub-bub.

—The Chapel flower garden is looking beautifully!

Peter is raising a tremendous crop this year on the college farm.

—Lake Michigan still continues to refrigerate,

—Ely's photography can not be beat anywhere in the country. His views of the College, Class photographs and College Nine are the best we have ever seen.

At the solicitation of many students he is to photograph each of the members of the Board of Fellows.

We are glad to hear this, as we have often tried in vain to get their photographs.

—A large number of applications for admission into the College and Grammar School have already been filed in the office.

—The Professors, like trees in the early Spring, are leaving one by one.

Professor Hinsdale departed to-day on a geological excursion to Lake Superior.

—The Class of '72 is now scattered as follows: Day is at Green Lake, Wis; Landon is at his home in Niles, Mich.; Morton is manipulating his tool chest in this city; Park is in Chicago; Root is rustivating in the country, and Dillon is driving a quill, but is soon to be turned loose on the unsuspecting farmers.

—Our beautiful Campus never looked lovelier than at present; but the death-like quiet, which now reigns over it, robs it of its beauty and renders the existence of the few remaining inmates of the college dull and oppressive.

—MARRIED—in the Chapel, on the morning of Reunion Day, by the Rev. Dr. DeKoven, the Rev. Charles B. Champlin, of New Orleans, to Miss Sarah Franklin, daughter of Mrs. C. H. Franklin, of Racine College.

The ceremony was performed at a very early hour, just as the birds were singing their morning song of praise, and consequently was only attended by a select few. Mr. Champlin evidently believes in the old and familiar adage:—"It is only the early bird which catches the worm."

We trust that the transplanting of so fair a flower from the cold North to the sunny South, may not be attended with any disastrous consequences. That their lives may be happy, long and useful is our earnest wish.

—Many changes are making in the rooms of Park and Kemper Halls. Everything that may make the buildings more comfortable and home-like will be done.

The new building will be completed about the middle of August.

—The Refectory, throughout Commencement Week, was most ably managed by Mrs. Franklin. The Reunion Dinner and Class Supper were especially of a very high

order. How our energetic matron could have managed it all is marvelous to us. We can only explain it as a gentleman did to us by saying:—"If Mrs. Franklin had not possessed the energy of fourteen ordinary women it could never have been done."

—The Fall Term begins Sept. 11, and ends Dec. 18. Conditioned and new students will be examined Sept. 10.

—We regret to notice that, in our list of College Prefects, the name of Otis Walker is omitted, and, in our list of prizes, the names of Walter Greenleaf and Byam King for the best array of flowers in Kemper Hall.

—The following boys of the Grammar School were perfect in mathematics for the whole year. Clarkson, Hills, Smythe, Martin F. and Bennett. The Board of Fellows, in order to award the Barney Medal under this difficulty, resorted to an additional examination,—Mr. Hills and Mr. Bennett withdrawing—in which Mr. Smythe came off victorious.

—The Taylor Orphan Asylum was opened to-day with interesting and appropriate ceremonies. Gov. Washburn delivered the address. It was, to use a cant phrase, able and eloquent.

—Soda is still foaming.

—Hurrah for Grant and Greeley!

We are at least impartial on politics!

—The MERCURY's "local mind" is played out. *Requiescat*, which being translated means, O give us a little vacation!

"ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH."

The editor of the *Tripod* is again on the war-path. He rusheth forth with his quill seeking "whom he may devour somebody," and finding none, returneth to his den and three legged stool and foameth exceedingly at the *Mercury*. The character of the *Tripod* is a strange compound of bitterness and piety. In one issue it excites contempt for its abuse, and in its next a mingled feeling of suspicion and sympathy at its crocodile piety.

The *Tripod* began this disagreeable contest by an uncalculated for and abusive attack upon our ball field and certain of our religious practices, upon which it was misinformed, and about which it was utterly ignorant.

We do not care to carry this matter any further, and will simply say to its chronic majesty that, if he still persists in flinging mud at us, it will be his own hands and clothes, which will be soiled in the operation, and not ours.

ELOCUTION.

It must have been evident to all who saw Prof. McAffery's pupils speak at the Larrabee Prize Exhibition, that they not only showed marked improvement on their former attempts, but also that the Professor's system of teaching is a very superior one.

He aims to cultivate the natural graces of oratory, and to avoid that Fourth of July style which has so many times been the subject of ridicule among the more enlightened.

The College greatly needs the constant services of a good teacher of elocution; and we earnestly hope that the day may not be far distant when our boys may have every advantage of this kind.

THE COMING YEAR.

The Class of '72 has passed away from the College in the midst of the grandest *ecclat*, and a new order of things has been introduced. The Class of '73 advances into the arena, to take the lead. To that class we have a few words to say.

The good or evil in the college life of undergraduates is generally proportionate to the good or evil which they observe in the actions of the master spirits among them. Without any fear of exciting inordinate vanity in the well-balanced minds of '73, we must say that, in our humble opinion, the men, who are to exert a powerful influence, be it for good or for evil, during the coming year, are to be found in that class.

It is with a view to impress this fact upon them, and in the hope that their influence may be exerted on the side of good, that we introduce this article into the vacation number of the *MERCURY*.

As we glance back over the past year, we recall many things which were decidedly bad, and many things too, which will again come before the present Senior Class, to be made better or worse.

Prominent among them, we call the attention of '73 to the life and work of the Addisonian Society. Every man of your class ought to be a member of that organization, and put forth his best efforts to make it what it never has been in the past,—a society to be proud of, an honor to the College, a powerful assistant in our education, and one, too, whose work we can feel proud to exhibit to the friends of the College at future Commencements. Another thing which may be improved upon, and to which we will call your attention, is the exercises of Class Day.

We have noticed for many years that the History, Prophecy, and many times also, the Baby Oration have given offence to a large part of the audience. Class Day is not an occasion upon which the Senior is at liberty to turn himself into a clown.

We think that the exercises of that day should be lively and as full of wit as the genius of the class will permit,—the more, the better,—yet that kind of wit, which is used at the expense of good taste, is as wretched as it is obnoxious. Let '73 set us a good example in this respect, and put forth their best endeavors next year to give us an entertainment, which shall combine all that is sound and elevated with the most sparkling kind of humor.

Finally, we would call your attention to our little pet, *THE MERCURY*. It has been steadily improving each year since its birth, and, as the old boys on Reunion Day assured us that it had greatly improved during our management, so, in leaving it, do we hope it may not be suffered to deteriorate in the coming year.

In the Senior Class there is much journalistic talent, and it ought not to be "hid under a bushel." Bring forth your treasures into the light, and let us all have the benefit of your diversified talents.

Seventy-three has a poet, at least two Mark Twains, and several writers of more than average depth.

If the Class of '73 will take hold of all these matters in an energetic manner, and with a determination to do their whole duty, they will do good in their generation and leave behind them many grateful remembrances.

Honours

Awarded at the Annual Commencement of Racine College, July 10th, 1872.

THE DEGREE OF D.D.

was conferred upon

The Rev. JOHN S. KIDNEY, Professor of Systematic Divinity, at Fairbault Theological Seminary; and upon

The Rev. JOHN H. EGAR, M.A., Professor of Church History, at Nashotah Theological Seminary.

THE DEGREE OF LL.D.

was conferred upon

The Hon. JAMES M. WOLWORTH, of Omaha, Nebraska.

THE DEGREE OF M.A. (*Honoris Causa*)

was conferred upon

Dr. J. J. ANGEAR, Professor in the Medical College, at Keokuk, Iowa; upon

Mr. R. W. LAING, Principal of Morris Academy, Portland, Oregon; and upon

The Rev. J. H. KNOWLES, Canon of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, Chicago.

THE DEGREE OF M.A.

was conferred upon

THOMAS L. SULLIVAN, Esq., the Rev. H. B. WHITTEMORE, the Rev. GEO. J. PRESCOTT, and the Rev. E. H. RUDD, all members of the Class of '69.

THE DEGREE OF B.A.

was conferred upon

H. C. DILLON, F. P. DAV, WORTH LANDON, T. J. MORTON, ROSWELL PARK and HERBERT ROOT—members of the graduating class.

The Medals were awarded as follows:

The College Medalist—*Worth Landon*, of '72.

The Keene Medalist—*Acton Fox*, of '73.

Grammar School Medalist—*Joseph R. Clarkson*, 6th Form.

The Barney Medalist—*Herbert Smythe*, 6th Form.

The Clarkson Medalist—*Fredrick Phillips*, 5th Form.

The Quintard Medalist—*Herbert Root*, of '72.

The Larrabee Prize Orator—*Aquilla Jones*, of '73.

COLLEGE HONOURS.

HEAD OF THE COLLEGE—AQUILLA JONES.

SECOND OF THE COLLEGE—WILLIAM K. BENTON.

COLLEGE PREFECTS.

EDWARD A. LARRABEE,

E. G. RICHMOND,

W. D. WHITMORE,

WILLIAM MORRAL,

GEORGE W. BALL,

GERRALD McDOWELL,

FRANK LANDON,

GULLIAEM AERTSEN.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL HONOURS.

Sixth Form—Joseph R. Clarkson, Head. Herbert Smythe, Second.

Fifth Form—Charles Parkman Taft, Head. Mabie Campbell, Second.

Fifth Form (Scientific)—E. Williams, Head. Clarence Bennett, Sec'd.

Fourth Form—Macgrane Cox, Head. Francis B. Keene, Second.

Third Form, 1st Div.—C. H. Tolhurst, Head. C. D. Clay, Second.

Third Form, 2d Div.—C. D. Parker, Head. Harvey Converse, Sec'd.

Second Form—Arthur H. Mitchell, Head. George S. Dole, Second.

First Form—Willie G. Hinsdale, Head. Herbert E. Norton, Second.

HEAD OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

CLARENCE BENNETT.

SECOND OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

THOMAS A. LEEKLEY.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL PREFECTS.

FREDRICK PHILLIPS,

JOHN F. HUDSON,

LEROY P. WALKER,

C. D. CLAY,

C. P. TAFT,

W. C. KINGSBURY,

L. C. BURROWS,

C. H. TOLHURST.