



"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

Vol. XII.

RACINE COLLEGE OCTOBER 1, 1872.

No. 1.

THE EXILE HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY TOUCHSTONE.

The weary hours of waiting over,  
Home to his rest speeds on the rover;  
"O heart! heart! heart! thy throbbing cease,  
Thy care release,  
Lie still in peace,  
Thy resting place is near, lie still in peace.

"Roll swifter on, O sluggish car!  
Thy laggard wheels; for speedier far  
Does thought outfly thy lazy pace,  
Thy sluggish race  
With lazy pace,  
And leaves thee, flying to its own dear place.

"Ye hills are clad in softer green,  
Ye skies in bluer, brighter sheen,  
And men speak with a cheerier voice,  
With merry noise  
And cheerier voice,  
All things are gladsome, men and all rejoice.

"O rippling waters! dance with glee;  
Sing on, ye birds, gay melody;  
I see my fathers' home again,  
Ay! once again;  
And, aching brain,  
Now soon shall cease thy long, long, burning pain.

"Ye merry children, laugh and sing,  
And circle round in mazy ring,  
For laughs with you my sportive heart,  
It bears its part,  
My merry heart,  
In song, and dance, and all your frolic art.

"Oh say, bright creatures, how ye knew,  
What angel whispered unto you,  
I was an exile homeward bound;  
Ah! homeward bound—  
That thus I found  
All glad with me where'er I gazed around?"

July, 1872.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

What is the secret of "multum in parvo?" Why is it that some men with little labor accomplish so much while others with much labor accomplish so little? We see one man with comparatively little means build up a fortune, while another will fritter away or somehow or other dispose of a comfortable livelihood, and have positively nothing to show for it. Is this altogether the result of accident? Is the loss which a man sustains always to be attributed to adversity or negligence? We might think so, but for the similarity in the cases which meet our eyes in every direction.

Take it in speech.

One person will hit off in half a dozen words what it would take another an hour's talking to explain.

Take the fitting out of a student's room.

A hundred dollars in the hands of one will not do as much for either convenience or appearance as fifty in the hands of another.

So we might go on in all those departments of life where the brain performs an active part in the labor of man. No, it cannot be the work of accident and therefore there is some reason for it. This reason let us attempt to find:

Perhaps the example best fitted for our analysis is that of speech.

What chiefly strikes us in the words of those writers who are remarkable for clearness of expression is that we find nothing there but what is needed. The proper idea is conveyed; nothing more, nothing less. When we hear the words or read them, our mind is not disturbed by ideas foreign to the subject. All is clear, distinct and perfect. When, however, we endeavor to clothe our own ideas in language, what is the result? If our mind is clear and we have a distinct conception of the idea to be presented, all is well and we can make our language as clear and satisfactory as need be.

"But," we hear such a one say, "I know how it is but I can't say what I mean."

This is not so.

Does any one have trouble in asking for meat and drink when it is required? No, the desire drives all before it. It divests the mind of all save one idea, and when that is made known it is "meat," "water," &c. Clear, distinct, untrammelled; there is no ambiguity, no indecision, and the sentence, if it consist of but one word, is perfect.

Let the desire be less urgent and other ideas combine to render the whole more complex, and when these ideas combine so as to make it more or less dependent upon them only will the language become less clear. Then only is it that we cannot tell the precise kind of water or exact kind of meat we desire. Thus it is in all cases. Let the idea, whether from force of desire or keenness of perception be rendered plain to the mind and we will naturally speak clearly concerning it. If not, according as we lack that perfect conception will our language become vague and unmeaning.

In business it is likewise. We remember once of undertaking a small piece of business of which we made a complete failure, and which impressed this fact particularly upon our mind.

We had to obtain an estimate for a certain piece of work to be performed. Filled with a sense of the importance of our mission which was one of our own originating.

we in very general terms, set forth before the "Boss" the proposed piece of work. What was our surprise to receive an answer that "workmen had no time to fool away over such nonsense." To our inquiry as to what was the objection to our plan (a very simple one, by the way,) it was replied that "no one could get any idea of what was wanted from such a vague description, and very likely we did not know what was wanted ourselves." Further questioning revealed the fact that this was the exact state of affairs and we had come to ask for something, but exactly what we were only half prepared to say. Very much abashed we left the office.

This is a little incident, but it throws a flood of light upon our subject. The secret of "*multum in parvo*" lies in a very simple rule.

*Make for yourself a DEFINITE OBJECT.*

*Then go ahead!!*

Applying this rule to the several examples we have adduced, we meet with the most satisfactory results.

It exactly coincides with the conclusion we have come to with respect to the use of speech, and covers entirely the case of the student.

Let him suit himself in the fitting up of his room, regarding only his settled desires and wishes, and he will do a great deal more with his means, than if he attempts to follow out the half understood suggestions of a friend, or those vague longings which are ever ready to lead the judgment astray.

Life in all its different employments, business, study, labor,—nay, even pleasure in all its varied forms,—all bear testimony to this great rule.

Let the object of search be made sure, let no dim shadow betray one into useless toil, and never will one's pains be idle. Thus will the end amply compensate the means, and labor reap its fullest reward.

#### CONCEITED MAN.

There are few objects that naturally affect one with more disgust than the man who is great in his own conceit. Wherever you find him, in whatsoever station or calling in life, be he the man who saws and splits wood, or be he Senator of the United States, he is every where alike, himself his sole admirer.

The question was modestly asked us by a lady this last vacation, if in our opinion the male sex were not almost exclusively the sex of conceit. Some time later we foolishly ventured to ask of another modest maiden what she thought about it, and much to our surprise, female opinion was the same in this case as the other, except that it was given with twice the promptness and decision.

In beginning a defence of the male sex, as in duty bound, it turned out, altogether, to be rather a hard case to plead; while our fair opponent went through a list of conceited gentlemen with far less trouble than she would have found in saying her multiplication table.

Well, all this must mean something. If all our female friends are of this opinion eventually the gentleman side will have to give in. On the whole we have, personally, about decided that the ship must go down. These arguments from example, do a great deal to prove the

male sex conceited, especially when an advocate of the sex can't find his examples of male humility.

No wonder our reputation is lost! Think of the amount of conceit in a college the size of ours,—more than enough to supply all the female seminaries on the Hudson. Take your ordinary senior alone. The peacock, who having lost all the gaudiness of his plumage, still struts before his remnant of a tail, is less ridiculous than he. Consider your young theologian, just in orders, as—ballasted with self conceit, and his canvass bellying with the sense of his glory,—he sails majestically out of his seminary, bearing to the matron and maid of some congregation, the divine lesson of humility.

But these examples will suffice. Any one who desires may find an easy, though not a very encouraging, employment, in thinking up others for himself.

Enough has been said to show that conceit is a masculine trait, what can we say that may in some measure palliate our common offence?

Why, after all, should ladies object to our being conceited? They shudder at the thought of drunkards, and gamblers, men who have no self respect, and yet, are self respect and self conceit so widely separated that while one is lauded as a virtue, the other should be scowled upon as such an unpardonable fault? Respect, from *re* and *specio*, to look back, to look again, as we do at an object that we admire, to take one more glance, as the ladies do before they leave their mirror to come down stairs. This is the analysis of the word; what is the difference between the man who admiringly looks back upon the picture of himself, in other words, respects himself, and that other man who is self conceited?

Alas! for the guilty sex, the question is only too easily answered.

Self respect is the honoring ones self *as a man*. The man who respects himself—in the true meaning of the word—respects himself only as he respects his neighbor. The same reverence for body, mind, and soul by which he is himself kept from evil, and made to *look twice* at himself before taking a wrong step, would prompt him to do all in his power to save from infamy the honor of his fellow man.

Not so with one who is self conceited. He *does* reverence himself—and with a devotion only too deep and sincere—but it is reverence for himself, not *as a man*, but as being, in his own opinion, much better than his neighbors in particular, and mankind in general. While a man of self respect keeps himself studiously from dishonor, a conceited man may be found as readily in a gambling den, or the gutter, as in a college, a seminary, or in the midst of young clergymen.

We may say of every conceited man we meet, "he were less conceited had he more self respect."

"Gently scan your brither man,  
Still gentler, sister woman;  
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,  
.To step aside is human."

Dame Fashion's latest edict requires that the fair sex should wear six, eight, and even ten buttoned kid gloves for full dress occasions.

## TO A LILY.

Yea, hail to thee fairest of fair ones!  
O'er these clear waters reigning supreme,  
Unnoticed is harsh toil and labor  
Repaid by thy beauty serene.

Full oft does the bright rosy sunshine  
Robe the west with its crimson and gold.  
In the even the moon 'midst the heavens  
E'er pleads with power untold.

Not so grand, 'tis true, but far sweeter  
Do the rays of thy clear lustre shine,  
Now beaming with smiles a warm welcome  
On me where I wearied recline.

\* \* \* \* \*

Run your ways, sing your songs, dancing streamlet,  
Together from bliss we are borne,  
O why from such joy should we ever,  
Ne'er warned, all too sudden be torn?

Marquette, July 27.

WILLOW-WOOD.

## THE PEN AND PENCIL AS POLITICAL AGENTS.

The pen has long been the weapon of the successful satirist against party opponents in politics, but it is comparatively lately that the pencil of the artist has been made a powerful instrument in the same cause.

The power of the pen in political strife is too well known to need even an allusion to the wonderful evidences of its influences. It is not the debates of legislative bodies that bring about the changes and revolutions in a government, or control the minds of a nation, but the real fighting is done somewhere else; the power is not in the Senate House but in the world outside.

Statesmen may prepare their studied debates, and bestow upon the cause which they espouse all the thought, the intellect, and the logic that they can bring together, but they fight in vain. The intellect of one party is always met by intellect equally strong on the other side; and the battle in which every speaker is his own umpire leaves the subject at the close of its discussion just where it was when the first speaker opened his mouth.

Not such is the fight carried on outside. The pamphleteer does not fit together polished and well sounding sentences which shall please the delicate ears of reverend statesmen; he does not utter discourses fraught with study, and clad in logic to meet the piercing scrutiny of a few senators. What does he care for a Senate and its debates?

It is his object to move the great mass outside, and he orates for the mass in strong, coarse language, that the mass can understand. He does not go to the trouble even of arguing, but heaps upon his opponents wrong, satire and ridicule, sends his copy to the press, and like Dean Swift, single handed, turns the full tide of popular feeling against the government, and compels a parliament to undo its own deeds.

A glance at many of our modern illustrated weeklies will serve as evidence of the effective manner in which the pencil is now used in party battles. The artist exerts a wider influence than even the pamphleteer and journalist. Ignorance and poverty act as a barrier to the power of literary warfare, but here the pencil finds the field of its greatest success. The most uneducated vagabond can understand and appreciate rude caricatures, and in proportion

as he is uneducated his feelings are controlled by them. While the beggar who is too poverty-stricken to buy a newspaper, reaps the full benefit of these illustrated periodicals by merely stopping at the stationer's to look in at the front window.

It is interesting to compare these two agents and to notice the simple principle which both journalist and artist employ to rule the votes of the populace. The political satirist never calls upon reason for assistance; he never addresses a single line to the intellect of his readers, because the results of intellect and reason the majority of his readers would not understand. His power consists in the very fact that he writes only to stir the feelings, and to influence the uneducated mind. He is most successful when he makes the opposite cause appear most ludicrous and contemptible, and consequently he employs irony and ridicule alone.

The political artist wisely follows the same course. His sketches are like the language of newspapers, rude and vulgar. His art consists only in his ridiculous conceptions. Like the satirist he seizes and uses to advantage every little circumstance connected with his opponents, that can possibly be turned to ridicule, and it is this kind of influence that decides the day in popular politics.

The journalist merely exaggerates the peculiarities of his opponents; the skillful and observing artist only ridicules their personal appearance, and puts a silly expression on their faces, and yet if every member of Congress should make a "stump speech" every day in the year, they would all accomplish little to weaken the astonishing power of the pen and pencil.

## WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Grief murmurs; anger roars; impatience frets; but happiness, like a calm river, flows on in the quiet sunlight, without a ripple or a fall to mark the rushing on of time toward eternity.

An ingenious schoolma'am in Iowa punished a boy for kissing the big girls by making him show how it was done before the whole school. It didn't work well, however, for the idea became altogether too popular at once.

A lady entered a drug store and asked for a bottle of "Jane's Experience." The clerk informed her that Jane hadn't bottled her experience yet, but they could furnish "Jayne's Expectoant."

Men, like coins, bear the stamp of the age and community in which they live. Every man is what he is, either by conformity or opposition to the spirit of his day and generation.

The Englishman who called the Hoosac tunnel a blasted hole was literally correct.

"Mother, this book tells about the angry waves of the ocean. Now what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because it has been *crossed* so often, my son."

Why is a newspaper like an army? Because it has leaders, columns and reviews.

Somebody says "a wife should be like roasted lamb, tenderly and nicely dressed." A scamp adds, "and without any sauce."

# The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, OCTOBER 1, 1872.

EDITORS.

E. A. LARABEE. NORTON STRONG. AQUILLA JONES. E. G. RICHMOND.

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. Sandford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

As we begin our editorial work for another year, we are obliged to follow the universal custom of editors, and raise to our lips the editorial trumpet that shall twang to the world our entrance again into the field of journalism, and announce to our readers an encouraging prospectus.

As regards a prospectus, our blast shall be short, for two reasons. In the first place it is always the safer way for human beings (and such are editors), to defer saying what they are going to do until after the thing has been done. And secondly we venture to hope that it is now no longer necessary for the MERCURY to lay before its readers in the first number of each volume a definite promise of this kind. In the earlier volumes of the MERCURY, while our college paper was yet in its infancy, such a statement of editorial policy might perhaps be justly expected. But the MERCURY has now flourished long enough to have secured both stability and reputation, and we like to take the liberty of assuming that every one "knows how it is himself."

A glance at the head of the page will show a change in our staff of editors. We have lost Mr. DILLON. If the readers of our paper miss his terse style and spicy articles, we shall miss still more his untiring energy and cheerful help. With the addition of Mr. JONES the staff will remain for the present as it is.

We cannot begin our work, fellow students, without saying a word directly to you. We thank you for your readiness to aid us with your subscriptions. Money is a thing that we must have, and yours has always been willingly and cheerfully given. We thank you besides for the many words of encouragement you have given us. They come to us as a refreshment after our labors, and have cheered us on to work with redoubled zeal. But there is yet one thing that we want beside all this, and that is your literary support. We have received from the other students almost no assistance at all of this kind. It ought not to be forgotten that though the MERCURY is entrusted to the special care of a few editors, it is nevertheless *our college paper*, and claims the interest of all.

Help us, fellow collegians, with your pens as well as with your pocket-books, and let us make the MERCURY, more truly than ever before, our common pride.

## AT THE COLLEGE AGAIN.

It is always pleasant to be welcomed by a cheerful look, and a smiling face: but when the poor student has just returned from the delightful laziness of his summer vacation to work for another year at college, then anything cheering and encouraging is welcome indeed.

It is now about three weeks since our pet vacation amusements had to be laid aside, and we had to bid farewell to the delights of home, and say adieu to those various cherubs who did so much to enliven our happy summer hours.

True it was no later in the year than the sunny month of September when all this had to be done, but nevertheless the thought of the long winter of toil that lay before us, was, to say the least, not exactly consoling, and under the circumstances it was not amiss that *alma mater* looked unusually pleasant on our arrival.

Racine has lost none of its charms since the close of last year. The lawns and gardens about the college buildings had even a greater freshness and beauty when we returned, than that which was so admired in commencement week.

But aside from our not missing any of the old attractions of the college, we found at the beginning of the term many improvements and additions. The grammar school building which nine weeks before we had left just rising out of a heap of brick-dust, mortar and shavings, welcomed our return in all the beauty of its full completion. We almost envy the grammar school the pleasure of changing their seats in the old school rooms for places in a hall of such classic beauty.

Even Park Hall has been enabled by the addition of the new study room to assume a look of some repose.

The old schoolrooms have been fitted up as dormitories, an arrangement which gives some promise of converting that building from the "howling, whistling" mad-house that it used to be, into a place where one can hear himself speak.

In what used to be called the large school rooms; sleeping apartments have been prepared for the sixth form. The alcoves are very roomy and are arranged around the walls, thus leaving a large open space in the centre of the room. They are fitted up in accordance with the arrangements of some ice cream saloons, having filigreed wood work and red curtains. If not quite so comfortable as some of the rooms in Taylor hall, at least it cannot be denied that this is the *most cheerful* place in the whole institution, and not much like the abodes in which old sixth formers used to be piled up. Another pleasant feature in Park hall is the new institution called the "common room." It is floored with black walnut and ash, neatly furnished with settees and tables, and by the introduction of a piano and various games, made a very pleasant place for the grammar school boys to spend a part of their evenings. In Kemper hall a similar room has been fitted up for the boys of that building.

A great improvement at once struck our notice on entering Taylor hall. On the first floor the library, students' parlor and halls have been refloored with black walnut and ash, which adds much to the beauty of the rooms and gives to the halls an appearance (which last winter they did not have) of being comfortably warm.

For one of the greatest additions to our comfort, we are indebted to the gas company in the city, who during vacation have extended pipes out to the college. The long desired departure from the annoyance of kerosene and smoking chimneys, may be looked for as early as November.

Every possible step has been taken to add to the beauty and comfort of our college home. During the past vacation additions and improvements have been made at a cost of \$15,000. \$8,000 of this, of course, was expended on the new Grammar School building, but while so much has been done towards meeting the pressing necessities of the college, and such real beauty of architecture has been preserved, nothing has been left undone to make the institution as pleasant as a home, as it is beautiful in appearance and successful in its work.

**THE NEW GRAMMAR SCHOOL BUILDING.**

For the benefit of those who have not seen the new building containing the large Grammar School study hall, and recitation rooms, we think it worth while to give a short description of its plan and appearance. It is not exactly proper to speak of this as a separate building, as it is merely the completion of the buildings adjoining.

It is built as a compliment to the refectory, and occupies the distance between the north end of the refectory and the south wing of Park hall, thus completing a row of buildings measuring from end to end 550 feet, and forming what is sometime to be the east side of a quadrangle.

The study hall itself corresponds precisely with the refectory in its appearance, and is of nearly the same dimensions. It is 32 feet in width, and extends south 87 feet from Park Hall, leaving a distance of 25 feet between its south end and the refectory. This space is occupied by a two story gothic edifice (25x40) containing the recitation rooms. Where this part of the building joins the refectory there is an arched passage about 8 feet wide and of the same height as the recitation rooms on the first floor. The floor of the passage is paved with brick and raised only two steps higher than the chapel walk. This part of the new edifice forms the key stone of the entire front, and is surmounted by a short spire. The recitation rooms, of which two are on the first floor, and three on the second, are spacious and well furnished. Those on the first floor open on one side into the large hall, and on the other into the passage already described. The rooms on the second floor open into a hall, which is approached by stairs from one of the recitation rooms below.

The large study room coincides with the refectory in the inside as well as without, being built in the same manner as the refectory with open roof and dormer windows. It differs only in the ceilings being painted blue, and the cross beams finished in drab and maroon. In the north end is a raised balcony approached by stairs from the school room, and opening into Park Hall. The room is floored with ash, and furnished with new desks and settees, which, by the way, greatly surpass in comfort those of an older manufacture.

In the Study hall there is not much spare room, as there are desks to accommodate 150 students. The only empty space is in the aisles which extend around the room next to the walls, and a wider cross aisle in the centre of the hall, which connects the two side entrances.

The cost of the whole was about \$8,000. It is built with the cream colored brick, and the central edifice is trimmed in the same manner as the chapel with red brick.

It is the very addition that was needed to give to the east buildings a finished and symmetrical appearance.

**A STROLL ABOUT TOWN.**

A day or two since we took a stroll about town for the purpose of seeing what was to be seen. Its results were in the highest degree satisfactory.

The first sight which met our eyes was our old friend GARNKAUFER. With a beaming smile we were invited to look at his fall stock, a large pile of goods which he told us he "had shust got up from Chicago for de shentlemen at de College." Assuring him of a visit at a time not far distant, we departed. The CITY BAKERY offered great attractions, but we were not to be enticed and hurrying by we came to the establishment of THOMAS & EVANS, formerly well known as JONES & THOMAS. Care for the wishes of their customers was apparent on every side. "Fine Shirts, neck ties, gloves, etc., etc., fully bore out the words of his advertisement. If the students cannot suit themselves there, it surely is not their fault. As we were about to cross the street, a new establishment caught our eye. Close by that "home of sweetness" known as SAINT'S REST hung the sign of PEIL & BUSCH. Our old friend JOS. MILLER was gone, then! Entering the store, what was our surprise to find everything just as it used to be of old. But for the new sign and the absence of the well known face of Mr. M. we should never have known that a change in ownership had taken place. One thing we did notice, as fine an assortment of boots and shoes as one could wish for.

Nodding to "PHIL" as he stood in the door of the REST we pursued our walk.

After a pleasant talk with Mr. BONE from whom we procured some tip-top cigars we stepped into the BELLE CITY BOOT AND SHOE FACTORY. Among the many handsome styles of boot shown us we were particularly pleased by what Mr. BECK called the EVANS gaiter, a combination of boot and gaiter. But space and time fail us to tell of the many pleasant visits we thus made.

KLEIN had a new stock of imported cigars which we found excellent.

Mr. WINSLOW and Mrs. PEAVEY, although not allowing any discount on text books as heretofore, (which all other colleges claim as an inalienable right) have nevertheless made evident preparation for the coming year and should have our custom.

\* \* \* \* \*

After a dinner at the Dining Hall of C. S. HARRIS, who is still prepared to gratify the slightest wish of his customers and take every measure to make them comfortable, we returned to the College determined to do something for those who have taken such pains to gain our custom.

Yes, boys, they ought to have it, and if any are ever in doubt as to who to go to, let them look for their true friends in our advertising columns.

The girl must have been somewhat excited when she pulled her beaux's nose, kissed the bell-pull and sweetly said good night.

## 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 Seniors devoted the holiday which was given on the Warden's birthday, to base ball and internal refreshment.

There being just eighteen in the class sides were chosen, and a match game 'for the dinners' arranged.

From half past ten in the morning till nearly one in the afternoon the game was fiercely contested.

Every player was nerved by a determination which in your little matches for honor and silver cups is never seen. Poor players knocked the ball clean out of the diamond, and moderate players almost took the hide off it; but the good players,—whew!

The game was made amusing by a very interesting accident. One of the long legged fraternity of the class, caught his foot in a hole, and kept on running so long, while in this unhappy predicament, that he sprained his ankle. Nothing would have enabled him to 'stick it out' for the remainder of the game, had it not occurred to him that he was on the winning side.

Six innings were played, during which time each member of the class gained an immortal reputation.

At the beginning of the game every one was remarkably hungry, but at its close about nine players were discovered who 'didn't care much for any dinner.' Further investigation showed that they were beaten by some 17 tallies. They were dragged down to Harris', however, and allowed to foot the bill for the crowd.

Dinner was 'tackled' in a manner only surpassed by the previous play. The wounded man came near spraining his ankle again.

From the effects of a *very fresh* water melon the class was obliged to hire a band wagon to take them back to the College. No one felt very well in the afternoon. Supposed cause: over exertion.

—The smallest boy in the grammar is 9 years old, and measures 3 feet 9 inches. His name is Willie Bolton, and though young in years, and short in stature he is one of the biggest men in the institution, and is said to be a regular trump.

—Shinny, as usual in the Fall term, is the popular game. Dignity and Mirth now mingle on the campus in sweet confusion, and spend the afternoon in swinging the 'clooped' stick. The immortal "Sammy," the veteran of last year, still continues to wave his young oak tree, to the terror of the grammar school youth.

—The trees about the lawns are being relieved of their lower branches.

—Just as a sophomore was going to bed the other night, a small bird was admitted into his room, where it remained "perched upon the chamber door."

*Soph*: Why is that bird breaking one of the rules of the College?

*Chum*: Give it up.

*Soph*: Because it's the rule at half past ten to *light out*.

He falls asleep, and his chum immediately gets ready for bed.

—The exterior beauty of the chapel has been greatly enhanced since the opening of the term, by the addition of a new brick and stone approach to the chapel entrance. The steps are of stone, and the pavement is of hexagonal bricks. On either side it is handsomely walled in cream colored and red brick work, with broad stone coping. These sides are remarkably handsome; they are about three feet in height and extend all the length of the approach, curving outward as they open on the chapel walk. This is one of the many improvements which the College owes to the industrious "Ladies' Aid Society."

—We saw lying on the walk near the office, a day or so ago, another bell that has just come from Troy to dingle at Racine. Alas! with the chapel bell, two triangles and that abominable trio in the tower we had just come to the conclusion that we had enough. It is getting—not exactly *monotonous*,—but discouraging in the extreme.

If we are going to have so many bells, why not have,—just for a change—a few of the *other kind*. Co-education couldn't be much worse.

—A Freshman says his mathematical Professor gave the class a quotation from PLUTO.

—C. S. Harris occasionally sets up the cigars.

—The first meeting of the Addisonian Society was held in the library last Tuesday evening. At present the Society numbers about twelve members.

The Rev. Mr. CONVERSE has been asked to accept the Moderatorship for the coming term.

—A couple of Sophs went over to Park Hall the other day for the purpose of playing a joke on a friend in that building. They entered a bed room, tumbled up the bed, pitched things about generally, and were just congratulating themselves on the grand confusion they had created, when they heard a footstep. They hide themselves in the wardrobe, and await the fun. The door opens. They can hardly suppress their laughter. They peak out to see the object of their joke.

Behold! a respected tutor of the Grammar School. They had merely got in to the wrong room; that was all.

—The year opens with a larger number of students on the rolls than ever before. The arrival of 70 new grammar students has swelled the numbers in the preparatory department to 150. The collegiate department numbers 65.

—The cry is for something to kneel on in chapel. The floor, of course, is very comfortable (?) but then it takes one a long time to get down to it, and when down, it is rather dusty. Students who have an eye for that devotion which is combined with ease and clean pantaloons, are carrying their pillows to chapel.

—The building was aroused at eleven o'clock the other night, by a rash imbiber of coffee who was trying to sneak back to his room without being heard.

The performance, which had some of the features of an entertainment, consisted in the Soph's forgetting which side of the hall the stairs were on, and precipitating himself and his coffee-pot upon the floor below. Consid-

ering that the feat was performed without any light, it was done as quietly as could be expected.

— For the benefit of unsophisticated freshmen, we announce that non-commissioned prefects have no right to "send them up" either for breaking study hour or swearing, and can't expel a student from the institution unless he wants to go.

— The chapel garden has reached the luxuriance of an Eden. A large bed of *Coleus* is especially beautiful.

— A new piano has been rented and placed in the library of Taylor Hall. We understand we are to have some singing during the Warden's Sunday evening receptions. The music will be conducted by Mr. ROWE, and will probably be of a style less devotional than the preceding music of the Sunday. We are anticipating much additional pleasure from this arrangement.

COLLEGE NINE.

Pres. HUDSON. V. Pres. BENTON. Sec. DOE. Capt. JONES.

Position and batting order :

HUDSON, 3 b.	RESOR, 2 b.
MARTIN, 1. f.	DOE, r. f.
LEEKLEY, s. s.	STURGES, 1 b.
BENTON, c.	WICKHAM, c. f.

JONES, p.

The appearance of the nine in the field is all that could be desired.

CLARKSON and BADGERS.

The first nines of the Clarksons and Badgers will hereafter play three matches for the cup, as is the custom with the first elevens.

The first nine match will take place as we go to press, (Sept. 30.) The details must therefore be reserved for another number. The first eleven match is appointed for Thursday, October 17th.

— One of the "light weight" members of the juniors while engaged in tripping the "light fantastic" during vacation, was the recipient of an extra "caput."

PH—TY says he would like to find the man that "put a head on him." He would give him a testimonial of eternal friendship.

COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

THE *Courant*, (Yale) publishes the following reasons for the increase of its subscription list:

Because the Yale *Courant* is the official base ball organ.

Because the price is within the reach of all.

Because the children cry for it, and will not be comforted without it.

Because it is to be published Saturdays, and will thus furnish safe and easy reading for the Sabbath.

Because its editors can procure testimonials as to their excellent moral character from the clergymen of their native towns.

Lastly, because its proprietor, editors and all connected with it, even to the devil at our elbow yelling for copy, belong to the class of the deserving poor.

Yale starts out with a new *Record* this year, slightly at variance with existing institutions.

The *Courant* has a devil.—*Record*.

Mrs. FISH, of New York, has pledged \$10,000 toward endowing a chair in Johnson College, Mo.—*College Courant*.

AN OLD LADY writing to her son at a western college warns him to beware of bilious saloons and bowel alleys.—*Vidette*.

A LATE graduate has sold his diploma for a dollar and a half, and says he thinks he has made a good bargain at that.—*Vidette*.

IT is reported that Prof. TYNDALL will soon give a course of lectures in the United States.—*Chronicle*.

AUTUMN.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,  
And from the wood top calls the crow through all the gloomy day."

Although as yet we are but entering upon the period of "naked woods and meadows brown and sere," the mind nevertheless already begins to feel that strange, sweet sadness which ever pervades it as Nature assumes its autumnal garb.

Already do we mark the flaming crimson of the maple, the golden yellow of the hickory and all the varied panoply of the death-stricken forest. All is wondrously beautiful, grand and majestic, but over all is written—Death. Warm and sunny as yet are the days. The rough gales of September have made way for the quiet peace of October.

"All sights are mellowed and all sounds subdued,  
The hills seem farther and the streams sing low."

The rich haze of the Indian Summer spreads over all transports Nature to fairy-land, and bears the mind far away to the realms of fancy. Soon, however, the spell is broken as we mark the sear leaf hitherto concealed by its gay coloring. Sadness takes the place of pleasure as we see,

"The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,  
Float slowly by, pass noiseless out of sight."

Each object foretells the one great event soon to follow, and heaven and earth combine to soothe the last few hours of the departing year.

"The wind flower and the violet they perished long ago,  
And the wild rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;  
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sun flower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on man,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade glen."

All are gone.

And as the eye wanders over the varied forms of nature, the hilltops gorgeous with their woody brows, the low valleys nestling below with their flashing streams gleaming in the sunshine, the solemn silence enwrapping all, small wonder that one marvels at the change.

Amidst this realm of wildest beauty, wrapped in deepest silence, we wondering wait the stroke "that still delays its coming."

## PERSONALS.

MARRIED. On the 3rd of this month, Mr. CHARLES E. ANDREWS of '68 and Miss AUGUSTA SMITH both of Milwaukee, were married in St. James church of that city by the Rev. Dr. DEKOVEN, D. D.

ALSO on the 10th inst. Rev. H. B. WHITTEMORE of '69, and Miss CARRIE BLOODGOOD of Nashotah. The ceremony was performed in the Nashotah chapel by the Rev. A. D. Cole, D. D. An interesting feature in it was the presence in the chancel of three of Mr. WHITTEMORE's old college class-mates. Mr. and Mrs. WHITTEMORE have, we understand, already left the North for Camden, Arkansas, where "BRECK" has his parish.

The MERCURY rejoices at being able to begin its personal notices for the year under omens so auspicious, and extends to both of the married couples its warmest congratulations, and heartiest wishes for their happy future.

THE Class of '72 has scattered itself over the globe in the following manner. DILLON we are glad to have among us for another year. He has exchanged the duties of senior, head of the college, and senior editor of the MERCURY for those of second of Kemper Hall. "CLAY" with his usual "biz" however, is devoting much of his spare time to his theological studies. PARK is teaching in Immanuel Hall near Chicago. ROOT has begun his studies at Nashotah. LANDON is at his home in Niles, Michigan. DAY was at Oconomowoc at last accounts; at present we are unacquainted with his whereabouts.

CLARKSON. Our popular friend JOE, the late Second of the Grammar School, has been obliged to give up study for the present, owing to some trouble in his eyes. We had a short visit from him a day or so after the term opened. Come often, JOE.

PARDEE. We found LOU PARDEE of '70 at the college on our return, where he had come for the purpose of launching a young brother into the Grammar School wave. LOU looked well and jolly, and expected to go back to the Seminary in New York in a few days.

MERRIAM. We understand that our old friend "BULL" contemplates a *rush* into the meshes of matrimony. "BULL" was fond of saying, "The man that's married is a man that's marred," and used to subscribe his name to this sentiment in various albums. We always knew how it would be.

OSBORNE. Our old friend "OLIN" of '71 stepped into our sanctum the other day and paid down his subscription money for the MERCURY. "OLIN" has taken the MERCURY regularly since he graduated, and consequently has never had the slightest trouble with his health, or anything else, since he left Racine. Follow his example ye *alumni*.

McLEAN. "TOM" of '71, the slinger, in by gone days, of a lively and witty *Mercurial* quill, was also at the College last week. "MAC" is his same old self, and subscribes for the MERCURY.

PRESCOTT.—The Rev. Mr. PRESCOTT, of '69, paid the college a short visit last week. "PERK" is looking remarkably well. His parish is at Evansville in this state.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

Once more seated within our cosy sanctum, it gives us great pleasure to notice the various periodicals which have accumulated during our absence.

THE SCRIBNER'S for Aug., Sept., and Oct. are the first to meet our eye. We can do no more than echo the praises which we hear on all sides, of this thoroughly American publication. The press in general accord to its illustrations the well deserved title of being finer than any which have hitherto appeared in any American Monthly. With the November number begins vol. VII. Terms, \$4.00 per year.

Address SCRIBNER & Co., 654 Broadway, New York.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for October commands interest for the variety and excellent quality of its contents; "Expression, its Anatomy and Philosophy," "The English Language," "Children's Rights," etc., etc.

It is a magazine to grace any drawing-room table and deserves far more notice than is generally accorded it.

Terms, \$2.00 a year. S. R. WELLS, New York.

HARPERS' WEEKLY, MONTHLY and BAZAAR have made their regular appearance, bearing each its regular burden of benefit and pleasure. If the WEEKLY and MONTHLY rank as highest and most favored of American publications, the BAZAAR, their later companion, is fast winning an equal fame.

Address, HARPER BROS., Franklin Square, N. Y.

THE NATION has again been placed on our table. It is a paper which is well worth reading at any time, but in the course of a political campaign that rings so loudly as the present with slander and lies, it is not only profitable, but absolutely refreshing to read a paper whose politics are the dictates of common sense, and whose editorials are free from slander and abuse.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY has made its regular visits to our table during vacation. The selections published in this magazine are made by one of excellent musical taste, and are of such various styles that the publication is well worth its price to lovers of music. All the singers, pianists and guitarists in the college should take it.

We are again indebted to Mr. ARTHUR for the reception of his HOME MAGAZINE.

For a periodical that combines the beautiful and useful in truly harmonious concord, this magazine has few if any equals.

RACINE COLLEGE, Wis., }  
July 10th, 1872. }

At the annual meeting of the members of the Alumni of Racine College, the following resolutions were adopted.

WHEREAS, In the wise Providence of our Heavenly Father, HORACE GRAHAM HINSDALE, of the class of 1868, has been removed by death from our number, be it therefore

*Resolved*, That while we mourn his loss, we bow in submission to the will of Him who "doeth all things well" and thank Him for the good example of our brother who has "departed this life in His faith and fear," to rest in the Paradise of God.

*Resolved*, That we cherish a grateful memory of his amiable christian character, his scholarly ability and his gentlemanly bearing.

*Resolved*, That the Alumni erect a tablet to his memory in the chapel of his college.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be printed in the *College Mercury*, the *Church Journal* and the *Gospel Messenger*, and that a copy of the same be sent to his relations as a mark of our sorrow, our sympathy and our affection.





"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XII.

RACINE COLLEGE, OCTOBER 15, 1872.

No. 2.

DRIFTING.

On the broad stream of life as it ever sweeps by

With its depths and its shoals, its curves and its bends,  
There are thousands who labor and toil for great ends,  
Never drifting.

Here a youth, there a sage, o'er the smooth surface glides  
As onward, e'er onward their varied course tends  
While each every effort to some object bends,  
Never drifting.

Some seek fame, some with wealth make their tired hearts glad,  
Some seek pleasure alone in its manifold shapes,  
But ne'er e'en from these a short hour escapes,  
They're not drifting.

There are figures, however, amidst the vast throng  
Whose dazed, dreamy eyes of no fixed purpose tell.  
Sure no heart stirring passions their motions impel,  
For they're drifting.

The heavens so clear and the bright waters smooth,  
And the notes of the warblers borne forth from each hill  
Bid them rest and be happy, bid them slumber on still  
While they're drifting.

There are forms that are noble who thus rest at ease  
Exchanging life's prizes for idleness tame.  
Why thus will they squander their rare gifts and fame,  
Musing, drifting?

But the bright day is clouded and dark rolls the storm,  
Deep shadows now sleep o'er the late sunny wave,  
Full well are they able their frail barks to save,  
Who ne'er drifted.

The rising wind howls and the hissing waves boil  
Amidst the broad shoals the flinty rocks glare,  
Made plain by the lightning, awaiting those there  
Who are drifting.

'Midst deep waters in safety the toilers now ride  
And with strong arms and hearts the storm's ending await;  
But alas! who can tell what may be their said fate,  
Who are drifting.

WILLOW-WOOD.

MULTUM E PARVO.

The active virtues blush to find  
The vices wearing their badges behind.

It is strange how short the distance is from the sublime  
to the ridiculous, from good to evil, from sense to non-  
sense.

Taking a motto which is almost sure to bring success  
to one who will follow its teachings, we have but to change  
"in" into "e," and we shall have the fruitful cause of one  
of the commonest evils the world knows. "The active  
virtue," with little or no outward change, becomes a fault,  
and with all its former trappings and ensignia, struts forth  
in footsteps of real worth. What is the secret of *multum  
e parvo*? Why is it that some men out of very slight ma-  
terials construct a fabric which in their own eyes vies in  
importance any of the world's seven wonders, while to

others it becomes ridiculous by reason of its insignificance?

We see one man exalting to the skies a scheme or an  
action which to the eyes of another seems but a common-  
place truism or an every-day occurrence. Is this always  
nothing more than an attempt to deceive and mislead those  
who may choose to stray?

We might think so were it not for the strange similar-  
ity as well as transparency which characterizes many of the  
cases which meet our observation.

Take it in speech or writing.

One man will find more in a single sentence written  
by a favorite author than another of far greater perception  
can discover in whole volumes by the same writer.

Take the different positions of active life. A petti-  
fogger will make more parade over his poor little ten-dollar  
case than the lawyer whose suit involves whole fortunes.  
It is in recognition of this state of affairs that we have the  
maxim "a wagging tongue shows an empty head, and a  
swaggering strut tells of poorly lined wallets."

Here among ourselves we have ample opportunity to  
observe this same peculiarity. Who has not seen some lit-  
tle action, unworthy of the name of a trick, magnified by  
its performer until, as an evidence of shrewdness and sa-  
gacity it rivalled the plots of a Machiavelli or a Talleyrand.  
An accident which would scarce strike fear to the heart of  
a babe is magnified until the adventurer ranks himself  
among the strangely fortunate beings whose hair-breadth  
escapes fill the pages of "dime novels" and "Chimney Cor-  
ners."

No, although it may sometimes be intentional, this  
cannot always be the work of design. Its simplicity and  
obvious inconsistency in many cases forbid such a thought.  
There must then be some reason for it. To what must it  
be ascribed?

By most people the fault which leads to such a result  
is termed exaggeration. But what causes exaggeration?

Campbell has written

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Cannot these lines throw some light upon the subject be-  
fore us?

How does distance lend enchantment to the view? It  
is not by taking away from the object those individual pecu-  
liarities which are as liable to mar as to beautify it, and sub-  
stituting in their place the material which the imagination  
may afford? We behold the mountain. Its tall crest juts  
boldly forth into the heavens. But tree, forest, shadow  
and glen,—all are lost to our sight, and in their place our  
fancy and imagination are awakened by the evanescent dark  
blue tints of the surrounding ether. What but fancy and  
imagination could give to the "azure hue" the charm with  
which it is invested? No action of either can take place

when in too close contact with stern reality, but this being obviated by distance they are free to roam at will.

Have we been wandering? Let us see.

May not one by some mental process place a distance between himself and his work, which shall lend the required enchantment to the view? May he not by taking away from it all traces of himself, thus purging it of all individuality, render it a fit subject for his imagination? Surely this is not impossible. But perhaps we do not make ourselves clear.

Let us return to our first example. We read in a favorite author some passage which strikes our fancy. (This expression confirms our view!) Straightway the writer vanishes and the thought alone is before us. Then comes imagination, which remoulding and clothing it, invests it with a charm and a significance never perhaps intended by the author himself, and perceptible to none but those who may chance to follow this same train of thought. None but a favorite author can thus arouse the imagination, and therefore we are alone in our opinion and are said to exaggerate.

Our pettifogger with his ten-dollar case now comes before us. In his hands the matter, to us so insignificant, meets a very different sort of appreciation. As he ponders over it, it is no longer the case of A vs. B for some paltry damages, but a case in law for justice. All that can render it mean or frivolous is thus removed, and imagination and fancy fill up what is wanting to make it perfect.

How is it among ourselves?

The action which has acquired such a magnitude in our mind, while to others seeming so unimportant and scarcely worthy of notice,—it is no longer a trick played upon a fellow student or a professor, but a contest of wit against wit, a measuring of one's self against an enemy.

The accident is no longer trifling but a narrow escape from what might otherwise have been a fatal mishap, etc., etc.

Fancy and imagination, they are the rogues.

"But why," it may be asked, "do not others allow fancy and imagination to reveal the fact to them as it does to us?"

Feeling must be aroused ere these can have their sway, and few of us are at all times able to produce this result. When one can do so, however, the "enchantment" is sure to appear, and thus we are oftentimes led to accept, on the word of an old friend, statements which in our moments of cooler reflection we would utterly reject.

Other than these, it seems to us, there are no grounds of excuse for the evolution of "multum e parvo." At best it is a dangerous practice, and when indulged in too freely, even this cannot excuse it, and it becomes—whether to one's self or to others makes little difference—nothing more than a habit of systematic lying.

A Chicago poet began an apostrophe to the ocean with "Prodigious dampness."

One Missouri editor says of another, that "his ears would do for awnings for a ten story hog-packing establishment."

A western editor, in acknowledging a gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber, says: "It is such kindnesses as these that bring tears to our eyes."

## REFORM.

So much has been said and is continually being said about reform, civil and religious, public and private, that it seems to us by no means a waste of time to consider, for a moment or two, what is the nature of this subject on which so much has lately been written.

There is something in the word itself which is strangely attractive. The remoulding, the recreating and purging from evil and fault,—who would not desire to perform such a work?

There is nothing in our fallen humanity so good but what it can be bettered; and when, by the application of this magic power, we behold everything invested with a new and perfect nature, it is no wonder the word has a pleasant sound to our ears. It moves us as the early sounds of spring when waking it from its long winter sleep she clothes the earth with buds and flowers and displays in hill and shrub and tree all the promises of future wealth and beauty.

We see the waste places bloom, the dead starting into life, a new beauty and vigor imparted to what before was worthless and barren, and all this accomplished by the one agent, reform. With this weapon in our hands perfection in all things seems possible and the highest desires of the human heart are realized,

This is the ideal of reform.

Would that the reality might be more in keeping with it. What a paradise might this world become.

But no, the pale and mutilated corpses of those who gave us our faith, and the long line of sufferers who from time to time have given up ease and pleasure and even life itself to preserve it from ill, the countless throng of those who have vainly sought to turn aside their fellow men from darkness to light,—all, all tell us that between us and our desire there is a terrible gulf, to be crossed only by the harshest of toil and infinite labor.

Another of our own day tells us that

Not on custom's oiled grooves  
The world to a higher level moves,  
But grates and grinds with friction hard  
On granite boulder and flinty shard  
The heart must bleed before it feels,  
The pool be troubled before it heals,  
Ever by losses the right must gain;  
Every good have its birth of pain.

It is a hard lesson to learn, but once learned, it is not easily forgotten.

Yet why should it be otherwise? We toil and struggle for wealth; pain is readily endured if pleasure be the reward; is this of less value which comes where wealth and pleasure are powerless? Truly reform is a wondrous power, an infinite blessing, but it is not to be had for the asking.

We may make our laws, we may draw up our rules, but far more than this is necessary to attain our desire. The laws must be obeyed, the rules carried out else they are worse than useless, and will shame our weakness and mock our futile efforts.

Yet despite all these evils, far back as history and legends can carry us shine the lives of those who have shown that reform has been and can be accomplished. We cast no stumbling block in the way; we would but make the path more clear.

Rules, laws, preventatives,—all are doubtless well enough in their way, and doubtless aid our cause, but all may prove of no avail in the contest through which only a stout heart and brave courage may pass unscathed.

META THE QUEEN.

IMPROMPTU SONG OF THE FLIRT.

BY TOUCHSTONE.

Meta the queen  
 Lets it be seen  
 You are her slave;  
 Plays with your heart,  
 Lets it depart,  
 Lures it with art;  
 All that you gave  
 Laughed at, I ween.  
 Ah! Meta the queen!  
 Meta, Meta, the beautiful queen.

Meta the queen,  
 She does not mean  
 Heart-sick to be;  
 Flirts with your brother,  
 Smiles at another,  
 Keeps up a pother  
 Pretty to see:  
 Pity, I ween,  
 Give we the queen,  
 Meta, Meta, the beautiful queen.

Meta the queen!  
 I do not mean  
 Still to be slave;  
 But in December  
 Chill, you'll remember,  
 Fanning Love's ember,  
 Viewing Love's grave,  
 What might have been;  
 Nevermore queen,  
 Nevermore, nevermore Meta the queen.

August, 1872.

WHAT IS NEEDED FOR THE GYMNASIUM.

It may seem premature to offer any remarks concerning this subject now; but if it were delayed until cold weather again makes indoor exercise popular, it would be too late for anything to be accomplished.

The harmonious development of mind and body is a subject which has for some time occupied a large share of the attention of our educators; and the authorities of our own college deserve great credit for the pains they have taken to secure a proper improvement of physique among the students. By far too large a proportion of their labor is expended in bringing the games of summer to a high standard of perfection, while the gymnasium, which is principally used in winter, is left to take care of itself.

It is true a certain amount of material is provided, but here, at the very beginning, the matter is left and the students are allowed to use the material in any manner they please. Left in this way the gymnasium instead of being a benefit is a source of much evil; for the students, and especially the smaller boys of the grammar-school, in exercising there, go from one piece of apparatus to another without giving their muscles time to rest, and so instead of the good they go there to obtain there results nothing but harm.

A reform in this respect is therefore much needed; but just so long as the students are left to themselves, just so long shall we hear repeated the story of over-strained muscles and dislocated joints, obtained no one knows how, but which, if traced back to their real cause, would be found to be the result of such use of the gymnasium.

What we need then is a gentleman who thoroughly understands the art of calisthenics. When such a person is obtained the gymnasium will become what without him it never can be, a useful part of the institution.

ADVICE TO WRITERS.

Omit the beginning of your essay. Most writers, not accustomed to the press, imagine that a newspaper article, like an oration, should have an exordium, an argument, and a conclusion. The argument is all that is wanted. That is, state your case, say your say, and stop. Do not take time and space to get into the subject, and more to get out of it; but come to it instantly, and stop when you are done.

Dr. Williams used to say he could put the five volumes of a Bible Commentary into one volume, and not lose an idea worth retaining. We believe he could have done it, and so could we.

Be short. The time is short, the world is very fast now, and readers of newspapers do not like long articles. Pack your thoughts into short words, sentences and short essays. If you never do a great thing, never do a long one.

Come to the point. If you have no point, lay down the pen, and do something else rather than write. It is not every one who can write for edification, and you may not be one who can.

Write the article two or three times over carefully, making it shorter each time. Write on one side only of the paper. Write legibly. Keep a copy of what you send to the press. Editors do not return manuscripts. We cannot undertake to, and we so state every week, but are every week asked to. It is impossible to make the reasons plain to writers; but it is out of the question.

Be very modest in your estimate of your own productions, and do not fret if others esteem them even less than you do.—*New York Observer.*

A poet of California uses his lyre in the following manner:

"Oh, the rain, the beautiful rain!

Ain't you mighty glad it is raining again?

On the mountains and plain

The rain

Will start up wheat, oats, rye, barley, grass and all other kinds of grain

Again.

The rain of the hour

Will afford the miners an almighty sight of first-rate hydraulic power, Which will be used in tearing down the mountains.

And fountains

Will become mighty rivers,

Which will smash all the bridges which have been built at such great expense into shivers,

Tearing a water-way clear to the sea,

In the land of the brave and the home of the free."

The following are the words of an Arkansas local:

"Some of our exchanges are publishing as a curious item a statement to the effect that 'A horse in Iowa pulled the plug out of the bung-hole of a barrel, and slaked its thirst with the water that ran out.' We do not see anything extraordinary in the occurrence. Now, if the horse had pulled the barrel out of the bung-hole and slaked his thirst with the plug, or if the barrel had pulled the bung-hole out of the plug and slaked its thirst with the horse, or if the plug had pulled the horse out of the barrel and slaked its thirst on the bung-hole, or if the bung-hole had pulled the thirst out of the horse and slaked its plug with the barrel, or if the barrel had pulled the horse out of the bung-hole and plugged its thirst with a slake, it might be worth while to make some fuss over it."

# The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, OCTOBER 15, 1872.

EDITORS.

E. A. LARRABEE. NORTON STRONG. AQUILLA JONES. E. G. RICHMOND.

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. Sandford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

## SHALL WE HAVE A GYMNASIUM?

As the College grows in size the need of a gymnasium building for the Collegiate Department is gradually becoming more apparent.

Our present gymnasium, (a cheap erection only intended as a temporary substitute for such a building as we are wanting,) besides being much too small to be used by the College and Grammar School in common, is entirely inadequate to the wants of College students.

The fact is—though speaking of such a place as we want, we call it a gymnasium—it should be a building of respectable size and appearance, and should comprise much more than a mere hall for gymnastic exercises. What we want is a building containing besides the gymnasium proper, and the necessary dressing rooms connected with it, a billiard room and smoking room, and—think of the luxury you students of Taylor Hall—a set of bath rooms. This much it should have at the very least.

All this, we are perfectly aware, may seem to some too extravagant a plan to be thought of in the present circumstances of the College, but it is a real necessity nevertheless.

Our billiard and smoking room is now a permanent institution of the Collegiate department. Taylor Hall is no place for it. The time must come, and pretty soon at that, when so far from containing a room of that kind, the recitation rooms themselves must give place to the actual requirements of an exclusive house of residence. At the present time there is no place in any of the buildings for bath rooms. To any student who has gone through the usual Saturday night exploits with a foot bath, the necessity of such a building, as far as bath rooms are concerned, is only too evident.

Such a building we must have sooner or later, and we ought to have it before the end of this year. In order to meet our necessities and at the same time to compare favorably in its external appearance with the other college buildings, such a gymnasium ought to cost eight or ten thousand dollars.

So much for the plan: now for the manner in which it can be carried out.

The college can not be expected, in addition to the buildings which it has just erected, to do much towards put-

ting up another of this cost; and the friends of the college who have so lately been called upon to help in the erection of the Refectory and Grammar School building ought not to be asked for a cent.

If we are to have our gymnasium it must be built by the present students and the old boys of Racine. It may sound like "big talk" but we are confident the thing can be done. All that is needed is a vigorous committee to put the effort on foot, and with the help of the old students, and a determined effort on our parts, the money can be raised within a year and no one would feel the poorer.

It is by no means uncommon for the students of an institution to undertake and carry on successfully just such a measure as this. Indeed very many of our American colleges owe the possession of their gymnasiums, and good gymnasiums too, to the determination of some energetic body of students; and while this is true we have never heard of such an undertaking being attended with a failure.

At all events the plan is worth a trial. What has been done elsewhere, we can do here; and our college could have no prouder monument than a building erected by her students alone.

THE Yale *Record* spreads the alarm that there is to be at some one of our central cities a national university which shall have for its object the examining of all college graduates in the country before they are entitled to their degrees.

About this plan, which we hear is "cut and dried," and is as far as we know a step in the right direction, we have nothing to say; but the manner in which the *Record* ends its little notice of the fact, we must avow is not pleasant to us.

The *Record* is welcome to its own opinion about the comparative thoroughness of eastern and western education. We have no objections to its *thinking* that the only thorough institution in America is Yale itself, or, for that matter, that Yale pulls the strongest oar in college regattas; anything that Yale and the *Record* mutually consider agreeable.

But we say it is not always necessary, and frequently unsafe, to put in a paper one's private opinion; that when the *Record* talks in this manner it will generally be contradicted by others who don't think the same way, and that once in a while some little fact, like a national examination or a college regatta, will prove others right, and Yale and the *Record* wrong.

Such an observation as that to which we allude, is perfectly uncalled for, and it savors of a spirit that leaves a bad taste in any paper, but is rather worse in American type than anywhere else.

Without boasting, *Record*, of western colleges, (though there are plenty of which we are proud,) we entertain a strong suspicion, that should such a board of national examiners ever exist, you would be too busy over your own dead to feel much concerned for the "mortality among western colleges" so "awful to contemplate."

TAINÉ is at work on a history of the French Revolution.

## OUR COLLEGE ELEVEN.

We were reminded by hearing of Captain Stewart's challenge, that Racine College used to possess a College Eleven. We recalled the days when our College Eleven was the pride of the institution, and when the man who wielded a bat in defence of Racine was looked upon by every other student in the College and Grammar School with feelings that bordered close on actual veneration.

Perhaps it would be well to own in setting out that it is a weakness of ours, as far as cricket is concerned, to be a praiser of by gone times, and we found a peculiar charm in recalling to memory the long line of victories that have been won by our old College Elevens.

Of course it was not an unnatural process of the mind to compare the energy, activity and enthusiasm of old College Elevens, with the state of affairs at the present day.

A comparison anything but encouraging.

In the first place, can any one inform us whether or not, such an organization as a College Eleven still exists?

By this we do not mean to ask whether we have cricketers who can be selected, when occasion may require, to play against outside clubs, for of course with the regular practice days, we shall never be left without good players to call upon. But a distinct organization of eleven of the best cricketers in the college, either does not exist, or we are living in ignorance of something it would be pleasant to know.

Certain it is that a College Eleven have not stood together on the campus since the Summer of 1870, and it is quite doubtful whether such an Eleven have met even in a business meeting.

Of course there is some excuse for this. It is now very rarely that the college receives a cricket challenge, and the number of matches played by the College Nine has rather drawn away the general interest from cricket to base ball. But this excuse is by no means sufficient to explain the present state of affairs. If match games are necessary—as experience has shown they are—to keep up the interest in the College Eleven, such games should have been arranged, either with clubs outside, or if that were impossible, with a greater number of players selected from the rest of the institution. Anything that would have made the College Eleven appear occasionally as a distinct and definite body, is all that has been needed to keep up among the rest of the College a lively interest in our best cricketers.

With respect to our College Nine there is plenty of enthusiasm. It is just as it should be. We venture to say there is not a student either in the Grammar School or College, who can not give the name and the position of every man in the College Nine. And when a vacant position is left, there are always some three or four aspirants for it, who can hardly sleep until the vacancy is filled.

It is just such enthusiasm as this that has done more than anything else to bring the Nine to its excellent standard. We need something of the same kind in cricket.

Our standard of play in cricket should be higher than in base ball, for while the latter is of comparatively recent introduction, cricket has been *the College game* since the earliest days of the institution. It is a question, however, whether our eleven best cricketers can be compared with the College Nine as to the degree of proficiency that has been

acquired in the respective games. This is not because our cricket playing has deteriorated, for we have as fine material for a College Eleven now as we ever had; but while our standard in base ball has steadily advanced, the cricket standard has merely held its own.

We say this hoping to see in a match with the gentlemen from Chicago, exactly what our Eleven can do. But by all means, victorious or beaten, let the College Eleven when once more set upon its feet, remain a live feature of the institution.

## ADDISONIA.

With our return to college work and study it gives us great pleasure to take up our pen in behalf of our old favorite Addisonia. As was noticed in the last number of the MERCURY the society has lost its much esteemed moderator, Dr. ELMENDORF. Compelled by the pressure of increased labor the doctor felt himself obliged to refuse the office which for the last two or three years he has filled with such honor and skill, first in Clionia and afterwards in Addisonia. While we miss the genial smile and pithy remarks which the literary exercises of the past were wont to call forth, we also look forward with the utmost confidence to the moderatorship of Professor Converse.

The first debate of the term took place on the evening of Tuesday last (8th) and in all its details,—as indeed was the case with all the literary exercises,—it formed a worthy opening to our winter's work.

The subject, though rather out of the ordinary class presented for debate, was one calculated to call forth all the eloquence and power of both sides, being a discussion of the relative merits of Greeley and Grant. The "liberal" side of the question was supported by Messrs. JONES and EVERHART, while Messrs. BUMP and HUDSON supported the present "administration."

The speaking on both sides was excellent, but by virtue of the extraordinary ease and ability which was shown by the first gentleman on the affirmative the liberals carried off the palm. It was perhaps a fortunate circumstance that an opportunity was thus given to decide the debate on the merits of the speakers, for so well was the subject handled by both sides, as far as arguments were concerned, that a decision on other grounds was well nigh impossible.

After a short "extempore" speech by Mr. TILDEN the literary exercises were closed.

Before we lay down our pen we must add a word or two concerning the work of Addisonia.

Those who compare the full rounded periods of the several speakers—from the house, as well as the regular debaters,—with the halting and awkward attempts which were made by the same gentlemen only a year or perhaps six months ago can surely cast no slur upon our society's training.

To all Addisonia extends her privileges. Let those who feel no desire to become active members, at least be present at her monthly public meetings. There they will see what a few weeks of careful debating can do for one, and perchance sight may prove more convincing than hearing. To those who even then prove obdurate she offers as a last inducement the privileges of a well stocked "reading room." Full information with respect to the opening of the latter to outsiders may be obtained of the librarian.

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.	

In our description of the new Grammar School building in the last MERCURY, we made the statement that its total cost was \$8,000. We find that we have published the wrong figures. The cost of the building as it is now furnished amounted to \$12,000.

BASE BALL.

MATCH GAME BETWEEN THE BADGER AND CLARKSON FIRST NINES.

BADGERS THE VICTORS. SCORE 30 TO 12.

On Monday, Sept. 30, the first of the annual series of match games between the Badger and Clarkson first nines was played. The game had been looked forward to with considerable interest, as the two nines were generally thought to be about evenly matched. The result of the game, however, proved the truth of the saying that base ball is a "very unsartin game." The match was played in the afternoon, and the weather being propitious the students both of the College and Grammar School assembled in a body to witness the game and applaud the players. We noticed also among the audience a number of the ladies of the institution, who appeared to take as much interest in the game, as did the opposite sex. We can assure the ladies that we appreciate the interest they take in our games, and that it is always a source of pleasure to us when we see their faces on the field.

The game opened favorably for the Clarksons, they winning the toss and sending the Badgers to the bat. The first three innings were stubbornly contested by both sides, the score, at the end of that time, being 4 to 3 in favor of the Badgers. In the next inning, however, the Badgers got the range of Richmond's pitching, and by magnificent batting ran up a score of 12 tallies. This, in the minds of most persons, virtually decided the game, as it was thought that the Clarksons could not recover so much lost ground. They struggled hard, however, to overcome the odds, and would not give up vanquished, until compelled to do so. The game terminated at the end of the eighth inning with the red ribbons in the lead by a score of 30 to 12.

Of the individual play, on the side of the Clarksons, we wish particularly to commend Mr. LUTHER and TOM LEEKLEY. Mr. LUTHER played his base in a manner which surprised us. At present he is a little out of practice, but his play during the game, showed him to be as capable of playing the base, as any one in the institution. LEEKLEY played his position well, as he always does.

On the side of the Badgers, all deserve praise, especially BENTON, RESOR and MARTIN. The former displayed his usual pluck behind the bat, and assisted in disposing of nine men. RESOR took a difficult line ball from LUTHER's bat. MARTIN played short stop in a manner which showed that with practice he would become a master of that position, and we consider the difficult left hand catch which

he made, to have been the prettiest feature of the game. Below is the score:

BADGERS.

CLARKSONS.

BADGERS.		CLARKSONS.	
	O. R.		O. R.
Safford, c. f.....	4 3	Hudson, c.....	2 3
Benton, c.....	3 3	Luther, r. b.....	3 2
Wickham, 3. b.....	3 3	Doe, 2. b.....	0 2
Taber, r. f.....	3 3	Morrall, l. f.....	4 0
Everhart, r. b.....	5 1	Leekley, s. s.....	3 1
Resor, 2. b.....	1 5	Sturges, 3. b.....	4 0
Weeks, l. f.....	2 4	Bump, r. f.....	3 1
Martin, s. s.....	2 4	Weeks, H., c. f.....	3 1
Jones, p.....	1 4	Richmond, p.....	2 2
	24 30		24 12

INNINGS 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9. Total.

Badgers	1	2	1	12	5	2	6	1	0	= 30.
Clarksons	1	0	2	0	4	4	0	1	0	= 12.

—The new bell has been mounted in the spire of the grammar school building. We have just become sufficiently accustomed to its tone, to remain seated when we hear it rung, instead of jumping up and making a dive at the door, under the impression that we have been smuggled aboard a train of cars.

—Singing at reception has met with its first two trials. It is a perfect success as far as heartiness is concerned, the only trouble being that the trebles and altos were on both occasions so enthusiastic over their old songs, that they came near taking the roof off the building.

The precentor has not yet been able to drill the music classes in their Glees, owing to the extra time that is spent at present on the new hymns.

We hope to hear the songs given with the old expression before many Sundays.

—The arrival of Mr. P. T. BARNUMS "immense combination" created quite an excitement in Racine. The gorgeous pageant was attended by all lovers of art from Senior to Fresh, and in the language of the competent critics was pronounced a "teazer."

—A smooth floor and a good piano in the library make waltzing after supper a popular amusement.

—The first elevens are practicing for the coming match. Both Elevens are made up of excellent players, and the determined manner in which they have set to work gives promise of a hard pull for the first victory.

—The choir has been reorganized for the coming term. Many changes have been made, and the choir seldom, if ever, contained better material for good singing than at present. Some of the new comers are said to have excellent voices.

—Captain Stewart of Chicago, whom many of the old students will remember as one of the jolliest cricketers that ever handled a bat, has mustered another Eleven, and has sent the College Eleven a challenge to play a game of cricket the 18th. The Captain promised several years ago to come up here and beat us, and now that he has got his material he ought to have a chance to use it. We hope the game may be played.

—We overheard an interesting squabble the other day between a Waukegan freshman and another "fresh" from Grand Haven. The comparative importance of these two places was the subject of the discussion.

Waukegan seemed to be doing most of the talking, and was venting its sarcasm on Grand Haven's not very extensive mercantile reputation.

"Well," said Grand Haven, "what do they do at Waukegan?"

"Humph!" continued the talking party, "Waukegan gentlemen all do business in Chicago. They are all bankers."

"Yes," put in G. H., "SAND BANK-ers."

—We are pleased to see among the students of the grammar school several very promising base ball players. While witnessing a scrub game, the other day, we were particularly struck with the ease with which JANUARY and the two PRESTONS handled the ball. We would suggest to the grammar school students the advisability of organizing their nine for play this fall. They have a number of excellent players, and as the weather is fine for playing, we think the different class nines of the college department would be glad to meet them on the diamond field.

—The Addisonians have entered upon their society duties with a zest that promises well for the Tuesday evenings of this term.

The Society exercises of last Tuesday, although crippled by the absence of the moderator, were, we understand, remarkably interesting. Addisonia's numbers should be much larger.

—It will be remembered that the students of the Scientific department were favored in one of the back catalogues with the appendage to their names of the obscure title, "Sc." It proved to be an unfortunate abbreviation for scientifics who "go out into society."

*Young lady.*—"Now do please tell me, what is the meaning of those "Sc's" in the catalogue?"

*Society going Sc.*—"Why, that is an abbreviation for *scientific*, and means student of science, of course; why do you ask?"

*Young Lady.*—"Oh, we girls were just reading over the names with the "Sc." after them, and judging from the "Sc's" we know, we thought it must stand for *scamp*."

—The chapel garden has "pulled up stumps," and is going into the house.

—We don't know when the First Eleven match is to come off. It would drive a prophet crazy in less than a week to attempt the prediction, and we hereby give it up as a bad job.

—Whether or not the match with the Chicago gentlemen is to be played, is a question now "agitating the public mind." It is likewise surrounded by a glorious mist of uncertainty.

—That little puppy in the vicinity of the barn, who spends his nights in contemplation, and does the howling for Taylor Hall, will violently cease to exist unless some one takes a friendly interest in his welfare, and puts an air tight muzzle on him.

## COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

Yale has 170 Freshmen.

Amherst has 102 new comers this term, 86 of whom enter the Freshman class.

Princeton has 110 new Freshmen—a regular nursery.

There are nine American students at the Strasburg university.

Notre Dame university has a botanical garden which promises soon to be one of the greatest objects of interest connected with that institution.

Brown University freshmen can clean out the sophs at foot-ball.

It is said that the Amherst chimes play nothing but "I want to be an angel."

The Hon. SAMUEL MILLISTON of Easthampton, Mass., who has given so much to Amherst, intends, it is said, to bequeath \$500,000 to Harvard.

The *College Courant* is opposed to the establishment of a National University at Washington, and says, with reason, that more could be accomplished at Harvard or Yale with the yearly interest of \$5,000,000, than at Washington with four times the amount.

A member of the late University crew was trying, the other day, with questionable success to smoke an asthmatic pipe, when he remarked that it blew better than it pulled. "Yes," replied a scientific, "I have known some people who blew better than they pulled." Member of University crew was silent.—*Courant*.

Our exchanges are full of items on the class matches in base ball or foot ball. Out of door games seem to be flourishing in all the Colleges. Strange enough, shinny is as far as we know, popular only at Racine.

The Yale *Courant* publishes a communication from a young lady of a fashionable New Haven boarding school, to the effect that she thinks it "real mean" for the students not to come out into society; the sensible young men she means.

THE EDITRESS of the *Philomathean* is so short sighted that all she puts in with her pencil she rubs out with her nose.—*Ex.*

'74 at Yale is growling because it has a Tutor instead of a Professor in Greek. The Freshmen have three Professors; the Juniors, except those studying Calculus, have none. 53403

The *Vassar Miscellany* thinks the *Hamilton Literary Monthly* is "more interesting than its exterior would lead one to suppose." We can say the same, and that without slighting its cover, although we are rather tired of seeing "Ten little Seniors" of Sibyl renown copied in College papers.

It is said that Oxford University will shortly confer an honorary doctorate of some sort on Louis Napoleon.

The present number of volumes in the library of Brown University is 42,000, and the number is much smaller than it would be if there were accommodations for storing books.

## PERSONALS.

MARRIED.—WILLIAM R. MERRIAM, of '70, and Miss LAURA E. HANCOCK, both of St. Paul, were married in St. Paul's church, of that city, on Wednesday the 2d inst. We learn from an eye-witness that the wedding was one of the grandest ever known in St. Paul. We are glad to hear that Mr. and Mrs. MERRIAM intend paying the college a short visit on their return from the wedding tour.

HAYWARD.—RICHARD HAYWARD, of '70, paid the college a short visit early in the month. He has another year to spend at Nashotah.

TREDWELL.—"TIM" lets us hear from him in Minnola, L. I., and subscribes for the MERCURY, which paper he says he "will not be without." He wishes to be remembered to his old friends.

GEORGE HANFORD stalked into the Dining Hall the other day. He has grown several feet taller since he left Racine. but looks so natural in the face, that one imagines he is only on stilts.

JOHN WHEELER sends us his MERCURY subscription from St. Paul, where he is still in business.

JANUARY.—"JESSE" stopped to make the college a visit on his way back from St. Paul, where he had been to attend MERRIAM'S wedding.

To see him on the base ball field, taking in the high flies with his accustomed grace, was as natural a sight as one could wish.

DAN WHEELER spent Sunday with us a week ago. He is still practising law in Milwaukee.

THOMAS is in Chicago. He is to attend another course of lectures this winter at Rush's Medical college. "RIP" has already had some practice as a physician, and we understand promises to be a very successful one.

WARNER '73.—"AB" writes to us from Monroe City, Mo. He says he has gone into farming, heart and hand, occasionally trading in stock.

REV. MR. VAN DEUSEN.—We learn that Mr. VAN DEUSEN, whom all old students will remember as a tutor of the Grammar School, has left Colorado, to accept a position in St. Paul's college, Palmyra, Mo. He is not in very good health we are sorry to hear, Colorado climate not having agreed with him.

DE KOVEN, '74.—LE ROY DE KOVEN is now at the university of Toronto.

H. STRONG, formerly of '73 at Racine, is now in the class of '73 at Yale, and plays in the class nine.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

Owing to a press of matter we were obliged in our last number to omit the subjoined portion of the "Editor's table.

THE ALDINE for Aug., Sept. and Oct. last has been received. Were it possible for the Aldine to improve upon itself, we should say that this improvement had been made in the October number. The engravings in that No. entitled "The Castle of Meran" and "Preston Ponds" are certainly equal to if not finer than anything it has yet produced. Terms \$5.00 a year with chromo.

Address James Sutton & Co., 23 Liberty St., N. Y.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, hitherto a stranger, has also made its appearance on our table. It opens with "LOVE'S LABOR NOT LOST," by Gail Hamilton, one of those articles which are not only interesting but do more to mould one's opinions than half the literature that every day and month pours forth. The rest of its contents are fully equal in merit to the above and make it quite a valuable Magazine.

Terms \$1.00 per year.

Address S. S. Wood & Co., Newburgh, N. Y.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which well deserves its title of "Journal of practical information" has been regularly received. There are few papers which we can so heartily recommend to any one who desires to understand the true causes of American greatness and prosperity.

Terms \$3.00 per annum.

Address Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, N. Y.

THE GRACE CHURCH RECORD, published at Madison, Wis., has been received. It is with pleasure that we notice in this and the "PARISH GUIDE," published at Erie, Penn., a disposition to advance the work of the Church by those means which prove so effective in worldly matters.

It is published by the Rev. H. W. Spalding of Grace Church, Madison.

Among our college exchanges we notice some strangers which we gladly enroll upon our list.

THE RECORD was the first to make its appearance and is now a regular visitor.

THE SCHOLIAST, though it has evidently been published for some time, has never before, we believe, made its appearance on our table.

THE COLLEGE COURANT and its namesake at Yale, make their weekly appearance. Whoever has had the labor of writing up a column of "College Jottings" must surely agree with us in saying that as "newspapers" these two publications stand first among the college press.

The *Williams Vidette* publishes a few of the regulations in force at Yale prior to the year 1804. They chiefly concern the Freshmen of that early period, and we insert them for the benefit of our modern and degenerate Fresh.

"It being the duty of the Seniors to teach Freshmen the laws, usages and customs of the College, to this end they are empowered to order the whole Freshmen class, or any particular member of it, to appear, in order to be instructed or reprov'd, at such time and place as they shall appoint; when and where every Freshman shall attend, answer all proper questions, and behave decently. \* \* \* \* The Freshmen are to be uncovered, and are forbidden to wear their hats (unless in stormy weather) in the front door-yard of the President's or Professor's house, or within ten rods of the person of the President, eight rods of the Professor, and five rods of a Tutor.

"The Freshmen are forbidden to wear their hats in college-yard (except in stormy weather, or when they are obliged to carry something in their hands) until May vacation; nor shall they afterward wear them in college or chapel.

"No Freshman shall wear a gown, or walk with a cane, or appear out of his room without being completely dressed, and with his hat. \* \* \* A Freshman shall not play with any member of an upper class, without being asked; nor is he permitted to use any acts of familiarity with them even in study-time.

"When a Freshman is near a gate or door, belonging to college or college-yard, he shall look around and observe whether any of his superiors are coming to the same; and if they are coming within three rods, he shall not enter without a signal to proceed."





"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XII.

RACINE COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 1, 1872.

No. 3.

LINES FROM "THE AUTUMN HAUNT."

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

The fierce heats of summer now ended, September with wild raging gales  
Gave place to October's sweet beauty, to portray which all human art fails,—  
A beauty which lives not in forests, although all the woodlands are gay,  
But lurks in each tree, bush and streamlet, and is breathed in each warm sunny day.  
Ah, the last garb of Nature ere, dying, her beauties are snatched from our sight,  
Like the last rosy rays of a sunset, but heralds the dark chilly night.  
But the Indian Summer was waning; the forest all crimson and gold lay silent and grand on the hilltops, bedecked with a splendor untold,  
While o'er all the bright, hazy sunshine cast a charm through each long happy day  
Which bore our light hearts from earth's tumult to fancy's bright realms, far away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now embarked on the smooth glassy waters, o'er their bright dimpling surface we sped,  
Or, lingering, gazed on the mirror reflecting the blue vault o'erhead.  
'Neath a steep crag which, guarding the margin, like some dark fortress towered on high  
We lured (o sweet hope!) the bright swimmers as shoal after shoal wandered by.  
Anon 'midst the deep groves we wandered and in couples and trios spread wide  
We sought (all in vain!) the sweet flow'lets or strayed by the low water-side.  
One by one gay wand'ers returning sought once more the green slope where o'erhead  
The wondering eyes of the squirrel looked down on the viands outspread.

\* \* \* \* \*

All o'erpowered and wearied with rambling and resting at ease 'neath the shade  
The thoughts of each friend roved unfettered—how far, the deep silence betrayed.  
But the silence, though deep, was not lasting and despite the rich beauties so rare,  
First a jest then a sweet peal of laughter soon banished all "castles in air."  
Once again was each merry voice silent and the haze covered hilltops we scanned,  
The lakelet which glistened beneath us and the hills which arose on each hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the forests grew bare and dark and dreary,  
The heavens bright grew bleak and flakes of snow,  
Though feathery light, our hearts made weary,  
And winters' frosts foretold his footsteps slow.  
Anon he came and field and forest  
Wrapped in garments white. 'Neath skies not blue,  
But cold and gray, our hearts smote sorest.  
'T was not till then we waved our last adieu.

WILLOW-WOOD

ENJOYMENT OF BEAUTY NOT IDLENESS.

Yet on life's current he who drifts  
Is one with him who rows or sails,  
And he who wanders widest lifts  
No more of beauty's jealous veils  
Than he who from his doorway sees  
The miracle of flowers and trees,  
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air  
And from the cloud minarets hears the call to prayer.

By some strange anomaly the idea of beauty is, in the minds of some men, inseparably connected with that of idleness.

No time for the consideration of beauty is afforded to those whose life is spent in labor. Beauty is something beyond their grasp, and the perception and appreciation of it must ever involve more or less neglect of the duties before them.

The natural result of such an unwarrantable grouping is manifest in the opinion commonly entertained concerning those whose life is spent in searching out and producing beauty.

Thus we see the poet sneered at for his pains. The artist who spends his hours in loving toil,—far more weary, far more irksome than even the busy round which the world demands, is marked as a mere idler, fit only for the companionship of those who have time to waste. The musician, whose sounding chords wake the hidden sympathies of the soul and lift the heart to a higher and a better life, he too must sink more or less in the social scale and join the idling throng.

It is not our intention, however, to undertake the defense of these tireless laborers. Their work is its own defense. Far better is it to snatch from the varied forms and creations of this mighty universe that which bears the stamp of divine workmanship, and treasure it up to gladden the human heart, than to toil as one amidst the blind, selfish throng who spend their life in a fruitless search for that which can only minister to the lower and carnal nature of man. Abundantly are the works of beauty able to defend themselves. Let us rather turn our attention to the error which thus belies these noble spirits. In the mighty world of beauty which is laid before the eyes of man how manifold and varied are the shapes it assumes; yet who hesitates to call them beautiful? They are all the creations of that Master Intellect of which the mind of man is but a poor, distorted reflection. Upon their face they bear the indelible stamp affixed by His word, who pronounced them *good*, and the human heart with all its blindness still sees in them the work of its own creator. Must we then, in order to see and know this beauty scattered with lavish hands on every side, give up the pursuits and duties which carry us through its midst?

The idea vanishes like the morning mist at sunrise and we must needs smile at the blindness which gave it birth. Where is beauty sought by those whose lives are spent in seeking it? Is it not in the every-day objects which surround us? The bright sun rises in his glory, sheds his noontide beams of warmth and gladness over the busy world and at even sinks into his couch of fire to give place to the quiet moon with her resplendent train. Need one wander far and forsake his daily toil to behold these beauties?

Nay, more he who beholds them rightly, even though it be with a mind filled with care has

"Lifted more of beauty's veil,"

far more than he

"Who follows blindly where she leads,  
But loves her as an empty dream."

The trees put forth their leaves and the birds and blossoms come and go with the ever changing seasons; the mightiest cliffs, the lowliest hills, the broad green fields of the country and the wee blade of grass springing up betwixt the hot and dusty stones of the street—all tell the same story, all are clothed with the same beauty which only our blindness can hide.

Let the "miracle of flowers and trees" be read, and never need we wander in search of beauty. For,

He who would true beauty see  
In rolling mead and verdant lea,  
Let him this lesson first be taught  
That ne'er need beauty's charms be sought  
In dizzy cliff or mountain height,  
In splendor's gleam and glory bright.  
A loving hand makes *all things fair*,  
Where e'er there's thought, there's beauty there.

#### THE PLAGUE OF WIT.

It is only with a precious few that genuine wit and humor is an inborn gift, but those who have acquired this possession by their own exertions are far more rare.

Still, of all the attainments that a man would like to possess, there is no other so heartily coveted and so eagerly striven after as the art of being witty and humorous.

It is of the man who thus agonizes that we wish to speak.

In any other field, be it literature, politics, whatnot, one can pardon his fellow man for continuing to strive after an object that is clearly beyond his reach, and is able to look upon his failure with sympathy and compassion. Nay, we can sometimes even respect his efforts—misdirected though they are—merely for their own sake, and look upon the man himself as a laudable example of perseverance.

But of all the pests and nuisances that ever afflict a community, deliver us from a man who without a grain of wit or thimblefull of humor, will insist on being both humorous and witty, and is always straining after some brilliant remark or cutting repartee.

True wit is pleasant to see even when its point is turned toward one's self, but when more charitably used to entertain it lends to conversation a charm which it can derive from no other source.

The would-be witty is unfortunately so ambitious as to desire success in both these manners of employing the gift which he imagines himself to possess; but it is hard to tell whether it is in his attempts to please, or in his feints at wounding that he is the more disagreeable.

True there is little pleasure in feeling the edge of a witty retort even when genuine and refined, but the thrust that is made by a skillful and chivalrous hand, while it cuts sharply, never bruises or tears; and even when touched by its point one can find something to admire in the wit, which, like a delicate rapier is always ready at its owner's bidding, and is sure to be handled with dexterity and grace. But to be attacked with a heavy and rugged cudgel is quite a different thing. While a witty repartee can always be pleasantly taken, the coarse assaults of a dull and heavy intellect invariably disgust. These aspirants after wit who have no skill to rely on, are obliged to make up for their lack of dexterity by repeating their awkward blows, and while the wound they leave is not serious, the thought of the author alone is enough to make it galling.

When he attempts to amuse you this persevering creature is perhaps still harder to endure, for one instinctively feels it would be easier to take his blows than to owe a moment's amusement to such a source; consequently he is rather more acceptable when irritated than in moments of his good nature.

It is his first care on meeting you to say something funny. He leads off with some senseless remark himself, or else endeavors to twist into nonsense some words of your own. In either case he expects you to be amused, and when you do not succeed charitably credits you with dullness, and repeats himself until you are obliged to show some sign of gratification, or to submit to his perseverance in utter despair.

Wit and humor are only ornaments, and are not absolutely necessary to make one an agreeable or interesting companion, and one can at least talk sense without them. Walter Scott remarks that he never met a man in his life from whose conversation he could not derive something that was interesting or valuable.

Many a man who is considered a bore, might make very good company if he would only decide to "let well enough alone," and abandon his ambitious dreams of being brilliant.

The following lines have been sent us by an old student.

#### SCHOOL MEMORIES.

Bring back the scenes of vanished years;

Memory I call on thee!

Bring back the days that I revere,

Bring back those happy hours so dear,

Those joyous College days.

Bring back those games and outdoor sports,

Those games I loved to play;

Give back those hours of studious work,

Those perished hours I used to shirk;

Still fresh in memory!

Bring back the daily service bless'd,

Ah! now so missed by me—

With glorious chant and fervant prayer

And Eucharist so frequent there;

Sacred to memory.

Ah! school days cherished, lost and dear!

Oh! bring them all to me!

These, the halcyon days of life,

Shall soothe me in life's colder strife,

'Twill be my lot to see.

"OLD BOY."

NOVEMBER.

Sighing, sighing,  
The while the summer sweets are dying;  
Sad and weary  
To see them, loved by one so dearly,  
By winter's breath  
Strewn forth in death.  
Silence sombre  
Enwraps the world, but not in slumber  
Rest my wand'ring  
Thoughts, but on the future pond'ring,  
They mark the woes  
Of winter's snows.  
Cease thy sighing;  
And bid thy mournful spirits' crying  
Cease. For ever,  
Spite of Winter's fell endeavor,  
Returning Spring  
New flow'rs must bring.

NELEH.

THE GAME OF CRICKET WITH THE CHICAGO ELEVEN.

HOW IT WAS A FIZZLE.

The rumour was spread abroad on Sunday and Monday of last week that the match with the Chicago Eleven, over which so much talk had been lavished, was actually to be played, and that Wednesday the 23d, which was to be the happy occasion, was to be given as a holiday.

Indian Summer still lingering in the embrace of Autumn gave promise of as merry a holiday as Racine ever saw, and in short the entire prospect was a remarkably cheerful one.

On Tuesday evening the committee appointed by the College Eleven went over to the Junction with an omnibus, expecting to convey from the cars to the College the eleven Chicago Cricketers, but they were unable to find but four at the train. The remainder of the Eleven, it was stated, would come up on the midnight train, arriving in Racine at three o'clock the next morning.

Wednesday dawned bright. A finer day for the cricket match could not have been wished. Just such a day as they always had for cricket in the story books we remember to have read. But there was one drawback: the Chicago Eleven was wanting. It was reported that the three o'clock train had come in as expected, but when it left Racine and went on its way to Milwaukee, it was only two cricketers lighter. Just five players were now wanted, and they were *expected* on the eleven o'clock train. It began to look rather discouraging, but still we lived in the earnest hope of at least having no recitations, and the five tardy players were the only objects of anxiety. Of course it was clearly impossible to begin the game before half past eleven, but towards the close of morning chapel it began moreover to appear that inasmuch as the match could not take place till late in the forenoon, the first two recitations would of course be attended. It was now pretty hard to tell which looked the more dubious, the prospects of a game, or the results of the recitations. But our business is only with the former. The two hours finally rolled away, and the eleven o'clock train rolled in, without the appearance of a single addition to the Chicago force.

Too much, however, had already been done to allow the day to pass without any game at all. The Chicago gentlemen were allowed the choice of any cricketers of the College, except those of the College Eleven, with whom to fill up their side; and with their number replenished by the addition of MESSRS. LARRABEE, F. MARTIN, ELLIS, McKEY and LEEKLEY they went to the bat while the College took the field with ten men, Mr. MEAD not playing.

D. HARCOURT and M. HARCOURT, the two best batsmen in the Eleven, retired with an 'egg shell' apiece before the bowling of HUDSON. McMAHON left the wicket with a similar score, and J. HARCOURT shouldered his bat after scoring two runs. SEELEY and STEWART wielded the willow with more success, but did not run as many tallies as their batting merited, and retired with the respective scores of 6 and 5.

The Collegiate appendage added 14 tallies to the score, of which ELLIS scored 7 and LARRABEE 5. The inning closed with the feeble score of 37.

The College Eleven went to the wickets and led off with a similar display.

DOAN went out with only four runs, and AERTSEN who seems to have the worst of luck this Fall, went out before LARRABEE's bowling with 0. ROWE did by far the best batting of the game, making four 'three hits.' He was unfortunately run out while his score stood at 14. Of the rest RESOR and DOE alone played with anything approaching success, and HUDSON, who generally pounds a ball when he can reach it, lost his bails on one of D. HARCOURTS' slow round-arms, and came out with one tally. The inning closed with the score of 46; the College Eleven nine ahead.

The game was renewed after dinner with the Chicago gentlemen again at the bat. Messrs. H. and M. HARCOURT displayed some beautiful batting, and the score had grown as large as 17 when the first wicket fell. The remainder of the players batted with moderate success; the largest score of the inning was made by ELLIS, who went out with eleven tallies. F. MARTIN was batting carefully and there was every prospect of his making a handsome score, when he was unfortunately run out. The score for the entire inning stood at 81, leaving for the College Eleven 72 runs to cancel.

For the first time the game began to assume an interesting aspect, and all were curious to see the results of a second inning for the College cricketers. There was promise even of some excitement if the game could be played out. But there remained only forty-five minutes before train time, and it was decided by the Captain of the Chicago players that inasmuch as another inning could not be finished, it was not worth while to take the field.

Altogether the Chicago game was rather a failure than otherwise. It kept things in a tangled muddle of uncertainty for two weeks previous to its occurrence, and then when it was finally arranged, resulted in the manner just related.

We hope next season to see the thing tried over with better success. Below is the score of the first innings:

PICKED ELEVEN.	COLLEGE ELEVEN.
Harcourt, D.....0 b x Hudson.	Doan.....4 c x Ellis.
Harcourt, M.....0 b x Hudson.	Aertsen.....0 b x Larrabee.
Harcourt, J.....2 b x Hudson.	Rowe.....14 run out.
McMahon.....0 c x Resor.	Sturges.....0 b x Larrabee.
Seeley.....6 b x Gault.	Doe.....8 c x Leekley.
Stewart.....5 c x Aertsen.	Taber.....1 b x Harcourt.
Larrabee.....5 b x Gault.	Jones.....3 run out.
Martin, F.....1 not out.	Resor.....6 not out.
McKey.....1 c x Gault.	Gault.....3 c x Martin.
Leekley.....0 b x Hudson.	Hudson.....1 b x Harcourt.
Ellis.....7 b x Hudson.	
Byes.....6	Byes.....2
Leg Byes.....4	Leg Byes.....0
Wides.....0	Wides.....4
Total.....37	Total.....40

# The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 1, 1872.

EDITORS.

E. A. LARABEE. NORTON STRONG. AQUILLA JONES. E. G. RICHMOND.

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

TERMS:

College Year .....\$2.00 | Single Copy .....15 cts.

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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.

THE surprising information was lately brought to our ears that the prime cause of the dearth of kneeling benches in the chapel is the COLLEGE MERCURY. We are told that some one, whoever it is that has supervision of the chapel furniture, took offence at the statement of the MERCURY that the cushions were dusty, and that it is for this reason that the kneeling benches have been taken away not only from us guilty editors, but from about two hundred and twenty students besides. We are charitable enough to doubt exceedingly the truth of this report, and would fain ascribe the untimely departure of the cushions to some other motive; but if any one else thinks he knows better we are willing to do all in our power to make restitution.

It materially weakens our feelings of devotion to be reminded every time we kneel down in the chapel, that the MERCURY and the rest of the institution is doing penance for a local item of which we are personally guilty. If the MERCURY must be condemned to the alternative of paying fifty cents for a private cushion, or of eternally kneeling on a pine floor, it would much prefer to see the rest of the college released, and to perform the painful operation alone in a separate part of the chapel.

Moreover, if there is any one in the institution who thinks he can write such English as will bring the kneeling benches back, we will lease him two columns of the MERCURY for a single number or for a year, as he may desire, and will not charge him a cent provided he succeeds.

In accordance with a former notice the public debate of the Addisonians will take place next Tuesday night, November 5th.

Come one, come all!

## A SUGGESTION CONCERNING FOOTBALL.

With the arrival of November the weather is becoming too cold for the enjoyment of cricket or base ball, and it behoves us to look about carefully for some means of exercise and amusement with which to employ our afternoons.

It will be a whole month, at least, before snow will unfit the campus for out of door games, and the time is too valuable to be wasted.

It is true shinny is still popular, and if no other game is started to form some variety with it, there is no doubt that it will find plenty of devotees during the month. But shinny by itself will soon become monotonous, especially as it does not combine with vigorous exercise the science and skill that render cricket and base ball attractive.

There is but one game to be played as a diversion from the monotony of shinny, and that is foot-ball; but as this game is played at present, it is as devoid of any thing like system or rule as shinny itself, and indeed so much like it that there is no choice between the two.

What we ought to do, is to put foot-ball on its proper basis, and to adopt some regulations for its play which shall make it, instead of a disorderly and unsystematic squabble, a real game, where the head as well as the limbs will have some part to perform. It is true there is much hearty enjoyment to be found merely in kicking and running in a sort of wild and chaotic confusion, but none of this enjoyment would be lost, and much additional pleasure would be gained, if foot-ball were played in the proper way.

The rules of the Eton or Rugby game might be adopted, either entire or in part, and they could easily be put in practice on the campus. The cross bar or whatever else may be needed to prepare the Campus for the new regulations could be fitted up for a mere trifle, and as for the foot balls, there are several excellent ones, imported from England, lying idle in the cricket house, and they ought to be put to the right sort of use.

Who will take the matter in hand?

The *Cornell Era* in its issue for October 18th opens fire upon all its exchanges and, after wading through half a column of compliment (?) and abuse, finally with a patronizing air praises the COLLEGE MERCURY for its "good type, good paper, and *nothing else*." Since compliments seem to be in order we would return that of our friend *Era*, were it not that we see nothing in either type or paper which would warrant our doing so. It is very unfortunate that so many exchanges reached the *Era* too late for notice; for it is evident that the critical powers employed on this occasion were of no mean order. We should be very much tempted to recal to the mind of friend *Era* the experience of the little boy who looked at the world through his piece of colored glass, were it not that we find the following piece of self-glorification staring us in the face, which we think fully accounts for the self sufficiency and conscious rectitude manifested in its criticisms

"To give an idea of how the fame of Cornell is spreading, we may say that papers reach us often from Babylon and Rome. *Magna est Cornelliana et prevalebit!*"

Really, friend *Era*, there is something more than colored glass in this. If wind be taken into account, certainly your last statement bears considerable truth. The breeze is tremendous.

The present political preferences of the students of Dartmouth College are given as follows: Grant, 297; Greeley, 74; no preference, 11.

CRICKET.

MATCH GAME BETWEEN THE BADGER AND CLARKSON FIRST ELEVENS.

BADGERS THE VICTORS IN ONE INNINGS.

SCORE—88 to 84.

After much trouble and tribulation on the part of those concerned, it was finally agreed that on Friday, Oct. 18, the match between the first elevens should be played; and, in order to celebrate the day properly, a full holiday was granted both to the students of the College and Grammar School.

The day was all that could be wished for, the sun shining brightly, and there being no need of the players donning their overcoats and fur gloves, as was the case when the game was played last fall.

All arrangements having been perfected beforehand, the game began promptly about fifteen minutes after morning chapel.

Play was opened with the Clarksons at the bat, and the Badgers in the field. From the very outset fortune seemed to smile on the Badgers, for as often as a Clarkson stepped to the bat he was speedily disposed of through the bowling of Messrs. Mead and Larrabee, assisted by the Badgers in the field.

Clarkson stock was rapidly on the decline, when Mr. Hudson, the mainstay of the Clarksons, seized the bat and stepped forward to wield it in defence of Clarkson honor. He wielded it, it is true, but not with sufficient accuracy to prevent a well aimed ball from finding its way into his wicket.

At this stage of the game "time" had to be called in order to allow the captain of the Clarkson Eleven an opportunity to recruit, and also to give the young Badgers of the Grammar School time to yell their fill.

Play being resumed, the remaining Clarksons were soon disposed of, and the side went to the field having made but 21 tallies during the inning.

The Badgers were more successful at the bat than the Clarksons, for although the Clarksons worked hard and fielded finely, still the Badgers held the bat until they had run the score up to 88 tallies. The longest hit in the innings was made by Resor, who by a tremendous bat to "leg" succeeded in securing five tallies. Mr. Benton also made himself notorious by making the largest score on his side.

With a score of 88 to offset, the Clarksons once more went to the bat, resolved to "win or die." In this inning they were much more successful than they were in the first and they showed by their manner of batting that the hard practice they have been undergoing for several weeks past had not been in vain. A number of good hits were made, the most noticeable of which was a beautiful "leg" hit by Doe, and a long drive by Hudson, which was by far the best hit of the game. The Clarksons were finally put out after having secured 63 tallies, more than one-half of which was obtained through the skillful batting of Mr. Hudson.

As the Badgers had secured 88 tallies in their first inning, and the Clarksons but 84 in both of theirs, it was deemed unnecessary to play longer, and so the game terminated.

It is needless for us to mention further than we have already concerning the merits of individual players, except to praise Taber for the pluck and fine play he displayed behind the wickets.

Appended is the score.

CLARKSON FIRST ELEVEN.

FIRST INNINGS.	SECOND INNINGS.
Bump.....2 b x Mead.	Bump.....1 c x Benton ....3
Doe.....1 c x Rowe:	Doe.....7 b x Mead.....8
Nicholson.....0 b x Mead.	Nicholson.....5 c x Gault.....5
Hudson S.....0 b x Larrabee.	Hudson S.....32 not out.....32
Spalding.....1 c x Larrabee.	Spalding.....1 b x Larrabee...2
Piper.....1 not out.	Piper.....0 c x Mead.....1
Morrall.....0 b x Larrabee.	Morrall.....1 b x Mead.....1
Sturges.....6 b x Meade.	Sturges.....0 c x Larrabee...6
Ellis.....1 b x Mead.	Ellis.....10 c x Larrabee..11
McKey.....1 c x Doan	McKey.....1 c x Larrabee...2
Steele.....3 c x Doan.	Steele.....0 c x Larrabee...3
Byes.....4	Byes.....5
Leg byes.....0	Leg byes.....0
Wides.....1	Wides.....1
Total.....21	Total.....64

BADGER FIRST ELEVEN.

Taber.....5 c x Sturges,	Larrabee.....1 b x Hudson.
Gault.....9 b x Nicholson.	Martin F.....9 not out
Doan.....2 c x Bump.	Benton.....11 run out.
Aertsen.....0 run out.	Byes.....26
Mead.....0 b x Nicholson.	Leg byes.....7
Rowe.....5 run out.	Wides.....7
Resor.....6 c x Sturges.	Total.....88
Jones.....0 c x Hudson.	

THERE is a melodeon at Yale which has made itself such a general nuisance to students within reach of its sounds, that it has been immortalized by the *Yale Courant* in the following lines:

ODE TO THE MELODEON.

O, thou vexatious instrument,  
 Thou demon insalubrious,  
 By whom the day and night is spent,  
 In making sounds lugubrious.  
 Thou product of the decades past,  
 Of ages pre-Herodian,  
 Thou Ancient among Moderns cast,  
 Thou cursed old melodeon.  
 Why dost thou whine and wheeze and yowl,  
 Disturb our rest; inflict on us  
 Such noises that they make us howl,  
 And deacons e'en are forced to cuss:  
 Oh! when will some one dexterous  
 Dare banish thee from mortal ken?  
 Remove this thing pestiferous?  
 But echo only answers—when.

THE Northwestern University is said to be now on a good financial basis. The present income is \$25,000, and in 1880 will be increased by seven per cent. on the landed stock of the great Pacific Hotel in Chicago. Over half of that immense building is on university lots. The hotel is rapidly approaching completion, and is said to be the largest hotel in the world.—*College Courant*.

—The *Harvard Advocate* without doubt stands at the head of all College publications as regards the lively and interesting character of its poetry. *Rustication*, a humorous piece of verse in the last number, and a pretty little poem entitled *The Midnight Revel* show that the *Advocate* has among its contributors poets of no common order.

## 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.	

—It is reported that there has been another case of 'total wreck' on lake Michigan, somewhere between Racine and Kenosha, and that a piano and a few other such articles as are usually washed ashore from a shipwrecked vessel may be seen on the beach above the college. A reporter to the MERCURY rushed up the beach in order to take a list of the ship-wrecked luggage, but could not find the place. He owns up though that he was five minutes late, and thinks the relic searchers were to lively for him.

—A studious Junior who lives just across the hall from our sanctum, was so annoyed the other evening by some of his classmates, who took turns in knocking at his door and asking him questions, that he was compelled to lock himself in and refuse any admission.

About five minutes after the disturbance had subsided, a junior knocks at his door in earnest. No answer. He becomes provoked, and informs the Junior within, that he'd like to have him open that door, as he has come to borrow his note book. After a short pause is heard a voice from within. He will let him have the book if he will go around to the window.

*Junior without* (fairly enraged) "Humph! do you suppose I'll go around to the window for you? If you can't give me your note book here, I won't borrow it at all, that's all."

Revenge is sweet.

—The roll of the Missionary Society has been wonderfully enlarged. There are now 22 acting members, most of whom are teaching in the different missions. The associate members number 109. The society was never in such a flourishing state.

—An extensive delegation of the students, were a day or two since, seen making their way to the Register's office under the direction of a prominent Greeley man.

PH—TY says: if Greeley isn't elected it won't be his fault.

HARRIS has just got in some new cigars. They'd do, too!

—Upon the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 29, the juniors were the recipients of a very pleasant variation of the ordinary round of college life in the shape of a class supper given by Mr. RICHMOND in honor of his 21st birthday.

After an hour or two spent in satisfying the demands of the inner man, the jovial party adjourned to the smoking room, where in company with several members of the upper and lower classes a very pleasant hour was spent in discussing the merits of some good cigars, congratulating "Rich" upon his newly assumed dignities, etc., etc.

Mrs. MARTIN deserves the heartfelt thanks of the class for the care and skill displayed in the arrangements and details of the supper.

We fear, however, that the repast, in one case at least, was rather unfortunate in its effect; for we are informed that a certain Junior, in the overflow of his gratitude, remarked

that he hoped that *the next 21st birthday* of Mr. RICHMOND, and indeed *all that should follow it*, might prove as happy as the present.

—Shinny still continues to flourish on our campus.

—Does any one know where the cider man lives who used to dispense the apple juice last fall?

—ELY was lately on the grounds with his photographing apparatus, getting views of the college buildings. One of the views, with "Wads" in the foreground, will doubtless meet with an immense demand.

—When a student passes you with his hands in his pockets, his eyes fastened on the ground, and his general appearance resembling that of a sentenced convict, he is trying to think of a subject for an essay.

—We hear that BERNARD has taken up lecturing in the smoking-room. Our reporter was unfortunately unable to be present at the last but intends to be on hand next time.

—Two fast members of the college department lately secured the services of a lively trotter and determined to astonish the natives. Best time recorded, 12:30¼.

—Nimrods say that game is not very plenty this fall. We should judge so from the vast number of blackbirds and wet feet that are brought in.

—A musical senior was so carried away by the sweet strains of the smoking-room, a night or two since, that he unconsciously put the wrong end of a lighted cigar in his mouth. He never discovered his mistake till the cigar was completely extinguished. His remarks at the time are not recorded but are said to have been delivered with a great deal of feeling and warmth.

—It is said, with how much truth we cannot say, that the fine weather we have enjoyed lately is entirely due to the abundance of Greeley plugs and straw hats we have in our midst.

—Red leaves are falling.

—This evening, (Hallowe'en), is the anniversary of those unearthly peals from the chapel bell, when the end of a wire was fastened to the bell knocker, and the other—to one of the oak trees(?)

—Waltzing is still the after supper amusement.

—We have recollections of a big supper about this time last year, when the Collegiate Department partook of a good, square meal at its own expense. The occasion, if we remember rightly, was the Warden's return from the East. Why not try it over again this year? We have still quite a number among us who can eat when occasion requires.

—The Gymnasium, we believe, has not been opened for exercise once this term. This fact speaks favorably of the weather we have enjoyed since our return to the College.

—When will third floor students learn which side of the hall the stair ways are on? We chronicled a short time ago the descent of a soph with a coffee pot; a Junior has now succeeded in rolling himself down with a pitcher of water in his hand.

—College Avenue is greatly improved by the acquisition of several new brick pavements.

—As our very latest we chronicle a whole holiday on All-Saints' day.

The day was enjoyed by every one in his own way. The clattering of shinny-sticks and the shouts of the shinnyists have been echoed by the buildings all day long, and by far the greatest number of the students have been engaged in this popular amusement.

The sixth form nine has put the large diamond to its first use for several days, in playing a game of ball with a picked nine from the fourth and fifth forms. The game was close and exciting and we understand remarkably well played. The sixth form was victorious by a score of 17 to 16. Seventeen Collegiates added further to their happiness by dining at Harris' on veal cutlets and beef-steak.

As for the MERCURY, it has spent the day in strict attention to business.

—Without desiring to question the advisability or expediency of the course of action which individuals may adopt for their private welfare, we are compelled to state that it is not an agreeable thing to many lovers of quiet, to have a scuttle of coal dropped from the third story unto the lower floor, and that even though it be to the advantage of the person who has himself previously lugged it up three flights of stairs.

—A live hen spent the greater part of Hollowe'en between the sheets of a Freshman's bed, laying in wait for its unsuspecting inmate. Unfortunately the feathered biped disappeared before bed hour. Where did it go? Nobody knows.

—FRED PHILLIPS, last year of the Grammar School is now a member of the Freshman class in the Northwestern university.

—The library is now largely attended in the evenings by the Seniors and Juniors, who go there for references in connection with their studies of Philosophy and English Literature.

—We understand arrangements are being made for a match game of shinny between the Badgers and Clarksons. Only thirty men are to play on a side, and the game will surely be interesting and well contended.

—There was no singing during the reception last Sunday.

### COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

Nearly \$2,000 has been subscribed for the formation of a boat-club at Dartmouth College.

One of our Juniors thinks that learning Rawlinson's Mental History by rote, for the sake of mental discipline, is like swimming a broad river with a bag of sand on one's back for the sake of physical culture. The good sense of that Junior commends itself. No words of our's can express our appreciation of his views.—*Williams Vidette*.

The Trustees of Lafayette College have established in the classical curriculum, a course composed exclusively of Greek and Latin language of Christian authors, together

with the Greek of the New Testament. A liberal friend of the college has established an annual prize of two hundred dollars, to be given to the best classical student.—*Lafayette Monthly*.

We understand that one third of the incoming Freshman class have adopted this course.

Through the munificence of Mr. Leander J. McCormick, of Chicago, Washington and Lee College is to have the largest telescope in the world, and a finely equipped observatory.

That College Regatta is still appearing in some of our Eastern exchanges, and though the subject is getting rather old, the articles concerning it are generally interesting. Its memory is perpetuated in verse as well as prose.

At Bowdoin Military Drill is required twice a week of every member of the three lower classes.

The Freshmen have invented an ingenious system of telegraphing. When there is an attack by sophomores upon a room the occupants thereof strike its number upon the steam radiator and the other freshmen immediately pour in to their aid. The effectiveness of the thing, however, has been recently weakened by the learning of the system by the upper classmen who have been giving false alarms and otherwise causing trouble to the faithful of '76.—*Yale Courant*.

The foot-ballists began active operations on Wilson avenue, just two weeks ago to-day, when twelve Juniors were arrayed against the field of Sophomores and Freshmen, to the number of about thirty. Six successive times did the veteran dozen defeat their numerous enemies. Foot-ball fever now is raging amid all classes. Copper toes and padded shins are now the fashion. Even the Seniors, it is rumored, are seriously meditating upon indulging, shortly, in a game of their favorite sport with the Juniors.—*Williams Vidette*

It is said to be "the way they have" at some of our female seminaries of learning for the 'sophs' to impose on the 'fresh,' by prohibiting the use of false hair. What a looking sight a 'fresh' must be!

Politics are raging at Yale. A ballot box has been set up and they have had an election. The result of the vote was 446 in favor of Grant, 126 for Greeley, 4 for O'Connor and 2 scattering.

A tutor was recently reproving an academe for his low position in class, when he perpetrated the following retort: "Well, never mind, Professor, I presume I was as much to blame as you were."—*Madisonensis*.

Seventeen men of the class of '72 at Cornell were refused Diplomas. Seven of them on account of failing to pass the Examinations.—*E.v.*

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* is in our opinion a well edited and interesting magazine; but we wish some of our magazine exchanges would prepare themselves for mail in a different manner; a flat package is much more convenient in every way than one done up in the shape of a Roman candle.

Freshmen are beginning early, they walk the hill every morning with their fair class mates. "O, to be a Freshman."—*Cornell Era*.

## 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.		

—To the Parish Guild of St. Luke's, Racine owes two of the pleasantest entertainments it has been our lot to attend in some time. We had about determined not to attend, when we were reminded of our duty by the voice of our musical friend Potter, and overcome by the winning pathos with which he sung out "All aboard," we snatched up "coat and gum-shoes" and were soon on our way to the "berg."

We did not enter the hall directly, but when we did, we found it so full that it was only by the courtesy of one of our more fortunate friends that we obtained a seat. The first play, *Caste*, with one or two trifling exceptions—which, we doubt not were removed upon its second presentation, was very well rendered.

While all the parts were well carried out, we must award the palm to Polly, (Miss L. May,) whose perfect ease and naturalness of manner, we have seldom seen equaled. The acting of D'Alroy, (N. J. Field) and Hautree (F. G. Ranney) was good, especially in the case of the latter, who, although his part was a most trying one, sustained it with unremitting brilliancy to the end.

Vying with Polly in the ease of his manner, came Eccles, (F. S. Gault) who, with the inimitable Sam Gerridge, to assist him, kept the risibles of the audience in active operation during the progress of the play. The parts of the "*Marquise*" and Esther, were very well sustained, especially in the case of the latter, (Mrs. C. Smith) whose part was by far the hardest in the play.

"The Kiss in the Dark," was performed with equal success, but space forbids our giving its merits in detail.

We shall look forward with pleasure to the next effort of the society, which has done so much for the pleasure of us all.

—The ladies are getting up another entertainment for next Saturday night. It is to be in the library of Taylor Hall.

—We had the pleasure, a few days ago, of receiving a short call from Mr. Winterbotham, who was obliged to leave Racine before the close of last term on account of his health. He has been offered the position of organist in one of the finest churches of Baltimore, and we believe intends going there to accept it in a short time.

—A friend of ours on the third floor owns one of those patent wind-up musical lamps that burn without a chimney. Its internal arrangements are slightly disordered, and when wound up such strange sounds are heard that it is a great relief to the room when the thing has run down. A class-mate of the unfortunate possessor of the lamp has stolen the key, and glides softly into the room at odd moments during the day time to give the instrument a four hour's wind. The lamp can be had cheap.

—The "funny boy" observed last Monday morning, when the omnibus drove off, that the boys were going down town in *Throup's*.

—"JINSON," our useful and ornamental friend in the grammar school has for some time past, afforded to students interested in the study of anatomy, all the facilities for practical and experimental knowledge that could be derived from the possession of a regular defunct *bod.* At the receptions on Sunday evenings, he is pounced upon by some college student and is twisted into all the attitudes of which "the human form divine" is capable. It is not an unusual thing to see him come out to breathe from under a bench, with his head twisted around back side front, and one or two of his legs twined around his neck. The jubilant expression that usually lights up his countenance, is on such occasions exchanged for a look of personal discomfort that would have gladdened the heart of Parrhasius. The knots in his arms and legs are usually untied before he goes to bed, and he again relapses into his accustomed look of "calm and holy joy." A senior interviewed him last Sunday with philosophical intent, and asked him whether he was a *nominalist* or *realist*. "Jinson" left him in the dark by telling him he was another one himself.

—The ever-dreaded semi-annual examinations have just been passed, and the Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, breathe again. The Seniors enjoyed meanwhile a two-days' intermission from work. Taylor Hall, deserted by all the other classes, and freed entirely from the domain of the Professors, was left to them to enjoy in peace and quiet; and for the first time in their experience they have been able to see the beauty of semi-annuals. The examinations took place, as they did last year, in the refectory, and were attended with their usual delights. We have not yet learned the results, but believe there were few who did not pass creditably. The examinations were met, we think, with less cramming as a general thing than has usually preceded them. A good sign.

—It used to be the fashion to sing on the way back from supper to Taylor Hall; but as this was not noisy enough, a "modern improvement" has lately been hit upon. For several evenings we have had some lively scenes in the north entrance of Taylor Hall, in the shape of a few delightful little rushes. After about half of the line of students have passed the threshold, they right about face and charge back on the tail end. The rather considerable jam that is thus produced, is made more interesting when some *Publius Decimus* sacrifices himself for the good of the party outside, and springing from the coping on the side of the steps on to the heads of the crowd, makes an effort to force an entrance by crawling through the door on the roofing of college caps. The only drawbacks discovered to the pleasure of such a feat, were found in lighting head first on the floor of the hall, or in being jammed half to death against the upper frame work of the door, and finally rolled back over the heads of the invaders down the steps. Unfortunately this innocent amusement has been pronounced too loud for the peace of the building.

—We are just beginning now to see why it is that some missionaries put on a bright neck-tie and carry a cane, when they go to their missions. The following specimen of catechising was overheard last Sunday in Canada:

*Missionary*, (to one of the little boys in his class, who comes to Sunday school, with a pretty sister.)—Ah, let me see—how old are you Johnny?



*Johnny.* Nine, sir.

*Missionary.* Ah, nine years old, and your birthday is—let me see—

*Johnny.* Twenty-eighth of February, sir.

*Missionary.* Twenty-eighth of February; oh yes, sure enough, and—ah, your sister's is—

Bell is rung for the closing hymn.

—Zah! we've got hold of a joke at last. While the "funny boy" was looking on at one of the recent jams in the entrance to Taylor Hall, he endeavored to amuse the reporter who was taking notes for the *MERCURY*.

What is the difference, he asked, between that fellow they are pushing about, over their heads, and a shuttle cock?

Our reporter couldn't see that there was any very particular difference.

Oh, a very great difference, put in the funny boy: One is sent up by a *battle-door* and the other is raised by a *door-battle*.

—Not long since the "Shie Pop" was in distress. The grammar school got tired of seeing it lie so peacefully in a corner of the gymnasium and so they laid siege to it. As soon as the bolts gave way they had a "bully" time. They made a prison of the thing, chucked in all the small chaps they could lay hands on, and backed up against the door and let the captives kick and tear about inside all they wanted to. It would a'l have been very well if there had been anything to eat except plates and pans.

About two hours after the fun. (Grammar School at study,) Bernard has been trying to straighten things out in the gymnasium. After spending a few minutes of quiet seclusion in the pie shop, he comes forth with some caved-in, lop-sided tin ware. He reflects silently a few minutes longer, and then perpetrates his sole and only pun:

"Wohl," he says, "we have here some perfect *canniballism!*"

—ROOT of '72 was at Racine a few days ago. He is looking as robust as ever. Nashotah evidently agrees with him, and according to his accounts it is exactly *the* place.

—If criticism is the sign of an enlightened age our own time has considerable to boast of in this particular. Witness the following:

*Soph.* (to grandiloquent Senior who has been to hear Lucca.) "So, that Faust was a grand affair, was it?"

*Senior.* (loftily,) "Well,—yes; Madame Lucca deserves great credit for her performance, and so does old 'Phisto,' but, (earnestly,) I tell you what it is, there aint one in a dozen of these singers know what they are jabbering about. Imagine old 'Phisto' getting up there and singing out, 'dot and carry two,' (*carita*) and try to palm it off on me for Italian! Pshaw!"

A party of eight, made up principally of Seniors, went up to Milwaukee Monday evening, to hear Lucca in her celebrated *role* of "Marguerita," in Faust.

They left Racine on the evening train, and returned next morning in time for breakfast. They give glowing accounts of their excursion; had a private box; all leaned out as far as they could, and just took Milwaukee by storm. Of course since their return they can do nothing but rave about "Marguerita."

—We were tackled the other evening at reception by a grammar school youth, who seemed to have something weighty on his mind of which he was anxious to be relieved. We listened placidly to his tale, and discovered when he had finished his story, that we had actually been presented with a grammar school local.

His narrative was as follows:

"You know," said he, "the first form recite in Geography."

We replied, that we had heard some such report.

"Well," he proceeded, "'Old Tiptoe,' he's"—

"Whom in this school do you call 'Tiptoe?'" we asked.

"Don't know who 'Tiptoe' is? Why 'Gas;' you know 'Gas?'"

Gas, we exclaimed, in bewilderment.

"Yes, 'Gas'—can't you understand—'Old Biz.' He's the teacher."

Well, we replied, push on.

"Well," he continued, "he asked one of the boys what Cape was next to Cape Howe, and one of the other fellows sung out Cape Brother."

All right; we said, what then?

"Why, you see there's a boy in the class named Howe, and Brother is the name of the fellow who sits next to him."

Well; we innocently remarked, and then what did they do?

"Why, that's all. Put it in the *MERCURY*; it's good enough to go in."

Send us in some more, JOHNNY.

### EXCHANGE ITEMS.

We rise to make a correction, we notice that two of our exchanges have credited the story of the Senior, the young lady, the little girl, the little boy, and the door step, to the *MERCURY*. It was gotten off by the *Record*, and appeared in the *MERCURY*, under the heading of "Exchange Items." It is our intention to give credit where credit is due, and it was owing to accident or oversight, that it was not credited to the *Record* when it appeared in our columns.

A student's washerwoman, new at the business, finding in a lot of soiled linen a shirt open at the back, sewed it up, cut open the bosom and sewed on buttons, to the intense disgust of her youthful patron.—*Yale Record*.

The *University Herald* has at last made its appearance on our table. It is made up of twelve three column pages of reading matter, and is published at the University of Syracuse. We must compliment it for its many excellences. It is printed on fine paper and in clear type; its editorials are well written and to the point, and its arrangement is orderly and comprehensive. It appears to be well supported by contributors among the student, and the last number contains an interesting sketch from the pen of a Professor. It publishes no verse we notice; we should like to see some, for if it can give us poetry on a par with its prose, it will be of the kind worth reading.

The University of Leyden, Holland, is said to be the wealthiest in the world, its real estate alone being worth over four million dollars.—*City and Gown*.

of its attack. How well he has vindicated his art, let each one judge. "You smile, and his glee is unbounded; he weeps at the tears of a friend, and *yet no sorrow is his.*"

Here we have the whole story:—"And yet no sorrow is his."

Words are not wanting; even tears may flow, and yet "*nec dolet.*"

The heart must go forth; the joy or sorrow of another must be made ours, if we would possess that heavenly gift,—the stay and support of the weary, and strength of the weak—calling down on its possessor the heartfelt blessings of his fellow-men.

Only thus can we hope to lay claim to this brightest of all virtues, true sympathy.

#### CRITICISM.

1.

As has been well stated by one of our exchanges, "It is a canon of literature, that a tendency to criticism lies in the shallowest minds." Yes, and we see the same fact repeated in the tendency to ape the looks, manners, and habits of their elders, which we find in puerile minds

A youngster buys a cheap cigar, or a pipe, and with his hat over one eyebrow, and head thrown back, struts up and down the street in the delightful consciousness of his newly-attained manhood. It takes but a short time, however, to convince him that a slouched hat, tobacco and a bold strut, are not the only requirements of manhood. He soon gets bravely over his youthful delusions, and while he may continue his practices, it is not in the fond hope that they are making a man of him.

Is it so with our critic? It might be, if the tendency to which he falls a victim would but manifest itself at the same tender age at which he enjoys his whooping-cough and measles. Coming somewhat later in life, it is unfortunately apt to be somewhat more lasting in its effects.

Criticism, in its lowest form, is seldom very violent in its manifestations, until a person becomes thoroughly imbued with the idea that his merits are not understood or appreciated.

There is only one class of people who are at all apt to arrive at this condition,—those who have no merits to be known or appreciated. These, seeing the nobility of the art of criticism, may well long for its honor. They might also desire other honors equally great, but to this they are driven by circumstances which POPE thus describes:

Made *clacombs*, whom Nature meant but fools;  
In search of wit, these lose their common sense,  
And then turn critics in their own defense.

Determined that since their fancied merits are not properly appreciated, the faults of others shall no longer remain hid, they seize upon criticism as the very instrument to fulfil their desires, and set forth with a miserable, garrulous spirit of jealousy, to cut and hack at whatever comes in their path.

This method of procedure they call criticism, and the snarling, grumbling scribbler calls himself a critic!

Would that his infatuation might be as brief as it is contemptible. Would that the eyes, so keen to discover the faults of others, might be turned upon himself.

A disgrace to one of the noblest and kindest of all arts, he brings into contempt that which is well worthy to

engage the utmost efforts of a cultivated intellect, and which calls into play all the higher and nobler feelings of the human heart.

[To be continued.]

#### A SONG.

To all followers of Nimrod, these few lines are cordially inscribed by the author.

There's a joy in the woodlands brown,  
When the Autumn leaves are falling;  
There's a joy in the 'Harvest Home,'  
Though the fields lie brown and bare—  
For the hunter's loud hallo  
And the horn and hounds are calling,  
'Midst the sombre forest depths,  
Making wondrous music there.

CHORUS.—All hark! how the wild woods ring  
To the tones of the deep-mouthed hound.  
Haste to the sounding glens,  
Where the hunter's joys abound.

With the blithe October morn,  
When the Autumn leaves are turning,  
What stirring sounds are heard,  
What gallant trophies won;  
When the voice of Nature calls  
And the soul with rapture burning,  
E'er finds its true delight  
In faithful dog and gun.  
Let those laugh forth their scorn  
Whose hearts to pleasure clinging,  
Shrink back in conscious fear  
From manhood's stern delight;  
We better love the sport  
'Midst the aisles of the dark woods ringing,  
Than all their pampered ease  
To health and strength a blight.

UTOPIA, (which is the Grammar School,) R. C., }  
Nov. 10th, 1872. }

MY DEAR MERCURY:—We Grammarians seem, with respect to you dignified Collegians, to be inhabitants of a foreign country. Taking this for granted, should not traveling abroad make up a part of your polite education? As we peruse the columns of your valuable journal, from fortnight to fortnight, we search in vain for some notice of this, our distant fatherland. We throw aside the paper, fold our arms calmly and thoughtfully, and wonder if the MERCURY is aware of the existence of this mighty realm and its far-famed Utopian government.

If there exist no impassable gulf between us, no "bloody chasm;" if no modern Confucius has imposed laws upon you, forbidding your passage beyond an imaginary Chinese wall, we hope this letter may cause some daring and adventurous soul among you to emulate the great Christopher Columbus, by coming over here on a voyage of discovery.

While that bold mariner, however, is preparing to embark,—in imitation of the honest(?) white-coated philosopher, who has just gone to his long rest at Chappaqua—we extend a friendly hand of welcome across the "bloody chasm," and, at the same time, beg you to accept a brief introductory summary of

#### NEWS FROM THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL.

Our new, large and elegant school-house, with all its arrangements, you have already been pleased to notice in

your first issue. Many of the improvements in Park Hall, and in the Chapel, you have also noticed; but Kemper Hall, for some unaccountable reason, still remains unnoticed; and, like that "last rose of summer left blooming alone," she would, no doubt, continue to be neglected, did not some patriotic Grammarian rise to unfold her hidden beauties. We assert that, in no building of this institution is there to be found that charming, home-like air of comfort, which reigns throughout Kemper Hall.

If you are at all skeptical on this point, look at her new parlor, her guest-rooms, teachers' and matrons' rooms, the Curator's office,—a perfect model of business-like neatness—her common-room, (*common* with respect to its democratic assemblages, but very *uncommon* in its neatness,) and her large, airy and comfortable dormitories, and you will be ready to exclaim, like Roderick Dhu, or some other Scotchman, "Hold! enough!"

#### THE DINING-HALL

wears a very inviting appearance, at present, especially at meal time. We heard a Sixth Form prefect say to one of his fellows, the other day, while complacently caressing the place where he fondly hopes his moustache is going to be, that the authorities are just naturally "laying themselves out" on the "hash" this term. "Help" (a provincialism peculiar only to the Dining-Hall province,) is growing scarce, with increasing fears of a serious collapse in our domestic arrangements.

When high-born ladies are compelled, through the scarcity of "help," to leave their exalted seats in the upper rooms of the feast, and adorn and arm themselves with long aprons and tea-pots, on behalf of hungry humanity, it is high time to cry out, "Bring on John Chinaman, his chopsticks and rice-bowls, and let us 'work out a new system!'"

All these little inconveniences, however, are of small account, when compared with a public calamity which must now be mentioned.

#### A DEEP, DARK SCHEME

is on foot in the Dining-Hall, which, if permitted to succeed, will inevitably destroy our noble Anglo Saxon tongue. An "infernal machine," commonly called a bell, but more properly a "banger," has been forged with subtle art, to squelch the power of speech. Two claps from its sinister clapper, has the mysterious power of putting such a clapper upon the *orbicularis oris*, (College students will here consult their ponies,) that the "divine art" becomes an impossibility.

Does a rash youth attempt to snap this subtle wisson, and, wag-like, begin to wag his tongue, lock-jaw at once supervenes, and the Furies thrust the poor victim of a black art into outer blackness.

How much we love that spiteful bell,  
From loss of speech, we cannot tell;  
But could we sweet revenge now take,  
We'd sink her deep in yonder lake.

"A LITTLE MORE CIDER, DO."

The class-room, as in the days of your own Grammar experience, yields many a good pun, many a happy joke, many a hearty laugh. These are the bright and cheering oases in the desert of student life, and, without which, that life would be dull indeed.

The subject of newly-coined words, barbarisms, bohemianisms, etc., coming up in the Rhetoric class, one morning, a youth of fertile imagination rose to elucidate the

subject, with reference to the word "*outsider*." "Now," says he, "the word '*outsider*,' although it has lately fallen into general use, is no more correct and elegant than '*back-sider*,' '*frontsider*,' '*upsider*,' '*downsider*,' or, in fact, *any other kind of cider*." The youth was promptly ejected from the room, amid the subdued general cry of "a little more cider, do!"

#### ALEXANDER WEPT,

because he had no more worlds to conquer; but we have a youth, of small dimensions, who wept, the other day, for a far more laudable reason.

He was found with his nose glued to a post in one corner of the gymnasium, boo-hooing as if his little heart would break. Upon being interrogated as to the meaning of his overwhelming grief, and as to the cause of his tear-stained shirt-front, he exclaimed, in mingled accents of grief and anger, "I haven't got any muscle like them other fellers, that's what's the matter."

We have, also,

#### A BOARD OF UNDERTAKERS

over here, who are undertaking to make great orators out of us. They find it an up-hill business. We are not much "on the spout." Centralization, the destruction of republics, has also "put a head on" our republican oratory. All our oratorical genius is centered in one man—a hero—who has many times, I am told, figured in your columns under the *nom de plume* of "Lupus." He is a whole Senate and House of Representatives combined; and the stunning way in which he can personate the Gladiator, would astonish that outlaw himself, could he return from the "bloody strand," and meet "Lupus" on the stage.

#### THE STUFFING SEASON

is about over. The new boys are about stuffed full of crocodile stories, and we are anxiously awaiting a fresh influx of "gulls," in order that the fun may go on. In the meantime, it may be interesting and amusing for you to know that many of our innocents still firmly believe and report to their horrified parents, that the College students are cannibals, and make a practice of cooking a Freshman, once a month.

The leg bones of a defunct cow were lately carried on a stretcher, composed of two shinny sticks, from the barnyard, and placed on exhibition before the "innocents" as the sad relics of the unfortunate Freshie, who was "dished up" at your last monthly gigs.

Many other delightful horrors might be enumerated, but too much of your valuable space has already been encroached upon. Hoping that you will pardon our thus thrusting ourselves upon your notice, and that you will send a special correspondent "to spy out our land," in order that the world at large may become aware of our existence and doings,

I remain very respectfully, yours,

I. N. COG.

A Professorship of Oriental languages and literature, has been established at the University of California, with the object of promoting instruction in the Chinese and Japanese languages. It has an endowment of \$50,000.

It is proposed to dramatize "The Elements of Intellectual Science," and produce it upon the stage of the New Haven opera house.—*Yale Courant*.

# The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 15, 1872.

## EDITORS.

E. A. LARABEE. NORTON STRONG. AQUILLA JONES. E. G. RICHMOND.

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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 an-onymous communications.

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

A. C. Sanford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

We publish in another part of this number, a communication from the grammar-school. It has been our constant regret that owing to the totally distinct current of student life in which the two departments of the institution are moving, we are able to gain for ourselves so little knowledge of the interesting events that are constantly occurring just across the campus. We wish to say to the Grammar-School, that it is far from being our wish to confine the columns of the MERCURY to the interest of Taylor Hall alone; and we are very sure that more grammar-school news would be just as acceptable to the College students as to the boys of Kemper and Park Halls. We have sighed many a time for grammar-school items, while making up our columns of locals, but there was nobody to give them to us. All we learn about the Grammar-School, is what we happen to hear from others, or see for ourselves on the campus or in the gymnasium.

It was with very great pleasure that we received this communication from I. N. Cog, and grammar-school news shall always be published whenever he may let us hear from UTOPIA, hereafter.

## CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS.

We see by our exchanges, that in very many of the Colleges, the Seniors are making arrangements for class photographs.

It is an excellent custom, it seems to us,—though it is one that has never been thoroughly established at Racine—for the graduating class to secure good photographs, and to exchange among themselves before separating at the close of the College course.

Owing to the large classes in most of the Eastern colleges, the wholesale quantity of photographs that each member must procure in order to exchange with the rest of the class, makes the selection of a photographer who shall best combine the recommendations of good work and low prices, a matter of considerable importance; so important, in fact, that some class committees are already collecting the bids from different parties.

The classes here are not large enough to call for quite so much particularity as regards prices, but still, inasmuch

as almost every member of the graduating class will desire extra photographs for exchanging with friends in other classes, the number of *cartes* required by an entire class, ought to demand a considerable discount in the charges. There could be no harm, at all events, in making such arrangements as shall prove most satisfactory to the class. We bring this to the notice of '73, *now*, because it may be a matter that can be best arranged when considered early.

## THAT SIDEWALK!!

When are we going to have that sidewalk? When will it be possible for the ladies from town to attend evening chapel, with any sort of comfort or pleasure? When can a student set out for an evening call, without running the risk of countless falls in the holes which abound on both sides of the path leading from the campus? Shall we never be able to make a trip to town in the spring and fall, without rubbers, and then at the risk of the rest of our clothing from the copious supply of mud and water through which we are now obliged to wade?

These, and many more like them, are the questions we have heard on all sides, since the College and its immediate neighborhood became a part of the city of Racine.

On College Avenue there has been a manifest improvement in the sidewalks, during the last year, so that there are now good walks from the town as far as 16th street; but, with the exception of the first forty or fifty yards, there is not a vestige of a sidewalk from there up to the College. It is needless to add that this is by far the worst portion of the road in rainy weather, and far from a pleasant one in fair. To those who have been over it in the former state, our words are unnecessary; to those who have not, they are futile. To all, however, a single glance at the condition of this part of the road, must suffice to show that a walk would be by no means out of place.

It is an enterprise in which all who are connected with the College should take an interest.

We at first wondered why the usual law respecting the laying of sidewalks within the city limits, was not enforced, but upon inquiring, we were told that as the expense would fall on only one or two parties, the Common Council had excused them from at present complying with the law.

It has also been proposed by some one, that the College should bear the whole expense, and the students, professors, &c., build the walk themselves. But casting this aside as unworthy of the spirit of generosity which has always been displayed by our city friends, we trust soon to see some scheme on foot which will enable all who have any interest in our welfare,—town as well as College—to take part in supplying a much-needed convenience.

The following statistics of the class of '73, were obtained, after much trouble and an incredible amount of labor, by a member of the class, who desires to withhold his name from the public. The gratifying result of his perseverance are too important to the College and the country at large, to be allowed to go unpublished, and we give them a place in the MERCURY.

We are desired to say by the author of these statements, that owing to the great difficulty of obtaining accurate information, he may perhaps in some instances have submitted figures that are possibly incorrect. In his examination of each member of the class, many of the inquiries which

he was obliged to make, were of an exceedingly delicate nature, and the less conscientious of the class may have resorted to fabrication, as a means of escaping from a degree of embarrassment attending a truthful answer.

To those who have assisted him, he desires to express his heartfelt thanks, and trusts that any who may have kept back the truth, will be brought to see the error of their ways.

STATISTICS.

The number of students in the class is 18. The total weight of the class is 2,628 $\frac{2}{3}$ . The average weight is 146; heaviest man, (P-p) 216; lightest man, 135. Average age, 20 yrs. 2 days; oldest man, 21 yrs. 3 mo.; youngest man, 18 yrs. 4 mo; total age of the class, 360 yrs. 2 weeks. Tallest man, 6 ft  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch; shortest man, 5 ft 8 inches; average height, 5 ft 9 inches; total height, 105 ft.

Whiskers—Blonde, 5; black, 6; color undetermined, 3; wearing sides, 9; moustache, 7; goatee, 2; trying to raise something, but can't, 6; dispaired altogether of raising, 1. Engaged, 3; trying to be, 4; hopeless, 2; refused, 1. Singers—bass, 5; double-bass, (profunda,) 1; tenor, (not good,) 6; soprano, 1; musical, 18. Pugilistic, 2; Ritualistic, 3; Grant men, 9; Greeley men, 7; ladies' men, 14; O'Connor men, 2; wits, 18; poets, 2; sports, 7; bummers, 4; deacons, 1.

Present Professions—artists, 3; flutists, 3; harpists, (Jews',) 1; catarrhists, (not guitarists,) 2; organ-grinders, 1; clog-dancers, 2; chin musicians, 18; bass fiddlers, 1; pianists, 5; dog-fanciers, 1; knife-swallowers, 2; baseballists, 18; shinnyists, 10; cricketers, 18; Nimrods, 4; duckists, (tame,) 3; coonists, 1; Sunday callers, 1; billiardists, 7. Lecturers—temperance, 2; woman's rights, 2.

Actors—tragedians, 1; comedians, 17. Tastes—lovers of descriptive, 1; crazy on philosophy, 1; affinity for brunettes, 7; for blondes, 11; intense auburn, 1—(Wads.) Taste for whisky, 1; beer, 18; cider, 18; gin and sugar, 4; water, 0; smokers, 9; chewers—\* Dress—clerical, 0; Seymours, 5; low-neck and short sleeves, 2; last year's lavenders, 6; silk hats, 10; straw hats, 1; wears a borrowed hat, 1. Cravats—charity, 2; addicted to red, 3; black, 12; "not any," 0; parts his back hair, 1.

\*Could elicit no response, save from one gum-chewer.

ADDISONIA.

The meeting of the Addisonian Society, on Tuesday evening of last week, was by far the most interesting of the term, and perhaps the most successful in drawing out from the Society truly commendable efforts.

The meeting, as was announced in the last number of the MERCURY, was open to the public; but, we are sorry to state, the public, with the exception of a few of the more intellectual students of the College, failed, as usual, to appreciate as it should Addisonia's cordial invitation.

The literary exercises for the evening, consisted only of a debate and an extemporaneous speech at its close.

The subject for debate was, "Resolved, that the abolishing of the law of primogeniture would be conducive to the welfare of England." It was debated in the affirmative by Mr. TILDEN and Mr. JONES, and in the negative by Mr. RICHMOND and Mr. EVERHART.

The affirmative endeavored to show primogeniture in its most odious aspect. They dwelt with particular emphasis upon the unfairness of entailing lands, and pointed to the wretched and poverty-stricken condition of the lower classes in England, as the necessary results of such a system. They objected to a law that takes the lands that should be cultivated or otherwise employed for the welfare of the people at large, and entails them in the possession of a few elder sons to be turned into lawns and deer-parks. They laid it to the charge of primogeniture, that two-thirds of the population of England is made up of mere hirelings. They would abolish a system that deprived the great majority of Englishmen of any voice in the government, and left them in a social condition corresponding to that of an American horse. They acknowledged the burden of proof, and would substitute for such a state of affairs as resulted from primogeniture, the liberty and equality of our American government.

The negative at first took the question in its most literal sense, and said that it would be impossible to abolish the law of primogeniture without removing from the social, moral and political laws of England, the very keystone of their intricate structure, and that anarchy would certainly follow such a step. They held that Englishmen and Americans were so different in character, disposition and natural inclination, that the two people would not admit of analogous reasoning; that the American system of government would never do for England, admitting it were the best for us. They thought, too, that in spite of our boasted democratic system, the lowest classes in our large cities would, as regards ignorance, poverty and vice, and relatively, as regards numbers besides, admit of comparison with the misery and wretchedness that England owes to primogeniture. The government, they thought, was safer in the hands of a few who had been taught to rule, than if left to the care of the masses.

The speeches on the two sides did not meet each other quite fairly, and in some cases shot by each other without any disturbance to the arguments of either.

Two speeches were made from the house, besides those of the regular debaters, Mr. WALKER speaking in the affirmative, and Mr. STRONG in the negative. By the latter gentleman, the subject was discussed with great clearness. He showed plainly that it would be folly to substitute for the government of England, one like our own; that a limited monarchy is the only government suited to England; that a limited monarchy cannot exist without a nobility; and so, in conclusion, that primogeniture is indispensable to the welfare of the English nation.

The Moderator decided the debate in the affirmative, upon the speeches of the regular debaters alone; but in the negative upon the speeches of the whole house. As to the question itself, he gave his decision in the negative.

The extemporaneous speech, on "The influence of public amusements upon domestic life," was delivered by Mr. LARRABEE.

The exercises were prolonged to an unusually late hour, by the warmth with which the speakers entered into the subject of the debate.

Harvard's freshmen have adopted a resolution for the abolition of "hazing;" which is much as if the finny tribe were to resolve on the abolition of angling.—*N. Y. World.*

## 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 Warden returned on Saturday last, from his visit in the East. He is looking remarkably well.

— The Seniors are to take up their Political Economy before Christmas.

— A Soph. is so *ho(a)rse* that he thinks he is liable to the epizootic.

— The finest stereoscopic views of the College buildings ever taken, are now to be had at ELY'S.

— The bowling alley has been furnished with new balls and pins, and the pleasure of using the alley has thereby been greatly augmented. The new pins, in particular, are exceedingly welcome.

We notice some timber lying across the rafters in the gymnasium, from which we conjecture that the alley itself is to be repaired.

— "Slathers" of game! It took three fellows, with shot-guns, all last Monday to bring in a quail and a tame pigeon.

— A senior rigged himself up, last Sunday, until he thought he was fully prepared to kill, and walked down College Avenue to kneel at the shrine of his "Dulcinea." He approached the mansion of his fair idol, and pulled the door-bell, in rapturous anticipation of being greeted by her smile. The door was opened by her stern papa.

*Senior*, (hesitatingly,)—I presume Miss Matilda is at home this afternoon?

*Papa*, (with Calvinistic severity,)—Yes sir, she's at home, but on the Sabbath she is not to be seen.

— A certain freshman is fond of exhibiting to the vulgar gaze, an assortment of female hair. Every variety of feminine beauty is said to have its representative lock in this freshman's box of samples. He thinks it is *perhaps* the best collection of hair in the whole College, and yet he says there is not one of those flaxen curls or raven ringlets but was given to him without the asking of it. A Soph. suggests that his father might have kept a barber-shop.

— The public meeting of the Addisonian Society was attended by several members of the Collegiate department not belonging to the Society. The exercises were unusually protracted, owing to a very animated debate, in which nearly every speech consumed its allotted ten minutes. The subject of the debate was, "Resolved, That the abolishing of the law of primogeniture would be conducive to the welfare of England."

It was decided by the Moderator, in the negative, both as regards the merits of the debate and the question itself.

— Scene. Recitation Room; Student just called up.  
*Prof.*—Can you give me an example of the *Eidentata*, or toothless class of mamalia?

Pause. A malevolent class-mate suggests the hen.

*Student*, (bound not to be fooled.)—Yes sir, the calf. Class and Professor explode.

— Quite a number of students went to the polls, on election-day, with a majority for Greeley. It's mighty

strange that Wisconsin should go for Grant, after all. The Grammar School displayed its enthusiasm on the important day, by having a little ballot of its own.

— The epicureans, and the winners of election bets, were lately mourning over the proximity of Harris to the recent fire on Main street. Mr. Harris, we understand, is again ready to fill dinner orders in the same prompt and satisfactory manner as hitherto.

— On Monday, the 3d, three Nimrods, whose names are too well known to need repetition, in company with one of our professors, started for Eagle Lake, on the morning train, for the purpose of obtaining a little duck-shooting. As "ducking" was emphatically the order of the day, their efforts were materially assisted by the character of the weather they enjoyed.

"Ducked" to their hearts' content, the party returned, sometime after nightfall, with the proceeds of their day's labor. Concerning the exact number of luckless bipeds "brought to bag," accounts vary.

— We are very glad to correct the statement which was made in the MERCURY some time ago, that FRANK COMSTOCK had lost an arm. We were happy to hear a few days since, that this is not true. His arm was badly hurt, and is still very stiff, but FRANK says he can run a hundred at billiards yet.

— The youngsters of the grammar-school amuse themselves in the gymnasium, by turning somersaults in the air from the spring-board. The principal part of the fun (for one looking on,) comes just after the airy part of the feat has been accomplished and the time comes to light. They come down *a la* Darius Green, and sometimes it hurts like *darn*.

— The north windows of the Chapel have been covered on the outside with extra sashes and common glass; also, the windows of the robing-room.

The additional glass on the outside of the stained windows, is hardly an improvement, as far as the exterior beauty of the Chapel is concerned, but will no doubt add much to the comfort inside during the cold weather.

— A youthful Grammarian, admiring the copy of Guido's Archangel and the Dragon, that hangs in the library, enthusiastically inquired if "the old boy" hadn't got a "fearful pair of *slippers*."

— The Gymnasium is now open during the afternoons. It is as yet a poor place to look for College students; but the Grammar-School is going in on its muscle in a manner calculated to astonish a circus itself.

— The shinny fervor does not abate. The country has been ransacked for miles around the College, in search for the suitably bent sticks.

— One of the tutors of the Grammar-School happened into the Chapel, the other day, while a College prefect was reading over the lesson for evening service, and reprimanded him for being out of bounds.

— The hickories on the ridge are rapidly disappearing under the hatchets of shinny-hunters. Mr. McCarthy, or whatever his name is, will "have the maarshal after ye's, if ye are not quick about leaving them trees alone."

— The out-door games have been temporarily squelched by the recent fall of snow.

—The boxing-gloves have been put in the Gymnasium. A couple of "little tads" put on a pair the other day, shut their eyes, and punched each other in the head for about half an hour. There is no end of "grit" and "spunk" among those lower-form boys.

—We had the pleasure, a few days ago, of hearing from Wayman McCREERY, of '71. He is still in St. Louis, in business.

—SCOTT. We have heard from MICHAEL SCOTT. He is in St. Louis, and in business with Henry Bell & Son. "MIKE" says if everything goes well, he will be at Racine for a few days, in February.

—PURDY. In a business letter which we received just before election, from CHARLES PURDY, formerly of the grammar-school, he announced his intention of voting for Greeley. He is in Independence, Iowa.

—Philosophy has a marvelous power. An artist of '73 was so suddenly sent to sleep while embellishing his notebook, during a philosophical lecture, that he relaxed, with his pencil still steady in his hand, into a perfect *tableau vivant*, and not being disturbed by the class, remained so until the end of the hour.

—We learn that ELWANGER, of '74, whose health did not allow him to come back to the College this year, has now returned from his trip to the West, and is recruiting in Rochester. He says he has tried his hand at duck-shooting, but it is the same old luck.

—Horse Disease. The College nag has got it bad.

—The piano in the Library is kept on the warble, throughout the early part of the evenings.

—LUTHER PARDEE, of '70, lets us hear from him. He is in his second year at the General Theological Seminary in New York city.

—The robing-room has lately been surrounded by a ditch where they are "laying the gas-pipes down."

—A Freshman was heard, a day or two since, inquiring among the Seniors for a Greek "*legendary*."

Numerous copies of "Davies' Legendre" were offered, but were rejected, and he was about to give up the search, when some one discovered that it was a Greek "lexicon" he desired.

—In three games of shinny that were played on Tuesday, between the College and the Grammar-School, the College was victorious. The last game was played with great odds against the Grammar-School, the Park Hall boys being obliged to leave the field.

—Missionary meeting, next Sunday.

—We are glad to see HORACE MARTIN, of '75, among us once more. The leave of absence which he was obliged to procure early in the term, on account of his health, has evidently been of vast benefit to him; he returns well and hearty.

—The Ladies of St. James' Church, Chicago, have obtained the consent of the Warden for the choir to go down to Chicago in a body, at the time of the church fair, early next month.

—We are happy to learn that JAMES HOUGH, of '75, who was called home last month, by the death of his father, will return to the College, after Christmas.

—The reading-room is now opened every evening, after supper. There is no better place in the College to spend the early part of an evening. Students not belonging to the Society, can easily obtain season tickets by applying to the Librarian, Mr. TILDEN.

—Three Students ordered a dinner, over at the Junction, the other day. It was a duck-dinner. Each of the trio, all by himself, at first went through a large mallard duck. This might have satisfied some people who are content with little, but the three gentlemen in question hate to see a dinner spoiled just for want of dessert. They ordered a pan-cake appendix to the meal. The pan-cakes were larger than a breakfast-plate. First Student easily devoured 16; second student could only go 14; student number three says he forgot to count, but rumor has it that he beat the crowd.

### COLLEGE JOTTINGS.

The *Chronicle* has an appeal to the Faculty to "cease trying to abolish old college customs to which the students are attached," and promises them popularity with the students as a reward for their good conduct. It wants a "fair and friendly rush or two" before settling down to steady college work.—*Ex.*

A Freshman inquired the other day at the Registrar's office what studies he should *have to take* in the Optional Course. He had entered that course, and wanted to learn what text-books were needed.—*Cornell Era.*

The New Haven police have a way of arresting Yale students without any apparent cause. It must be a cheerful body of men to have around. The following is an instance, which we find in the *Yale Courant*:

"A member of '74 was arrested on Wednesday, for kicking foot-ball in the street. The official marched him to the "station-house," and there deposited him. A sum of money was raised by his classmates for the purpose of bailing him out, but as no charge was preferred, he was acquitted without further trouble."

Upwards of \$2,000 have already been pledged for the Boat Club at Dartmouth, and a boat-house is now in process of erection.

The Universalists of Ohio have just started a college at Akron, called Buchtel College. It is said to be the best furnished college in the West. The dormitories and study rooms are fitted with black walnut furniture, marble-top tables, &c. There is a set of marble wash-basins, with bathrooms and other conveniences on each floor, while a steam engine runs an elevator for the accommodation of the "constitutionally indisposed." The *Denison Collegian* adds: "It is probable students in that college will have gilt-edged text-books, and that their degrees will be engraved on gold-leaf rather than sheep-skin."—*College Herald.*

The *Galaxy* says the "strike" of the gravediggers of the English metropolis was effectually squelched by a notification from the medical societies, giving the strikers fair warning that if they didn't desist at once and resume work, the societies would give up having any more deaths in London.

The seniors at West Point have so much money that in order to keep from getting too "flush," they have recently spent \$125 apiece for a set of class sleeve-buttons and studs.

A Sophomore, hearing a report that the Faculty intended to suppress boating, on the ground that pools were sold among the students, wondered if they would suppress examinations if pools were sold in connection with them.—*Williams Vidette*.

This is the way the *Record* does:

"The smudge raised on the campus this week, by the burning of leaves, effects us to tears, and provokes even a pun. We'd as leaf leave it out, only the *Courant* would get it."

By the way, talking about the *Record*, this same paper has kindly condescended to immortalize the MERCURY.

We have received from the Bureau of Education in Washington, a pamphlet which contains, along with other figures, the statistics of 184 American colleges. It shows the residence (in State or Territory,) of the students of each college mentioned; the total number of students in each State and Territory from every other State and Territory or from foreign countries, and much other statistical matter, which, aside from its being perhaps of positive use to some, is to others of a curious and practical turn of mind, remarkably interesting.

From one of the tables for 1870-'71, we see that the four States most largely represented in our American Colleges, are:—New York, 2,442; Ohio, 1,710; Pennsylvania, 1,669; and Illinois, 1,106.

The *Chronicle* is endeavoring to persuade the students of the University of Michigan, to take steps for the organization of a boat club. The distance from Ann Arbor to the nearest sheet of water is the great obstacle they have to encounter, but this difficulty, it is thought, will be remedied before long by railroad communication with Whitmore lake.

A Junior, who of late has been seen smoking a handsome meerschaum pipe daily, about the University, was blown up the other day, much to his astonishment. A Freshman—we suppose it was a Freshman—had put a charge of gun-powder in the bottom of the pipe. Said Junior offers ten dollars for the Freshman, and no questions asked.—*Cornell Era*.

In France there are over 300 colleges, not one of which will admit women students.

A Senior who wished to amuse as well as instruct, *aised* a young lady at the President's reception, by making the following remark: "Conversation reminds me of a wheel." "Why?" quoth she. "Because there is always a great many spokes, and a great deal of tire in it; a fellow always gets turned around in it too, and—and—" "I pray that you will *wag on*," she replied, whereat he gasped, smiled faintly, and was silent.—*Yale Record*.

At a recent examination by the Board of Education official, the following question was put and cleverly answered: "Did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the reply, "he was excommunicated by a bull."

Oberlin College is 39 years old, has 1,200 alumni, and over 1,200 students in attendance.—*College Express*.

The number of college papers which are engaged in political discussions, is alarming. We notice the *Era*, the *Brunonian*, and the *Yale Lit.* enter the lists in prose, and the *Dartmouth* in poetry.—*Harvard Advocate*.

The University of Berlin is said to be on the decline, while that of Strasbourg is rapidly increasing in the number of its students, and is taking the lead among German universities.

Prof. TYNDALL is to lecture in New Haven, under the auspices of the Yale Scientific Club, at the conclusion of his course in Brooklyn, N. Y., which takes place about the first of January. He says he would rather see the young fellows of Yale around him, than the most brilliant audiences that the most brilliant cities of the Union could furnish.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE ALDINE, for November, comes to us enriched with two large engravings—"Scene on the Catawba," and "After the Chase"; also, we find much to admire in the smaller cuts, "Niagara," etc. Terms, \$5.00, with chromo.

Address JAMES SUTTON & Co., 25 Liberty St., N. Y.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, for November, has been received. In it is begun a new story, by J. G. HOLLAND, entitled "Arthur Bonnicastle." The name of the writer is by all means a sufficient warrant for its worth, and it well deserves all the praise one can bestow. We also find several interesting papers on travel, which, together with the well-stocked department of science, music, &c., make this No. particularly interesting. Terms, \$2.00.

Address SCRIBNER & Co., New York City.

ARTHUR'S LADY'S MAGAZINE, for October, is the last we have received. The contents of that, however, make us look forward with pleasure to the next No. It opens with a song arranged for the piano, and then we are presented with a well-written article, entitled "Business Hours."

Address T. S. ARTHUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER, one of our most valued exchanges, has given us, among many other interesting articles, a couple of papers, entitled "Two Weeks among the Alps." In its combination of the religious and secular element, it is adapted to the wants of a very wide field of readers. Terms, \$3.00.

Address SIDNEY E. MORSE & Co., New York City.

THE COLLEGE COURANT, under the new editorial arrangements recently entered upon, promises to furnish intelligence, discussion, criticism of new books, and a variety of matter selected from the best English journals, which will render it particularly interesting to students, professors, teachers, and all who are interested in education and culture.

It is the only source of a variety of information relating to literature and higher education in America, and certainly should be in the hands of every one of collegiate education. Professors and teachers, in particular, will find it exceedingly valuable. The COURANT is published every week, at New Haven, Conn., by C. C. CHATFIELD & Co. Terms, \$4 per year. It is offered on trial for three months, for \$1. A trial it certainly should have.





"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XII.

RACINE COLLEGE, DECEMBER 2, 1872.

No. 5-

FRIENDSHIP.

I know a glen where shadows sleep,  
 Where headlands steep  
 Their lone-watch keep—  
 Where rain and storm, their fury spent  
 On lofty crags, all seamed and rent,  
 Ne'er reach the dell  
 I love so well.

In spring there grow the fairest flowers,  
 And April showers  
 No fairer bowers.  
 The summer heats in vain are shed  
 On flinty columns overhead.  
 The mid-day's glow  
 Is lost below.

A murmuring brook, with laughing glee,  
 E'er sings to me;  
 And there I see,  
 When Autumn's frosts are on the hill—  
 The summer's beauties lingering still,  
 Till Winter's breath  
 Brings sudden death.

'T is not till ice and snow shroud all  
 Beyond recall  
 In glittering pall,—  
 'T is not till voiceless, cold, and still,  
 In death sleep flower, tree, and rill—  
 'T is not till then  
 Joy flees the glen.

So friends I've known, with hearts as deep,  
 Who ever keep—  
 Though tempests sweep  
 O'erhead with wild and threatening howl,  
 Spite anxious fears and fortune's scowl—  
 Within, a spot  
 Where care is not.

In vain the eddying tempests blow,  
 And time, with slow  
 But sure hand show  
 That man's allotted time is brief;  
 'Midst weal and woe, 'midst joy and grief  
 One spot remains  
 Where sweet peace reigns.

When care bears down with iron weight,  
 And dreary fate  
 But mocks my state,  
 Ah, there I find no Summer's glow,  
 No Autumn winds, but sweet and low  
 The tones I hear  
 Of Friendship dear.

No spring, no summer, mars its joy,  
 Nor can alloy,  
 Nor can annoy;  
 Unharm'd by aught, there sweet peace reigns,  
 Where friendship firm and true remains,—  
 'T is death alone  
 Destroys its home.

CRITICISM.

II.

The art of criticism in itself is one which seems peculiarly calculated to call out all the higher qualities of man's nature. For its thorough mastery not only the highest powers of intellect and judgment are necessary, but there must be commingled with them that liberal charity and warm-heartedness without which it is impossible properly to view the varied labors of our fellow men.

It may perhaps seem as though we were giving an undue prominence to the qualifications necessary to a true critic. If so, we trust in a few words to clear ourselves.

Pope has sung

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,"

and nowhere is this more manifested than in the fields of criticism. Fired by his new discoveries one straight way imagines himself fully qualified to sit in judgment on his betters. Nothing is too high, or broad, or deep, for his investigation, and nothing so perfect as to pass unscathed. Knowing not enough to avoid error, yet too much to perceive it, he hurls his dogmas upon the circle of his acquaintance, or perchance through the columns of the press, upon the public in general, and claims as his reward the name of a critic.

Not so with the broad and vigorous intellect well stored with knowledge and trained to constant thought; here we have the ability to grasp at once the whole, and, subjecting it to the searching analysis of an unfettered judgment, to reveal the matter in its true light. But even here the critic will sometimes fail; for, to be a perfect judge, one must

"read each work of wit

With the same spirit that its author writ,"

and intellect and judgment must fail if unassisted they attempt the task. There must be the capacity readily to understand and appreciate the "spirit" in which the "author writ."

This we may well believe is not a gift to be found in every mind. In fact it seems to be apart from the mind and intellect altogether and to dwell almost entirely in the character, or, as it is more commonly known, the heart. But wherever it may dwell, it needs but the slight examination of the essential parts of criticism which we have given to show plainly that its presence with the critic is indispensable. With these three assistants only can a critic ever hope properly to master his art.

But what is the art of criticism as exemplified by the body of critics generally?

To pick to pieces, to tear to shreds, to find faults oft-times where no fault exists and thus transform to a blot what is really a beauty,—is this criticism? The aim would seem to be to find flaws instead of beauties, ever to censure and never applaud, and to dissuade all who respect the

NELEH.

power they themselves have for writing from placing it where it might be a benefit to mankind.

The perception of beauty, elegance, and worth in the works of art and literature, the placing it before the eyes of the public in its true light; these are the offices of the critic. Faults there may be and must be, for

"He who thinks a faultless piece to see  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

But ever the good is to be sought, not the evil; the merits, not the faults;

"And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
Applause in spite of trivial faults is due."

#### MY FIRST CIGAR.

The story of a "first cigar" is always old; yet, like the story of a first love, it never loses its interest.

When quite a youth, I had made a bold resolve to learn how to smoke, and accordingly prevailed upon my best friend, who was of the same age, to do the same. Never in the world were there two persons more opposite in character and appearance than my friend and I. I was dark-haired, dark-complexioned, and when browned with a little tan, looked more like an Indian than a white man. He, on the contrary, was fair to look upon, and his hair was of an "intensely auburn" hue. He never was hasty in doing anything; I was never anything else. Though we were so different in tastes and character, we were more to each other than David and Jonathan; on the same principle, most likely, that only opposite magnets attract each other.

After making our resolve to try a smoke, we went to the city and bought some "penny-grabs" and five-cent cigars of no remarkable quality, and started with them for some distant woods, where we intended to enjoy them. When we reached the woods, we threw ourselves upon the long, green grass, in the shade of a huge oak tree, and prepared to light our cigars. It was a bright and gladsome day in June; the mid-day sun hung high in the heavens, and the happy woodland songsters were sweetly warbling in the surrounding glen. We drew our cigars out of our pockets and proceeded to light them. Oh! momentous moment! I put wrong end of the cigar in my mouth, and left the little end to light, but my Jonathan said that was wrong, as his father always lit the big end. I accordingly changed ends and lit a match, but the cigar would not light; one, two, three matches, and yet no light. What could the matter be? Evidently the cigars were worthless. I tried all of my cigars,—both "penny-grabs" and "five-centers," but I could not coax them to ignite. I was in despair, and was on the point of throwing them away, when a happy thought struck me: I took out my knife and cut off their ends. In an instant I was puffing away like a steam-engine. For quite a while I gave myself up completely to the enjoyment which the novelty afforded me. But, alas for the brevity of earthly pleasures! My cigar, but now so sweet, was soon thrown aside, while I, lying on the grass, was writhing and twisting with my hands clasped tightly below my breast. I was, as Henry Ward Beecher says, "at first afraid I would die, but afterwards afraid I wouldn't." All I could do was to faintly cry out, like the boy who had lost his breeches, "My belly! oh, my belly!" My forgotten cigar lay in the grass, with its thin, blue smoke gracefully

curling up to the still bluer sky. In writhing about, I noticed it. In my pain and anger I picked it up and threw it far from me. Yet angry nature was not appeased; I could only lie still and wish—oh! with what earnest longing—not for immortality, but for rest, for quiet, anything, I cared not what, if it would only rid me of that deathly pain at my stomach. Of my companion at this time, I can say nothing, except that he was in a similar predicament. I was so totally wrapt up in my own individuality, that the outside world was a mere blank—a nonentity.

But as everything in this world has its end, except a circle, or perhaps a suit in chancery, so my indisposition finally left me. Pale and weak, looking more like ghosts than boys, my Jonathan and I arose, and arm-in-arm went home, a sad sight in contrast with the eager, expectant faces we possessed before.

Although my first cigar may have been a failure, my second was not; and now, when a cigar is almost a necessity, I never smoke without remembering my first attempt.  
W.

[Special Correspondence of the College Mercury.]

#### LATEST NEWS FROM UTOPIA.

UTOPIA, (which is the Grammar-School,) R. C. }  
Dec. 1st, 1872. }

DEAR MERCURY:—Pursuant to the request of our mutual friend COG, that these Elysian fields should be explored, and its members revealed to the world at large, I took passage at once, on that swiftest of conveyances, "The Wings of the Wind," and find myself, at last, upon these classic shores, somewhat ruffled, as to my feathers, but otherwise "right-side up with care."

I immediately began a search for Mr. Cog, but he was nowhere to be found. Expensive advertisements in the "Utopia Daily Liar" to ascertain his whereabouts, were likewise of no avail. Several guilty-looking natives were brought before me by the police, but each stoutly and indignantly denied the allegation, and defied the alligator to prove it, legally.

I was enraged, and thus inwardly communed:—"Am I the victim of a base deception? Am I sold? O, COG! COG! COG! could I but obtain cognizance of thy concealment, how gladly and cogently would I pommel thee, until thy cogging cogitations should be barren of cognitions, and thy mortal part, now *incognite*, through a false cognomen, should be beyond the resuscitating cogency of cognac, and thy recognizable beyond recognition."

COG is a myth; there is no such man over here. Let his name perish, and let his coggery go with him to that sulphurous region, where Cogs can cog no more.

Having concluded that COG was a spirit, (cognac, perhaps,) I began to substantiate his report of this happy land. With the aid of policemen, who are quite numerous in this country, I searched out the different characters, whose deeds were recorded in that letter, and summoned them to

#### MY PRESENCE.

The first was the "little giant" who was said to have wept for muscle. Thinking I had something tangible here, I drew myself up proudly, and, fixing my most piercing gaze upon him, demanded, in stentorian tones: "My little man, didst thou weep for muscle?"

L. G.—"G' way; you'r 'nother one, yourself."

I felt disconcerted, but was not to be beaten off this

way; so I boldly confronted "A Little more Cider, Do," and thundered at him:

"Are you the cider-mill that grinds out all these jokes over here?"

I immediately found myself in such dangerous proximity to this cider-mill, that I felt my nose hit something hard, (it was his fist,) and, simultaneously, a voice trumpeted in my ear, saying:

"If any man calls me a cider-mill, or says I grind out jokes, the same is a 'thief, a liar and a scoundrel,' and I can beat him running for President."

I was mortified; I was also "floored." I also gasped out, "O Cog! how you have lied!"

Crushed mentally, physically and financially, and in danger, also, of ruining the MERCURY by expensive suits for assault and battery with intent to kill, I determined to pursue this investigation no further; but, contrariwise, keep exceedingly quiet; but oh! if I should ever catch that COG out alone, in these Utopian wilds, and without a double-barrelled shot gun, wouldn't I "go for him?" Oh, no!

Whilst nursing my sores, I have amused myself by reading the MERCURY. I hear that

#### THE EPIZOOTIC

has broken loose among your horses, and that you have been compelled to come down to oxen. In some of the German universities, a student is said to *oxen*, when he studies like an American "dig." Hence, the providential advent of the epizootic, compelling luxurious riders "to oxen," may be, a blessing in disguise.

We have had a slight attack of this epihippic in Utopia. A few of the noble Sixth, borrowed or hired, Mr. ANTHON'S ponies to ride down the excellent, though rather close-fisted, Mr. FRIEZE. The command was to "ride him down, or 'bust.'" These innocent victims of misguided youths, perished by the epizootic, in the first charge, and now sleep peacefully, side by side, beneath the weeping willows, and a plain slab marks their resting-place, whereon is inscribed this sad and only word, "busted."

#### UTOPIA

is well named, and the fame of it that reached us, is not at all exaggerated, although Mr. COG drew upon his imagination for the minor details. It flourisheth like a green bay-tree, and is training up the "young ideas" not to ride the modern classic steed, but to conquer and tame the original animal himself.

I have been unable to continue my researches, for reasons aforementioned, and hence can give you little that has transpired since the disappearance of COG. One incident, however, I can relate from personal knowledge:

Two young bloods, inspired by the perusal of "Bill Bidson, the Trapper," and other kindred ten-cent works, and having in their possession a tooth-pick, fine-comb, piece of string, and sixty-two and one half cents, resolved to lead, henceforth, a buccaneer life in the howling wilderness of the West. Accordingly, they started one fine morning, before Morpheus had released the watchful eyes of Park Hall from slumber, and began their weary march. They tramped some six or eight miles toward the setting sun; but finding buffaloes, beavers and Indians rather scarce, and knowing if a noble red man should make his appearance, they had nothing with which to slay him but a tooth-pick, they sensibly resolved to lay out their sixty-two

and a half cents in cheese and butter-milk, and find their way as quickly as possible, to the bosoms of their families. At last accounts they were under their paternal roofs, foot-sore, sheepish, and had come to the wise conclusion that buccaneering was glorious *in posse* but abominable *in esse*.

O. B.

#### DESPERANDUM.

Can rhyme or reason e'er help a poor fellow,  
When his thoughts to the four winds will stray?  
Can a life-time of study and calm contemplation,  
Give him words when he's nothing to say?  
Say they can; (though they can't!) I'm as bad as before,  
For afar all have taken their flight,  
And of reason bereft for the lack of a rhyme,  
What's to help me in this my sad plight?

What's weak learning and lore, be it never so deep,  
When one's 'rest of his senses "all seven,"  
With a rest-seeking brain and a brow hot with pain,  
And a cold, just to "make the thing even?"  
There are thousands of thoughts, and bright fancies sweep by,  
Whirling on in an e'er changing maze,  
But to me, vainly seeking the fairest to grasp,  
They but nod, and are gone from my gaze.

'Tis enough! I'll no more! Never was Tantalus vexed  
With more cruel and tempting display.  
Farewell, ye bright torments, your hour is past;  
I am done; I have nothing to say.

WILLOW-WOOD.

TOO MANY WHEELS.—One of the best dressed a most brilliant young men in St. Joseph, who parts his in the middle, essayed to delight a select party of ladies and gentlemen, last evening, by a few flashes of wit. His most noticeable scintillation of his wit was a conundrum. "How—" said he, "Aw—when is a lady not a lady?" Nobody could tell, and the propounder of the conundrum gave the answer. "When she's a little buggy," he said. A dead silence fell on the company, and the funny man was the focus of many singular glances. He soon became conscious that "some one had blundered." So he dived down into his vest pocket, brought out a newspaper scrap, eyed it attentively three or four times, and then brightened up. "Haw—yes," he said, "of course—haw—yes, of course—haw—when she's a little *sulky*. Knew it was some kind of a wagon."—*Ex.*

Rev. Dr. PEABODY, in an address at Exeter, recently spoke of the classic languages as follows: "But these are dead languages. Why then put them before the living? Dead indeed they are, and therefore not, like our modern tongues, dying daily, in constant flux; not a perpetual decay and renovation, but passed from death into life, clothed with amaranthine immortality—living in wealth and power of expression which no other language has approached; living in poets, orators, historians, philosophers, who will never be obsolete till the civilization of which they have been essential factors shall have become effete; living, too in numberless fresh scions that spring from them as fast as new ideas to be embodied, new departments of science to receive their nomenclature, new processes and products of art to be put into speech and record."—*Madisonensis.*

# The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, DECEMBER 2, 1872.

## EDITORS.

E. A. LARBABEE. NORTON STRONG. AQUILLA JONES. E. O. RICHMOND.

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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.

A. C. Sandford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

## HISTRIONIC SOCIETY.

It is a long time since we have seen any of our dramatic talent on the Gymnasium stage. During the past year, the only approach we have made towards representing a play of any kind, was in the charades connected with one of the "wax-figger" entertainments of last winter. As for a real genuine farce, carried on with full effect by our best comedians, before the dazzling home-made scenery of our artists in paint, such we have not had since the days of the profane and persecuted Dutchman, and the memorable "Biff," the dabbler in oils.

It is a great pity to have wasted the past two or three winters in this Histrionic fast; some of the students have awakened to the fact, and we are glad to announce that a new Histrionic Society has been organized, for the purpose of immediately resuscitating some of those good times which the old Histrionics used to give us.

The Society means business. You might have seen one of its members in the Gymnasium, a few days ago, climbing around the lumber and rubbish above the bowling alley, in search of old Histrionic relics. He was the committee of one who went out for the Society to see what he could find that would be of use to the new Histrionics. This committee drew out from the *debris* several painted sheets that bore unmistakable traces of "Biff's" genius, but he reports that the scenes and flats were in almost every case entirely ruined. Among other scenes that nevermore shall form a background, we shall miss in future entertainments that little, red-brick house, and the gloomy forest. A committee, however, has been appointed to renovate old scenery or create anew, and they are already at work.

An order was sent to Chicago for some plays, early last week, and we believe the Society has already agreed upon one of the farces which are to be represented at its first exhibition. The first Histrionic entertainment will probably be given soon after we return from the Christmas vacation.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—"THE MERCURY" has at times given its readers glimpses of the History of the College in those days when there was no College paper in which everything of interest might be recorded. A few days since, we came across some old catalogues of the College, from which we gleaned certain particulars which have not, we believe, been placed before your present readers, and which would probably be of interest to them.

The catalogues were the 4th 5th and 6th, for the years '56-'57-'58. In '56 there were 80 students; in '57 the number had fallen off to 51, and in '58 there were only 34. We notice the catalogue published a list of graduates from the beginning, which we think might be added to the catalogue in our times, in order that we might know who are our graduates:

In '53—2 graduated.  
 " '54—4 "  
 " '55—6 "  
 " '56—7 "  
 " '57—8 "  
 " '58—7 "

The Board of Instructors, as mentioned in these catalogues, consisted of Prof. of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; Professor of English Literature; Prof. of Greek and Latin; Lecturer on Legal Science; Lecturer on Natural Science and Physiology; a Principal of the English Department; and a Teacher of Writing, borrowed from the Racine Commercial College.

College year consisted of 3 terms of 14 weeks each. Students were allowed to board down town, or at the College. If they boarded at the College, the expense amounted annually to about \$180.

There were 3 departments: 1st. The English Department, with 3 classes, the third being the highest. 2d. The "Shorter Course;" 2 classes, called the Adept and Tyro classes. 3rd. The "Full Course," 5 classes—the Neophyte, Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior.

For the benefit of the present Seniors, we will state that the Seniors of those days dabbled in Zoology, Mineralogy, Geology, *Cicero de Officiis*, Butler's Analogy, Adams' Moral Science, Constitutional Law, Euripides, and Pasquell's French Course.

In those days they had a "Cabinet of Minerals," and we find among the acknowledgments of additional specimens received, "Daguerreotypes of the past faculty of the College," and "The Head of an Egyptian Mummy."

Among the rules—"No tobacco, cards, dice, ardent spirits or vinous liquors to be used." "No fire-arms or dogs allowed in the College buildings." Also, "Students occasionally drilled in marching, and other military evolutions but without weapons."

In the year '58, Rev. H. Wheeler was chosen to fill the professorship of Greek and Latin, which was left vacant by the death of the Rev. Geo. Cowell.

In each catalogue we found scraps of the history of the temporal affairs of the College:

"College exercises commenced with 9 students, on the 15th of November, 1852."

"The site of the College consists of 10 acres of valuable land, generously given by Chas. S. Wright and Truman G. Wright, of Racine," of whom the present students, in all probability, never heard.

"An additional lot was afterwards purchased as a site for the President's house."

The first building was erected at a cost of about \$11,000, which was subscribed by persons from all parts of the country, but chiefly from the Northwest. In May, '56, the citizens of Racine raised \$12,000 for the second building. Among the many generous donations, we notice H. S. Durand, I. Taylor, N. Pendleton and A. McClurg, \$1,000 each.

Such is a slight review of the College up to the end of the 6th year.

J. R.

## ABOUT BOXING.

## HOW MUCH FUN IT IS!

The boxing-gloves have been introduced into the Gymnasium. Probably there are many who are already aware of this fact, for it is a little thing that is easily learned. But have you been asked to box yet? That is, by a pretty good boxer, you know, who just wants to have a few friendly taps with you in the afternoon, when there is a good audience in the Gymnasium. Oh, it is at such a time that you will realize, if you have not been inured to the prize-fighting art, that for a package so light as a pair of new boxing-gloves, their arrival is a matter of grave, personal interest.

We always take an interest in the sports and exercise, and occasionally we roam around on the campus and in the gymnasium, in search of sporting items. The Gymnasium has always been our favorite resort, because there is the possibility of some one's breaking his neck there; but before the arrival of the gloves, even the Gymnasium was getting dull. You might glance around in vain, in the hopes of seeing some fat fellow slide off the ladder, or for some long shanks to let go the rings when high in air, and drop on the parallel bars. They wouldn't drop, and there was no excitement. But now that the gloves have come, it is different. For some time since, we have been in regular attendance at the Gymnasium to see the boys get their heads punched off. Some of the sparring, of course, must be gentle and uninteresting; but at other times, we have been both surprised and gratified at the marvelous fulfillment of our desires.

It so happened once, that while we were leaning complacently against a pillar, waiting for the boys to begin their little sport, that a fellow stepped up to us, and asked us, with such punctilious deportment as still makes our blood run cold, if we would not put on the gloves with him for a few rounds. He was stout and well-built, and we had seen him box before. We hesitated. There was that crowd of boys, whom we had expected to watch while they punched each other, waiting to watch us. At first a thought of chivalrous honor and of the crowd of boys, flashed upon our mind, and we thought somewhat—only for an instant—of saying "yes"; but the last words of the challenge, "for a few rounds," were sounding in our ears. We remembered how a round generally ends. Oh! then it was that we thought how much nobler it was to do like the boy in the Sunday-School book, who didn't care how much the naughty boys laughed, so long as he got off without having his head punched; so we explained to this gentleman who boxed, that we had only come out to the Gymnasium in search of items, and although we should be happy to box under other circumstances, we thought the interests of the College would be furthered upon this occasion, if we confined ourself to watching the boys. He did not appear satisfied; as he went off he said something about "not knowing what our custom was," and from several sources we thought we distinguished that ugly word "bluffed." Still, we lingered patiently about until the boxer we have alluded to, came back to the crowd from a remote corner of the Gymnasium, followed by a tall fellow, who looked exactly as a person does when he *wishes he hadn't*. We immediately took an interest in this youth, and handing him the gloves, told him that probably there would only be a few rounds, (with a particular emphasis on "rounds,")

and that the gloves were about as soft as they are usually made. The timid volunteer thanked us, and smiled faintly. The ring was formed straightway. The professional boxer danced into the ring, brandishing his gloves, and assumed the thunder-cloud brow and the John Heenan position. The volunteer victim attempted to do likewise, but only made out to look as if he were contemplating a bath in ice-water, and had just got his feet in it.

The professional began by sparring lightly, hardly attempting to touch this victim to his skill. He kept this up for about a minute, continually assuming a fiercer expression. At the end of the first minute, he had not touched his victim, but then his eyes were sticking an inch out of his head, and he looked as though he might "go off" like a thunder-bolt at any instant. The victim was growing pale. He stepped back a pace or two and dropped his arms by his sides; he said he thought they had better stop; he could see that the gentleman he was boxing with was losing his temper, while for his part he was sure he bore his opponent no malice.

The professional drew his eyes back into his head, and declared that he wasn't losing his temper, or anything of the kind. We told the unmalicious party not to mind the boxer's eyes, that it was only a way of his to look so, and that probably he would do no hard punching just yet.

Thus encouraged, the victim again advanced into the ring. The professional began as before, and his eyes gradually pushed themselves out again, until he looked as if he would completely annihilate his victim in the next second. The expected blow finally came, and the victim got it in the eye. This stirred him up enough to make him hit back, for the first time during the mill, and the professional was so surprised that the blow came full against his head, unguarded. The professional was now completely roused, and the victim again got alarmed at the look of his eyes. The latter gasped for time; he said he didn't mean to hit the gentleman so hard, and hoped he would pardon him, as it was entirely accidental; he thought perhaps they had better take off the gloves now and stop, as he was sure the gentleman was getting angry.

The boxer said he didn't care for any apology, but would like to try another round. The victim thought he had an engagement in a few minutes, as it was almost bell time. We told him not to be in a hurry, that he had plenty of time. He seemed to consider us as a sort of second, and abided, though reluctantly, by our decision. He went into the ring again, and the boxer immediately opened fire on him with a blow straight from the shoulder; it just grazed the victim's head. He asked for time, and wanted to know if the bell had not rung. Not yet, we told him, but that probably it would ring in less than half an hour.

By this time the boxer was getting tired of these numerous delays, and was just coming after him to perform the grand finale, whether the interested party were ready or not. But at that moment the bell rang; the victim waited not; his engagement, he said, was an important one; he took off the gloves, and withdrew. We thought there might be some chance of our being asked to act as his substitute, if we remained in the Gymnasium, and although we had too much confidence in ourself to believe that we could be prevailed upon to do so, it seemed the wisest plan to go away as quietly as possible. This we accordingly did, thinking as we left the Gymnasium behind us, how much pleasure this boxing affords us.

## 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 catalogues for 1873 are out early. They are as handsome as any that the College has ever issued, and the "Rural Press" of Delafield, Wis., could have no better recommendation than the neat work and good taste which the catalogue displays. It was arranged and prepared by Mr. H. C. DILLON.

—An absent-minded Fresh runs over to breakfast in his cap and gown.

—The thermometer is going down, down, down. In the expressive words of our old friend "Cully," "It's cold enough to freeze the ears off a cast-iron monkey."

—A promising youth who succeeded on Thanksgiving day, in demolishing the greater part of a turkey, says he could have done even better than that, only *he didn't have the legs.*

—There is good skating on the river, when you once get over there; but on account of the distance, few have tried it.

—PAP, the agile light-weight, entered the Gymnasium ring a few days ago. He just *slew them.*

—"Please pass the fish," exclaimed a Senior, as a tertiary fossil was being handed about the class for inspection.

—The subject for the next English prize essay is, as every one knows, "Horace and Pope." A student is planning a parallel between *Horace* Greeley and *Pope* Pius IX. May he be successful.

—SCENE: *Class-room; Student reciting (?)* Professor—"Is sulphur found in vegetables?"

Student—"Yes sir, in great quantities, especially in the egg."

—The Seniors are going to have a class-supper before the Christmas vacation.

—On the page of the new catalogue devoted to games, we notice the Badger Club is put first, in honor of its having won in the entire history of the College the greatest number of victories. This is as it should be.

—The west entrance of Taylor Hall is closed; the door is locked, and there is no use in trying to go through it. It would be of great service to gents whose week it is to carry out ashes, if they could impress this on their memories, and go down through the basement in the first place.

—A Senior has come to the conclusion, in an essay, that after all it is not so very encouraging for a student to be told at the end of his declamation, that "he has all the elements of a fine speaker." It is altogether "too thin"

—The musical abbreviation *pp* is explained by a member of the bass class as meaning *softer than thunder.*

—A student, the other morning, in the fullness of his good spirits, got off the following pleasantry, while lugging his coal up stairs: "Ah, good morning; *cold* morning, isn't it? I've got *coal* in my bucket, too; ah!" Original.

—The "Phoenix-rising-from-its-ashes" game, seems to be quite taking. Chicago has tried it, Boston seems to be looking that way, and any one who has taken a meal in the Dining-Hall of C. S. Harris, since the fire, must have been struck with the marvellous renovation produced by the "fire-fiend."

A new oil-cloth bedecks the floor; the walls, newly papered, are lighted by a handsome chandelier, and nothing but the general neatness and elegance of the room remains to attest the ravages of the flames. Who's next?

—The sixteen members of the choir who are to go down to Chicago to sing, at the time of the church fair, are now practicing their music, and anticipating a fine time. It is said that there is to be a dance after the singing is over, and that, doubtless, is the chief attraction.

—There is a fellow in the College who knows over two pages of Shairp's "Culture and Religion" by heart. He copied it out first, on foolscap, in order to learn it.

—We were glad to have a visit from the Rev. GEORGE PRESCOTT, of '69, a few days ago. He is still at Evansville.

—A Senior, after hearing crocodiles and turtles mentioned, in the class-room, as forming the principal diet of the *Megalosaurus*, suggested railroad spikes for the dessert.

"The *Turkey* woke;

That bright dream was his last"

Thanksgiving was observed religiously. The funeral orgies of some fifty turkeys were observed in the dining-hall, and the dinner was in every respect a success. Excepting eating, little was done during the day. It was too cold to enjoy shinny in the morning, and in the afternoon, besides the coldness of the weather, there was another inducement to remain quietly in-doors. The day was, we believe, in every case, thoroughly enjoyed.

—The smoking room is now converted into an art gallery, a picture of Taylor Hall, the celebrated masterpiece of "Biff" who portrayed on the canvass (at least on a bed sheet) these classic dimensions is now on exhibition. It is undergoing repairs at the hands of the Histrionics, and the work of restoration is supervised by the entire smoking room fraternity.

—Addisonia has a public debate Tuesday night, Dec. 3rd. The question for the debate is one in the decision of which rests the welfare of every member of the college: "Is it expedient for the student to go out in society?" That's the question. In order that every college student may have an opportunity of being cleared upon this subject, all are cordially invited by the Addisonians to attend the debate. There will undoubtedly be a rush, and those who would avoid the jam at the doors will do well to occupy their seats in the society hall before supper on Tuesday evening.

—We received a welcome visit on the 30th from ALLEN WOODLE. He is still at Nashotah.

—The smoking room we understand, is to be donated with a new stove of larger dimensions; the next younger brother of the one in chapel. The objection to the stove in the smoking room at present is that it is not high enough to get your feet on top of it, and gives out only a little heat.

## EXCHANGE ITEMS.

We are glad to see another number of the *Sigma Mu Palladium*, published by the young ladies of St. Mary's, Knoxville, Ill. It is as lively and entertaining as its fore-runners. We always read the *Palladium* with pleasure.

The *Yale Record* has a contributor who seems to be in favor of sliding seats. They are proved to be much better for fast rowing than stationary seats, by a series of pictorial symbols such as are resorted to in a geometrical demonstration.

Whenever the press at large sees fit to compliment the COLLEGE MERCURY, it would confer upon us a great favor by making itself perfectly understood. We are led to say this, by something we saw in the *College Argus*. The *Argus*, in its last issue, was evidently trying to say something pretty to us, but the editor to whom the pleasant task was allotted, got mixed up in what he was trying to say, and the sentence in which we are noticed, is so involved that, after three or four perusals, we are at a loss to tell whether it is really a compliment or not.

However, we accept the will for the deed, and are duly grateful.

An amateur editor in Indianapolis has made a fortune by his pen. His father died of grief, after reading one of his editorials, and left him \$130,000.

*Scene:* Little girl and boy sitting on the steps of a dwelling-house. Little boy kisses little girl just as a Senior and lady friend pass by. *Lady Friend*—"That's right. Let him do it while you're young; for when you're as old as I am, he won't." Senior makes a note for future reference in private.

A subscriber wrote to the editor of a Newark paper to ask the meaning of the phrase *mors omnibus communis*. The editor said that it was a French sentence, intended to explain something about Morse's omnibus being of service to the community.—*Ex.*

The medical and literary students of Ann Arbor, have indulged in a big rush; over 700 students took part in it. The medical boys were hoisted over the fence. We learn from the *Chronicle* that "all who were engaged in it went to their homes tired, and bruised, and sore; many with clothes completely torn off, others with hats, coats, and collars gone, and their underclothing in rags; a feeling of animosity was created between the departments, and a determination that this will not be the end of it, is felt by the conquered. These are the ridiculous results."

The mouth of one Senior, who boards at Commons, is to be photographed in segments.—*Yale Courant*.

An ubiquitous Sophomore, walking up street the other evening, supposed he saw a classmate just before him. Rushing up to him with a blood-curdling war-whoop, he ejaculated, "How are you, old boy?" The object of this flattering reception, turning around in some alarm, disclosed the well-known features of Professor Snell. Sophomore subsided, and has since declined to converse on the subject.—*Amherst Student*.

A Vassar senior was lately caught smoking a cigar, and gave as her reason for the act, that "it made it smell as if there was a man around."—*Ex.*

A young lady who has been greatly annoyed by a lot of young simpletons who stop under her window at night to sing "If ever I cease to love," wishes us to say, if they will cease their foolishness, come in and talk "business," they will confer a favor.—*Irving Union*.

A Wesleyan Soph. made a run of 657 points, with three balls, at the billiard-hall, the other evening. What are we coming to?

A Leavenworth editor sat down in a reserved seat already occupied by a hornet. He stands up when scissoring his editorials now.—*Ex.*

The horses belonging to Oxford Female College, have been the victims of the most atrocious outrage. One night their tails were shorn of all the hair by mysterious hands. The only solution which has been offered is, that the girls have appropriated the missing locks, which probably now grace their fair necks in the form of chignons.—*Ex.*

One of the Seniors who recently called on a lady friend, was asked by her to explain how anybody could swim, as she could not understand it. The Senior complied by putting himself into position on the parlor carpet at her feet and striking out vigorously.—*Yale Record*.

A singular contrivance in the way of a desk has been added to the seats in the lecture-rooms of the new building, in order to enable the student to take notes more conveniently.—*Chronicle*.

We sigh for a "singular contrivance" of this kind in our library.

It is not always safe to judge books by their titles, as hurried newspaper reviewers have sometimes learned to their discomfiture. One of them praised Mr. Warner's "My Summer in a Garden," as a very instructive treatise on horticulture, and some people in England have been making similar mistakes. An agricultural club bought a large number of Mr. Ruskin's Notes on Sheepfolds, and were grievously disappointed to receive a treatise on churches, instead of an essay on the construction of pens. A worthy minister, selecting with great care volumes of devout reading for his village library, sent for Christian's Mistake, and opened, not a homily on religious experience, but a three volume novel.—*College Courant*.

Some of the Eastern Colleges are playing foot-ball matches. Yale has defeated Columbia, and expects before long to play a closer match with Princeton. Columbia has also been beaten badly by Rutgers.

Gail Hamilton has been engaged as one of the editors of *Wood's Household Magazine*, at a salary of \$3,000 a year.—*Ex.*

The *Church News* proposes that the Episcopal Church shall plant a college and seminary in Washington City, build a cathedral, and have a diocese and Bishop of their own.

The occupants of the room over the late Professor Hadley's study were once interrupted, while boxing and rolling dumb-bells over the floor, by a gentle tap at the door. After the customary "come in," the door was slowly opened by the Professor, who said, with a smile, in his peculiar pleasant way, "Young gentlemen, I would be pleased to see you in my room at any time, but I would rather have you come in through the door than the ceiling." *College Courant*.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

The New York OBSERVER, with its prospectus for '73, is now before us. Its *fifty years'* experience have well won for it the position it now holds as head of the religious family press.

As it now opens upon its fifty-first year, among other inducements, (not the least of which is the continuance of its old character and position,) it offers a *Public Year-Book*, embellished with appropriate illustrations and historical remembrances. Fifty years of unceasing prosperity in a public journal, with the same undeviating course, may well inspire its friends with confidence and strong attachment. It has never gone backward since its first appearance on the stage, and if this year does not show a regular increase in its circulation and influence, it will be because the value of a first-class newspaper is not as yet fully known and appreciated. Terms, \$3.00 a year, with the *Public Year-Book*.

Address, SIDNEY E. MORSE & Co., 37 Park Row, New York City.

We have received an elegantly illustrated pamphlet, entitled, VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, for 1873. The GUIDE is published quarterly, at the rate of 25 cts. a year, a sum which we should be ashamed to offer for a single No. The January No. contains one hundred and fifty pages, on fine tinted paper, some five hundred engravings, and a rich colored plate and chromo cover.

The liberality of Mr. VICK'S offers is astonishing, and it is worth while to send for the catalogue, simply to read for one's self, offers such as have never before been placed before the public.

Text, English or German, according to preference.

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

HARPER'S BAZAAR, and WEEKLY, have been regularly received, but as yet the Monthly has not made its appearance.

In the WEEKLY for Nov. 30th, we notice a large chart of the burned district of Boston, thus calling our attention to a fact we have before noticed, that the value of the WEEKLY is quite as manifest in the character as in the number of its illustrations.

The BAZAAR brings, with its fashion-plates, its usual treat of light reading. Terms—Monthly, \$4.00; Weekly, \$4.00; Bazaar, \$4.00; the three, \$10.00.

Address HARPER BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

THE NATION has made its regular appearance with its accustomed supply of political and literary news, foreign as well as domestic and still maintains its old character for interest and impartiality of discussion. It is a paper which should be found on the table of every intelligent American citizen.

Terms \$5.00 Address "Nation," New York City.

THE SCRIBNER for December has been received and affords much pleasant reading matter in the shape of a continuation of I. G. HOLLAND'S "Arthur Boenicastle;" "At His Gates;" "Mrs. Oliphant;" a little poem entitled "An Intruder;" etc., etc.

Taken as a whole this number stands as high as any we have seen. Terms \$4.00.

Address Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, N. Y.

ARTHURS LADIES MAGAZINE for November and December have both been received since the publication of our last table and have added greatly to our stock of reading matter.

The high character of both numbers lead us to hope for considerable during the coming year.

It seems that we are not to be disappointed for we find the following in its prospectus for 1873:

A "new departure" for the coming year is announced. The "HOME" is to take a higher rank among American periodicals. It is to be enlarged and illustrated. Every subscriber will receive, besides the magazine, a copy of a large steel engraving, entitled "*The Christian Graces*," said to be the rarest and most beautiful picture in the line of Christian art that has appeared for a long time. T. S. ARTHUR, Miss VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, ROSELLA RICE, and other favorite writers, will give their best efforts to the magazine, which promises to be one of the most attractive in the country. Published by T. S. ARTHUR & SON Philadelphia. Price, \$2.50 a year.

## SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, FOR 1873.

The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, now in its 28th year, enjoys the widest circulation of any analogous periodical in the world.

Its contents embrace the latest and most interesting information pertaining to the Industrial, Mechanical, and Scientific Progress of the World; Descriptions, with Beautiful Engravings, of New Inventions, New Implements, New Processes, and Improved Industries of all kinds; Useful Notes, Facts, Recipes, Suggestions and Advice, by Practical Writers, for Workmen and Employers, in all the various Arts.

The Latest Discoveries in Photography, Chemistry, New and Useful Applications of Chemistry in the Arts and in Domestic or Household Economy.

The Latest Information pertaining to Technology, Microscopy, Mathematics, Astronomy, Geography, Meteorology, Geology, Zoology, Botany, Horticulture, Agriculture, Architecture, Rural Economy, Household Economy, Food, Lighting, Heating, Ventilation, and Health.

Farmers, Mechanics Engineers, Inventors, Manufacturers, Chemists, Lovers of Science, Teachers, Clergymen, Lawyers, and People of all Professions, will find the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN to be of great value. It should have a place in every Family, Library, Study, Office and Counting Room; in every Reading Room, College, Academy, or School.

Published weekly, splendidly Illustrated, only \$3 a year.

The Yearly Numbers of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN make two splendid volumes of nearly one thousand pages, equivalent in contents to *Four Thousand ordinary Book Pages*. An Official List of all Patents issued is published weekly. Specimen copies sent free. Address the publishers, MUNN & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

## PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY,

completes its Tenth Volume with the December number, and it is doing Mr. Peters simple justice to state that his excellent magazine is improving with age. It was *good* years ago, when it first made its appearance, and it has been steadily improving until the present time, when it can only be pronounced *perfect*, and indispensable to every lover of music.

The December number, price 30 cents, contains three Ballads, a Christmas Song, an Anthem, a Four-hand Piece, as played at Theodore Thomas' Orchestral Concerts, and three splendid Piano Pieces, any single piece being worth in sheet-music form more than Mr. Peters asks for the entire lot.

Giving so much *really good music* for such a small sum, it is no wonder that PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY has hosts of friends among our music-loving people. Those who have seen it will, of course, renew their subscription for the coming year; others, less fortunate, should send the Publisher, J. L. PETERS, 199 Broadway, New York, \$1, and secure the last four numbers as sample copies, or \$3 for a year's subscription.





"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XII.

RACINE COLLEGE, DECEMBER 16, 1872.

No. 6.

### NEW YEARS DAY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The year has passed away  
Like foam on a brooklet wild.  
One ponders in his moments gay,  
On the sad ones he's beguiled.  
Whatever WAS, is gone  
With each gray dying year:  
It brought us joys and sorrows  
And brings the Goal full near.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then be of gladsome mind  
Tho' separations threat'  
Whoe'er is good, the *good* shall find  
In lifetime or in death.  
*There* we shall join again  
And sing our songs of bliss.  
Let this then be our New Year's strain:  
May I be ever His.

M.

### AN OLD STORY.

There are some stories which never grow old. Not so with this one of ours, however. It is as old as the hills, though unlike them it has not even the verdure which each additional year should bring to hide its natural deformity.

A little bird whispered in our ear not long since that in the minds of certain persons the reading matter of the MERCURY was not all that it should be. Believing that perhaps there was some cause for dissatisfaction and being—as we ever hope to be—only too ready to profit by a bit of genial criticism, we applied to the parties in question. Our application was, in one sense of the word a complete success. We started out with the desire of discovering wherein our error lay and *per Hercle* we were not long left in doubt.

By the first gentleman to whom we addressed ourselves our editorials were condemned as dry,—as being unfitted and unsuited to the position they occupied; Editors Table was voted a nuisance; locals flat, poetry worthless, etc. The only part of the paper which did not meet with his displeasure was the *advertising sheet*. Here the gentleman, while he would by no means admit that he was satisfied, yet forbore to express any decided opinion lest we might think he was going too far. Assuring him that such a fear was utterly groundless we ventured to ask what sort of an editorial he would prefer.

"Well, we want something lively; not so— — —; you know; something the fellows like." Now this answer, while it appeared very definite to the person that uttered it, was far from presenting the same appearance to ourselves.

However fearing to bore our friend by further inquiry we sought another companion.

"Editorials? Well, I suppose they're well enough in their way. Never read 'em myself. 'T'aint my style.

Wouldn't for the world object to them, though. Suppose every paper's got to have them. Locals are what the most of us read. By the way couldn't you put in another page of locals? They've have been rather thin of late, but if we had more we shouldn't notice it so much."

Upon being informed that the whole fame of our paper rested mainly upon our local columns we hinted in a modest way that it was the hardest part of our labor to write them up.

"What! hard to get up locals! Why, there's plenty going on that you could easily get hold of if you would only try."

We asked what there was of importance which had not found its way into the last of our local columns, but the utmost our informant could do for us was to give us a very imperfect *resumé* of the contents of our last "*College and Campus*." It appeared very strange, too, (so he said) for he distinctly remembered sitting down to think up some locals for that very number; and was sure he had thought of enough to fill half a page easily, but at present they had all escaped his memory.

*O those endless columns of locals, gathered up for the MERCURY'S use,—but never making their appearance upon our table.*

With what joy would we hail the advent of a half,—a third,—a fifth,—a hundredth of their number.

Thanking our friend for his kindness and assuring him of our heartfelt gratitude whenever he should again attempt to lighten our burden by a contribution to our columns, we withdrew.

Thus we fared with the remaining few. Defects there were glaring and radical but from none of our critics did we receive so much as a hint as to the manner of ridding ourselves of them. Tired and disgusted, we at last came to the conclusion that it was merely another version of the old, old story of the "man with his donkey, his son and his bag of meal," and as such we place it before our readers.

None we pleased entirely; one we did not please at all; and in the course of our journey "Willow-Wood," "Neleh," "Cog," "O. B.," "W.," and all the host of spirits who live or have lived in the pages of the MERCURY received their share of the terrible cross-fire. Changes where they had been made were sure to displease: oft-times as much as they pleased. However, like the man in the story we have come to the conclusion that since all can find a fault but none can heal it, we must be wholly our own guide in the matter.

Therefore, O friends, you who find that your college paper is not free from flaws, let it not grieve you. We see them as well as you and will strive, as we ever have striven, to do all in our power to remove them. In the meanwhile if you have a word of cheer, a joke or two, to enliven our

pages,—a "lively" editorial "such as the fellows like" by all means let us have them. In so doing you will do a thousand times more to assist and better our work than by sitting idly by and hurling at us your futile criticisms.

#### SELF CONFIDENCE AND TEMERITY.

There are some moments in life when all chance or hope of success seems taken from us. Nothing but the bare reality of grim failure meets the eye. It may be in a moment or it may be the work of a day or a month,—we may feel our opportunities slowly receding beyond our grasp or see them snatched from us all in an instant; in either case we feel the same horrid chill of despondency and the involuntary recoil at the sight before us.

The cool judgment of our reason will doubtless smile at this picture and point us to the shining examples on all sides of those who have attained success only by "snatching victory from the jaws of defeat."

Buoyed up by the noble sentiments which the sight of such lives must ever inspire, one would doubtless bestow upon our picture the usual epithets of "babyish" "morbid sentiment" "carelessness," etc. But could we only rid ourselves for a moment of that old foggy we call our "better judgment" and carefully look into the lives of ourselves and our friends, with a mind unbiassed by fear of ridicule; we might doubtless come to a far different conclusion. We should wonder ourselves at the lack of care manifested in the midst of danger and find that in many cases the boasted self-confidence of a friend was due only to ignorance or that bravado which the most faint-hearted cowards sometimes adopt. We should see that this self-confidence was incapable of any such deed as "snatching victory from the jaws of defeat," and was utterly barren of any results, save those which accident may at all times bring.

But is this confidence? If so then there is another kind of confidence which one may and should at all times call to his assistance when failure and disaster alone appear. It is the confidence which is born of a full appreciation of the difficulties one is called upon to encounter and a firm determination that no opportunity which presents itself shall be allowed to escape. This while it is far different from the sickly sentiment which bids one sit and bemoan his griefs instead of endeavoring to do away with them, is also far different from the unreasoning temerity of fools. It is the safeguard of the wise man and the parent of success. In looking therefore upon the varied characters about us let this distinction be borne in mind for, as

Fools rush in where angels dare not tread,

so there may be a sort of assumed self-confidence which is very little better in its origin.

It is a curious fact that out of nearly two thousand failures in Civil Service examinations in England, no less than one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six were "plucked" for deficiency in orthography. The authority for this statement is a trustworthy London journal, which adds another bit of information, to the effect that the middle class examinations at the Oxford and Cambridge Universities show similar results. Moreover, the private banking-houses in England are often compelled to reject applications for clerkships on account of lack of knowledge in regard to spelling.—*Era*.

We clip the following from the *Vassar Miscellany* for November:

"The question of co-education is meeting the careful consideration of the wisest and purest men and women of the day, and while they are discussing it earnestly, and watching prayerfully the first experiments it ill befits college boys to treat it with superciliousness and scurrility."

Never was there a more powerful argument against the college press than that combined in these few words. It points to the one rock on which we may all split,—a rock which too many of us have touched, and to which many are now unknowingly tending.

The temptation to put forth an opinion upon subjects we are but ill qualified to discuss is irresistible. To talk co-education, to reason knowingly concerning outside matters of state and politics, to sit in judgment upon the actions of a sister college,—these, editorially speaking, seem to us the "whole duty of man." Without such discussions we would consider a paper unutterably flat. Well, indeed, it *would be*. The very object of the press is centered around this one point.

It is intended that we should discuss these very subjects. They are all that give life to our pages. But there are two ways of doing this. One is to scribble off a page of conceited and flippant balderdash and endeavor to create a laugh by stale wit, when we cannot move by reason and sense; the other to endeavor by the use of what brains and knowledge Providence has placed at our disposal to throw some light on the subject in hand.

In the former case we not only deceive ourselves and call forth nothing but ridicule, but we also, as in the matter we have cited, oft-times work great evil, and lay ourselves open to the charge of ungentlemanliness and clownish behavior.

In the latter, while we may not be so brilliant in our display, yet respect will reward our own efforts.

We have brought up but one point where the unfortunate choice between these two methods has wrought evil. Can anyone look over the varied pages of the college press and say there are not others quite as glaring?

"Hail to thee, Absence! Friendship's touch and test!  
Thou art abused as Love's destroying foe.  
But little of thine office do they know  
Who call thee thus. Idealist the best—  
Delightful Fancy is thy constant guest,  
And flowers and fragrance showers at thy behest,  
If sound the heart, and fibred strong and true,  
The loves of years thou ever dost renew,  
Casting the sad away, and hoarding all the rest.  
From daily sight, beloved ones lie concealed  
Within thy clear obscure. Owe we thee hate.  
When sundered from all ill, there stand revealed  
The hidden glories thou dost indicate?  
Vanish friends' outward forms—if fresh and fair  
Their memories vital blossom in thy air."

Mrs. Ford.

AT MY STUDY WINDOW.—Some years ago a London newspaper is said to have offered a prize for legitimate rhyme to the word "window." A frantic correspondent sends us the following, to show that Rutgers *has* poetical "jaynius" left:

"There once was a respectable Hindoo,  
And he sang in most gorgeous array at a window:  
His solo was splendid—its key-note was in *do*—  
But what won't the envious powers of sin do?  
For a darkey outside said, "Dat's good. It's too t'in dough,  
Dat darkey stickin' hissself up for a Hindoo. —Targum.

AN IMPRISONED THOUGHT.

There's a sweet face where ever a half uttered thought  
Seems struggling forth as though it e'er sought  
To tell of some beauty, some fair fancy bright,  
Which else must lie hidden from all human sight.

Yes, sweet is the face, yet one sees not the lines,  
Which beauty e'er claims, and perchance there are times  
When the thought will arise, "whence is breathed this strange  
But the features all silent the query disarm. [charm,"

O'er the brow deeply shaded by dark waving hair,  
Full often it steals midst the fair shadows there,  
Then descending it lives in the eye and the cheek  
And plays in the lips till the face seems to speak.

Seems to speak, and in accents like music afar  
Would tell—Nay, 'tis fruitless for e'en as a star  
Midst the black vault of heaven tells its story each night,  
Those eyes have no tongue save their radiance bright.

But often I sit and I wonder what word  
Would leap from the canvass to make itself heard,  
And long to discover what tale it may be  
Those strange, speaking features are telling to me.

WILLOW-WOOD.

MUSIC COMPARED WITH PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

The order in which the fine arts have been ranked with reference to the power each possesses in conveying to the mind the idea of beauty, we learned, if we remember rightly, in the Freshman year. To us it seemed when this order was first brought up for consideration in the class room, that one of the arts had suffered an injustice. It must be admitted that we had some sympathy for this art which we imagined to be wronged, and have yet ; but it was very hard to accept the classification of the beautiful arts that says to music : "You are the most sensuous and must stand last."

It would be folly for one whose opinion chances to conflict with the judgment of students of art, to set up against their decision his little standard of rebellion, with no other force at his back than a private prejudice. It is not our object to make so bold ; but to compare music with painting and sculpture only as regards some different considerations from those on which their true order has been determined.

First to consider the pleasure which these arts afford ; and the manner in which it is derived from them.

The painter or the sculptor finishes his work of art, and it is left to remain in his studio or is assigned a place in the gallery. The artist himself has derived a degree of pleasure from it, as after each blow of the mallet or each touch of the brush, he has watched his ideal gradually assuming a sensible form. It is the enjoyment which artists of every kind derive alike from their labor. But after the last touch has been bestowed tenderly upon his creation, and it is given as a thing of beauty to the world, what a little, what a very little place after all does it occupy. Only a single pedestal, or a few feet of wall in a whole universe. There it remains in its assigned place to be enjoyed only by those who have the opportunity and the inclination to search for it ; nay, if it be a creation of only a little fame, it gives pleasure only to him who will stop to admire it, if amidst the many greater works that fill the gallery it happily attract its little share of notice.

True the painting or the statue may be copied, and thus in a degree the original idea affords pleasure to those who have never seen the work of the designer himself ; but of the greatest works, the copy can give only a suggestion of the true beauty, and at the best the artist's ideal is represented on only a few more pedestals, or a few more feet of canvas.

Compare this limited, narrow influence of the painting and the sculpture with the wide spread domain of music. The manuscripts of the great masters had only to be handed to the publisher, and their music has sounded the world over. The power of music is as great in its domain as that of literature itself. The wonderful harmonies of Beethoven, the heavenly passages in the music of Mozart, silently caught, by the magical power of genius from the world of ideal harmonies, are now the joy of the universe.

But there is another respect in which the music of the masters must be compared with the master pieces of sculpture and painting. The sculptured marble, and the painted canvas are given to the world merely to look at. When they leave the hand of the artist human skill is no longer responsible for their beauty. The great works of music on the other hand, are given to the world as a trust. Though the harmony is the composer's own, the rendering of it necessitates still another art, and is ever dependent upon other artists. It gives to music an additional charm, that we are able to add to its grandeur and beauty, in reproducing the harmonies of the composer with still greater instrumental effect as art advances. The sculptor sees his statue in its full beauty ; but the harmonies of the great masters have been given with greater effect since their death, than it was ever their own lot to hear.

The works of the sculptor and painter must perish. The block of marble that has been transformed into a shape of beauty cannot last forever ; though for centuries it may resist the effects of time, finally, by some rude touch the delicate work of the sculptor must perish. The marble hills may last to the end of time, but the chiseled statue is far too delicate to survive the changes and chances of history. But if marble is not hard enough to retain the beauty with which it is imbued, what must be said of the materials of the painter. Already the greatest master pieces are falling to ruin. Even if the canvas itself could endure to the end the paint would leave it, and as touch after touch of the artist's brush peals off, the work of the mighty master is left bare and expressionless. The body must perish while the soul lives, and the eternal idea must survive the earthly material in which for a time it has taken its abode.

Music is eternal. The painting and the sculpture surrender their beauty to the ruthless hand of time ; but music is free from the power of this destroyer. The ideas that are couched in harmony are preserved in the indestructible. The creations of the composer must remain, ever acquiring new beauty, to the world's end. Nay, who knows but after that, they shall be "a joy forever."

It is from music that poetry, the noblest of the arts, borrows half its beauty. The charms of music like those of poetry are for all ; and with poetry, music, sensuous though it be, shall alone outlive the perishable material of the earth.

# The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, DECEMBER 16, 1872.

EDITORS.

E. A. LARABEE.    NEWTON STRONG.    AQUILLA JONES.    E. G. RICHMOND.

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

TERMS:

College Year . . . . . \$2.00 | Single Copy . . . . . 15 cts.

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

A. C. Sanford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

The silent wheels of time have rolled their round, to some bringing pleasure, to others bringing pain until now we stand at the threshold of another Christmas vacation.

Christmas now, though it leaves its peculiar shining mark upon the history of the year, is not such an important epoch in our college history as it was in the days gone by. Then while we had no four weeks vacation to look forward to, there was still a period of mirth and festivity, which a Christmas at the college ever brought with it, that to many was far more pleasant than the prospect of a week or two at home. The prospective ride to hunt for greens, in which the Seniors and oftentimes a portion of the Juniors took part,—the trimming of the chapel in which the ladies lent a willing hand and which afforded fun for at least a week beforehand,—the huge loads of boxes from home,—the toil and bustle and then the hush of expectation,—these were but the prelude to one of the most eventful days in the college year. Then came the joys of Christmas itself. The services with their ringing anthems, the merry breakfast with its shouts of laughter, and the jovial dinner filled up the pleasures of the day and evening with its round of merrymaking in the gymnasium, closed the happiest hours of our college year.

But time has wrought its changes and now as we spend our Christmas far away at our different homes, our Alma Mater can boast of no such pleasures as filled the hours of the past.

The silent halls call in vain for the ring of our footsteps and the campus awaits in vain the sound of our voices. Ere we again take up the routine of our college life the snows of another year will be resting upon the earth and '72

"with all its gains,

Its maddening pleasures and its fretful pains"

will be a thing of the past. With the new year comes new life and new chances to retrieve what may have been lost. With the old depart all the evils and trials of the past. All have much to be thankful for; none are free from regret; and now as we stand here on the eve of what to us is a new year, we can find no better opportunity of rendering our thanks for the success which has crowned our efforts during the last few months. To the many who by kindly words and kindlier deeds have cheered us in our

work we yield our heartfelt thanks and to them in common with all those at whose hands the MERCURY has ever found a ready welcome,—to our fellow scribblers abroad as well as to our friends at home,—to our fellow students and our Alma Mater,—to one and to all we wish a

MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

## CLASS SUPPERS.

It has long been a custom among us, and a very good one it is, for the college classes to go to the expense in the course of a term or a year, of getting up a grand class supper. There is nothing more effectual in promoting good fellowship and strengthening class feeling, than class suppers; and they are deservedly popular with us. We think however, there is a danger of our losing half or more than half of the real enjoyment which might be derived from them, whenever the mere business of eating up the viands and of satisfying a tremendous appetite which has been nursed up for the occasion, is the only object kept in view. There should be something of an intellectual character at the same time to balance such a weight of animal indulgence. The lack of this might not be so strongly felt in a class of six or seven, where the smallness of the number admits of a social conversation that can be enjoyed by all, and so takes the place of any appointed exercises. But as classes become larger, and instead of your six or seven, the number is something like twenty, it requires a greater effort to be social; and a few words only dropped in between every eight or ten mouthfuls, with an occasional attempt at a funny remark submitted to the criticism of the rest of the table, is entirely inadequate to the task.

Of course to appoint an order of exercises exactly like the programme of a literary society is not our meaning. We should be far from recommending a debate, hardly more an essay, perhaps not an oration, or even an extemporaneous speech. At any rate all that depends on the class itself. But there should be something, and whatever it be, it should be of peculiar *class interest*. We would suggest as one thing, the reading of the class history. It would afford an excellent means of seeing how the class historian is doing his duty; and certainly nothing could add so much to the pleasure of these social gatherings of a class, as listening while sitting back in the chairs after the supper, to the events chronicled in their history since they met at a supper table before. We think the seniors, who had the last class supper, will say for themselves, that gay as their recent festivity was, it needed just some such thing as this to add very much more to the enjoyment of the occasion.

## THE GLEE CLUB IN CHICAGO.

Friday night, the 10th inst., was the time decided upon by the Ladies of St. James Church, Chicago, to give their Musical Festival, being the second in the series of entertainments, gotten up for the purpose of buying a grand organ for their church, as soon as it shall be rebuilt.

The College Glee Club, in response to an invitation to assist them in their entertainment, took passage over the North-Western, under a round trip pass, kindly given by the gentlemanly Manager of the road, Gen. Howe, and were soon in that most hospitable of cities, Chicago, "the Pride of the West."

Our ever faithful friend, Mr. Lightner of '70, better known as the amiable "Lit," met us at the depot with conveyances, to transport us to the different abodes of Hospitality, where no pains were spared to render our stay a treat, to which we shall ever look back with delight.

As we rode through the streets, where, one year ago, we had gazed upon nothing but the blackened debris of the best part of the city, we now gazed with admiration and wonder upon the *Surgentes Arces* of new Chicago. Purified by fire, she is rising from her dust and ashes, far more beautiful than before.

Promptly at 8 P. M., we repaired to Central Hall, the place chosen for the entertainment, where we found a great concourse of people had already assembled.

THE CONCERT

was highly entertaining and very classical, perhaps too much so in its tone.

The different pieces were well received and heartily applauded. The performances of Miss Annie Tinkham, Miss Ella White and Mr. Fritz Foltz were particularly fine, whilst the singing of Mrs. O. K. Johnson, to make use of her own initials, must be pronounced "O. K."

We clip from the Inter Ocean its concluding remarks upon the Concert :

"The exercises of the Fair were supplemented last evening by a *musical*, which afforded a most enjoyable entertainment. Besides the appearance of many and the most talented and accomplished amateur musicians of Chicago, the Racine College Glee Club were imported for the occasion, and their singing was one of the best received features of the entertainment."

THE FAIR.

Supposing this to be an invitation to remain and look after the many fair *ones*, who filled the Hall with "a blaze of beauty," we all, to a man, true to our natural instincts, innocently remained.

Numerous tables, which we had observed around the room, covered with deceiving linen, were now unmasked, and the true meaning of this wiley adept in the failings of human nature was at once perceived. He had us by the pockets, and we could not do otherwise than handsomely surrender.

The beautiful array of fancy articles, at fabulous prices, when vended by bewitching saleswomen, could not be resisted. We noticed our worthy choir-master with a doll's head sticking out of each pocket; a grave senior with a combination needle case which was warranted to keep his buttons on by simply placing it under his pillow when he goes to bed, and a firey looking tutor with a package of cigarettes, done up in silvered card-board and blue ribbons and warranted pure Havanna and a certain cure for aberration of intellect.

Severally and collectively we placed our valued treasures where our money *was*, and went away convinced that Chicago was a great city and the glory of the West.

We have often heard of a man's getting "a head put on him," but we never, till this excursion, knew of a man's getting

A NIGHT CAP

put on him in the way a certain senior of our party got one put on himself and two other unsuspecting victims of his generosity.

This reverend representative of '73 called, after the concert, at the residence of the gentleman who was enter-

taining a party of us, and being an old friend, and quite familiar with the place where the "elixir of life" was usually kept, he made the sign of the corkscrew to two of our number, and soon all three were enveloped in the gloom of an adjoining apartment.

What transpired in that apartment, doubtless, their tongues will never disclose. They soon returned, however, looking quite crest fallen and smelling like an apothecary shop. We opened our eyes a little, at the time, and thought it required a good many cigarettes to take the taste out of one of their mouths. Daylight told the tale. On a mantle piece in the room, aforementioned, stood an almost empty bottle, near it, three goblets and in the bottom of each goblet, the remnant of a fluid, which, though it looked like wine, proved to be a concoction of rum, molasses and rhubarb, for the cure of coughs and colds. Johnny had tapped the wrong bottle; but he told us, in the morning, that the medicine proved to be a capital night cap, sending him off quietly and peacefully to the land of nod and curing his hoarseness completely.

A SAD LOSS

A warbling soph, belonging to the party, was just green (leaf) enough to get himself totally wrecked on a coral reef, losing his fore-top sail and getting badly riddled by the darts of Cupid. His report next morning was substantially as follows: "Last night I lost my heart and my hat: the former was of no consequence, but I'd like mighty well to get my hat back."

THE RETURN HOME

was begun at 9.40 Saturday morning. Nothing of interest transpired on the way, save an altercation between one of our alto warblers and a car window in which the former lost a finger nail.

Altogether it was a most delightful excursion. If the financial success of the enterprising ladies of St. James Church is as good as was our enjoyment, they will be able to eclipse the "great organ" of the "Hub of the Universe" as completely as their city did her Fire.

B. Z.

We are sorry that the first appearance of the Histronics comes too late to be noticed in this number of the MERCURY. The society has two farces in readiness for Tuesday evening. The entertainment is to be given in the school room. The plays, "Lend me Five Shillings" and "No. 1 round the corner" are both good, and we feel safe in predicting a grand success. No one should fail to be present, especially as the entertainment is for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society and by buying a ticket you can be at the same time an instrument for good, and a spectator of a most delightful performance. The cast of characters is as follows :

LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

Mr. Golightly	-	-	-	-	Mr. F. S. Gault
Capt. Phobbs	-	-	-	-	Mr. J. A. Ellis
Capt. Spruce	-	-	-	-	Mr. E. F. Wickham
Moreland	-	-	-	-	Mr. G. W. Ball
Sam	-	-	-	-	Mr. W. K. Benton
Mrs. Major Phobbs	-	-	-	-	Miss C. E. Carlisle
Mrs. Capt. Phobbs	-	-	-	-	Miss W. Greenleaf

NO. 1 ROUND THE CORNER.

Flipper	-	-	-	-	Mr. W. K. Doan
Nobbler	-	-	-	-	Mr. E. A. Larrabee

## 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.	

—We publish in another column a poetical translation from the German, which was sent us by one of the old students who is now studying at Nashotah. We are particularly happy to hear from our friends at Nashotah, and trust we have this pleasure more frequently. Send us some more, "M."

—Trouble again. A pugnacious (?) Fresh, and a violent, awfully violent Senior were lately on the very point of madly encountering each other, and of engaging in a mill which could only have resulted in a blood stained, gory campus. In a moment of anger, an unguarded moment, the freshman had called the senior a liar! What could be done! The institution was trembling for the result, when the senior approached the freshman. An audible prayer went up from the crowd that the two would not be rash. The affair was amicably settled; if the freshman would take back the assertion that the senior was a *liar*, he need have no fear, he was told by the aggrieved party, of being called a *coward*.

The campus is bloodless; pure as the driven snow.

—The classical and somewhat Oxford like effect for which the recent addition to the grammar school buildings has been admired depends on circumstances. It was all lost the other day when about a dozen of the College "pork," having escaped from the precincts of the barnyard were contemplating a passage through the east entrance to the quadrangle.

—An innocent soph endeavored to amuse a professor with that little joke about Joan of Arc. The question is: "What was Joan of Arc made of?" and the answer, simple enough, "*maid of Orleans*." "Well, said the soph, "what was she made *out of*?" "Give it up?—Why, out of Orleans of course."

—The interior of the chapel has been greatly beautified by a handsome carpet on the altar steps. It is done by the Ladies' Aid Society. The organ was lately a total wreck; the fault of the weather. It is impossible to get a climate that will agree with it.

—It has been fashionable lately to get "sold," and to "sell." To ask such a question as who? which? what? when? why? or where? is to step into a trap that has been set for you and to be awfully "sold."

—Some one who had been engaged in putting down the carpet in the chapel left a handful of tacks in the pew where "Tommy" sits down. He got right up again, and spent the rest of the service in pulling them out.

—It is well known to students who have enlisted as missionaries to that part of town known as Canada, that the little boy population of the place is a great annoyance to the faithful missionary. We remember that, once upon a time when it was the fashion to wear very tight pantaloons, one of these wicked boys sang out to a slim legged member of the missionary society, and asked him whether he had to grease his legs to get them into those breeches.

But even such insulting remarks as this are of little consequence when compared with the treatment that the poor missionaries have suffered since snow balling time began. One of the more *daring* of their number has resolved to stand it no longer. He was inquiring last Sunday for a revolver. He only wanted just one cartridge, and he would see if those wicked boys would annoy him any more.

—On Tuesday evening last the seniors attacked their long awaited supper. It was a grand affair, and even the big eaters of the class, celebrated throughout the institution for their capacity, were obliged to succumb to many of the dishes in the varied bill of fare. Many of the brave boys who had conquered quail, prairie chicken and duck in their order, were only a feeble match for the wild turkey; and when the oysters and the venison were brought on could barely get along further with a total *unreef*. A valiant few dragged themselves through the ice cream and sweet meats at the end; but, oh dear! The supper was voted a success by all who could speak when it was over. The class owes its warmest expression of thanks to Mrs. Franklin by whose kindness everything was done that could make the supper a splendid affair.

—The cold weather has the effect of sending a large representation of collegiate muscle to the gymnasium in the afternoons. Shinny is impracticable. With the College and Grammar School both swinging around in the gymnasium at the same time, one is enabled to realize how small a place it is. We ought to have that new gymnasium.

—At the declamations on Saturday a freshman gave us Shylock's answer to Antonia. When he came to the line "For sufferance is the badge of all our *class*," which he slightly misquoted, the sense of its peculiar fitness for the mouth of a freshman suddenly overwhelmed him, and he paused so long that many thought he would make it his peroration and say no more.

—In this college, a college which has the reputation of being a high church institution, there is a freshman who has been here three months, has seen the procession of white robed priests and choristers march into the chapel at least once a day during that time, and did not know till yesterday what a *surplice* was. *O Tempora! O mores!*

—The students in chemistry were shown that beautiful experiment with phosphide of hydrogen in the laboratory a short time ago. Hope they enjoyed the sight of the vapory rings as much as the rest of the institution did the smell. Whew!

—The seniors are rejoicing over the prospects of a rest from their "Descriptive." They take up astronomy after the holidays. They don't know what may be in store for them in the study of those worlds above, but are perfectly willing to make the change.

—Some of the unfortunates who can never think of a subject for an essay, have the following method of escaping (?) difficulty: Several of them get together with the understanding that each of the number is to write on a bit of paper any subject he pleases, and that after the papers have been shuffled, each man shall accept for his text whatever he draws from the list. A malevolent senior recently contributed to such a list "The philosophy of the Twenti-

eth century," just for a cod; but it changed his opinion of the fun when he drew the subject himself. This is only the third time he has sought and obtained aid in a similar way.

### PERSONALS.

MARRIED in St. Louis Nov. 23d, by Rev. Dr. WEST, Mr. HARRY H. SIMON, formerly of '74, and Miss GEORGINA BROWN, both of St. Louis.

We are always glad of an opportunity to illumine our column of Personals with the notice of a wedding. It is rather late to insert the above, but the news did not come to us until after the last MERCURY was issued, and we are unwilling to lose it altogether. We seize our opportunity now, late as we are, of presenting to Mr. Simon and his wife, our hearty congratulations.

We had the pleasure while in Chicago at the St. James fair of meeting several of the old boys. LIGHTNER of '71, WHITMORE of '74, and GEORGE RUMSEY, a member of '70 in its sixth form days, we found at the depot as soon as we stepped from the car, and met them again at the concert. While walking up State St. LEGRAND BURTON of '67 passed us, but he was walking at such lightning speed that he was something like half a block away before we could identify him, and we had no opportunity of speaking to him. We had hardly been a minute in the concert hall when we ran against JIMMIE BOWEN, several years ago a student in the Grammar School. JAMES BISHOP, a grammar school member of '75, we found also at the concert. During the course of the evening another young fellow saluted us, but who he was we could never have told had he not said FRANK ALLPORT. He will be remembered by old grammar school students. We also found LESTER BURTON at the concert.

CORYDON CUTTING, formerly of '75, is now teaching the youthful mind of Mount Pleasant.

Several of the old boys made the college a visit on Sunday the 15th. Among them were MILTON LIGHTNER, and GEORGE RUMSEY, whom we have already mentioned as having seen in Chicago.

THOMAS, of '71, was also at the college. He is still studying medicine in Chicago.

HARRY SIMON also spent Sunday with us; he is looking jollier and happier than ever.

Mr. EDWARD C. WALL, and Mr. JOHN T. CROCKER, both students at Racine in the earlier days of the institution, made us a visit at the same time.

We were glad to have a visit last Sunday from our old friend WHITMORE of '74. "Billy" is looking first rate, and is apparently in as good trim as ever he was in the college nine matches. He has slightly changed his old look by raising a moustache, but when he took his place in the choir even that could not destroy what was otherwise so perfectly natural. He is in business at home in Quincy, Ill.

Old boys will remember HOLBORN, an old grammar school member of '73 and '74. "Mike" has a profitable agency of some kind in Memphis.

—We have lately heard from GEORGE CROGHAN. He is still studying in London, Ontario.

### EXCHANGE ITEMS.

Judging from the opinion of the *College Press* the *University Herald* is a valuable exchange. We should like to see it on our table.

A German lately married says: "Id vas youst so easy as a needle could walk oud mit a camel's eye as to get der behint vord mit a voomans."—*Ex.*

The poor horse that slaked its thirst on bung holes is not yet dead.

Scene on Westminster street, as the Sophomore and Freshman classes are marching to the foot-ball game: *Lady*: "Oh, who are those?" *Gent.*—"Convicts, my dear, marching from the court-room to the state prison." *Lady.*—"Oh, yes, I might have known. Poor fellows, what a hardened look they have."

Rather hard on one of the classes, isn't it? but we decline to say which one.—*Brunonian.*

*The Western Collegian*, Delaware, Ohio, for November 16, gives us on the title page, some appropriately "sad, yet sweet" verses to "Nature's Minor Keys," and a sufficiently long essay upon the cheerful subject of "Suicide" written much in the spirit of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." We like the paper, however, because in it the ladies tell the secrets of their hearts; only we do wish they wouldn't be given so terribly to the pleasures of the world.—*Ex.*

The fair students of Elmira Seminary are rejoicing over the acquisition of a brand new printing office, including type, press and all. It has been fitted up in the old laboratory, and now the little dears will learn how to set type, and we are to have *The Sybil* each term instead of annually as heretofore.—*Ex.*

Harvard's losses by the fire of Boston were very heavy. In order that the University may be placed on as good a financial basis as it was, two hundred thousand dollars was wanted within the next twelve months; over one hundred thousand has already been subscribed.

The *Vassar Miscellany*, for which we have been waiting so long, is at last on our table. It is a large magazine, published monthly, containing over seventy pages of reading matter, and in every way comes fully up to our expectations. We were especially pleased with some remarks in the course of the "EDITOR'S TABLE" on Co-education. It is as ably edited as any of our college exchanges. Of the forty-seven in the present senior class at *Vassar*, forty have elected chemistry; thirty-eight German; thirty-four, Mental Philosophy; fourteen, Astronomy; six, Greek; two, Latin; two, French; two, Rhetoric; one English Literature. In the Junior class Greek has been elected by two, and Latin by only one.

Thirty thousand copies of Tennyson's *Gareth and Linette* were "subscribed for" by London booksellers before the publication of the volume. It is said that orders for 9,000 copies of the second volume of Forster's *Life of Dickens* have already been received by the English publisher.

We have heard of late such rumors of discord in the *University of Chicago*, as might lead one to suppose that the institution is not in a very flourishing condition. It has been shown that such stories were originated by some members of the board of trustees, malevolently inclined towards the President of the University. Certainly if a College Paper is any index to the condition of the College itself, the *Chicago University* is all right. The *Volante*, both in type and matter, ranks among the best of our exchanges.

The *Era* still devotes a column to a freshman, who is practicing himself in the Artemus Ward orthography. The performances of Hallowe'en are fondly cherished in the memory of the university, and now, it would seem, afford as much enjoyment to the readers of the *Era* as they did on Hallowe'en to the high toned Sophs and Freshies who engaged in them. Gate Eve must indeed be a glorious occasion if the bare recollection of it is relished as a steady diet for a month thereafter. The University is to have a boating gymnasium, provided with rowing weights, &c., for the use, not only of the University Crew, but also to accommodate any members of the Navy who may wish to take regular practice.

The Yale University Crew for 1873 has been announced. The *Courant* says hard work and strict training will be the order of the day hereafter.

One of the finest collections of musical autographs extant—that of the late M. Thalberg—will be sold at Naples in a few weeks. The catalogue includes the original MSS. of Beethoven's First Mass, a cantata by Handel, a song by Mozart, another by Haydn, and an unpublished quartet by Mendelssohn.

*Prof. on Chemistry*: "What makes the sea salt?"

*Senior*: (undecided) "Well it is the—ah—" "Codfish" interposes the senior who is "ponying" him, in a loud whisper.—*Hamilton Lit.*

The young gentlemen of Racine College are possessed of at least one Monopoly. We read nowhere else of the country for miles around being ransacked for "shiny sticks."—*Ex.*

The Sophs at Yale have a dog which they have taught to prey upon the tender limbs of Freshmen. From accounts the animal appears to be an intelligent one. It has so far profited by its instruction as to tear a fearful hole in a poor freshies' pantaloons.

A lady in reply to some guests who praised the mutton on the table, said: "Oh, yes, my husband always buys the best; he is a great *epicac*."—*Ex.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE ALDINE FOR 1873.

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The quarterly tinted plates, for 1873, will reproduce four of John S. Davis' inimitable child-sketches, appropriate to the four seasons. These plates, appearing in the issues for January, April, July, and October, would be alone worth the price of a year's subscription.

The popular feature of a copiously illustrated "Christmas" number will be continued.

PREMIUM CHROMOS FOR 1873.

Every subscriber to *The Aldine*, who pays in advance for the year 1873, will receive, without additional charge a pair of beautiful oil chromos, after J. J. Hill, the eminent English painter. The pictures, entitled "The Village Belle," and "Crossing the Moor," are 14 x 20 inches,—are printed from 25 different plates, requiring 25 impressions and tints to perfect each picture. The same chromos are sold for \$30 per pair in the art stores. As it is the determination of its conductors to keep *The Aldine* out of the reach of competition in every department, these chromos will be found correspondingly ahead of any that can be offered by other periodicals. Every subscriber will receive a certificate, over the signature of the publishers, guaranteeing, that the chromos delivered shall be equal to the samples furnished by the agent, or the money will be refunded.

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"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XII.

RACINE COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 1, 1873.

No. 7.

### THE LOST PRINCE.

Also von Zeit zu Zeit Königsöhne kamen und durch die Hede in das Schloß bringen wollten. Es war ihnen aber nicht möglich, den die Dornen hielten sich zusammen als hatten sie Hände und die Junglinge bleiben darin hängen und starben jämmerlich.—Dornröschen.

How now? Has surly winter  
Yielded up his dread domain?  
Will the sleeping forests waken,  
And the flowers bloom again?  
See! the snow and ice are fleeing  
'Fore the warm sun's kindling rays,  
And the bright clear vault of heaven  
Surely heralds summer days.  
'Tis the prince who frees Dornroschen!  
See, attendant in his train,  
Come the soft and gentle zephyrs,—  
Soon the earth will wake again.  
From her close bound icy fetters,  
With a kiss he'll set her free;  
Bird and flower but wait his coming,  
Hail! The mighty prince—'tis he.

\* \* \* \* \*

- Dark, gray, and gloomy, the even draws on;  
All quenched is each warm sunny ray.  
The hail and the sleet  
Sweep the long dismal street,  
Fitting close for a drear winter's day.  
Cold, black and murky the heavens so blue,  
Like a pall shroud the shivering earth—  
'Midst the sighing wind's moans  
Hark! The dying prince groans,  
Whilst the frost elves dance round him in mirth.  
Stiff, lifeless and still lie those fair royal limbs,  
All silent that heart true and brave,  
Which a maid's fetters moved  
To desert all it loved  
And go forth to a chill wintry grave.  
Too well but not wisely his labors were wrought,  
All his love has but brought him to this,  
But others must try,  
And like him must die,—  
Many more—ere earth wakes to a kiss.

WILLOW WOOD.

### "THE STORY OF DOOM."

There was once a child, so says the old Third Reader, who, seeing a jar of filberts on his mother's table, thrust in his hand to get some of them. He grasped so many that, try as hard as he could, he was not able to pull his hand out again. His mother observing his difficulty advised him to drop a part of the nuts; he did so and removed his hand with ease. *Mutato nomine* the story is told of Miss Ingelow:

This may seem a rather severe criticism to many of her admirers, but we cannot help thinking that it is a just one, when we compare her first volume of poems with "The story of Doom." People who remember things written as

far back as ten years ago, will remember when that first volume appeared, and when Miss Ingelow first began to be read and talked about on this side of the Atlantic. They will remember also what delight her poems gave to both young and old. For the young there was nothing like them, unless, it be some of Tennyson's later poems; for our own part we read them stealthily behind our desk at school, and in the winter evenings, until we knew them almost by heart. There was freshness and originality in them, and everybody felt it, and looked forward to the future productions of the new writer with great interest. It was very evident, perhaps, that Miss Ingelow's talent was not of the highest order, but it was, we think, equally evident that she *had* talent, which, if rightly used, would not only give pleasure to many, but would make her beloved wherever the English language is spoken.

All who have experienced the sort of shock it gives to meet, after a long interval, a friend whom we have loved and valued, and to find him so changed, that he can no longer be held in the same esteem as before, will understand the feeling with which we read the "Story of Doom." To find that this poet whom we had so delighted in, had been contented to bury her best talent, and go to imitating the talents of other people, was quite a severe shock.

"The Story of Doom" which relates the history of Noah, proved to be in its general character a sort of copy of the unreality of the "Idyls of the King;" and in the other long poem of the book "Laurance," there was also a perceptible imitation of the Laureate's style, especially in the descriptions of country life and scenery. It was while reading these two poems that we were forcibly reminded of the boy and the filberts. It seemed as if Miss Ingelow in grasping after great thoughts, had gone beyond her depth. This was a characteristic fault, indeed, of the first volume; but there it was confined to shorter passages, and was not nearly so noticeable.

The ballad of "Winstanley" is as unreal as the "Story of Doom." If the incident had been told in simple language, such as we are all accustomed to, the ballad would have been a thrilling one; but with its antiquated expressions, its "quothe he's," "good master mayors," and "ladies gay," it is as far removed from our everyday life as can be, and it is extremely doubtful whether the children for whom it was written, ever learned it by heart as their ancestors did the ballads of old time.

It is decidedly pleasant to turn from "Winstanley" to the lovely little song entitled "Apprenticed;" this, indeed, is in the old English style, but it has about it a certain youthful feeling and tenderness which belongs to all time and speaks to every heart. It recalls pleasant memories of the poet's earlier writings. So does that one of the "Songs

with Preludes" called "Wedlock," which is quite as beautiful in its way. The story is prettily and simply told, and there is a charming freshness about it which makes one return to it again and again, as he wanders through the barren waste of the "Story of Doom."

It is in the ballad that Miss Ingelow excels, and it is upon her ballads that her popularity will rest. "The High Tide," which Whittier has called the best ballad of our time, and the "Songs of Seven" will live among the people long after "Laurance" and the "Story of Doom" have been deservedly forgotten. The finest poems in all her volumes, have the true ballad ring in them. Take, for instance, the two just referred to; "Wedlock" and "Apprenticed," or that lovely little song in the "Poems of Love and Childhood," called "The Long White Seam;" they are all ballads in style and feeling. The last mentioned is the soliloquy of a sailor, who, coming into the harbor, sees his betrothed sewing on her wedding gown:

"As I came round the harbor buoy,  
The lights began to gleam;  
No wave the land-locked water stirred,  
The crags were white as cream,  
And I marked my love by candle light,  
Sewing her long white seam.

It's aye sewing ashore, my dear,  
Watch and steer at sea,  
It's reef and furl, and haul the line,  
Set sail, and think of thee."

Such songs as these, full of freshness, grace and simplicity, are the true expression of the poet's talents; not the "Story of Doom." Sweetly sung, they are welcome listened to. Charming the ear by their almost perfect rhythm, and arousing the best emotions by their tender pathos, they are the ballads worthy to be learned by heart.

OUT-OF-THE-WAY STATION, }  
January 21st, '73. }

DEAR MERCURY:—Did you ever pass a winter in the country, and if so, how many?

I remember that certain members of the class of '73 used to write long essays upon "Life in the country;" well, from their glowing description, one might have thought country life a kind of Utopian dream. I can distinctly recollect how they were wont to describe in glowing terms the pleasure to be derived from "communing with nature's choicest works." Now let me correct the error in the minds of those unfortunate gentleman. I can assure them from my own experience that it is not at all pleasurable to "commune with nature;" at present it is decidedly cold comfort. I have tried it, but Dame Nature, arrayed in her old, white nightcap, is by no means a pleasant companion.

I once thought it was cold at Racine, but on the prairie it is still colder; I know up north I managed to keep from freezing by the aid of the gymnasium stove. By the way; on exercise afternoons do the students keep the stove as warm as ever?

Can any one up your way tell me the meaning of the "M. C. Circle?" To-day I received a circular from the Secretary of the "M. C. S." He wanted me to join the Circle. It is evidently a matrimonial society.

I think it would be a good "idea" (I use the word "idea" as the ladies use it, and not in a philosophical sense) to send a number of the circulars to some of the old maids and bachelors I know: they will never have a better chance; but for myself I don't think it a good opening for a "young man just entering &c."

We are a very plain set up this way; we don't wear low neck collars, and pink cravats, but we do revel in top-boots; in fact we pride ourselves on our cowhides.

Last Saturday I was in a barber shop, and I told one of the colored boys that I would give him fifteen cents to black my boots; he jumped at the chance, but I am sure I couldn't let the *contract to that* darkey again. I had worn the boots nearly a month, but, alas! they had never seen a blacking brush before. The "colored troops fought nobly," however, and in the course of half an hour my boots shone nearly as brightly as the darkey's face; he said he thought he *earned* that fifteen cents, and I don't know but what he did.

Sometimes one sees strange characters in the country. A man came to the house the other day and wanted to get warm; of course we gave him a seat by the fire, and of course, he did not take off his hat while in the house; but, now I think of it, he did take his hat off once—to scratch his head. He said his feet were cold, as he had no stockings. I pitied him, but didn't rush off and get him a pair, for I don't think he was a very appreciative person.

He next in a very unsophistical manner, made the following statement: "I bought a pair of stockings in Fulton, and I hadn't worn them much more than a couple of weeks before they wore out," I "heaved a sigh" and felt like saying, "my dear friend, how long do you generally wear stockings?" But I did get "riled" when the old reprobate got up and started off without saying a word of thanks. I was going to ask him where he left his manners. They too were probably worn out.

The vernacular of this district is very peculiar. I shan't attempt to give any examples, for I should have to spell by ear, and, judging from my efforts at Racine, I might not do the dialect justice.

I wish some of "ye mighty nimrods" of the college could enjoy a days hunt with me; now, I cant shoot much, but still I manage to inveigle the patridges; I wait till the dog "sets" and then I shoot where his nose points; I have reduced it to a fine point now, and the other day I got several quail in that way. There are to be sure other ways in which I might inveigle them, trapping, whis-key-fying corn &c; but I am afraid that would be taking an undue advantage of the poor birds.

With this as the introduction to what may in the end turn out to be a series of papers upon the manners, customs, language, laws &c., of this well nigh unknown country.

I subscribe myself with pleasure,

Truly Yours,

JANG.

Country Correspondent of College Mercury.

A young man who was crossed in love attempted suicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

## CLOSED DOORS.

## EXPERIENCE IN TAYLOR HALL.

If one thing has this term been impressed upon our minds more strongly than another, it is that Taylor Hall is hard to get into when you are out, and hard to get out of when you are in. Before vacation the experiment was tried of keeping the west door locked, in order to bar out the raging Zephyrs of the prairies, and keep them from roaming at will about the halls. How it worked every one remembers. Every one was ready, we believe, to acknowledge that the halls were a little warmer, but at the same time it was the almost universal opinion that, taking it all around, it would be a little pleasanter to freeze than to go to the trouble of learning by experience that the door in question would not open. It was pretty hard to learn, as every one who had to carry out ashes, or had occasion to "go west" on other accounts, invariably discovered.

But this term, on account of the recent raids of the mercury upon the zero regions, the closing up "gag" has been resorted to with still greater enthusiasm.

When the omnibus landed us at Taylor Hall on our return to the College, we naturally supposed that the quickest way of getting into the building, would be to go to the nearest door. We did this, and found it could not be opened. After jerking the knob once or twice, we remembered that this was the door that was in the habit of not coming open before the holidays. We tried the next, and much to our surprise found ourselves locked out again. As this was several hours after roll call, we began to have some apprehension that this was a piece of discipline; and recalled the words of the poet "Too late, too late, thou canst not &c." Probably, we should have returned home in despair if we had not slipped down the basement steps into the wood room, and found ourself in the building at last.

It would be hard to invent a more striking picture of human misery, than a poor fellow who is trying to carry a pan of hot coals out of the building, and has forgotten about these closed doors. Of course he goes straight for the west door as if he could walk right through it, and of course he finds he can't. Now, a pan of coals instead of cooling off in the course of such a journey as this, invariably gets hotter, and if our friend quietly says "darn" he can hardly be blamed. In order to get rid of his uncomfortable burden as soon as possible, (for it is "still a heating") he hurries to the north entrance on the other side of the house. He thinks he has reached the end of his pilgrimage now, but he has not; the fact is, the door is locked. This is enough to make almost anyone lose his temper altogether, but we will suppose our friend is not profane. He makes a dive for the basement stairs; of course he can get out by going through the billiard room. With both hands almost cooked, and the perspiration standing on his forehead, he flies like a fiery meteor at this last exit. "For mercy's sake, gentlemen," he says, "one of you open this door." A billiardist stops chalking his cue for a second and reminds him with cool deliberation, that this door has been locked in order to keep the building warm. He can get out by going to the other end of the basement and going through the wood room. Here we will leave him.

We have been wondering ever since the linseed excitement, how the illuminated clothes basket happened to go

to the right door the first time. Had it not, the building might have been warmed far beyond the reach of the "Babcock."

What a man says or does is often an uncertain test of what he is. It is the way in which he says or does it that furnishes the best index of his character. It is by the incidental expression given to his thoughts and feelings by his looks, tones and gestures, rather than by his deeds or words that we prefer to judge him, for the simple reason that the former are involuntary. One may do certain deeds from design, or repeat certain professions by rote; honeyed words may mask feelings of hate, and kindly acts may be performed expressly to veil sinister ends; but the "manner of the man" is not so easily controlled. The mode in which a kindness is done often affects us more than the deed itself. The act itself may have been prompted by one of many questionable motives, as vanity, pride or interest; the warmth or coldness with which the person who has done it asks you how you do, or grasps your hand, is less likely to deceive. The manner of doing anything, it has been truly said, is "that which marks the degree and force of our internal impression; it emanates most directly from our immediate or habitual feelings; it is that which stamps its life and character on any action; the rest may be performed by an automaton." A favor may be conferred so grudgingly as to prevent any feeling of obligation, or it may be refused so courteously as to awaken more kindly feelings than if it had been ungraciously granted.

*Prof. Matthews.*

Scene: (The College Yard.) *1st Soph*: "I say, Bill! What divinity do you think presides over the weather this week?"

*2d Soph*: (from a puddle.) Give it up!

*1st Soph*: (who elects Icelandic and Gothic.) Why, the Great Northern God, Thor!

(The two Sophs float pensively away.)

*Magenta.*

Many persons—besides school boys and college students—use the phrase, "He is a brick," without the least idea that it is supposed to be of classic origin! It is said that King Agesilaus, being asked by an ambassador from Epirus, why they had no walls for Sparta, replied "We have." Pointing to his marshaled army, he said: "There are the walls of Sparta; every man you see is a brick."

*Harper's Weekly.*

The most original spelling we have ever seen is the following. It beats phonetics:

So you be—a tub. So oh! pea—a top. Be so—bat. See so—cat. Pea so—pat. Are so—rat. See oh! double you—cow. See you be—cub. See a bee—cab. Be you double tea—but. Ce a double all—call.

One of the Seniors was asked by a young lady what the rowing costume of the University crew was. He saved the lady's modesty and his own veracity by replying that "was not much of a costume."—*Record.*

The Theologue who was heard to exclaim "no gal" in a sad, pathetic tone, we are glad to learn, was but conjugating a Hebrew verb. Strange stuff, that Hebrew.—*Record.*

# The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 1, 1873.

EDITORS.  
E. A. LARRABEE.      NORTON STRONG.      AGUILLA JONES.

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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."

A. C. Sandford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

We are sorry to be obliged to come forward in our first number of this term with an apology for lateness. Owing to an unexpected press of work in our publishing office, the MERCURY has been unavoidably delayed. We must beg your indulgence for coming out a little late, and can promise, we think, that such a delay shall not occur again.

As we begin our editorial column for the first MERCURY of the new year, we find it necessary to say once more, something that we said when we took up our MERCURY work in September, and which has been said by editors before us over and over again.

Contributors to the MERCURY! where are they? In spite of the many earnest appeals we have made to our fellow students, we are compelled to say hopelessly: We don't know. We received a few contributions it is true before Christmas, but with only one or two exceptions, they did not come as one would have most expected them, from the students themselves; but from sources outside. We are at a loss to understand why this should be. If there is one feature in our collegiate training at Racine of which we have reason to be proud, it is in the thoroughness of our course in English and composition. There are few institutions, we believe, where more attention is paid to this branch of education than in ours; and if there is any virtue in the course of English literature in the Junior year, or any results to be reaped from the frequent requirement of essays, throughout all four years of the college curriculum, surely each MERCURY ought to shine resplendent with a galaxy of brilliant contributions.

That we have many good writers in our number, not only in the upper classes, but among the Sophomores and Freshmen as well, has been fully evinced in the class room, society and elsewhere. What are they doing for the MERCURY?

From the Seniors and Juniors, classes which contain so much literary ability, and many of whose members combine with a graceful and easy style, not only good common sense, but the gift of wit and humor as well, we have received since September but three contributions: a short article on the gymnasium, two or three "locals," and an essay that we asked for. We do not despise these gifts; "small contributions are thankfully received." We merely

wish for more. We cannot look at our best exchanges without wondering at the amount of ready assistance the editors receive from contributors in all of the classes, and we are fully convinced that our college paper can never stand in the first rank until it is supported by some contributors outside the staff of editors, who with their greater amount of leisure, are willing to turn some of their spare time into a few columns of "copy." Our work is necessarily quick and hurried; yours can be careful and polished.

Some experience in correcting proof and in preparing copy for the press will be valuable to anyone, and those who are not availing themselves of this opportunity of acquiring some such experience, will never find another attended with so many advantages. Once more, then, we offer to share with you the columns of the MERCURY, hoping to see evidence before the next number, that this cordial invitation has been accepted.

## ADDISONIA.

It seems almost too much like "harping on an old tune" to call attention once more to the benefits which so certainly accrue to one who makes a proper use of his time in a debating society.

Yet as month after month rolls by and one by one the public meetings of Addisonia come before us for notice, it is the one thought that first springs up in our mind. The public meeting for February took place upon the evening of Tuesday the 4th.

The debate upon the question "Resolved that it would be expedient to adopt the law of compulsory education in the United States," was carried on by Messrs. Jones and Ames on the affirmative and Larrabee and Hudson on the negative. The only draw-back to the interest of the debate, which was quite spirited, was the absence of all visitors.

We will not enter into detail, but simply give the decision of the moderator which was in favor of the affirmative, in the debate, and the negative, as far as the question was concerned.

We would add in conclusion, for the benefit of those of our friends who still seem to be so afflicted with forgetfulness, that the public meetings of Addisonia take place *the first Tuesday in every month* at 8.30 P. M.

## THE SMOKING ROOM.

Reader, hast thou lately in thy perigrinations throughout the lower floors of that abode of peace and quiet, Taylor Hall,—hast thou, I say, ever noticed a long, somewhat narrow room, with a few chairs, a stove and a billiard table in it?

Thou hast! Well, reader, that *was* the smoking room; alas! *Ilum fuit*, it is no more. A sullen silence now fills that mysterious chamber, and the click of the billiard ball and the occasional remark of the player scarce serve to wake the sleeping echoes of its depths.

There, in the corner, is the battered framework that once served as the resting place of the slender "corpus" of poor Ph—ty. There in a circle sat the never failing band of harmonious songsters. What strains of melody have wound their way through that yawning crack yonder. What peals of laughter have shaken those panes and hurried off up the sounding staircase.

Will those days ever return,—those golden, glorious days when mirth lent its hand to help the pipe and cigar in their soothing influence? Those days, when to be a smoker was to be a small sized king!

They are all become the victims of the past. The echoes must still slumber, the melodies of other years may cling to the old walls, but they are alone.

The smoking room is gone, its days are over and only its memories remain.

*Requiescat in pace.*

#### CLASS DAY.

What is the object of class day? Although we have several times put this question to those of our friends whom we have happened to meet when revolving this subject in our mind, we have yet to receive a clear and definite answer to our inquiry. One says it is to give the class an opportunity of "spreading itself" and allowing those of its members whose talents might otherwise never become known in public, an opportunity to make good their claims to that distinction which one so readily awards to a graduating class as a whole. Another discarding any such deep policy in its design, says the object of "class day" is to get the fellows together and have a good time.

We should like to comment on the apparent dissimilarity yet real consanguinity, so to speak, which exist between these two views, but of that anon.

Number three, says it is a formal "thank you" and farewell on the part of the class as a body, to the college and all connected therewith.

While many other answers have been returned us more or less varied in their character, we do not think there are any which may not be included within the bounds of these three.

Turning from our friends to our selves, we again put the question: What is the object of class day? Whence comes the echo so aptly weaving in verse the thought we are so earnestly striving to grasp?

Hark!

"When envious time, with unrelenting hand  
Dissolves the union of some little band,  
A band connected by those hallowed ties,  
That from the birth of lettered friendship rise,  
Each lingering soul before the parting sigh,  
One moment waits to view the years gone by;  
Memory still loves to hover o'er the place,  
And all our pleasures and our pains retrace."

No "spreading ourselves;" no pushing forward of those whose lack of industry has hidden their talents; no good time and "hurrah-boys." These if they come at all must come as the accidents, not the objects of class day.

Yet, think not, friends, we would banish that festivity and pleasure, that throwing open of the soul's inmost doors, which are the invariable accompaniments of the advent of this all important occasion.

Let them come and welcome, but let them be regarded as the effect of class day, the cause lies higher.

The "little band," for, be its number what they may, it must be small compared to the endless multitudes amongst whom it is soon to be thrown—the "little band," we say, was never so closely united as on this, the day in which they view with the fond eye of memory, the four short years so full of life and labor. Never so closely united, nor ever to be so again. Here, standing hand in hand, living over in a few short hours the varied episodes of his college course, each one looks fondly back upon those

"years gone by." He sees before him all those whom these years have rendered so dear. His heart is filled to overflowing with the thronging recollections of their kindness and sympathy, and with this one "long lingering look behind," he bids them (in the name of his class, which has made him what he is) a last farewell.

This it seems to us is the object of class day. There may be the minor preparations for the perpetuation of the memory of the class, such as the Class Ivy, &c., but these are but a small portion off the work of class day. The address of the president, the poem, the class history, all of which—and this last in particular—are adapted to the reviving of old time memories; the class song and the class farewell; these are the true and essential parts of class day.

Our friends were not so far astray after all. Each contributed a part of the truth, none contributed all.

There has been a desire for a change in the class-day programme for some years past. In all likelihood this is the year which will see it brought about. If the prophecy is to be dropped, well and good, class-day will lose nothing by its absence; if other changes are to be made, we need not to fear for the result, if only the one main and true object of the day be kept well before us. Let but this one idea be carried out, let the memories be recalled as they may, so they be recalled, and we pause to "view the years gone by,"—class day will be all that it should be.

#### BIG CORNELL AND LITTLE HOBART.

"We observe that the weakly little monthly of the sickly little "College" at Geneva *applauds an attack* made by a similar journal in a similar institution at Clinton. This is all right! But turn about is fair play, and if there is to be a new comedy of "The Critic" we propose to enact our part and to criticise our critics. First, then, for *Hobart College.*"

This is *Era's* pretext for a three column article which appears in the last number of that paper, and was destined to sink poor Hobart in the lowest depths of humility. We know nothing about the condition of Hobart, except what we have read in the *Era*; and indeed nothing about mighty *Cornell* itself, save what we have learned from the same source. According to the *Era*, however, the facts are these: Hobart is weak and sickly. It has few students and very few professors. Its library is little; its scholarship poor, and what buildings it has are small and of brick, and are built in a very plain style of architecture. This is Hobart. On the other hand, however, we have a picture of Cornell. Cornell, says the *Era*, has a big library; Cornell has employed in instruction over forty of her Faculty; Cornell has many students; while Hobart's buildings are worth only \$12,000, Cornell is going to have \$600,000 worth; nay, Cornell expends on her students twelve times as much as Hobart does. Cornell in fact, is this, that and every thing great, while as for Hobart, no words are mean enough to express its utter debility.

"Magna est Corneliانا et prevalebit."—*Cornell Era.*

We take the liberty of saying only one thing. If Harvard and Yale, Princeton, and the University of Michigan are the only institutions with which Cornell can think of maintaining a rivalry, would not the *Era* do better when it has another occasion to dress up its beloved institution in her finest colors, to stand her up beside her only rivals, and chuckle over her contrast with them?

## 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 Rev. Mr. McCook, who made us a visit last spring, and who took a great interest in our games during his stay with us, has lately sent the college a prize bat, to be played for in the match games, and to be won we believe, by the cricketer whose score in the Badger and Clarkson matches is highest for the year. A handsomer prize it would be difficult to design. The bat is of the finest make, and would be of great beauty even unadorned; but in addition to this it is highly ornamented with pure silver. Two silver bands surround the blade; one near the shoulder and the other at the end. Upon the face of the blade, between the bands a plate of silver has been set, upon which the name of each winner is to be engraved in succession. Upon the bands are engraved the words "Strong and Gentle," "Pure and Brave." The handle of the bat is also encircled with two silver bands, and from the end of the handle, which is surmounted with silver, a silver chain suspends a cricket ball, likewise encircled around and across the seam. To win a place for one's name on so magnificent a prize, is an honor for which we can predict a hard struggle; and as the prize is for us as students and cricketers of the college, the MERCURY takes this opportunity of rendering to the kind donor in behalf of both college and grammar school, the heartiest thanks.

—We actually must protest against the practice of letting the children go to town unattended. Now, there was "Pap;" he put on his shining "ploog" one day when no one knew what he was doing, and in his child-like innocence went all the way to town entirely alone. Of course such rashness must meet with its reward. He was confronted on his way back, by one of those horrid bull dogs, and the poor child was terrified almost to death. Fortunately a kind gentleman who saw his distress, asked him what his name was, and brought the dear boy back to us in safety. It is well for us that this resulted in no greater harm than a lateness to chapel. It is bad enough for our darling boy to have the croup, let alone his being made the prey of great fierce bull dogs.

—For the sake of removing the dull monotony that broods over this portion of the college year, and in lieu of something better to do, our friends in the "family circle" are having pleasant little operas of their own. The greatest success so far, is the "Bohemian girl," in which the role of the fair blonde is assigned to the long and slender "WHY-HOYLSO" who appeareth in a pair of red flannel drawers and howleth most melodiously. Can any one imagine a more delicious arnuff? The audience stand on their chairs in rapturous delight, and peer upwards through opera glasses at his countenance, which hangs like a radiant orb in the heavens.

—The proprietors of the eating establishment at Waukegan, want the boys to pass over their change after this, before they help themselves to the pies and sandwiches. How anyone can be so thoroughly selfish and mercenary as to exact tribute from the weary traveler, we are at a loss to

understand. All the railroad stations are beginning to do this now. It is a downright fraud. By all means let us have Free Lunch!

—One of the unexpected blessings of the new rule in regard to smoking, is the easy and expeditious way of freeing a room from a non-smoking friend when he happens to drop in at the wrong time. Put a pipe under his nose and puff.

—Our chief amusement during the past fortnight, has been found in watching our friends perambulate the chapel walks. Convex, curving and up and down hill, these walks afford, when covered with a smooth coating of ice, abundant facilities for the display of graceful motion. To see a fellow go down the "shoot" with increasing velocity, grasp nervously at the chapel railing, totter for a few seconds, and finally "spread himself" all over the walk, is a most gratifying spectacle to his friends.

—The seniors have succeeded in obtaining the indulgence of smoking in each others rooms. A non-smoking member of the class whose unselfish and obliging disposition, induced him to sign the petition for this privilege, was visited the other evening by the smokers, who offered him the honor of being "smoked out." The crowd pulled at their pipes for more than an hour in vain; one of their assistants began himself to "get pale around the gills" in his prodigious efforts to make somebody sick. The host was found smoke proof.

—The college has lately been full of amateur professors of elocution. "Too late, too late" and "come into the garden, Maud," could be heard at any hour of the day rendered according to "our system" in every variety of accent.

—Going down town comfortably is cheaper than it used to be. Two rival teams were waiting at Taylor Hall last Monday, and under the benefits of competition were both filled up at the charge of five cents a head; the pleasure of a sleigh ride inducing almost every one to have some business in town. The rides afforded an excellent opportunity to howl some college songs. "Saw my leg off short," was yelled on one occasion with such a will, that it resulted in taking an old gentleman on the sidewalk almost off his pins. At this rate we think we can vouch for two crowded sleighs every Monday while snow lasts.

—Terrible excitement in Taylor Hall; a careful youth tied up some linseed in the corner of his counterpane for safe keeping; but the counterpane was taken to the linen room and packed in a clothes basket, and not liking the situation, made it hot for both basket and bedding. We smelt something in the building as soon as we returned from supper, and the report having spread that there was fire some where, a search was immediately begun. Somebody came so "remarkably close" as to accuse the tin heat conductors, to which a furnace had once been attached, of concealing the fire. The ever ready Babcock was called forth and stuffed down the pipe, when the true source of the danger was discovered in the above mentioned clothes basket. It was carried to the nearest door and formally expelled.

MORAL:—Keep your linseed in a bottle.

—It is possible by taking considerable pains to "muddle" even a senior, as was shown in the Astronomy class the other day.

*Professor:* On what point of the globe would you be if you could not go in any direction without going south?

*Student:* (after reflection) At the north pole.

*Professor:* What direction from every other point on the globe is the north pole?

*Student:* (can't see what the professor is "trying to get through him") Why, why, ah,—south.

About the only change we found in returning to the college after the holidays, was in the rules regarding the smoking. The smoking room has been given up, and smoking permitted in the rooms at any hour instead. The change is we think a remarkably wise one. The existence of a smoking room could not fail to be attended by some evils which are perfectly foreign to smoking itself.

—A tender freskie was inflicted with a terrible nightmare when he first returned to his collegiate couch. He succeeded in retaining sufficient presence of mind to howl, and in this manner, after disturbing the repose of the wing in which he lives, he finally managed to wake up himself, in time to escape having his mouth plugged with a boot. He dreamt somebody had hold of him. College fare too much for his stomach just at first.

—The College Nine are practising three days in the week in the gymnasium, preparatory to taking up the study of "Indian clubs." Muscle of all kinds is rapidly rising.

The positions for the coming year with one exception, will be about the same as in the Nine of last year.

—A glass case has been made, and placed in the parlor of Kemper Hall, in which the numerous cricket and base ball cups, the senior hat, class baby prizes and other silver ware that belongs to nobody in particular, is hereafter to be kept. When filled with all the "pretty things" it rivals a jewelry shop.

—Two students in astronomy class discussing the relative size of the comets of '61 and of '65:

*1st Student.*—(unable to convince the other party.) Professor, the comet of '65 was larger than that of '61, was it not?

Certainly.

*2nd Student.*—(sotto voce.) Well, it wasn't in Janesville at any rate. (Janesville is in Wisconsin.)

### PERSONALS.

FRANK P. DAY, of '72 is now a member of the firm of Wall, Belvin, & Day, Commission merchants for the sale of manufactured and leaf tobacco and cigars, in St. Louis.

In another column we publish a letter from DOAN of '73. "Jang" has been amusing himself in the country by felling small monarchs of the forest. He says, Indian clubs are nowhere compared with the ax, either for "getting up the muscle," or for raising blisters.

We had the pleasure a few days ago of receiving a visit from OSBORN and McLEAN, of '71. They are now in the middle year at Nashotah, and express themselves delighted with the place, although nothing can estrange their affection from Racine.

JAMES KNOX, formerly of '76 is at Knox College, Knoxville, Ill. (Knox county, we believe.)

### EXCHANGE ITEMS.

*The Magenta* is the name of a new college paper, the first number of which has just been issued at Harvard. It is to be published fortnightly as the *Harvard Advocate* is. It comes into existence quietly and naturally to fill in an amicable way a place which has not been covered by the *Advocate*. In the modes: and well written editorial in which it introduces itself, it says:

"Our work, as a whole, is meant to show no affectation of fine writing, nor does it lay claim to literary excellence. The *Advocate* has this ground by right of possession; we do not attempt to rival it in *jeux d'esprit*, or in cunningness of speculation, or otherwise poach upon its preserves. We shall be content with the humbler task of satisfying the curiosity of our readers about what is going on in Cambridge, and at other colleges, and of giving them an opportunity to express their ideas upon practical questions. It ought to be added perhaps, that, while we make no pretension to wit, we hope not to be dull. There will be several poems and lighter sketches to prevent any impression of heaviness."

In literary as well as editorial excellence, it promises to be a fit companion for the *Advocate*, and we are deceived in the *Advocate* as well as the *Magenta*, if a gentlemanly and friendly rivalry is not kept up on both sides.

Through some oversight we have neglected before to acknowledge our receipt of the *College Journal*, published Georgetown College, D. C. The publishing as well as the editing is done by the students themselves, and the neatness and accuracy of its typography, as well as the matter it contains, makes it always welcome.

The *Dickinsonian*, and the *College Journal*, of Pittsburg, have also been received. We rank them high on our Exchange list.

The University of Wisconsin has lately received for its library about 400 volumes from Norway, the result of a concert given for the purpose by Ole Bull. It already had upwards of 200 Norwegian books and the collection is now a fine one, probably unique in this country.—*Journal*.

A young lady teacher in a mission school caught a boy smiling last Sunday. Said she, "what are you smiling at, Johnny?" "Nothing, mum," was the answer. "I know better," said the teacher, severely; "now tell me what it was." Johnny looked frightened as he stammeringly said, "I—I—s—see yer n-newspapers sticking out, mum." The teacher sat down suddenly and arranged things.—*Yale Courant*.

Dartmouth College is to have hereafter a biennial prize of five hundred dollars, for the essay which shall best set forth truths calculated to counteract worldly influence, and to impress on Christians a solemn sense of their duty.—*Ex.*

Peter the Great took part personally in the editorial composition, and also in correcting proofs of the first Russian newspaper, published in 1703. Hard for Peter.—*Ed.*

—We insert the following for the benefit of that "short fellow with light hair:"

A member of the class of '76 has been experimenting on the explosive force of kerosene. He poured one gill of fluid in his stove, put a lighted paper under the grate and waited for the result. When he recovered sufficiently to take an account of stock, he jotted down the following items: one Freshman scorched baldheaded, three stoves blown down, one landlady scared into fits. He declares himself satisfied.—*Cornell Era*.

St. Savior's Grammar School in Southwark, which was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1562, celebrated on Wednesday its 310th anniversary; the Bishop of Winchester and the Lord Mayor, both of whom were boys in the old school, now demolished, being present, and making genial speeches to the prize-winners and the boys generally.—*Ex.*

A junior describes an equinox thusly: "The equine-ox is the ox that came to the rescue of his afflicted friend during the recent equine epidemic. Released from his burden, he now quietly grazes in the pastures of the skies."—*Volante*.

"What do you call that?" indignantly asked a customer at a cheap restaurant, pointing at an object that he had discovered in his plate of hash. "Wristband with sleeve button attached, sir," said the waiter briskly. "Well, do you consider that a proper thing for a man to find in his hash?" asked the customer, in wrath. "Good heavens, sir!" cried the waiter, would you expect to find a ten dollar silk umbrella in a fifteen cent plate of hash?"—*Exchange*.

"How beautiful," said a divine to our President, to see so many young men with their eyes reverently lifted toward heaven." The young ladies occupy the gallery.—*Exchange*. Beautiful indeed.

A private tutor asked a Frenchman what was the meaning of sycophant? He replied, "I don't know—Oh, yes! that was the tree that the man climbed in the Bible."

Our good natured junior friend on giving an obscure translation of a Latin sentence was interrupted by the Professor with "How? I don't understand that," to which the junior replies with intense solicitude, "Well, what seems to be the difficulty, Professor?"—*Western Collegian*.

The *Courant* questions the authority for the statement made by one of its exchanges, that Yale seniors wear corsets.

A suggestive little girl was sitting at the window, and seeing a student pass having on a very short overcoat, she made this quaint remark: "Oh! mamma, how long that fellow wears his legs!"—*Dickinsonian*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and BAZAAR have been received but the Monthly has not yet made its appearance. The two former are very well stocked with light reading matter in addition to their usual pictorial attractions. All three well fitted to find a place in every household.

Terms: Weekly \$4.00; Bazaar \$4.00; Monthly \$4.00. All three for \$10.00.

PETERS' MONTHLY for January, has been received. Among the various vocal pieces which this Number contains, we find "Do not turn me from your door," by HAYS, and "Recollections of Childhood" by DANKS. Both are very good, but the latter we would especially commend to all lovers of good music. This No., which is a fair index of the No's. to come, will surely convince anyone who will take the trouble to examine it, of the real worth of Mr. PETERS' publication. Terms, \$3.00 a year.

Address J. L. PETERS, 599, Broadway, New York City.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, for January and February, have been received. Both are full of that species of light reading which, if it does not attain to the wide spread popularity of classic literature, speaks all the more forcibly to the mind and heart by reason of its peculiar character. Nor are we entirely debarred from intercourse with more lofty minds, for in the department known as "Evening with the Poets," we find HOOD, LOWELL, and many others well represented. By no means least among the inducements offered by the publishers of this Magazine is the chromo of "The Christian Graces," one copy of which is presented gratis to each subscriber. Terms \$2.50.

Address T. S. ARTHUR & SONS, Philadelphia, Penn.

THE NATION, has made its regular appearance, and though the close of the Presidential campaign has rendered all news more or less tame, still upon this most admirable sheet it has not had the slightest effect, except to rather increase the interest of its pages by the necessary change in character of their contents. Terms, \$5.00.

Address "THE NATION," New York City.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, for January, has been received. Although it is sometime since it has made its appearance upon our table, we give it a hearty welcome, for its contents show it to be the same favorite as of old. The name of GAIL HAMILTON, is sufficient warranty for the two articles presented under that signature, and assisted by a host of other writers of equal interest, the contents of this No. render it well worth reading.

ADDISONIAN SOCIETY,

FOUNDED A. D. 1871.

In Omnia Paratus.

President.....	NORTON STRONG.
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F. S. GAULT.....	Historian.





"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XII.

RACINE COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

No. 8.

VEX NOT THE POET'S MIND.

"Are they real, those bright-hued pictures,  
Which the poet love to frame?  
Does the heart endue his verses,  
With their lambent, dancing flame?  
Does he feel the glowing rapture  
Which he hides in each fair line?  
Are they real, those fleeting fancies,  
Which around each figure twine?"  
Dearest friend, when thou art happy,  
Can'st thou name the power that thrills?  
Or can'st tell whence comes the pleasure,  
Which both soul and body fills?  
When thou'st sad, can'st tell thy sadness?  
Can'st define its range and scope?  
And in words make known the action,  
Of their only comfort, Hope.  
Tell thy joys if thou art able,  
If thou'rt not, then art thou sad;  
And they false and lacking substance,—  
All these thoughts that make thee glad?  
In thy sadness, tell thy sorrow;  
Mayhap others when they hear  
Will return thy grief with smiling,  
And with laughter greet thy tear.  
"We ne'er felt all these strange feelings,  
Ne'er to us the power was given,  
Low to sink in sorrow's anguish,  
Or behold these joys of Heaven.  
Whence then comes this babbler's laughter,  
All his fancies and his wiles?  
We will read his songs and wailings  
For it well our time beguiles.  
But the heart that gave them utterance  
Was ne'er stored with all this mirth,  
Nor the 'heart bowed down' with sadness,  
When it gave these verses birth."  
Real they are, those thoughts and fancies,  
Which the poet loves to frame,  
Though they come and go like fen-lights,  
With their dancing, flickering flame;  
For they're born midst throbs of pleasure,  
Or they're bred by deepest sighs,  
And but tell in human language,  
What the silent heart-beat cries.  
Fancy breathes the heart's own music  
Sad or sweet, where'er it tends,  
And as mistress of the passions  
Thought with feeling firmly blends.

WILLOW-WOOD.

GOSSIP AND SLANDER.

If, as the ancients tell us, all the ills which man endures are due to the box which Pandora bore, there are two torments which must have occupied a very considerable space in that receptacle.

Gossip and Slander; one would think that they alone

would have been enough to fill any ordinary vessel, and would have inflicted woes enough upon men without the addition of the endless company by which they seem to have been attended. Looking at them in the light of evils there seems to be not the slightest redeeming quality in their nature. Looking at them, however, in the light in which every christian and philosopher must view them, as nothing more than the abuse of what, in itself is essentially good we find much to palliate, and much to soften the harshness of our sentence.

Criticism, or dissertations on the characteristics and peculiarities of our friends, while they may possibly afford more or less temptation to the exercising of unjust ridicule and sarcasm, must still ever be the most fruitful source of our practical knowledge of human nature. And here, as in all cases where the benefit is great, we must not be disturbed if the hazard attending it exceeds our expectations. It is one thing to sit down and deliberately pick to pieces the character of a friend, and another to hit off in a few words such a complete analysis that even the most punctilious cannot object. In the one case we are led to the source of two of man's greatest torments, in the other to an accomplishment that all men honor and respect. Yet, in either the one direction or the other pretty much all our friendly conversations concerning our neighbors tend. Either we attain to that which is the mark of the power that sways this world, or we lower ourselves to that which is the characteristic of only those minds which are too feeble and debased to know, or understand anything save their own deformity.

It may seem at first as if we were giving an undue weight to this matter of examining into the characters of our friends. Our position may seem to lack that reality which alone can give it interest. It may be thought too ideal and unsubstantial in its nature.

When, however, we look at and examine into the means employed by those whom the world calls great, to attain this greatness, we shall find that in nine cases out of ten their power is due in a great measure to their knowledge of human nature and their firm belief in the fact that

The proper study of mankind is man.

To know books is a great thing, and will, and must ever command respect and admiration, but to know man is a greater and must ever command honor and affection as well.

"But" it may be surely said, "this ability is in many cases the free gift of nature."

Granted.

But does this make it essentially different from the ability which many can, and thousands do develop by careful study of those by whom they are surrounded? Like all

other learning, it has its rugged paths and stumbling blocks, and its abuse like that of anything else, cannot but lead to an evil whose greatness must correspond to importance of the forfeited good. As children should not play with edged tools, so should those who have any reasons to doubt their ability to manage it, hesitate ere making use of this keen and subtle instrument. But only he who would condemn the axe as useless from its aptitude at cutting toes as well as timber, could justly be expected to deny to others the right to use what for them might reap such benefits, while in his own hands it worked but harm.

### ON MEN AND THINGS. III.

#### THE RIGHT OF GRUMBLING.

BY TOUCHSTONE.

We used to hear more grumbling at court than we now do in this forest of Ardennes. Our friend over there, the melancholy Jacques, for example, who grumbles at everything and himself beside, because he has nothing else with which to busy his active wits, was once a courtier. This and many other like things led us to muse on grumbling. We give our bells a shake, flourish our truncheon and begin.

Contrary to what one might expect, grumbling seems to increase with our privileges and advantages. No one is so contented, grumbles so little, as a negro slave. Lincoln added some hundreds of thousands to the great confraternity of grumblers by his Emancipation Proclamation. No one grumbles so much as a well-fed constitution-bred Englishman. A Frenchman under Louis XIV probably grumbled far less than his great-great-grandson who shouts, "Vive la Republique."

The reason is not far to seek. It is founded in human nature; for the more one has, the more he wants. Hopes rise; views enlarge; expectations, full grown, beget more numerous expectations. If a man have nothing or want nothing, he is shut up; for there is a happy pliability in human nature which fits it to submit to a very little, hoping for no more.

But give a man in his commonwealth a constitution which endows him with rights, give him in his society a voice, and a real or imaginary claim on his society, his voice grows louder with exercise, and his claim is as boundless as his mind. Had the little child in the story not received any apple at all, he would not have cried because one dropped from his full hands, and probably would have been contented without apples in a salutary dread of resulting inward pains.

Grumbling is the low murmur of man's heart, because reality can never come up to the boundless reach of fancy and desire. The mischief of it is that while it punishes the grumbler who philosophically gnaws on his own sensitive nerves, it punishes all his neighbors. Very likely, such is the power of sympathy, it sets them grumbling too, like so many village curs. Why, if even my friend Colin cover his face and whine because Phebe is unkind, his dog Tray sits down on his tail, rolls his eyes up to the moon, and howls out to pierce your ears. If Jacques does not stop his grumbling, he will set even me, the sage Touchstone, and merry Rosalind, to grumbling with him. If he persist in going on as he does, I will offer him my cap and bells, and set up for a philosopher.

The cure for grumbling is to laugh, to run, to jump, to sing. It is the child of idleness. If you kill the old man, the child dies for want of food. I saw a fellow in the forest the other day lying stretched out on the ground, with his face buried in the grass. The sun shone bright thro' the pines, throwing chequered lights and shades on the thickly fallen leaves; and I laughed, to split my throat, at hearing him say, "it is all dark." I wanted to kick him, and say, "get up; you are the fool, not Touchstone." But then I thought again, perhaps, like Mrs. Chick, I shall be telling him to make an effort, when the question is how to get resolution enough to make one. Perhaps he needs a blue pill; perhaps if I light a little fire on his back, he may get up. But perhaps he has a stick near by, and he looks as if Touchstone might not prove a match for him, but be obliged to run, to the disturbance of his courtly dignity. So I left him.

But I was edified not long after, going by a college at a town near by, to see the students come out from breakfast. It seems they had for breakfast once a week,\* a certain dish bearing to our courtly ears an oriental name, and, being very hearty fellows, and not having too much to do, and a variety of things to be thankful for, they were inclined to use the constitutional privilege of grumbling. But they shook off the uneasy sensation with a jolly song.

One of them wrote it out at my request to amuse Rosalind withal. The student sang his lines to a lively air, and all joined lustily in the chorus to the familiar tune, "Days of Absence."

"With a woful wail in his voice,  
And not a cent of cash,  
A fellow back from his breakfast comes,  
A-singing this Song of the Hash;—

CHORUS.—Hash for Monday, hash for Tuesday,  
Hash for Wednesday, HASH!

Hash with Monday's dawn,  
And hash when Tue-day begins,  
Hash when the week is gone,  
Makes a poor fellow weak on his pins.

Hash for a fellow from home,  
And hash! when his Christmas is o'er;  
Don't know how it seems to some,  
But I find it a terrible bore.

Hash when a fellow must work  
Like a slave a slunk to defeat;  
'Twere better to eat with a Turk,  
If this be Christian meat.

O Prof.'s with sisters and wives,  
O Prex, with a house so neat,  
What it will become of our lives,  
If this is what we eat?

I'm sick of this horrible hash,  
It's made of gristly bone—  
I really fear the wretched trash—  
It makes me feel my own;

I feel my bones *right here*,  
Because of the fasts I keep;  
Good breakfasts they say are awful dear,  
And hash is awful cheap.

O for a breakfast neat!  
A breakfast however brief!  
If it only had a plenty of meat,  
'T would almost make me a thief.

\*This portion of the MS. was evidently written some time ago.

For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the meaning of hash,  
And what they call "a meal."

Before the singers had reached the end of their rhymes, they had sung away their grumbling, and Touchstone put his hand over his ears to keep out the merry shouts and din of good nature and good will.

Why have our college songs never been collected? Is it because their number is seemingly small? Or is it because they are thought insignificant and not worthy the little trouble it would take to have them preserved? Probably it is neither of these reasons, but simply that no one has felt himself called upon to do anything of the kind.

It is true our college songs are at present few, and they have been written—for the most part—for some particular occasion; but what we have are of the first order, and most assuredly ought not to be lost.

Every year adds one or two new ones, and it will not be long before there will be enough, if collected, to form quite a volume. Perhaps too, if there was such a collection, there would be more interest taken in our own songs, and more persons would be inclined to write them. Then we should not be dependent upon class days for themes; but our class suppers and other little festivities in which we sometimes engage, would be celebrated, and rendered famous as long as college songs are sung.

Our songs have been written by students of some ability, and at the expense of much care and trouble. Several of them have been set to music, and in a certain way have been appreciated. They are really worthy a better fate than that for which they seem destined. If they are worth anything, they are worth saving. Now is the time to begin, when there are but few, that, as their number increases, they may be collected and handed down to future students, as memorials of those who produced them, and the classes that sent them forth.

Will no one undertake it? It is a little thing.

THAT SIDEWALK.

II.

It was not intended when the last article under this head was written, to again tax the patience of our readers with a consideration of the subject. The old maxim, however, has so impressed itself upon our mind that we have determined once more to strike while the iron is hot, or more properly speaking, the mud deep.

Let any one undertake a walk from the college to the town and say that it is not a shame that there is no better communication between them. Mud, slush, holes,—it is as much as one's clothes and health (we won't say life,) is worth to make the attempt.

What the result of the Ladies Aid Society's effort was, we do not know, but this we do know; that it deserves the earnest attention and hearty coöperation of every member of our community. If the college does not deem itself equal to the task why should not Racine, for its own honor and dignity, live up to the character it is so willing to assume, and we so willing to grant. Why, since it has taken us within its limits, should it not at least give us the benefit of its laws by compelling the laying of a sidewalk where it is so much needed?

We clip the following from the *Milwaukee Journal of Commerce*. As the work of our old contributor Δ, we give it a hearty welcome and a place in our columns.

TO SEXTIUS.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE BOOK I. ODE IV.

(*Archilochean Heptametre.*)

Spring and Favonian breezes have loosened the fetters of winter,  
Windlasses drag the dry keels to the sea.  
Linger the kine in the shed, and the ploughman by fire no longer;  
Glitters the hear-frost on the lea.  
Now, the fair moon at its full, Cytherea her revels beginneth,  
Linked with Nymphs see the Graces decorous  
Trip measures light on the sward; while Vulcan toils, fitfully glowing  
'Midst the flame, at the forage sonorous.  
Now it behooves the sleek head to surround with green garlands of  
myrtle,  
Or the flower earth fetterless bears,  
Now it behooves to great Pan in the thick groves a victim to slaughter,  
Whether a lamb or a kid he prefers.  
Pale death, ever-advancing, my Sextius, with footsteps impartial,  
Knocks for admission at cottage and hall,  
Life, with its brief span, forbids us of long hopes to lay the foundation,  
Soon will the shadows of night on thee fall,  
When by the Manes and Pluto's dread shadowy kingdom surrounded,  
Thou wilt no longer wine's arbiter prove,  
Lost will be Lycidas too, of whose beauty thy youth is now raving,  
Whom soon the maiden's enamoured will love!

No one wants joking stopped, and conversation to become all wise and heavy, but it is not reasonable to claim that the stale, and the low, and the unkind parts of college witticism should be abandoned, even though little should be left. It is possible, if it comes to the worst, that conversation may be cheerful without any jokes in it. The world is not bankrupt of everything to talk about, and students ought to be able to find some topics not dependent for their interest on the possibility of working out of them that laughter that has been likened to the crackling of thorns under a pot.

It is quite a common opinion—at least among students—that the best part of their college education is gained outside of the curriculum, and that if they did not have to study so much, they might have time to learn something. The correctness of such an opinion will depend on what that experience is outside of the regular work of the college, which furnishes so much of their education. If they only turn from the word-play and hair-splitting of the recitation room to such a class of communications among themselves as has been referred to, they might almost as well be still trying to make a cylinder into a cone by searching infinity for an apex, or still figuring out the equation of a curve on which a man, standing on a ladder, would go to grass if the ladder should slip outward at the bottom.—*Univ. Herald.*

A Leipzig bookseller calculates that 361,000,000 copies of Luther's translation of the Bible have been printed from the beginning to the present.

# The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

EDITORS.

E. A. LABBSEE.      NORTON STRONG.      AQUILLA JONES.

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. Sandford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

With this number of the MERCURY, we have reached the end of Volume XII, and our college paper has accomplished the sixth year of its existence in a healthy condition, we think, that insures a greater prosperity in the future than it has yet experienced in its past history.

As for us, its editors, we find ourselves at the middle point of our editorial work for the year, and avail ourselves of this excuse for sitting down a moment to look back at the pleasures and fatigues of the road we have gone over, and before getting up to go on our way again, to take, perhaps, a glance in advance at that half of the road that lies beyond.

The cares of an editor have been frequently expounded in prose, and sometimes, we believe, sung in verse. Every one has at least *heard* of the weariness of making news, because it won't make itself; and perhaps all know by report of the boy who comes to the editor like a nightmare, when body and thoughts are alike exhausted, and asks for "copy," and when he gets it straightway comes back, and cries like the horseleech or Oliver Twist: "more, more, more." The editors chair is not always easy; and the Leavenworth editor who sat down on a hornets nest while scissoring his editorials, is not the only man who has found it out. We think though, taking it all around, our chair is as comfortable as editors chairs are usually made. We have found some hard places in it we must admit; but at the same time have never been so unfortunate as to roll off the soft side altogether.

The truth is, editors are about as human and frail as the rest of mankind; and it is sometimes discouraging to find that with our best efforts, we cannot be pleasing to all. At the very times when we have been most entertaining to some of our readers, we have been poked in the back by somebody else, and asked to get off his corns. This is unpleasant. Occasionally, too, we have discovered a hypercritical friend, who thinks he could "run the paper" better than we can. Every editor has a few such persons to take an interest in him. Some one has even said that editing a paper is like poking a fire: because every one thinks he can do it better than the man who holds the poker. We look upon it as a delusion common to mortals, and remembering that we might labor under a similar conviction if our critical friend were in our place, we "consider the source and remain passive."

We have said that there is a soft side to our chair. The very rapidity with which the weeks have rolled away, and brought us to this dividing point in our work is, to our mind, a sufficient evidence that there have been many pleasures connected with our editorial duties.

Thanks to the kindness and patience of most of our readers, there are many disquietudes generally common to editors about which we know nothing at all. We have friends who do not mention our faults unless they can give us a word of encouragement at the same time, and who always mingle with their criticism a little hearty praise. The bane of most editors, in college as well as elsewhere, is the difficulty of collecting subscription money. Our paper is not only well supported by the students and its friends in Racine, but what is still better, all are ready when called upon to pay their dues. This has always been the true secret of the MERCURY's growth and prosperity, and we cannot thank its friends too heartily for the kind support they have given it.

In beginning another volume, we shall annex to our staff of editors two names from the junior class, and hoping to receive from our friends during the coming half year the same ready assistance which they have lent us heretofore, we are able, we think, to promise on the part of the MERCURY, a steady improvement.

Attendance upon all college exercises is now voluntary at Harvard, and the student is as free to stay away from class room when he wishes as he is to go without his meals. It is thought by the authorities, that this change in the *regimen* of the University, will be beneficial to the students, in throwing upon them the manly responsibility that shall make them their own judges in what is for their personal advantage; and that it will incite instructors to put forth greater efforts to make their departments attractive.

Dr. McCOSH is opposed to such a change. "A youth," he says, "should be ready to enter college at the age of sixteen," an age at which the temptations to idleness and dissipation require the counteraction of rule. The average age of admission to Harvard, is about eighteen. He thinks the examinations will avail nothing, as an inducement to attend recitations, inasmuch as the "days of absence" can be made up by hard cramming. In the good colleges of Great Britain and Ireland, the tendency, he says, is toward a weekly or daily supervision of studies, and it is so at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The *gymnasia* of Germany, rigidly insist upon class attendance, and we infer he would compare the academical course at Harvard with the *gymnasia*, rather than the Universities.

Notwithstanding, that the gymnasium has been since Christmas in quite a dilapidated condition, it has been very well filled lately on exercise afternoons. Muscle development is more eagerly sought after now, at least by the grammar school boys, than at any previous time since the days when "Fitz," "Andy," *et ceteri*, led the van of athlete through their nimble evolutions. The old trapeze feat of swinging off and turning a back sommersault was resurrected the other day while we were looking on. Two young grammar school gymnasts gave the lead, and went through the performance so easily that they induced some

of the representatives of Taylor Hall to make the experiment, and see if their dormant gymnastic talent could not be revived. At first it would not revive "worth a cent." One stumpy collegiate succeeded several times in getting as far as the "swing off," but having arrived at that point, suddenly became so discouraged with his look out for personal comfort in the misty future, that he invariably preferred to drop the matter quietly. Another, after several attempts, in the course of which he almost sacrificed his neck by trying to hang on and turn the sommersault at the same time, finally succeeded, amidst a storm of applause, in accomplishing the feat, and won back for the collegiate department the reputation which it seemed in danger of losing. It is only fair, however, to say that many of our best gymnasts were not there at the time.

There is not the slightest doubt that real gymnastic skill is being developed by the grammar school boys, especially the little chaps, who make a specialty of the turning pole and trapeze.

The rings and the bowling alley, which furnish about the only inducement to draw college students out to the gymnasium, need a vigorous looking after. At the beginning of the term all the bowling balls had disappeared except two, and they were so badly nicked as to be unfit for use. One ball has lately been added. The alley itself, is in great need of another leveling, but its unevenness would not be noticed so much if it could be furnished with a new assortment of lignum vitae spheres.

As for the rings, they were strung up two or three feet out of the reach of the longest man in college when the term opened, and now, for about two weeks have been missing altogether. Now is the time when we need the gymnasium most. Cannot the repairing be hurried up?

In general I have no patience with people who talk about "the thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently; I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to *that*. When a man has done his work, and nothing can anyway be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of fortune hangs upon your decisions? A youth thoughtless when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless when the carrier of all his days depend on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless, when his every action is a foundation stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now.—though, indeed there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless, his death bed. Nothing should ever be left to be done there.—*Ruskin*.

I would rather send my son to the most obscure college in the West, where he would have a few careful teachers instructing him from day to day, than the most distinguished college in the East, where he would seldom come into personal contact with his instructors, and be taught that everything was to depend on his appearance at a set of formal examinations.—*Dr. McCosh*.

We take this opportunity of replying to one or two of the numerous letters which have been addressed to us on various questions of importance by persons wishing to avail themselves of our judgment. In every case we have bestowed upon such questions careful thought and reflection, and what opinions we arrive at after such consideration we deem it our duty to express to the public as clearly and forcibly as we are able. Neither fear of retribution nor hope of reward shall bias our opinion and the expression thereof.

FRESHMAN.—All you have got to do if you want to be a Prefect is to subscribe for a few additional copies of the MERCURY. The plan you spoke about probably would not aid you much in obtaining your aim. We don't deny that it is a very good thing for any young man to rise early. If you get up at three or four o'clock every morning you will no doubt be more or less great some day, especially if you will burn pine knots to study by, instead of using your student's lamp. We fear though that early rising would be of little service to you in this matter. The reason is that no authority in the building would know you were up unless you should take the trouble to wake him; and if you should do that you would lose your chance for Prefectship forever. The faculty have stopped getting up early to look for industrious students. It was too hard on the Professors who live at a distance from the College. Walking around the building a few times at five o'clock would not mend matters. The authorities in Taylor Hall rarely look out of their windows before half past seven, and you would run the risk of being entirely unobserved, except, perhaps, by the watchman and his dog. The best way to get a prefectship, is to take things easily, and occasionally "let on" to the different Professors that you think you would do your duty if you had the office. You can buy our influence by subscribing for half a dozen copies of the MERCURY.

POPULARITER:—The best way to become popular is to get on the good side of the boys. You want to let the Professors alone just at first, and attend to one thing at a time, or else you will "slip up" as sure as any thing in the world. Borrowing books from Professors and going to the recitation room before the hour begins, will do very well when you get further along. Just keep cool and don't be in too big a hurry. We quite approve of your first plan, and see only a few objections to it. If you pay for the load that goes down in Cook's sleigh, you don't stand any show at all of getting on the good side of the boys who go down on the other line. Besides, the fellows don't care much for that kind of a treat anyway; when they don't feel like paying, they had rather get out of it by cheating the man out of his fare. POTTER, for instance is awful easy to "euchre." The best way to do, is to lay yourself out for the amusement of the *whole institution*, grammar school boys and all. Get it around among the boys that you are going to give a big supper, and then after you have told us about it for a few weeks, get it up. Have the thing in the college dining hall, and get a special table reserved on the dais, for the editors of the MERCURY. Have the affair announced as the MERCURY BANQUET, the boys like to see the MERCURY having a good time. It is our private opinion that you would have a pretty "soft snap." You could have the supper charged on your bill.

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## A WINTER'S TALE.

DEAR MERCURY:—I promised to tell you, and this is all about it:

If Lucinda hadn't come on board, it never would have happened. It was on her account that I stayed over at Tarrytown, got snowed up at the North Branch, and ended at last by not coming back to college. Somehow or other women are generally the cause of our difficulties.

You see I had intended to go by rail to Flat River, and thence to Ashland by stage; but I stayed over at Tarrytown a day and a half, and when I reached Flat River on Friday morning, I found, much to my chagrin, that the stage only left twice a week, and that it had gone up on Thursday for the last time. I say "much to my chagrin," because my pocket book was in such a deplorable state. I had spent so much of the little money I started with in dolls for Lucinda's children, that I had barely enough left to pay my stage fare and get my breakfast. It was clearly impossible, therefore, for me to wait till next week's stage; I couldn't pay my hotel bill. Besides, vacation was waning; and if I lost so much time I might as well go home again at once. I went into a cheap restaurant and ordered something to eat. They gave me "steamboat" coffee, "slap-dollies" and an immense plate of dough-nuts. I pocketed a half dozen of the latter, swallowed one cup of the coffee, and meditated. The result of my meditation was, that ten minutes later I had my satchel strapped across my shoulders, and was on the road. I had determined to walk to Ashland.

I had taken care to find out about the road when I paid for my breakfast at the restaurant, and my information held good until I reached the trading-post some three miles from the town. There a number of roads confused me, and I asked a young fellow who was hauling logs by the river-side, which was the right one. He told me, and just as I was going on added that I must turn to the right again after about half a mile. I thanked him, and went on briskly, for I was now beginning to enjoy my walk thoroughly; there had been a slight fall of snow in the night, and a few flakes were blowing about now, but the air was bracing, and the piny smell of the woods made me take in deep breaths. I was whistling "Co-ca-che-lunk" when I came to the road-fork, but the appearance of the two tracks made me change my jolly tune to one of doubtfulness. I began to suspect that my last informant did not know his right hand from his left; for there lay the right track with scarcely a sled-mark on it, while the left was smoothly travelled. Remembering an old adage, however, I took the latter without much hesitation, and after I had settled it with myself that I was right, I began whistling and singing as before, and made a merry time of it. To be sure it had begun to snow a little faster, and quite a breeze was springing up; but I didn't care for that, or at least thought nothing of it; it was at my back. Alas! in all too short a time it was in my face. My "traveled road" led me down into a lumber-camp, and ignominiously terminated at a spring where a boy was watering some horses. I mildly suggested that I had missed the way, and asked him if he could tell me the road to Ashland.

"O mein gootness gracious," said the youth, "wy, dat ish more as tree miles pack dis way; you shoost go at the forks mit de right hand, and keep right along dere shtraight." There was nothing for it but to go back; and walking against the wind, like "facing the music," is some-

times not as pleasant as it might be. I didn't sing any now, but I went on as fast as I could and in due time reached the fork again, and took the old road. I had scarcely gone twenty rods when I saw a team approaching. As I passed, I asked the driver, with considerable confidence, if this wasn't the road to Ashland. To my unbounded astonishment, I received the answer "No; you orter go back and turn to the right." "But, my dear sir," said I, "I have done that already; I took the other road and they told me that this was the one."

"Wall, it ain't; you just jump in here, and I'll set you on the correct track in a jiffy."

He did so. It was a track so concealed by the night's snow, that I had entirely missed it. However, I was right at last, though my ardor was considerably dampened, and if I had seen the least prospect of bettering myself, I would have been glad to get in the sleigh again and ride back to Flat River, and my guide asked me to do so, but I refused all his propositions. I gave him to understand that I was a young man of some little energy and perseverance. I had started to walk to Ashland, and I was going to do it if it took a leg. "Wall," said he in a commiserating tone, "if yer bound to go, go it; but I reckon yer'll have a middlin' squally time on't. There hain't any houses 'cept Brown's atwixt here and the North Branch, so yer can't stop anywhere if yer want to. Brown's is about ten miles up, and the North Branch, or the Half-Way House, as they call it, is purty nigh onto seventeen."

After the good man had driven on, I sat down on a log, ate some of my frozen doughnuts, and considered what a miserable state of affairs it was when a fellow had to walk nine miles to get three on his way. But it was getting late in the forenoon, and it would never do to sit there any longer, so I shouldered my satchel once more and set my face towards "Brown's." The snow had drifted in the track in places, but the walking was not difficult until about the middle of the afternoon. Then what a time I had!

The storm just spread itself. There was the wind and snow raging in my face as if bound to drive me back, the great trees creaking and moaning and tossing their long arms like giants trying to frighten me, and I, floundering through the drifts in the narrow road, completely at the mercy of the woods and storm.

By five o'clock I was at "Brown's," and tired enough to think of resting. "Brown's" door was opened, at my knock, by a most melancholy female in curls and spectacles, who asked me to come in in such a doubtful and hesitating tone that I knew she didn't want me to a bit. Nevertheless, I couldn't very well consider her likes and dislikes at that moment, so I sat down in her best Boston rocker, and spent a listless half-hour before the fire. I made various inquiries concerning my next stopping place, and tried all I could to get her to ask me to stay over night. Concluding at last that she didn't intend to do so, I left her in the midst of a long piece of gossip about a tavern-stand that she and her husband thought of taking, and, shouldering my satchel, started on toward the Half-Way House. Hastening to get as far as I could before dark, I foolishly tired myself again by trying to walk faster. 'Twas no use though; night overtook me in spite of my endeavor, and I could only keep the road by guess, except as the woods bounded it. It seemed to me as if I had walked for hours

and hours since I left Browns, and there was no sign of a house anywhere. I kept going slower and slower, until at last my legs were completely tired out, and I dropped down in the snow, wondering feebly if I was lost.

I must have lain there quite a little while, for I know I had begun to get sleepy and not to care about going on, when a flash of light right ahead of me, startled me so that I was on my feet in a minute. It was gone by the time I had picked up my satchel and started forward, but I pushed on, and before long I saw it again. It was wavering to and fro like a will-o-the-wisp on a marsh. I think I'd have given my ears, just at that moment, to any person who could have positively assured me that that light was a lantern held in a human hand. My suspense almost amounted to terror as it danced before me for an instant and then flickered out of sight again.

As I hurried round a corner of the road, right in front of me shone, warm and ruddy through the darkness, the old log tavern. Never was man happier in sight of safety; I fairly shouted for joy. My great shout opened the bar-room door, and in I walked like a snow-ghost, half scaring the old landlord who was just looking out to see what the matter was.

Ah, well! With storm and wind behind, and a smoking hot supper in prospect, I brushed off my troubles with the snow, and enjoyed the blazing fire and the snug bar-room hugely. I fairly laughed over my miseries later in the evening, for the landlord mixed a glorious punch, and I began to feel quite heroic as I told him something of my tramp. He had some stories to tell also, wonderful ones of bears and Indians, and we made a jolly time of it by the fire for an hour or so. Then it was bed-time, and the old gentleman, candle in hand, preceded me up stairs to show me where I was to sleep. His light fell on some glittering thing just in front of me, and I stooped to pick it up.

The thing that lay before me was Nell Lyman's class pin! You might have knocked me over with a feather. How did I know it, do you say? Why, didn't I have it made for her at Lowell school, and was there another one like it in the world? I stood there so long with it in my hand that the landlord peered down from the top of the stair-case to see what had become of me. Making some nonsensical remark, I ran up quickly, and soon after went to bed. You bet I didn't sleep much, tired as I was. I lay thinking over and over again all the possibilities connected with that pin. You remember, I think, something of the days at Lowell school; how sweet I was on Nell, and how we quarreled in my last term, and I went off and left her, as I said, for other suitors. Well, I had scarcely heard of her since; and now to find her pin, the one that I had given, on the stairs in an old log tavern, was certainly astonishing. Was she, too, snowed up here? Was it possible that she was asleep under this same roof, and that I should see her in the morning? Or did the pin belong to some one else now, and had *he* lost it on the stairs? A thousand doubts perplexed me, and at last, trying to solve some of them, I fell sound asleep. The next thing I thought of was that my freshman days had come back again, and that I was being hazed. I was getting a terrible shaking, and the landlord stood over me saying something about breakfast. I dressed as quickly as I could in my cold chamber, and ran down to complete my toilet in

the bar-room. As I was brushing my hair, I saw in the looking glass, a queer little old gentleman come in and sit down by the fire, and not two minutes afterward Nell Lyman entered, and began saying something to him about her aunt. For the life of me I couldn't help turning around, and—well there's no need of telling any more of my story. Two days afterwards when the roads were broken, Nell's Uncle drove a merry sleighload out to his farm in Mackintosh, and the next week Nell went home to Syracuse, and I went with her. I went on purpose to see General Lyman, and the result of my interview with him was, that I went into business with father immediately on my return, and that next summer I am going to Syracuse again to bring Nell home with me. And there you have the reason why I disappointed both you and my Ashland friends this term. Say what you will, Lucinda was at the bottom of it, but it turned out happily, so I forgive her.

Your old chum,

THOMAS.

The parody on the "Heathen Chinee," of which we give an extract below, appeared originally in an English publication. It has been printed in some of our College Exchanges, and as it is a pleasant illustration of the fact, that "tricks that are vain" are known as well in the English universities as the colleges of America, we give it a place in our columns.

"But I shall not forget  
How the next day at two,  
A stiff paper was set  
By Examiner U,—  
On Euripides' tragedy, 'Bacchæ';  
A subject Tom 'partially knew.'

"But the knowledge displayed  
By that heathen Pass-ee,  
And the answers he made  
Were quite frightful to see,  
For he rapidly floored the whole paper,  
By about twenty minutes to three.

"Then I looked up at U—,  
And he gazed upon me.  
I observed, 'This won't do.'  
He replied, 'Goodness me!  
We are fooled by this artful young person;'  
And he sent for that heathen Pass-ee.

"The scene that ensued  
Was disgraceful to view,  
For the floor it was strewn  
With a tolerable few  
Of the 'tips' that Tom Crib had been hiding,  
For the 'subject he partially knew.'

"On the cuff of his shirt  
He had managed to get,  
What we hoped had been dirt,  
But which proved, I regret,  
To be notes on the rise of the Drama;  
A question invariably set.

"In his various coats  
We proceeded to seek,  
Where we found sundry notes,  
And with sorrow I speak,  
One of Bohn's publications, so useful  
To the student of Latin or Greek.

"In the crown of his cap  
Were the Furies and Fates,  
And a delicate map  
Of the Dorian States,  
And we found in his palms, which were hollow,  
What are frequent in palms—that is, dates."

# The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, MARCH 8, 1873.

EDITORS.

E. A. LABBAGE.      NORTON STRONG.      AQUILLA JONES.  
G. E. CARLISLE.      G. B. McDOWELL.

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

A. C. Sandford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

We begin with this number a new volume of the MERCURY, and enter upon the latter half of our year's work as editors.

We begin Volume XIII under omens still more encouraging than those under which in September we first launched our editorial canoe. This long and dreary winter with its unusual allowance of ice snow and zero atmosphere, is already showing signs of melting itself in the milder delights of rain, slush and mud. And who knows but long before July, (we will not put it too strong) this monotonous season with its dearth of local news, will have taken its flight forever? Who knows but under the influence of the soft spring air, (when it comes,) some college contributor will unfold his thoughts and put forth a tender bud in the shape of a MERCURY contribution? Or, perhaps, when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," some collegiate friend will send us a piece of poetry.

We find, for our part much encouragement in these thoughts, but we are glad to be able to give to our readers something far better.

We have associated with us as editors, as will be seen at the head of this column, Mr. CARLISLE, and Mr. McDOWELL, from the Junior class. The well known literary ability and the reliable energy of these gentlemen will be sufficient evidence to our readers that we could not have chosen students whose assistance during the remainder of the year would be more valuable to us, or in whose hands at its close, we could leave the MERCURY with greater safety.

With this addition to the staff of Editors, we set out in this Volume with increased facilities for making the MERCURY what is our wish it should be.

## COLLEGE READING ROOM.

The college reading room. Was there ever such a thing? There most certainly was once, but at present it is a myth: we used to find it pleasantly situated in the students parlor, but it disappeared at the same time with the parlor, and when we shall see it again is a question. Whither has it vanished? We catch glimpses of it now and then in those little dark closets underneath the library cases; but these glimpses only tantalize us, we long for the day when it shall once more inhabit an accessible abode, and again

unfold to us its store of information; when we shall again have free access to the papers and magazines which are now so carefully guarded, and dealt out like gruel to little children.

We do not refer in any way to the Addisonian reading room, that is very good so far as it goes, but to the College reading room that was, and ought to be. The Society reading room can never take the place of the other. It does not supply enough, nor is it altogether the right kind. The papers and magazines locked up in the library are almost indispensable, and we ought to have them in some more convenient place. It may be said we did not appreciate our reading room when we had it; and that we abused our privilege. We hardly think that true, but let it even be thought so, we have now been deprived of the room for a long time and we might be allowed another trial.

## BEFORE BREAKFAST.

We know very little about this part of the day, its beauties or its pleasures. We hardly give a thought to the many things that can be accomplished at this hour, and are contented to begin our day with breakfast, which we think comes but too soon. There seems to be no necessity for an earlier beginning, and that there is any pleasure or advantage derived from it, is not generally believed. The sun may rise ever so early, and shine ever so bright; the woodpecker may warble his sweetest notes, and the blue jay may repeat his caw, caw; still we slumber on, indulging in sleep to the last moment, and well pleased if the breakfast bell be the first sound to disturb our dreams.

Not long ago three juniors, mighty men, with more pluck than all the rest, after much deliberation came to the conclusion that they were wasting precious moments by sleeping when there really was no need, so they determined that every morning for a week they would make an early rise, take a run, enjoy the fresh morning air, try and scare up an appetite, and do many other things in a very short time; and whoever failed was to furnish the beer for the crowd. The consequence is they have had beer every day since, excepting one. And that one day, they talk about it continually, and the beneficial effects of that hour before breakfast are still discussed at much length.

They really mean to try again sometime, for they say, that if there is anything that must be done, before breakfast is the best time to do it; that then an hour is longer than at any other time in the day.

RAVENSWOOD, Ill., Feb. 26th, 1873.

EDITORS MERCURY.—In your last issue, you ask "why have our college songs never been collected?" and then say that it is probably because "no one felt himself called upon to do anything of the kind." Allow me to correct you. When, last summer I had seven volumes of your excellent "MERCURY" bound, I had a space left at the end of the book for all scraps of college interest; in which, of course, I included our college songs. I therefore copied out, either from memory, or manuscript, all that I had ever heard. My small collection embraces two "Philologist" songs of '70 and '71; the "Addisonian" song of '72; and the songs of the classes of '70, '72 and '73. The song of '71, I could not remember. With this exception, I have, as far as I can ascertain, all the Racine College songs, that are of

value, or interest. Should any of your correspondents or subscribers know of any others, I would esteem it a great favor if they would transmit a copy. I should be glad to furnish a copy of any of the above songs to any one at the college, who would see that it was kept, in case the *Carmina Racinensia* (is that correct?) were ever collected.

ROSSELL PARK.

#### THE POPULAR PRIZE.

The report that a popular prize is to be instituted at Racine by a friend of the college, has lately been the theme of much conversation, and we are lead, while the regulations regarding its disposal are not yet determined upon, to offer some remarks concerning the awarding of such an honor.

Be it awarded under what regulations it may, a prize for popularity cannot fail to be attended with serious difficulties that subject the expediency of such an institution to considerable doubt. We do not care to examine into these at length, but wish to devote ourselves merely to the consideration of that manner of awarding the honor that shall be the most free from difficulty, and the most in accordance with the object for which the prize has been instituted.

The first difficulty to be encountered springs out of the fact that the college and the grammar school are two distinct institutions. In earlier days of the institution the college and grammar school routine so nearly corresponded, that the senior in college held about the same relation to the boys of the grammar school that a sixth former does at present. This is no longer the case; and if the intercourse between the two departments is not so entirely cut off as it would be if the college were in one place and the grammar school in another, at least the two departments have little enough to do with each other to insure the fact that each will have its own favorite, and that the popular student of one department will not get the vote of the other. It is also evident that as the grammar school is at present nearly three times as large as the college, the giving of the prize would be entirely in its hands. From these reasons it is plain that throwing the prize open to both college and grammar school is out of the question, and we know it to be the sentiment of the college that the prize were better confined to the grammar school than open to both departments.

But if, as we think we have shown, such a restriction is necessary, it seems to us only natural that it should be awarded in the college. And not only this, but to act still more in accordance with the same reasons, that it should be confined exclusively to the graduating class. We anticipate the objection which may be offered here, that many who would stand a good chance of receiving the prize are thus excluded. One department *must* be excluded at any rate; that is evident beyond the question of a doubt. And while this is the case it is better to exclude the grammar school students who in their college course will have this same opportunity in their turn, than to debar the college from any prospects at all. If the prize were restricted to the senior class the same answer would hold good. If a popular junior or lower class man is excluded for a year or so, he will stand a still better chance of receiving the honor when it comes his turn to graduate, inasmuch as there will be a smaller number to share the popularity with him.

But our principal reason has not yet been stated. It is that popularity is *worth* more in the college than in the grammar school. It is worth more because more judiciously bestowed, and, while affability of nature and pleasantness of manner are duly valued, the real character is not overlooked. In a college student popularity is almost invariably the index of something better beyond it; in the grammar school it *may* be this, but is very liable not to be. It is easy to see why this should be so. The gradual development of character corresponds exactly with the gradual education of the mind. In the grammar school student mind and character are only beginning to be molded; and while we do not pretend that in the college course either is fully developed, it must be admitted that both have assumed at least the main outlines of their permanent form. Moreover, owing to the short time which many of the grammar school boys have been in the institution, and again to the earlier age of the students of that department popularity is very apt to fall to the lot of a student whose real disposition is barely known, or to be entirely misdirected.

The students who have been at the institution the longest time are to be found in the college classes. Whether liked or disliked by their fellows, they have been thoroughly tested. If they are popular they have had in the long time they have been here, many liabilities to losing their popularity; if unpopular, a constant opportunity of becoming better liked. In either case, whether the student be liked or disliked, public sentiment gives him pretty nearly what he deserves, and treats him with greater fairness as he approaches the time for his graduation.

Whatever may be said of the necessity of restricting the vote, in case the prize were opened to both departments, to such candidates for the honor, as have not fallen below a fixed minimum of conduct marks, such a restriction as regards the college itself, would be entirely unnecessary. With the college students, public sentiment would, for the reason we have shown, need no such restriction, and could be safely left to regulate itself.

Confining the prize to the graduating class, or at all events to students in college, is, to our thinking, not only the safest way to leave the matter, but the only restriction that would be in accordance with the purpose of such a prize.

The Messrs. Clark, of Cambridgeport, Mass., have, for some time past, been engaged in grinding a twenty-seven inch lens for our Government, which, when complete is to cost \$50,000. The telescope in which it will be placed will, in all probability, be located on some elevated position, or in the astronomical station to be established by the United States Coast Survey Bureau, on the Sierra Nevada mountains. It will be situated at a height of from seven to ten thousand feet above the sea level, in an atmosphere of great purity and comparatively free from clouds. This great instrument will magnify 3000 times, and will have the power to bring the moon within eighty miles of the eye.—*Cap and Gown.*

Recitation in Moral Science—*Prof.*—Dr. Wayland calls conscience a *faculty*. Is the term well applied?

*Student*—I think so, sir, as it always interferes when we are doing any mischief.—*Targum.*

## 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 semi annual choir supper which is always awaited with inward longings, as well by the big tenors and bassos, as the little trebles and altos, took place in its accustomed elegance and lavish profusion in the Dining Hall, on the Monday evening before Lent.

This supper, like all the rest of our college feasts in these days, was not marred by the intrusion of any exercises whatever that did not appertain to bodily refreshment. The musical part of the programme was the singing of the grace and the thanks, and the only part which was considered of much importance, was what came between. The choir went to the supper to eat, and they fulfilled their intentions as President GRANT does his, quietly and unostentatiously. We made a note of the fact as a scientific curiosity, that, however much the quality of the human voice may depend upon the size of the vocal organs, their calibre has nothing to do with the capacity for stowing away turkey and oysters. The little boys who sing the high notes managed to "surround" almost as much as our double barreled quartette *basso* himself. They are little, but—oh dear!

The ice cream which was expected from Chicago, did not arrive, but perhaps this was just as well. A sweet voiced alto found material enough as it was, to succeed the same night in dreaming he was dead.

—Senior spreads were quite popular just before Lent began. The class was magnificently entertained first in the room of Mr. BUMP, where a long table was spread with all the delicacies the palate could wish, and where the seniors went to work in their usual fine style and demolished all that was set before them. After supper cigars were passed around and the evening was pleasantly passed in a cloud of fragrant tobacco smoke, with college songs and stories of old college and grammar school days.

The affair was so heartily enjoyed, that when another senior got a box a few days afterwards with a turkey and other good things in it, he got up spread number two forthwith. The rest of the class are still prepared to be present on similar occasions, and believe in spreads as heartily as ever.

—The spelling match which has been awaited with considerable anxiety in the grammar school, and which we suppose has been the cause of our seeing spelling books kicking about loose in the gymnasium and elsewhere, took place on Friday evening the 21st ult. The young gentlemen who kept their feet for the longest time were STANTON GIBSON on one side, and MAGRAIN COXE on the other.

—The philosophical senior has finally succeeded in obtaining "JINSON's" principles. He found JINSON in the gymnasium the other day, caught him by the collar with both hands, and shook out all his views. JINSON is a Re-e-e-calo-o-o-omina-a-a-al-i-i-i-ist, and owned up that he was a follower of Pla-a-a-ta-a-a-aristotle. "Oh you bad boy!"

—The Veselius sisters appeared at their concert in Racine, before an audience from the college "that far exceeded their most sanguine expectations." The music on the occasion was of a very pleasing character, particularly the vocal trios which were sung with such perfect sympathy and such harmony of expression that they invariably won from the appreciative audience a storm of applause. The most popular piece on the programme, was "Coming through the Rye." Miss Frank was invited by the *Encore* that followed to "come through" once more, but replied with another song.

Potter didn't come along with his bus immediately "after the opera was over," and the collegiates passed away the time while waiting in the cold in singing some of their most popular operatic gems. "Three Old Jews;" "Where, Oh where are the gay young freshmen;" "Chaw my ear;" "Dish ran away with the—Oh no," and several other college favorites, among which the ballad of the "Pison Sarpient-i-ent" was not forgotten, were "hooped up" before an admiring crowd 'ere the bus came along. A young lady has been heard from who liked this concert better than the other.

—The fact is, POTTER is picked on. As if it were not enough to have a smasher knock his two front teeth down his throat, he can go no where without having his incisors inquired after. The other day POTTER took a bus load down town from Taylor Hall. When he poked his hand into the bus for the fare, every man on board took his turn at shaking it, till it was almost jerked off at the wrist. He drew it through the hole without getting a "red." After he had taken a short rest he tried to get his fare once more. This was interpreted as a sign that his first reception had not been warm enough, and a soph in a front corner of the vehicle answered his demand by lighting a match and applying it to the end of his finger. His hand disappeared again. He made one more attempt to collect, and this time fortune began to smile upon him: he got one cent every time he put his hand into the bus. Before he got down town he had displayed his paw forty times and had collected every cent of the fare.

—A soph boasts of a classmate who can make a ring of tobacco smoke and jump through it.

—A student who goes out in society, in one of his recent calls encountered one of the flowers of down-town chivalry. In order to ascertain whether the youth was really dumb, or kept still only because he had nothing to say, the collegiate suggested a subject of conversation.

*Student.*—"Have you ever seen Joseph Jefferson?"

*Youth of the Town.*—Joseph Jefferson—well, no, I guess not. He's one of the fellows at the college, is n't he?"

His case was given up.

—How is this for a way to borrow boots? It was discovered during the last thaw.

*Student.*—"Look here, W———! You're the man I want; let me take those rubber boots of yours during second hour."

*2nd Student.*—(hesitatingly. He had lent boots before,) "I want them myself this afternoon."

*1st Student.*—(a little impatient,) "Well, you confounded fool, I said during *second hour*. That isn't *afternoon*, is it?"

—Scene in recitation room. Class reciting in Copée's logic.

*Professor.*—How did Mr. Webster begin his celebrated second speech on Mr. Foot's resolution?

*Soph.*—(Apparently stumped) "well, ah—he began by saying—ah!"—(a radiant smile begins to spread itself over his countenance) "Mr. President."

—Piety and self denial are on the increase. Several students at one of the tables in the dining hall, have gone so far in their practice of abstinence as to "swear off" on squash for the whole of Lent. Don't tell us that the days of saintliness have departed. Every one who has ever contracted the habit of eating squash knows how difficult it is to break it off even for a short time. Their constitutions are rapidly becoming undermined. It is now almost two weeks since Lent began, and they are mere wrecks of their former selves; yet they will not give in. They subsist wholly on the sight and smell of their favorite dish, and vow they will stick it out till Easter "if it takes all summer."

—Where, oh where are those gay little billiard balls?

### PERSONALS.

—In the *Ohio State Journal* which has lately been sent to us with an account of the graduating exercise at Starling Medical College, in Columbus, we find that Mr. THOS. R. SPARROW, of '70 has just taken the degree of M. D.

Mr. JOHN BATTEN, a grammar school member of '73 spent last Sunday with us. During the three years that have elapsed since he left Racine, BATTEN has devoted himself to the study of law, and since last September has been practicing in one of the best offices in Chicago. Johnny makes a spruce looking lawyer, and possesses all the natural elements of a first class barrister.

—We have the pleasure of hearing occasionally from GEORGE CROGHAN. All who remember "Shrin" will be interested to know that he has left Helmuth College, and intends, after enjoying the pleasures of "knocking around" by himself for a time, to settle down (provided he can find anybody that suits his taste) in the calm and unruffled repose of matrimonial felicity.

—We had a visit from FRANCIS a short time ago, when he came to the college to look after some of his effects.

Ph—ty tells us he has been teaching a Sunday school class part of the time during his sojourn in Michigan City. "And you see," he says, "I had them 'right where the hair was short,' for I had a catechism in my hand and the answers were right there." We inquired about his discipline in case of a failure to recite. Ph—ty says, that under such circumstances he gives them another week to get their lesson, because 'he knows how it is himself.' They wanted him to read the opening prayers one Sunday, but he thought that was laying it on too thick.

—In his first recitation in Horace a sophomore translated the line "*Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas,*" or the *martial* HARE breaks the well twisted toils.

His Professor said he had heard of a *March hare*, if he had reference to that, but he believed in the present instance Horace was alluding to something else.

### THE COLLEGE PRESS.

WE are glad to see the PALLADIUM once more. It is one of the spiciest and most original journals we know of, if it isn't very large. We take special note of the remarks under the heading of Library and Class-Room, and would recommend a careful perusal of them to our college Missionaries.

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE comes to us from Halifax, N. S. It appears to be very ably edited, and deserves a compliment also for its good looks. We should think, however, that a little more *Dalhousiensia* would give it greater local and general interest.

LET another praise thee, O MISCELLANY, for we are clearly unable to; that *bean* was too much for us, to say nothing of *Trixthatarevain*. If any of our professors should get wind of that! It was one of the best *trix* we ever had.

THE RECORD has been agitating the subject of elocution. The Yale "course" in this department seems to be something like our own. We heartily agree with the sentiment of both articles, *i. e.* that naturalness and simplicity ought to be the chief characteristics of the orator; but we would remind the *Record* that "experience is a marvelous plan to find out a short way by long wandering." The true remedy seems to be better teachers and more of them.

THE CORNELL ERA don't get much sympathy in regard to its attacks on Hobart. Setting that matter aside, however, the *Era* contains much excellent reading, and is lively and entertaining, though it is in no wise sparing of its criticisms.

THE ALBION ANNALIST is certainly not afraid to speak its mind. That, however, is not a fault. It could be improved typographically, but it shows in general, the true journalistic spirit, and is always welcome to our table.

THE VOLANTE, our Chicago neighbor, is very pleasing both in appearance, and style. It is one of our ideas of college papers, for it gives its whole space to college matters, local and foreign, and is at the same time spicy and readable.

WE notice by the ADVOCATE that the Rev. Prof. CHAMBERLAIN, who visited us a short time ago, has offered his services to the students at Harvard as teacher of elocution and oratory.

We are under obligations to the *Madisonensis* for calling our attention to an ambiguous sentence on the cover of the MERCURY. We think we can make a fortune by sending it to Dr. Quackenbos, and if we do, we will go "halvers" with the *Madisonensis*. In the mean time it will notice that we have altered the arrangement of the sentence in question so as to be intelligible to all.

A brilliant soph, while reading Tacitus pauses at "*Dilapsis speculatoribus,*" but after a moment's study translates it "O ye dilapidated speculators!"—*Targum*.

Several students strolling through Schureman street, a day or two ago, passed an elderly gentleman, wearing a dressing gown, when one of the party, a Junior, exclaimed, much to the astonishment of his companions, "Say, fellows, look at that old codger, with a calico overcoat on!"—*Targum*.

We are glad to see that the financial affairs of Michigan University are improving. A large delegation from both houses of State Legislature visited Ann Arbor not long ago for the purpose of investigating the workings of the University, and ascertaining its wants. The addresses made were highly encouraging, and were all marked by a healthy financial tone. President Emerson, of the Senate, said that the inquiry was now and ever would be, not upon how small an allowance could the University exist, but how much does she need in order that all her financial wants may be abundantly provided for. Speaker Crowell said in addition, that, although the state was willing to supply the needs of the University, she would demand of the regents a proper and judicious expenditure. The committee reported unanimously in favor of levying a 1-20 of a mill tax as a perpetual University fund. This is as it should be.

CALIFORNIA University sets out with an appropriation of \$300,000 for buildings, \$50,000 for annual expenses, and an endowment of \$400,000.—*Ex.*

THE *Targum* deploras a growing tendency on the part of under graduates to neglect writing for its columns, and wants every young man in the college to wake up and contribute a pithy article immediately. If the *Targum* succeeds in getting the young men to do this, will it please send us its receipt? We have been deploring the same thing for a long time, but it doesn't do the least bit of good.

The *University Press* of Madison, in this state, has lately taken us to task for publishing a piece of information concerning its institution, which it calls stale. In a manner we did not expect, the *Press* alludes to the low *mercury* in the thermometres at present, and proceeds to insinuate. We are afraid our near neighbor wants us to slap back, but we have too much regard for him to do that. We shall put upon his remark only its favorable interpretation, rejoicing to find that if we are stale it is only when we clip from the *Press*, and that if we are ever "below zero" it only during three months out of twelve, and not like some other papers, (nearer the pole) all the year around.

One of the Sophomores was reading aloud from—whisper it low—"Good Bye, Sweetheart." Unluckily, she happened to light upon a familiar quotation from *Macbeth*. She stumbled through it, then drew a breath of relief and exclaimed: "Mercy! what poetry! who couldn't write better than that."—*Miscellany.*

One of the Freshmen just learning to smoke and not yet quite graduated from cigarettes, was recently seen negotiating for a cigar at Billy Brown's. After he had completed the purchase and was walking off with an extra large "Henry Clay," he was heard to say to himself, "That will make me sick just three times."—*Yale Record.*

It is said that one of the prominent men in '73, while listening to Miss Mehlig's rendering of Chopin's *Impromptu* on Tuesday evening, expressed great surprise that she could play so well *extemporaneously*.—*Record.*

A Freshman aiming for the ministry, is writing *dime novels* to pay his way through college.—*Ex.*

In the exercise in Elocution last Tuesday, Prof. — told a fresh, "that when he grinned he reminded him of one of his Darwinian Ancestors."—*Ex.*

The following scene occurred in a restaurant in a college town out west, about noon time: Student—"How much do you charge for dinner?" Landlord—"One dollar, sir." Student—"Very cheap; how much for supper?" Landlord—"Twenty-five cents." Student—"Well, bring me a supper, sir."—*Williams Review.*

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for March, is one of the best numbers of that popular monthly we have seen. The stories and illustrations are fully up to the standard, and the home department is unusually good. The article on "Parental Duty," ought to be read by every mother in the land.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, Published by the same firm as the *Home Magazine*, is one of the best juvenile periodicals in the United States. For its pure and healthy tone, its charming stories, and its attractive illustrations, we heartily recommend it to all who have children to entertain, feeling sure that it will prove a wonderful help. Terms \$1.25 per year. Home Magazine \$2.50 per year, with the beautiful chromo "Christian Graces" to each subscriber.

Address T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 809 and 811 Chestnut street Philadelphia, Pa.

THE March number of the *ALDINE* gave us enjoyment for a whole evening. There was Tavernier's "After the Storm," with its wonderful rocks, and clouds, and strangely quiet sea, of which we thought we should never tire; there was How's "White Birches of the Saranac," buried up to their knees in fern; there was Smillie's stirring illustration of the ride from "Ghent to Aix," and Cary's "Barn-yard Toilets;" every one of them engravings of the highest order and most delicate finished. And then there was the poetry, the stories, the charming editorial sketches,—but we must cry halt; we should fill all our space if we attempted to particularize further. Everybody knows that the *Aldine* is the most magnificent art journal published in America, that its literary matter is always first class, and that it should find a place in every household. The terms are singularly cheap. It is sent to any address with two lovely chromos, "The Village Belle" and "Crossing the Moor," for \$5.00 per annum.

Address JAMES SUTTON & Co., 58 Maiden Lane, New York City.

A neat little volume of readings has been placed on our table by J. W. DANGHADAY & Co., 434 and 436 Walnut street Philadelphia. It is called the *Elocutionists Annual*, and is designed to be a Hand-Book for both Elocutionary training and Elocutionary performance. Its special attractions over works of a similar character are, that the selections are uniformly good, and that they embrace a wide field of our later literature. Every one who has experienced the difficulty of hunting up readings from contemporary authors, will feel at once that, in this respect, that the *Annual* supplies a popular want. Being printed in clear, open type, it is easy to read from, and being just the right size for convenient use, it will prove a most acceptable assistant to any one wishing to get up a "piece" for any occasion. Remembering our own school training, we would emphatically recommend it to teachers as an excellent reading book. There can be no complaint in regard to the price at least. It is only 25 cents.





"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XIII.

RACINE COLLEGE, MARCH 24, 1873.

No. 2.

MATINS.

"After the Opera was over."

She asked, and of course I obey her,  
So here goes for packing the things;  
What a fool one can make himself, can't he?  
Just look at that glove, and those rings!  
The garnet I wore on my watch chain  
The whole of my Sophomore year:  
And the other she gave me last winter  
Just before she went out to La Peer.

She said I'd remember her better  
If I only had something to keep—  
So I do—sitting up half the night here,  
Euchred completely out of my sleep.  
I wonder if she cares a penny—  
Pshaw! she's sleeping, no doubt, long ago.  
How girls can do these things so easy,  
I swear, I am blest if I know.

That little glove—see there how pretty  
It lies—just the shape of her hand—  
I have half-a-mind—No, I *won't* keep it—  
Miss Nell, it is "yours to command."  
And the letters—I'd almost forgotten—  
They must go too, along with the rest;  
They are all here but one, the *last* missive  
I left in my every-day vest.

Why, 'twas yesterday only I got it.  
She had just come to town, and the note  
Was to beg my escort to the Opera;  
She had something to tell me—she wrote.  
I thought she was cooler than usual,  
But I hadn't the slightest idea  
She was going to cut me up this way—  
Yet she don't know she hurt me, that's clear.

I took it as coolly as could be—  
She said she had not known her heart,  
That she feared we should never be happy,  
And the best thing to do was—to part.  
I answered—"Of course, if you wish it,"  
And twirled my moustache, but I vow,  
I felt almost as if I were crying—  
I declare—I believe I *am* now.

Ah, Nell! you don't know how I loved you—  
I—bosh! what a lunny I am—  
I feel as I used to in term time,  
Just after a seven day's cram.  
What's that light there? as I am a sinner,  
They're getting up over the way—  
It's morning—and here I've been crying,  
I'll look sweet at the office to-day!

T. C.

GOOD MEMORIES.

We do not remember who it was that said we had "bad memories, but good *forgetteries*," but his statement might be adopted by almost everybody, although eight people out of ten will tell you that they have good memories. That is to say, they rarely forget the common occurrences of every day life, they always remember their business engagements, they know when this or that affair of interest took place, and, in fact, have a tolerably good memory of the various events of their common business intercourse.

Now if you could compare what these people remember with what they have forgotten, you would not so readily credit them with a good memory. Of course it is generally impossible to apply this test, but it can readily be seen that, among the generality of people, memory is confined to very narrow limits: the man remembers faces well but not names; another remembers names, but not faces; and another remembers voices. One student in a class can give every date in a History lesson with the greatest accuracy and ease, at the same time knowing little or nothing of the real subject matter of the lesson itself; another, who cannot retain a date for five minutes, can give the minutest details in regard to the events treated of without the slightest effort.

We have read of actors who could repeat a page of prose after having read it over but once; and of a celebrated Frenchman who could remember and name every article in a shop window after a single glance at it; but cases like these are very uncommon, and ought not really to be considered in this connection. Indeed, they could be very well dispensed with altogether, if the ability to remember the little things of every day life were more common.

What an immense amount of trouble the world would be spared, if people were more generally possessed of even common memories. Old gentlemen would no longer be obliged to hunt half the morning for the book or paper they had carefully laid away; old ladies would no longer forget that the anxiously searched for spectacles were on top of their heads; gossips would cease getting themselves into trouble by failures of memory in regard to what they say or what some one else has said; and (oh, joyful millennium!) the people who borrow money would remember that it should be paid.

We would all have good memories if we had our own way about it, but memory is a faculty placed nearly if not entirely beyond our control. It discourages us to think that, of all that we study and labor so hard to acquire, we can only remember part, and that imperfectly. Even things of the utmost importance, things which we ought to think of before all else, pass completely out of our recollec-

tion, while at the same time we readily call to mind events of not the slightest consequence.

This is a universal fact, and the consideration of it should render us charitable to those who are not favored with memories of a superior order. It is possible that we ourselves may not be perfect. '75.

#### A LETTER FROM SANTA FE.

We publish the following letter received a few days ago, thinking it may be of interest to those who know the writer if not to others:

DEAR G.—You asked me for an account of my trip to this out-of-the-world place, and I herewith comply.

I left home Monday evening, and the following Thursday, at four o'clock A. M., without any particular adventure, reached Denver. The first view of the mountains just before entering Denver, is sublime, and it is especially so at that early hour when the rising sun casts his first beams on the snow capped peaks making them look like burnished silver. And—

"The vapours, round the mountains curl'd,  
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world."

Altogether it was a sight not soon to be forgotten. Denver is a lively little city of eight or nine thousand inhabitants, and quite metropolitan withal; having gas and water works, paved streets &c. I stopped only one day in Denver; and the next morning took passage on the narrow guage railroad for Pueblo, one hundred and twenty miles distant, and the point at which the stage lines begin.

The little cars of the narrow guage road, which will comfortably seat between thirty and forty persons, and are really quite elegant in their way, contrast strongly with those of the ordinary build, looking more like playthings than real substantial cars intended for business. We had traveled but a short distance when the conductor suddenly seized the bell rope and gave it a violent jerk, the baby engine screeched, down brakes, and the brakeman went to work with a will every body had their heads out of the windows, except those who were making ready to jump if we did not stop before we got there. When we were at last brought to a standstill, the conductor quietly got off and killed a snake that was lying near the track; and those anxious individuals who were looking out for a broken rail, or some other danger, resumed their seats with a sigh of relief. A little farther on we passed two boys mounted on about as sorry looking specimens of horse flesh as I ever beheld; they immediately gave chase and for four or five miles were not at any time more than a stones throw from us; at last they were stopped by an open bridge, and we won the race.

As we neared Pueblo the country became flat and open, and the soil white with alkali; the luxuriant growth of prairie grass in Northern Colorado gave place to the scattered bunches of "gramma" grass with here and there a stunted cactus. We reached Pueblo in due time and rode from the depot to the hotel, a distance of nearly two miles, under a burning sun and through an alkali dust eight or ten inches deep, which rose around us in suffocating clouds, making it almost impossible to breath without holding our handkerchiefs over our faces, and even then it was a difficult performance. After much talk and trouble we sat

down to supper, a sumptuous repast of tough beef, bread and water, for which the landlord had the face to charge us a dollar and a half. During supper it had been raining, and when I started for the stage office to secure my place, the mud and water were as deep as the dust had been before. Not very wet I thought; but still pretty good for a dry country.

Just at sundown the stage coach rolled out of Pueblo and across the noble Arkansas river; a Mr. Wheelock, an American woman, a Romish padre, and myself were the inside passengers. All went well until we reached the first station, when the woman said she felt ill and requested a glass of water which was handed her; but in a few moments she had to leave the coach, remarking in a subdued voice, as she did so, that she had "eaten Bologna sausage for supper," and she didn't think it agreed with her.

The first night, sleep was out of the question, there were too many passengers, bundle, boxes, robes, and other traps; and as might be expected I was not in the best humor the next morning, so that when I became involved in a hot discussion with the priest I said some pretty sharp things which seemed to offend the gentleman; but he paid me back in my own coin and not slowly. He maintained that Henry VIII was the founder of our Church, which, of course I denied; he tried to prove it, but did not succeed. We both became very much excited, and it ended in his leaving the stage in a great passion and commanding me to hold my tongue, as an impertinent youth who would come to no good. I found on inquiry that he was the Roman Catholic Bishop of Colorado.

That morning a Mexican senorita had come into the coach, who had evidently enjoyed the discussion very much, and after it was over offered me cornhusks and tobacco with which to make cigarettes, and even volunteered to initiate "Elgrino" (the foreigner) into the mysteries of that somewhat dexterous art.

That night as we drove up to Red River station we saw some men engaged in a fight, much to the delight of the assembled crowd, one of whom said it was getting dull, that this was the first good fight they had had for a week, and as they used no fire arms I ventured quite near, but when one old fellow appeared with a couple of six shooters and a big knife, I thought it time to retreat.

Two more nights of broken rest brought us to Santa Fe; and I said to myself "never take a stage journey when you can go any other way."

My first impressions of Santa Fe were not of the best, for when I looked around, only half awake as I was, and saw nothing but mud walls on every side, I had feelings which I think must resemble those of a convict on entering his prison; and I must say neither impressions nor feelings have since improved.

Yours Truly,

"BLINKEY."

A Hartford subscriber writes that he is just recovering from small-pox, and will be on in a few days to renew his subscription. We hope he won't mind a little thing like that. We will send the paper and wait for the money. We will wait cheerfully. We ain't of that avaricious kind of people who will grab for money as if for life. We despise such things. There's no earthly reason for his coming on; we will wait.—*Danbury News.*

## MARCH.

Spring comes, yet mark the change?  
 In vain may range  
 The anxious eye,  
 O'er earth and sky,  
 And seek the spell to find  
 With which the wind  
 With winning art,  
 Ensnares the heart.

This chill, cold earth, so bare!  
 Sure far more fair,  
 Seemed winter's snows;  
 Nor fiercer foes  
 To peace, its storm and frosts,  
 Than bare limbs tossed  
 With fruitless wails,  
 By cruel gales.

Yet, 'spite each leafless tree—  
 And barren lea,—  
 Though bare limbs thrown  
 By mad gales, groan,  
 Within the heart finds rest,  
 And every breast  
 By hope inspired,  
 With joy is fired.

Yea, hope hath wrought the spell;  
 We know full well,  
 That Winter's snow  
 Must sometime go,  
 And earth, with rapture loud,  
 Spite pall and shroud,  
 With quickening breath,  
 Must conquer death.

NELKIN

## WHIMS AND FANCIES.

## I.

"The dog Crusoe was once a pup." says a writer whose works were the delight of my boyhood, and thereupon he proceeds to excuse the silliness of his remark.

The attempt was so perfectly natural and so entirely successful, that ordinarily it might perhaps have passed without a comment; yet despite all this, there seems to be an idea connected with it, which though apt to pass through the mind with a momentary flash, may nevertheless be of some little interest to those who have never made it the subject of their attention.

I have said that the attempt was perfectly successful; yet how could this be, if there were not some good reason to be adduced? If this reason existed and was called up so naturally why might it not occur at once to the hearer without being put forward by the speaker himself?

Any one who will attempt to answer these queries must doubtless recollect many an incident which would call them forth quite as readily as the one before us. How often do we ask the cause of some action which to us appears somewhat strange, when a moment's thought would enable us to answer our own question. We might, it is true, rid ourselves of the whole matter by referring it to the labor-saving spirit of the day which ever prompts one to let others think for him instead of thinking for himself. Whether such a disposal of the subject might be agreeable to the majority of our readers or not, of course, we cannot say. It appears to us to be a very superficial and indolent method of setting aside a very interesting and important fact.

Some years since one of our most popular novelists gave to the public a work entitled "*Put yourself in his place.*" In the title, no less than in his treatment of it he seems to have completely answered our question. To arrive at the cause of an action or a speech, we must stand in the place of its author. This we can only do in two ways; through his assistance, or through our own exertions. If we do not make use of either one or the other of those means it is very certain we can never fully understand one half of the occurrences that make up what we call life. Moreover, as there is very seldom an opportunity given for the gratuitous contribution of the motive of each action tacked on to it as a sort of key or solution, it most generally happens that we must make use of our last resource and the best of our ability put ourselves in the place of him whose motives we would understand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus from the may be, careless sentence of one who only sought to charm an hour or two of childhood's happy days, has arisen a thought which succeeding years have only strengthened, and coming years must doubtless confirm.

May we not find much of the, so-called, nonsense of childhood gleaming forth as the wisdom of maturer years?

## THE BILLIARD TABLE.

Any one who, in his wanderings about Taylor Hall, has entered the billiard-room, has without doubt been struck with the change which that once favorite resort has undergone. It looks deserted and cold, notwithstanding the fact that Benard keeps a blazing fire in the stove.

Now, why is this? Some may suppose that it is because the smokers have changed their quarters. This is partly the cause, but it does not altogether account for it. The real fault lies in the wretched condition of the billiard table.

The college students have laid out various sums of money for the maintenance of the table, but, notwithstanding this, its condition has grown continually worse, till now the table is warped beyond recovery, the cushions are dead; the balls are chipped and broken, and the cues unfit for further use.

Owing to this state of affairs, quite a number of the students have been compelled either to forego their favorite pastime, or else to seek it elsewhere.

Now this state of things ought not to be. The college, we understand, is willing to procure one of Brunswick's best tables, provided only that the students will contribute one hundred and fifty dollars, a very small sum in consideration of the pleasure to be derived from it and the number of students who might share in the expense.

We trust therefore that the students will take the matter into consideration and act on the proposal.

By all means let us have a new billiard table, and let us have it immediately. S.

A Philadelphia paper advertises "—'s patent lever cork drawers." We have seen flannel drawers and buckskin drawers, but cork drawers, and patent lever at that, never.—*Newspaper Reporter.*

# The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, MARCH 24, 1873.

EDITORS.

E. A. LABRABEE.                      NORTON STRONG.                      AQUILLA JONES.  
G. E. CARLISLE.                      G. B. McDOWELL.

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 Wisconsin."

A. C. Sanford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

## THE COLLEGE NINE.

While observing the play of certain members of the College Nine, a few days since, we thought it would be interesting to some of the old students to know the condition of that organization and its prospects for matches, this coming season.

Of the former we can say that its condition physically is all that could be wished. The Nine has been in training for over two months in the gymnasium, and if hardened muscles are any guarantee for success in games, we can safely predict that in this they will not be wanting.

A great difficulty will arise in the "working in" of new players, and, as it will require, on the part of these, long and steady practice to fill their positions well, it cannot, at first, be expected that the Nine will be as good as it was last year. There are four vacancies to fill, but as the new material is good, it will not be a great while before the new Nine will rank as high as any of those of preceding years.

One of the heaviest losses to the Nine, is that of BENTON. He has filled the position of catcher for many years, and has always received merited praise in the victories that the Nine has won. We regret that he will not be able to play this season for the Nine will miss very much his place and fearlessness behind the bat, but far more the coolness which he displayed, and which seemed to have a like effect on his fellow players, when games were most exciting.

Mr. LEKLEY will supply his place, and we doubt not that he will be as effective in his new position as he was in that of short stop, where he gained so many laurels by his excellent play.

The players to fill the other vacancies have not been definitely determined on, but we hope, by the next number of the MERCURY, to publish the names of the players in their positions and in the batting order for the season.

No positive knowledge has, as yet, been learned as to the games that will be played this season. We have heard rumors that the Evanston "University Nine" was preparing to dispute the title which we won last year, and that Beloit and Madison are also desirous of trying the mettle of the College Nine. We trust that the rumors have a

foundation and that a more friendly feeling will spring up between us and our sister colleges through the medium of such intercourse.

## MISSIONARY EXERCISES.

The missionary exercises last Sunday were the most interesting we have listened to for a long time. Really, when you fairly consider it, there is no reason under the sun why these exercises should not be, instead of the bore which every one is generally so ready to call them, entertaining enough to be looked forward to with some degree of pleasure. The fact is we are all too easily satisfied that whatever partakes of a sacred or religious character must be dull and uninteresting. Missionary news, at all events, has less excuse for dullness than anything we know of, and it is certain that if carefully selected and properly read it would never, even by the youngest boy in the grammar school, be pronounced so.

It is with pleasure that we notice the effort the Society is making to render these monthly meetings entertaining and beneficial; and the interest shown at the last meeting is evidence enough that such efforts will meet with success. We think, however, a caution is necessary with reference to this very exertion. In over-carefulness of the readers to be interesting are noticed a tendency to overlook the real object of the meeting, which is rather to *inform* than to *please*.

The report on the Sagetown Mission certainly was successful in gaining the interest and attention, but interest was bought by sacrificing the main object of *information* to the narrating of trifling anecdotes only intended to produce a laugh.

The extract was similarly at fault. Though pleasing in itself and rendered more so by the admirable manner in which it was read, it was little more, and as appropriate for any other occasion as for a missionary meeting.

Once more we say missionary news can be made interesting itself. Let care be spent only on selecting and preparing that, and the Society will not fail of its main object, while it will give us more pleasure.

## FUN (SO CALLED.)

We would be the last in the world to cry down real fun. On the contrary, we look upon it, in its proper signification and its moderate enjoyment, as a necessary element to the leading of a useful or a contented life.

But fun is strangely liable to a wrong interpretation; and in our opinion, Sunday evening was an illustration of the extent to which the eager pursuers of fun can allow themselves to be deceived by its worthless counterfeit.

It is possible that an extravagant degree of lawlessness may be excusable in institutions that number their students by hundreds. It is the popular idea, we believe, which many people have of a college student, that he should spend a good share of his time in acting like a fool; that at college, where if ever, a man should *use* his brains, it is only natural that he should act as if he had none. For some people there may be an association of something lofty and manly, with such performances as the pulling down tree boxes, carrying off gates, smashing whatever comes in the way, and the successful accomplishment of other such "practical jokes."

Be this as it may, one thing is certain. Such lawless-

ness is at best the peculiar prerogative of *large* colleges. Some people may be fools enough to admire or tolerate a luxuriant weed of this kind in its natural soil; but it seldom receives either toleration or admiration anywhere else. Those who find anything beautiful in a sun flower, are generally content to let it remain in the back yard, and express no surprise if it does not smile upon them from some dainty flower pot in a conservatory. We believe it to be likewise true, that those, who are most ready to approve of thoughtless and boyish conduct when palliated by the large numbers of students in other institutions, generally have enough sense left to appreciate its absurdity when they discover it in a college such as ours.

Nevertheless a fellow occasionally comes to Racine with the intention of joining the fraternity of the wild and reckless students whose pranks are extolled in books of college scrapes. He has heard of the old time heroes of Yale and Harvard, and seized with a Don Quixotic frenzy, he is going to be an abridged edition of this kind of heroism. To be sure there are not the same advantages for doing this at Racine that he would find at larger and differently governed institutions, but he is blind to all difficulties. He knows, or would know, if he thought, that the kind of lawlessness he aspires after, is out of place at Racine, and that instead of being grand will only appear ridiculous; but he is not to be turned aside by any such consideration. It is true enough that college life at Racine is as different from that of other American colleges as home life from the barracks. What of it? He is not to be deterred from his ambitious design by slight incongruities. Our Don Quixote is too valiant for that; so he mounts his ambitions hobby and proceeds with perfect indifference to make a fool of himself. He lives in a pleasantly arranged house, and is surrounded, though at college, with all the ordinary comforts of home. It makes no difference; the comfortable house must suffer. He will go into the parlor and use it in the way they use the dreary, barn-like buildings at other colleges. Probably he would not deny himself the pleasure of breaking up a chair and throwing it into the grate, if it were not for the fear of discovery. If a practical joke that he has conceived promises to annoy or put to some trouble all quietly disposed persons in the house and, among others, those of his superiors whom he is most bound to respect, it makes no difference in his plan. If the rest of the house will be annoyed, so much the worse for them. He is bound to have his *fun*, and they must stand the consequences.

We only wonder that he does not get the fit on him during vacation, in the bosom of his own family; that he allows himself to miss such keen enjoyment as he might derive from overturning the dinner table and breaking the crockery; or that he does not seize the opportunity of converting himself once for all into the true ideal of collegiate greatness by taking the slats out of all the beds, and listening in rapturous suspense to hear his father and mother and the rest of the family come through onto the floor.

We have not overdrawn this character. There is not, we believe, at the present time exactly such a man as we have described, in the college, but still much of the same kind of spirit is occasionally noticeable. The performance of Sunday night was an instance of it, and it cannot fail to reveal itself to anyone, after reflection, as mean, foolish

and unmanly. The day of such doings ought to have passed long ago. Let us have no more of them.

CHICAGO, March 10th, 1873.

EDITORS MERCURY:—Under the impression that the MERCURY is desirous of having a correspondent in this city.—although it is somewhat backward in appointing the same—I have, unasked, assumed the office myself, and now proceed to launch forth upon my duties.

Time is valuable in this growing city, and I must of necessity be brief, and state what I have to say in words as few and as much to the point as possible.

We have been collecting and numbering the forces of Racine in this city, and find that there are at the present time, about two dozen old Racine students in Chicago. We can marshal, we think, from this number quite a respectable cricket Eleven. *How* respectable, we wish to give you an opportunity of deciding. For our part, we think we can make it quite *interesting* for you, to say the least—provided you will give us a chance to show our skill. In any event a little game of this kind will be very pleasant for both parties, for even if you *are* beaten the defeat will be much less humbling from the consideration that it is the first one you have suffered in twelve years, and was administered, at that, from the hands of those whom you have trained and sent out such skillful players.

Now please work this plan up with the Warden. The Head, master we think, you will find already aroused and eager for the fray as soon as he has read this piece of news.

Of course you need not begin to practice just yet. We propose to wait until the frost is out of the ground. (At present it is something less than a hundred feet below the surface in Chicago.)

While quietly attending to business a day or two ago, my attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a familiar voice pronouncing distinctly the abbreviated name under which I sailed at Racine. Turning upon the wretch who dared to desecrate the memory of the past by the present familiarity, whom should I confront but the venerable William L—, of '70, with his usual broad grin and cool rejoinder of the days of yore. I can assure you it was a happy greeting, for William had been my room mate at college for three years; and time had gone by so quickly that it was now just that long since I had last seen him, carpet bag in hand, hastily bidding adieu to *Alma Mater* and her sons. He found it *convenient* to leave, you know; but then we parted reluctantly with William. With the exception of a microscopic moustache, there is no marked change in the outer man, but I can assure you he is no longer the reckless fellow that you will remember him, but has settled down into a straight forward man of business.

He had scarcely left the city when the rotund and familiar form of "Pussy" of '71 was awaiting my leisure. He received my announcement of William's recent departure with an unutterable groan. "Pussy" will very likely pay you a visit before he returns to his native hamlet.

PERHAPS.

THE famous copy of Shakespeare in the library of the late Edwin Forrest was burned the other day. The book was printed from the original MSS., and was valued by connoisseurs at \$5,000.—*Ex.*

## 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 49 P. M.
Going West .....	8 00 A. M.....	7 30 P. M.	

—We are happy to learn that there is a prospect of the *Histrionics* giving another entertainment shortly after Easter. The entertainment given just before the Christmas holidays, although all the arrangements were made in such a short time, was conducted in an admirable manner and its success was complete. With so many things in readiness, and with a longer time to make necessary arrangements, we may look for something very fine at their next representation. The *Histrionic Society* has always labored under many disadvantages and still has difficulties to contend with. It was formed some years back, but from lack of interest and on account of some misunderstanding had quite fallen through. It was resuscitated at the beginning of this year, and is now conducted by gentlemen to whom difficulties are nothing, and whose efforts must be followed with success.

—Scene at tea in a private family to which a student had been invited:

*Lady of the House*, (to student who declines to take anything but a cup of tea and some toast.) "Mr. D., do have something more; you have eaten scarcely a thing."

*Student*, (who has just been stuffing himself at Harris'.) —"Really, Mrs. J., you must excuse me, for I have gone into training and cannot."

The lady says nothing; but who can blame her for silently wondering how many years his training will take?

—A youthful sophomore, who has just arrived at that age when he is not quite certain whether to speak in a treble voice or a low bass, is very much alarmed about his Adam's apple. He says it is rising up almost into his mouth, and getting horribly long. Let it give you no unnecessary trouble Babe, for a very remarkable singer has said, that a long Adam's apple is a sure sign of your ambition, a high tenor voice.

—The college improvements have lately been increased by one in the shape of a greenhouse, for lettuce and other grass, or as it is more properly called, a hot-bed. It is something that has long been needed, and we hope to see some of its products on the college table at an early date. A tender hearted member of '75 while contemplating the new structure, remarked that he could not bear to look upon a thing so full of panes. We thought it time to go.

—*ASTRONOMY CLASS*.—A side issue from the main subject of telescopes under discussion:

*Professor*.—If you should go down into a deep well you could see stars in the day time; could you not?

*Student*—(hesitatingly) yes, I suppose you could—if you should tumble into it.

—On Sunday last one of the grammar school Heads with a parcel of lower form boys for a body guard, was inspecting the clock in the tower of Taylor Hall. While the party was thus employed in the tower, somebody on the third floor happened to drop a board before the door leading to the attic stairs, and in the course of time when the

party was ready to descend the door naturally wouldn't come open. They spent another half-hour in exploring remote corners of the attic before anyone happened to kick the board out of the way. If you could have seen *JINSON* peering down through the skylight and serenely dangling a rope through a broken pane, you would have said Raphael's cherubs were nowhere.

—A history of the campus for the past fortnight would present it in every variety of aspect. Within that time we have seen it converted into a battle field for a snow-ball fight, a day or so after this enlivened with a game of shinney, and finally in its real spring appearance jubilant with scrub games of cricket and base ball.

The snow ball fight was a very pretty thing to look at while it was left in the hands of the grammar school. It was just beautiful to see the two parties of grammarians sail out from their snow forts and get peppered. The college students rather spoiled the beauty of the thing by not keeping out of it. The eight or ten who went out from Taylor Hall to indulge in the sport, made only a short stay; they thought it was perfect foolishness staying out there and getting their feet wet just for the sake of driving back the grammar school. The boys across the campus now heap contumely on us, and even the *MERCURY* has to bear its share of the burden. While walking leisurely along that afternoon, we were personally accosted by some small boys with the approbious epithet of "coward." How's that for combined impudence and injustice. So far from being driven off the campus, we had of our own accord been taking particular pains not to get any where near it. We don't indulge in these boyish amusements.

—Recitation in Guyot's *Earth and Man*:

*Professor*.—By the way, what two noted Bible cities, now in ruins on the river Euphrates?

*Junior*.—(promptly) Tyre and Sidon.

Class evidently amused, and the unfortunate Junior "knew he'd be asked one of those confounded Geography questions that are not in the lesson."

—A lover of music in this institution has been trying for some time to find a boy who would like to earn a few honest cents by blowing the organ for him. A suburban resident of the city was at last found who was willing to sell his services, and the first appointment was made.

The appointment was kept—by the musician; and he spent a quiet half hour on the organ seat, waiting for the wind. About three hours afterwards the boy came along in company with an anxious mother. She wanted it "completely understood that her darlint Johnny was not to be hired to blow out his precious lungs with putting wind into them horrible argans."

## ERRATA.

Owing to the hurry in which our proof sheets were read, some mistakes have crept into this issue unnoticed.

In the seventh line of the second paragraph in the article on "Missionary Exercises," for *are noticed* read *we noticed*.

In the last paragraph for *on selecting* read *in selecting*.

In the last item on page 520, for *view* of the College read *views* of the College, and for *surprise*, surprise.

## PERSONALS.

We had a Sunday visit not long ago from JOE CLARKSON and HENRY HEMPSTEAD, members last year of the sixth form. They were entertained by '76 in a most cordial manner during their visit, and as the time approached for their departure received overwhelming attention. It turned out when our guests got up early Monday morning in order to meet the 7 o'clock train, that they had made themselves and their property the subjects of *misplaced* confidence. When they got far enough along in their toilet to think of encasing their legs in their pantaloons, that somewhat necessary article of clothing had been taken away from them both. In this awkward situation they made several flying calls at the rooms of the "boys," but every one was sound asleep—of course—and no one knew anything about their pantaloons, didn't even know they wore them; thought they had gone off on the early train long ago. About the time the train was seen to leave the Junction, somebody discovered that those pantaloons had got mixed up with his clothes someway, after all; somebody's abominable carelessness he supposed. JOE and HENRY staid till evening.

JIMMIE BOWEN has also made us a short visit. He has succeeded in raising a moustache, which without greatly altering his appearance is very becoming. He entertained us in the library at the piano, and introduced us to a new art: that of whistling to a piano accompaniment. All who have known him as a grammar school boy will remember his great whistling propensity in those days; but he has now reduced it to a degree of perfection that puts him on a level with the most skillful flageolet players. His whistling indeed is an almost perfect imitation of the flageolet, but is embellished with a skillful performance of runs and trills that is seldom heard on an instrument. He is at present in his father's real estate office.

SELBY, '70, spent Sunday with us. He returns to Kansas in a day or so, where he has been herding cattle. Fitz gives us a glowing description of life on the prairies and says he wouldn't live in such a climate as this. He tells us that ED. WHEELER is now in Colorado with four thousand heads of sheep. How's that for pastoral?

DAN WHEELER, of '70 lately spent a day or so with us. He has just returned from the East, where he was seized with an attack of sickness, and is now in Milwaukee.

TOMLINSON, who will ever be remembered by old grammar school boys, is in the grocery business in Chicago.

FRANK M. HARPER, '71, graduated from the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy at its last Commencement, March 18th.

## EXCHANGE ITEMS.

The *Magenta* is afraid of being too funny, so it gives about one joke per issue. The following is its latest:

First Fresh, (*who has waited two weeks for the college carpenter to mend his windows.*) Why am I like Milo?

Second Fresh. (*not well up in the classics.*) Give it up!

First Fresh. Because I have found a *lier in Waitt*.

(*Prolonged cachinnation from both.*)

Prof.—What is the difference between the pulley in my hand, and the one on the board?

Student.—One is made of brass and the other of chalk.

Prof.—I guess I'll have to *chalk you down*.—*Targum*.

A '74 man is going to compile a history of the regulations and by-laws of the University from autographic letters received from different members of the Faculty.—*Chronicle*.

LATIN ROOM. Senior translating *Iri an propitii dii*, etc. "The irate and propitious gods denied them silver and gold." Prof.—What idea do you get from that, Mr. G.?"

Prof. of Geology. "Is slate laminated or shaly?" Senior.—"Laminated, sir." Prof.—"Oh, no! that's too thin."—*Record*.

A FRESHMAN noted for his cheek, on flunking his recitation the other day through inattention, calmly requested his instructor to be easy with him, as he was apt to become frightened and his thoughts disarranged when called upon to recite before so many.

Scene in a Recitation Room.—Senior trying to translate from "*Einem Muss Heirathen*."

Prof.—"What does that word mean, Mr. C——?"

Mr. C—— (haggling).—"I tried to give it a free rendering."

Prof.—"But translation is a delicate matter; it is like courtship; if you take too much liberty, you get a slap in the face."

Mr. C——.—"I am not much acquainted with either." (*Multu Risu.*)—*Argus*.

A STUDENT, having on an examination paper the sentence to revise: "Which the stars of the season go about spouting," corrected it as follows: "For *stars* read *whales*."—*Courant*.

Williams College lately received as a gift, from G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia the publications of the Chaucer Society of London. The object of the society is to publish from old manuscripts the material from which Chaucer formed his tales and also to give some light on early English pronunciation. Prof. Childs of Harvard is the honorary secretary for America.—*Ex*.

A Chicago editor, upon learning that New York sewing women only get four cents for making a pair of pants, wrote a half-column editorial on the meanness of man, and offered to pay five cents rather than to see the women suffer.—*Ex*.

A BISHOP'S SELF-DENIAL.—It used to be wondered at, says the *Episcopal Register*, that with Bishop KEMPER'S modest income, his gifts to all worthy objects were so numerous and so large. It was only found out after his death, in explanation, that he was enabled to do it by a restraint on the personal expenses which he might have justified himself in indulging in, but which, for a worthy purpose, he steadily controlled. His care took thought even of the blank half sheets of paper which are often thrown heedlessly into the waste paper basket. But the result of this care was seen in many a comfort furnished to a poor missionary's family, and timely gifts to a parish struggling to build its church.

A SENIOR was met on the Flag Pole Delta by two Englishmen who were visiting Cambridge.

Enquiring Englishman.—“Will you kindly tell me what that inscription is on the Flag Pole?”

Student (reading).—“Washington, 1776.”

Englishman.—“Ah! some one connected with the College?”

We vouch for the truth of the above.—Advocate.

A JUNIOR in Astronomy, the other day, was profoundly intent upon the moon's horizontal parallax. He had covered a small space with original figures, and was proceeding to elaborate several huge formulæ, when the professor turning his eyes toward the would-be astronomer quietly remarked, “Mr. M.; it is usually more advantageous in astronomical observations to direct the eyes up than down.” Junior, who had it all on his shirt band, collapsed.—Chronicle.

YANKEE PHILOSOPHY: Dr. C.—“Mr. E—, Plato's definition of man is ‘a two-legged animal without feathers.’ Is that a good definition, think you?” Senior.—“No, sir; it isn't adequate.” Prof.—“Can you think of any case where the definition will not apply?” Senior (scratching his head).—“We might pick all the feathers off from a chicken.” Signs of approval around the class. Prof.—“That'll do, sir.”—Chronicle.

“I'm afraid I'm sitting on your crinoline, ma'm.” “Oh! never mind, sir, it's of no consequence; you can't hurt it.” “No, ma'm, it's not that; but the confounded thing hurts me.”—Ex.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The University Reporter is very pleasing both in appearance and contents. We are always glad to receive it.

The Brunonian for February is, as usual, a first-class number. We note especially “Vespers” and “She Writes,” real gems of College poetry, and the articles on “American Essayists” and “American Statesmanship,” both of which are interesting and finely written.

The Western Collegian contains much first-class reading matter, and is excellently managed in every department. It is always a welcome visitor.

The Orient is one of our best exchanges. It is very neatly printed, and is as pleasing in subject matter as it is in looks.

The Hamilton Lit, for February has several very interesting articles on subjects connected with English Literature, among which we particularly notice “Comus and Midsummer Night's Dream.” The Editorial Department of this magazine is admirably conducted, and shows much good sense and spirit.

We have received No. 3 of the the Geyser (Wabash College). It is certainly a great improvement on No. 1, and shows a determination on the part of the editorial corps to make it all it should be. We wish it success.

The Dickinsonian holds a high place on our exchange list. Though some of its articles are almost too solid, yet the locals and editorials are good, and the general make-up admirable.

The slangy “Personals” in the Indiana Student would do credit to Pomeroy's Democrat, but they don't add much to the dignity and attractiveness of a College paper.

GARNKAUFER calls attention to the fact that he has added to his stock a fine assortment of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, and is now prepared to supply wants that lie deeper than the outside covering. His SPRING CLOTHS will soon be on hand, and he promises to get up “nobby” suits. You will find at his place all that is needed to make you externally glorious, and that at most reasonable prices.

WE advise every one who has not lately been to see ELY, to give him a call at once. You must have friends who would like your photograph; perhaps you can think of some fairer and dearer friend than ordinary, whose eyes (black or blue, as the case may be) would positively dote upon a likeness of your features. If this be so, lose not a moment but immediately give Ely a chance to try his wonderful SHADOW EFFECT upon you. When you have done this and have bought some of his beautiful VIEW OF THE COLLEGE, you will have it in your power to delight and captivate your acquaintances to an extent that will surprise you.

ADDISONIAN SOCIETY,

FOUNDED A. D. 1871.

In Omnia Paratus.

Table listing officers of the Addisonian Society: President (Norton Strong), Vice-President (E. A. Larnabee), Secretary (Z. Barnum), Treasurer (A. B. Livermore), Editor (A. Jones), Librarian (G. W. Ames).



Table listing officers of the Class of '73: President (Aquilla Jones), Vice President (W. Benton), Sec'y and Treas. (Norton Strong), Historian (F. S. Gault).

CLASS OF '74 with a central emblem.

Table listing officers of the Class of '74: President (G. R. McDowell), Vice President (H. M. Talbott), Secretary (D. I. Odell), Treasurer (J. Doe).

Class of '76

Table listing officers of the Class of '76: President (Z. Barnum), Vice President (H. Smythe), Secretary (F. S. Martin), Treasurer (F. P. Hillis), Historian (W. A. Pond).





"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XIII.

RACINE COLLEGE, APRIL 8, 1873.

No. 3.

### TALES OF THE HEART.

The greatest characteristic of *literature*, its essential principle, is that it is addressed to man as man; it speaks to our common human nature; &c.—*Prof. Henry Reed's lectures.*

There are songs long since written and tales long since told,  
There are bright fancies dwelling in volumes so old,

That the dust of an aeon seems cov'ring each page  
Whose strange mystic symbols none read save the sage.

Yet despite the deep coating beneath which they hide,  
Though ages now slumber their writers beside,

These songs and these fancies, these tales of the past,  
Still live in the present, in the future shall last;

And from human nature can never depart,  
While the soul knows their music,—these tales of the heart.

In vain through man's blindness they're laid on the shelf,  
By an age of stern reason, of thrift and of pelf;

Whether songs, tales or fancies, they never can die  
Though the hand which once wrote them all silent may lie.

For ne'er can Dame Fortune though boundlessly free,  
Snatch from the dim future what deathless shall be.

And many a writer whose proud swelling lines  
Bring him wonder and fame, while an humbler friend pines,

Shall rest in the slumber oblivion gives,  
While his friend so neglected long ages outlives.

The one pleased the present and played well his part,  
But the other e'er lives in the great human heart.

WILLOW WOOD.

### RARENESS OF MODERN FRIENDSHIPS.

Most of us are so completely wrapped up in a complacent satisfaction with the progress of this wonderful age, that we seldom awaken to the suggestion that possibly in some respects modern times are not an improvement upon the old. The few "yellow leaves" of the last century which for a time trembled discontentedly on the newly budding branch of modern innovations, have one by one fallen to the ground, and now the praiser of by-gone times is rarely seen. Yet who has buried himself even for the shortest time in the literature of other ages without discovering that earlier times were rich in many good things which our later advancement in science and invention has swept away forever.

But among the many pleasant features peculiar to the life of other days, there is nothing whose loss modern society should so sincerely regret as that of the old time friend-

ships; for the truth is that friendships are now neither the common possession nor the honest reality that a knowledge of other times shows them formerly to have been.

Let one look around him in this enlightened age for an example of a strong friendly attachment between any of its leading men, and he will be satisfied that among public men at least friendships in our time are rarely cherished. Indeed we are unable to call to our mind a single instance of a man of prominence in the present age whose name is openly associated in the relation of friendship with that of any cotemporary. On the other hand the names of our greatest thinkers and writers, of our truest artists and the most learned of our scientific discoverers, shine out alone, each in the splendor of its solitary refulgence, without so much as a satellite to share in its glory.

We hear no more of the friendly gatherings of literary men, except when some rare event is marked with a stiff and formal dinner. "The Mermaid," and the rest of the merry taverns where the congenial fathers of our literature met to pass their evenings in jovial good-fellowship have long since been torn down to make room for the resistless encroachments of business. Who would think of looking for friendships among the men who fill our public offices? If the politician of our time cultivates any friendships at all, he does it only so far as is necessary to secure a vote in his favor.

As in public life so is it in private. There is no time in this age to make or cherish friendships. Money-making, office seeking, and the service of our private ambition requires every moment we have to spend. Friendly conversation must be cut short. While our rapid steam traveling has crowded out of existence the romantic way-side inn, and has deprived us of the old fashioned luxury of a cheery and warm-hearted hospitality when away from home, the ever expanding steam press supplants many a friendly chat at our own firesides by putting into our hands the morning and evening journal, and giving us the means of learning the news without the fatigue of conversation. We are gradually learning not to feel the want of friendly intercourse, and real friendships are becoming of no consequence to us. The very incentive that drives us on at this headlong speed after the attainment of our individual aims, is the desire of being more independent, or of lifting ourselves out of the common level of the rest of mankind. In proportion as we succeed in this we imagine our happiness to increase and the highest end of toil we think has been finally reached when we are able to lock ourselves up in our own individual interests, and mind our own business while we allow our neighbor to take care of his.

Yet it was not many years ago that friendships were sought and cultivated as one of the greatest of earthly blessings, and we need not go back to the days of David

and Jonathan or of Damon and Pythias to find many a friendship of the true stamp continued through a lifetime.

By transplanting ourselves only into the last century we shall find a contrast sufficiently striking. Let us confine ourselves to English society as revealed in the literature of the past age. What life do you find perpetuated in biography whose own course is not constantly blending with that of the life of some intimate friend, and what book can you open without having revealed to you the great difference between those days and our own as regards this same congeniality in society at large?

The names of the writers themselves supply sufficient evidence of this change. Walter Scott, Addison, Lamb and Gay had each his circle of chosen friends. Even Pope, whose deformity of body and keen sensitiveness of mind would seem to mark him out, especially after the vexations he experienced in society, as a despiser of friendly relations, was a most careful cultivator of the friendships he had made, and though he became intimate with few, not one of those whom he had admitted to his friendship was ever dropped.

Johnson, whose gruff and surly manner won for him the title of *Usa Major*, was constantly adding to his number of friendships; for, as he said to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "if a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

Going back to a time still earlier, we might point out the names of such men as Walton and Evelyn. Milton himself, with all his reticence and self-sufficiency, cherished a few intimate friendships. Looking still further into the past let us turn our attention for a moment to the age of Elizabeth, and there in what was the golden age of English poetry and chivalry, we find the golden age of social congeniality and of warm and generous friendships. The age of Shakespeare, Raleigh, Spenser, and Sidney presents not one work of genius, not one deed of chivalry, nor one sentiment of patriotism, whose origin is not in a great measure due to the friendly intercourse between its great men. Without this the noblest achievements of the age had been small and insignificant. We cannot look for any great progress in literature and art in these later times until society ceases to be a collection of isolated individuals, and we learn to come out of our cocoons, and to have some common interests with our neighbors. The true, the beautiful, and the good cannot grow in the barren soil of selfishness.

Our friends are the only possessions which, having gained for ourselves on earth, we may hope to enjoy in eternity: and there is no genius so splendid, no virtue so lofty, and no life in itself so perfect, that it may not receive additional beauty when interwoven in the harmony of friendship with some of the lives with which it is surrounded.

#### A DANGEROUS FELLOW.

"HABET FENUM IN CORNU."

The Ancients were far ahead of us moderns in a great many respects. In Pompeii we find on doorways "Cave Canem." Who ever thinks of setting up such a sign now? Oh, no! we moderns are past all that primitive simplicity, and care for the feelings of our neighbors. If a friend

wants to pay us a visit, and we keep a dog,—why he's got to look out for him and take his chances.

"*Foenum in Cornu*" formerly warned all innocent trespassers of the presence of "danger ahead!" Mr. Taurus was therefore left to paw the earth and bellow out his rage to his heart's content, and nobody was the worse for it. Not so now, however. We are in a more enlightened state of affairs. Every one who lives in this enlightened age is expected to know a wild bull when he meets him. If he gets pitched head over heels and breaks his neck,—its too bad but he ought to have known better, or perhaps with Yankee brevity he receives the verdict, "*sarved him right.*"

Bulls and dogs are bad enough in themselves, but when we get the combination in the shape of the bull-dog, it would seem as if human nature could go no further. Oh, for those happy days of the past! We can most deeply sympathize with the ingenious foreigner, who remarked in a moment of the most soul-harrowing terror and anxiety, "bedad an' its a quare kentry where they keeps the stones tied up an' the dogs let loose." Well indeed may we long for those old-time days when danger in all its visible forms was looked after and provided for. Not only are our dogs let loose and our bulls left to range at will, but their representatives among the human family are also left without a mark to tell their nature, to fight, tear and trample whomsoever they will.

How this was of old, we know not. In a period of such general precaution it would seem strange if there were no mark by which one might distinguish a dangerous fellow. But whether it was thus or not, we have good reason to look back with a sigh upon those days, and long for the advent of a time when we may not only be warned of dangers from the brute creation, but may find a "*Cave Canem*," or a "*Foenum in cornu*," to warn us against contact with a dangerous fellow.

#### TO PYRRHA.

TRANSLATION FROM BOOK I. ODE V. OF HORACE.

(*Asclepiadic Choriambic.*)

Pyrrha! what simple youth crowned with roses fair,  
In some cool, shady grot, perfumed with odors rare  
Now woos thee? Tell me for whom  
Now thou deckest thy golden locks,

Artlessly elegant? Ah! oft thy promises  
Broken, and adverse Gods he will bewail, and seas  
Rough with blackening tempests  
He will wonder at dazedly,

Who now enjoys thy bright smiles so confidingly,  
Who hopes thou'lt ever be lovable, ever free,  
Of thy changeable favor  
Ignorant. Wretched are they to whom

Untried thou sparklest! Lo! yonder temple wall  
With votive tablet shows, that to the powerful  
Sea God I have suspended  
My dank robes as an offering!

## WHIMS AND FANCIES.

## II.

A talk with my friends is always a source of the highest gratification to me. I suppose it is to everyone. A pitiable object must be to whom it is not. I can understand and sympathize with one who has no friends, but as for one who has friends and finds little or no pleasure in their intercourse—his case is beyond me. I can only pity. Sympathy, I have none.

Friends. What a difference there is between them; yet how grateful to us is this very difference. One would not like to have Tom or Harry act like that gentlemanly fellow yonder. They would not be Tom or Harry any longer. We sometimes feel like getting angry with them; yet rather than have them change one iota of that careless and happy nature we would give them up altogether. Either case would involve the loss of two of our best friends.

What strange things these little peculiarities are. One might very easily and profitably spend a portion of his spare time in observing them. They are so universal, so indispensable, and go so far toward the general make-up (if I may use the word) of every individual. I have often thought that the writer who said that "man was a bundle of habits," would have been quite as brilliant and far more truthful in his remark, if he had substituted "peculiarities" in place of "habits."

We could imagine a man not strong enough to have more than one habit, and that the habit of doing everything indiscriminately just as the idea happened to strike him, yet such a man would not be at all wanting in peculiarities, in fact he would be made up of peculiarities. Yet his life would be no more a bundle of peculiarities than any other man's if we were to consider that every habit is in itself nothing more than a peculiarity.

This seems a strange subject, perhaps, to introduce in speaking of our friends; yet to me it seems natural enough. I have always regarded those as the best friends who were the most peculiar in their character.

How are you to tell one man from another if we have nothing to distinguish him from the common herd, that is if he is not at all peculiar?

With friends, it seems to me to be a great deal as it is with materials; those which are the most peculiar in their character, while they may not be adapted to any very extended range of usefulness, are nevertheless far more invaluable in their own particular sphere than those suited to more general purposes. Or as has been said by some olden rhymester, they are the

"Friends whose natures ne'er yet told  
Are worth their weight in solid gold."

That the "heathen Chinee" should have been peculiar seems to me not at all strange, but very much to his credit. What? Would anyone expect to find in him a natural born Yankee? Not a bit of it; and when our Chinaman adopts the individuality of his new home to the exclusion of his own peculiar nature, so much the worse for him.

But we must not let our subject run off with us. With my friends I began, and with them I will end. Of their peculiarities in detail we may have more hereafter.

It cannot be too often repeated that it is not the so-called blessings of life, its sunshine and its calm and pleasant experiences that make men, but its rugged experiences, its storms, tempests and trials. Early adversity, especially, is often a blessing in disguise. It has been observed that perhaps Madame Maintenon would never have mounted a throne had not her cradle been rocked in a prison. It is the rough Atlantic seas, the cold, dark winter nights, and the fierce "Northerners" that make the British and the American sailors the toughest and the most skillful in the world. The school of adversity graduates the ablest pupils, and the hill of difficulty is the best of all constitutionals for strengthening the back bones.

"C'est des difficultes que naissent les miracles."

It is the misfortune of many young persons to-day that they begin life with too many advantages. Every possible want of their many-sided nature is supplied before it is consciously felt. Books, teachers, mental and religious training, lectures, amusements, clothes and food, all of the best quality and without stint in quantity—in short the pick of the world's good things, and helps of every kind, are lavished upon them until satiety results, and all ambition is extinguished. What motive has a young man for whom life is thus "thrice winnowed" to exert himself? Having supped full of life's sweets he finds them paling on his taste; having done nothing to earn its good things, he cannot appreciate their value "Like a hot-house plant grown weak and spindling through too much shelter and watching, he needs nothing so much as to be set in the open air of the world, and to grow strong with struggling for existence."

Mere hardship of course will not make a man strong, but it is an important aid to the development of greatness. Want, confinement, opposition, roughness alternating with smoothness, difficulty with ease, storm with sunshine, sorrow with joy.—these constitute the discipline of life, the education which makes a man of a being who would otherwise be little better than an animal.—*Prof. Mathews.*

## A BOY'S IDEA OF HEADS.

"Heads are of different shapes and sizes. They are full of notions. Large heads do not always hold the most. Some persons can just tell what a man is by the shape of his head. High heads are the best kind. Very knowing people are called long-headed. A fellow that won't stop for anything or anybody is called hot-headed. If he isn't quite so bright they call him soft headed; if he won't be coaxed nor turned they call him pig-headed. Animals have very small heads. The heads of fools slant back. When your head is cut off you are beheaded. Our heads are all covered with hair except bald heads. There are other kinds of heads besides bald heads. There are barrel heads, heads of sermons—and some ministers used to have fifteen heads to one sermon; pin heads; heads of cattle, as a farmer calls his cows and oxen; head winds; drum heads; cabbage heads; at loggerheads; come to a head; heads of chapters; head him off; head of the family, and go ahead, but first be sure you're right."—*Ex.*

We guess that fellow's head is level.

—The only time we were ever punished:—

"We have received the *College Mercury* with its engraved heading of an amateur Mercury in swift flight. Very appropriate for a *racin?* college."—*Hamilton Mon.*

# The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, APRIL 8, 1873.

EDITORS.

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NORTON STRONG.

AQUILLA JONES.

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

A. C. Sandford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

With the setting-in of our first taste of spring weather we are naturally led to consider the condition of our cricket and base-ball clubs, and to speculate on the results of this season's work on the campus.

It is probable that the second in the series of first Eleven matches will be played in a very short time. Both Elevens have lost some of their old men. The strength of the Badger Eleven is materially weakened by the loss of DOAN, TABER, and RESOR, but these vacancies can be filled by other men from the lower elevens who will certainly add to the eleven strength enough to make the coming match a close one. The Clarkson Eleven has sustained no serious loss, and probably, with the exception of a single case, will play with the same men this spring who formed the club last fall. The Clarksons have the advantage over the Badgers in having among its players one man of considerable value who is a permanent fixture of the club. The immortal "Sammy," still waves his willow for this eleven, and the Clarksons have considerable reason to rejoice that he does. However, there is no particular grounds as yet for them to exult; there is still something left of the Badgers.

The loss of FRANCIS, in the second eleven of the Badgers, we feel justified in pronouncing a heavy one, but it will nevertheless not materially alter the result of the match games.

In base-ball the Badger loss is still more serious. Besides RESOR, DOAN and TABER, all of whom played with the first nine last fall, the Badgers have lost one of their best men in BENTON who will not play this year, and another valuable man in WICKHAM; so that there are now five vacancies to be filled. The Clarkson nine on the other hand, remains intact, and has some expectations of carrying off the cup. Still in this case as in that of their cricket eleven, the Badgers have no reason to despair. There is material among the other Badger nines which can be brought up and trained in the places that are left so that the nine may be made nearly if not quite as strong as ever.

We have heard it hinted by one who ought to know that there is a probability that our old party names of Badger and Clarkson, which have so long been associated with

our field games, will before long be given up, and that the divisions will be made with reference to the houses instead.

It seems to us a species of irreverence to think of such a change, and we are quite sure that all who are students here at the present, and still more those who look back upon their cricket and base-ball days as one of the pleasantest features in their school and college life, will decidedly object to having our long cherished Badger and Clarkson feud made a thing of the past.

The reason offered for making such a change is the difficulty of managing the two clubs, which as they are every year growing larger and more unweildy are beginning to give considerable trouble to their respective captains; and it is thought that by annulling our present division, which is made by equalizing players throughout the institution irrespective of house or class, and by substituting for it merely the natural division into houses, the difficulty of exercising an oversight upon the practises, and of keeping up the play of the clubs would be partially obviated.

As far as difficulty is concerned we are ready to admit that the new arrangement would be considerably less burdensome to the captains, but there are serious objections to such a change which would make it a failure nevertheless.

In the first place the houses are formed with reference to the classes, except in cases of a few individual students. College students live in one house; another is occupied by the upper forms of the grammar school, and a third principally by the smaller boys. If one house, therefore, were to go to war with another, it would result in an extremely lop-sided match to say the least, whether in cricket or base-ball. Moreover, as we have said, there are three houses; and what do we want of three clubs, each the sworn enemy of the other two? Triangular duels invariably terminate ridiculously. It would never do to have more than two sides however the division were made.

Possibly these objections could be avoided by changing the present arrangement of houses; but whether this be so or not, we still raise our voice against such an innovation. Badgers and Clarksons have been foes too long to talk of conciliation now; and we have too much regard for the old fellows who carried on the contest in days gone by, and for their Badger and Clarkson children who will soon be coming in to play in the clubs their fathers left, to bid farewell to the red and the blue.

Grammar School recitation hours have recently undergone a change which we think is for the better. Instead of following close upon each other during the morning, the recitations are separated by an interval of time long enough to prepare the lesson that comes next; and what is still more novel to the grammar school, one of the recitation hours now occurs after tea.

This arrangement does not in any way interfere with the play hour which is just as long as before and comes in the same part of the day as it did under the old arrangement; and while the new plan does not add to the length of time previously required to be spent in study, it has the advantage of allotting a due portion of the study hour to each lesson, and will remove the temptation of bestowing over-due attention to one study to the detriment of another.

The features of this new plan which strikes us as being most commendable is that such an arrangement does away with the rather general custom among the grammar school

boys of doing all of their hard study at night, and probably the change will show an improvement in the preparation which the lessons receive.

The advantages of the plan will no doubt strike the day scholars less forcibly than the somewhat inconvenient requirement it puts upon them of making an additional pilgrimage to the college in the evenings. This will be less disagreeable when there is more moon and less mud.

#### BASE BALL.

We are happy to be able to fulfill our promise in the last issue, in publishing in this number the names of those students who will this season play in the College Nine. With their names we append their positions, the list being made out according to their batting order: HUDSON, 2nd b.; LEEKLEY, c.; MARTIN, H., 1. f.; STURGES, W., 1st b.; DOE, s. s.; RICHMOND, E., r. f.; JANUARY, 3d b.; MARTIN, F., c. f.; JONES, p.

The following clipped from the columns of the New York *Evening Post*, of March 20, will doubtless afford considerable interest to many of our readers:

"The Atlantic (Brooklyn) nine is composed of Barlow, Britt, Dehman, Burdock, Ferguson, Pearce, Pabor, Remsen and Booth.

The Mutual (New York) nine are Hicks, Matthews, Start, Hatfield, Nelson, Holdsworth, Gedney, Egger and Highman.

The following named players will do battle for the Atlantic club of Philadelphia: McGeary, McBride, Murnam, Fisher, Sutton, Anson, Cuthbert, Reach and Fisler.

The Baltimore (Baltimore) nine are Craver, Cummings, Mills, McVey, Force, Radcliffe, York, Hall and Pike.

The Boston Red Stockings for this season will be White, Spaulding, Rodgers, Barnes, Schaffer, George Wright, Lenoard, A. Wright and Sweasey.

The Philadelphia (Philadelphia) nine are Malone, Zettlein, Mack, Addy, Meyerle, Wadsworth, Fulmer, Treacy and Bechtel.

Among the other clubs which have organized are the Resolutes of Elizabeth, New Jersey, the Maryland, of Baltimore, the Washington of Washington.

In the list of names published above those of many old public favorites will be at once recognized, and it will be seen that there is every prospect for brilliant play to come.

The Mutuals are strong in their catcher and pitcher, Hicks and Matthews, and the reputation of Start and Egger have long been secured. We may then hope that the Green Stockings will give a good account of themselves in their different contests. The fame of the Boston Red Stockings, the present champions, is also too widely spread to need any bolstering up in these columns. The brothers Wright, White, and Spaulding, demand, and the others have earned their spurs, and will doubtless do yeoman's service for their club in future tournaments. The most prominent names in the Atlantic club, of Brooklyn, are those of Barlow, Britt, Ferguson and Pearce, old heroes of the baseball field, but the team is a strong one in other respects, and their old opponents, the Mutuals, will have all they can do to beat them.

The Philadelphia Club will have the services of Zett-

lein, one of the most puzzling pitchers of the day, while Cummings will occupy the same responsible position in the Baltimore nine."

From the Milwaukee *Sentinel* of March 29, we also hear that there is to be a first-class nine organized in that city. On all hands, therefore, base ball promises to be quite as active this year as its most ardent lovers could wish.

NASHOTAH, WIS., March, 25, 1873.

*Messrs. Editors:*—You are aware the effort has been made sometime back to place in the College Chapel two memorial windows—to Mr. WM. E. LIGHTNER and the Rev. H. G. HINSDALE, deceased. A committee consisting of the Rev. Messrs. PIPER and WALLACE, and Mr. G. S. MEADE was appointed to make all necessary arrangements, and the corresponding secretary of the Alumni Association was instructed to solicit a subscription. As yet, however, nothing has apparently been accomplished. To remind your readers, and especially the Alumni, of this laudable effort, I enclose the circular letter sent to each member of the Association. Will you be kind enough to give it a place in your columns? I sincerely trust the project may be carried out, and that the Alumni may respond liberally.

Yours truly, W. J. M.

#### CIRCULAR LETTER.

DEAR SIR:—At a meeting of the Alumni Association of Racine College, held July 10, 1872, the following resolution was adopted:

*Resolved*, That the Alumni place in the College Chapel two memorial windows—to Mr. WM. E. LIGHTNER, of the Class of '65, and to the Rev. H. G. HINSDALE, of '68. And, that the corresponding secretary be instructed to solicit a subscription of not less than five dollars from each member of the Association.

In accordance with the spirit of the above resolution I would say we are desirous of placing these windows in the chapel at once. Their cost will be about one hundred and fifty dollars each, and as the number of graduates is by no means large a liberal contribution is earnestly solicited. It is hardly necessary to plead this project as being worthy of your notice and interest; the names of your two deceased brothers are themselves sufficient. Should you desire to assist in the laudable work, we would be glad to hear from you as soon as convenient. Contributions may be forwarded to the Treasurer, T. W. MCLEAN, Nashotah, Wis. Respectfully yours,

WM. JAS. MILLER,  
Cor. Sec'y Alumni Association

The *Williams Vidette* publishes a letter from one Israel Jawaway to his son who is about to enter college. Here is one of the old gentleman's youthful experiences:

"That same evening a senior came to my dore, and tolde me he wolde have me go to ye upper ende of ye town, and get hym one dollar's worth of tobacco and pipes. I tolde hym I was not blacked up, and he wolde have to waite till I was before I sholde goe. "Younge manne, you deserve a sound thrashing for your insolence. Knowe ye not ye laws? 'No under-graduate shall send a freshman out on errands without leave from one of ye Tutors;' and I have just gained hys consent, so start or I will thrash you." I kepted my counsel and went awaie; but I bought ninety-nine pipes and one cent's worth of tobacco, and returned and toke my thrashing and thenne a ducking; but I never had to fig again for hym."

## 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.	

—It has been given out that, hereafter, the grace for breakfast will be said at twenty minutes past seven by the dining-room clock. Be sure to be on hand. A cuckoo clock is a pretty sight, but a clock that says grace—  
“Godfrey Cordial.”

—It is becoming with every Easter, more and more common for old boys to visit the college on that day. It is a very pleasant custom, and one that we hope may become permanent. Last year and the year before there were quite a number of visitors, and this coming Easter there will probably be more than ever before. It is not at all strange that those who have ever spent an Easter here should wish to come back for another; for it can never be remembered but as the most joyful day in the year.

—A Junior evidently affected by the weather, and suffering from the spring fever, was meditating on the following well-known line: *Tityre, tu, patula recubans subfagi*; when he was heard to exclaim, “I think that very pretty and very appropriate for this delightful day. I always did like Horace and I mean to read all his works again when I have time.”

—Scene—Recitation. Last student up.

*Professor.*—“What was the occupation of this Cleon before the Greeks entrusted their State affairs to him?”

*Student.*—“Why—let me see—I think he was a tanner.”

*Professor.*—“No, you are wrong. He was a butcher.”

*Student* (accustomed to College board).—“I knew he had something to do with leather.”

—A Junior wants to know if *Piu lento* was a pope.

—A Senior who enjoys a joke but never makes one, had a small boy tell him that he was April-fooled; whereupon he replied with great promptness

“April-fool is gone,  
And you're the biggest fool at last.”

Then he had the boldness to assert he knew what he was saying.

—The boxing gloves have been placed in the gymnasium again and it is well that they have been returned. Those little fellows who have lately been punching each others' faces in such a lively manner will not have so many black eyes if they use the gloves instead of their naked fists. Bernard has been keeping the gloves in the organ loft all this time, using them, no doubt to tone down the organ; but, naturally a tender-hearted individual, he could not bear to see the boys hurting each other as they were, and so he kindly allows them the use of the gloves once more. At the same time keeping a careful watch lest the gloves be in any way injured.

—*Prof.*—“What people spoke Sanskrit?”

*Soph.* (promptly).—The Scandinavians.

—Grammar School salutation—“Gotanypostmarks?”

—How do you feel now about coming out on Easter with your new lavenders?

—Seniors think of making a change in their commencement week programme. Class Day exercises will consist of an exhibition of skating, to terminate (if it be not too cold) with a snow-ball fight or a sleigh-ride.

—In the spring as the days grow longer, and the ground becomes soft, a passion for jumping seizes upon all boys more or less, so that it is as natural for them to jump as to walk. And it is strange that this kind of exercise is confined to the spring. It is a mania that only lasts a short time; but while it lasts it is supreme. Everyone jumps, large and small, it is all the same; they jump in all kinds of ways and at all times. After tea is the favorite time, and a jump down the lake bank seems to be the most agreeable to the grammar school boys.

—Bishop WHITEHOUSE was here on Monday and confirmed a class of twenty-two. The bishop's address to the class was a very beautiful one, more pleasing than any we have ever had the pleasure of hearing from him.

—Saturday night a gentle zephyr which had been all day gaining force, came whistling through the trotting park, elevated the roof of the amphitheatre, and deposited it in the shape of kindling wood in the middle of the track.

—The choir is soon to undergo quite a change. The Seniors have the privilege of retiring from the ranks after Easter, and their places are to be filled with raw recruits. There is great excitement among the bassos as to who shall be their representatives. It wouldn't do, they think, to elect a man with a good voice but a poor ear for music.

—The Seniors have just received from Gavit the design for the invitations to the Warden's Reception, and the Class Party. There were some who thought that the invitations of last year exceeded in beauty any that Gavit had previously designed for the college, but those invitations are now believed to be nowhere beside the design for '73. The monogram, formed of the initial letters of the class motto, fully equals in beauty and symmetry anything of the kind it has ever been our fortune to see; and the lettering of the invitation is certainly a great improvement upon that of the last.

—*Scene 1.*—Time 3 P. M., April 1, 1873.—Place, College Avenue. A solitary bus (with two horses) wending its way toward the college. Placard on the outside, “Straight Republican! Vote for Boyd!” Driver more than happy, horses ready to drop.

*Scene 2.*—Bus load of Reverend Seniors going to get their sidewalk, with music and rejoicing.

*Scene 3.*—Reverend Seniors returning from the polls in despair, as “non-residents can not vote.” (P—p indignant at being informed that “boys are only in the road 'lection days.”

*Scene 4.*—Procession of Reverend Seniors into chapel near the end of service, the cynosure of sorrowful and upbraiding eyes.

—The choir and music classes are practising upon the Easter *Te Deum* and Anthem. We are to have the chorus “Lift up your heads,” from *The Messiah*, and, we believe, our last Easter's chorus, “Worthy is the lamb.”

—An admiring crowd gathered in the gymnasium while "Fitz" was here to see how much of his gymnastic agility he had retained. His sojourn on the prairies has evidently done him no harm; he is as sinewy as ever, and jerks himself around just as natural as though he had taken a gymnasium out on the plains with him.

—The small boys in the Grammar School observe Sunday chiefly in the act of anointing themselves with oil. Our young tow-head friend in the first form laid on this external application with such profusion last Sunday that we were led to ask at reception the reason of his extravagance. He says his hair won't stay any *other* way. All who know the lively young gent will admit that this assertion is perfectly correct.

—More about POTTER.—It was announced in the Mercury some time ago that POTTER had lost some teeth. We are compelled to own that POTTER's having his teeth knocked out was all a mistake. (The smasher who performed the operation on him took him for somebody else.) Always glad to correct mistakes.

—Your time will not be wasted if you occasionally engage in conversation with our bell-ringer. Some of his sage remarks have already appeared in this column. But here you really have the "philosophic calmness of a cultivated intellect." B—— says, "I do never tell lies, but sometimes do not tell the truth." (Laughter. Somebody informs him that distinction is "too thin.") "For example," continued the sage with a wave of his hand, "I might know something about you fellows, but then I——I would n't say anything about it."

—FRED. PHILIPS, last year in the Grammar School, recently spent a few days at the College. He is now in the Freshman class at the Northwestern University, Evanston.

—We had a visit last Sunday from EDWARD YOUNG, one of the earliest students of the institution.

—Quite a large number of visitors are expected at the college this Easter. Several of the old boys will spend the day with us, and among others we expect to see GEORGE RUMSEY, LIGHTNER and PARK.

RESOR sails for Europe on the 12th of this month.

## THE COLLEGE PRESS.

We intend to adopt for our sanctum the motto of the *Trinity Tablet*, "Mebbe you do n't better have loaf around here when you don't got some peesness, ain't it?"—*Cave*.

The *Central Collegian* is a new exchange which we gladly welcome to our table. It has a very attractive appearance and seems to be ably edited.

The *College Herald* comes out in a new dress and is more pleasing than ever. It must have careful printers and proof-readers, for it is remarkably free from typographical errors.

The *University Reporter* is a well printed paper, and withal very good looking. We should think, however, another page of literary matter would improve it.

SENIOR's soliloquy upon a lesson in Mental Science: Twenty-five pages? Why don't he give us fifty, we'd get along twice as fast, and learn just as much.—*Orient*.

The *Lawrence Collegian* thinks that traveling elocutionists are getting to be as much of a swindle as the sleight-of-hand performers or other mountebanks. The idea of getting up a class and only remaining long enough to give five lessons is ridiculous on the very face of it. We agree it certainly doesn't look reasonable that persons who have spent years in acquiring their knowledge of elocution can impart it to classes in so short a course by "our system" or any other.

Beloit is exercising itself over "*Mens sana in corpore sano*," and is trying to raise funds for a gymnasium.

The *Dartmouth*, for March, among other good things has an exceedingly able article on General Di Cesnola, the renowned archaeologist, whose discoveries in Cyprus have lately excited so much attention. It says when the Cypriote antiquities were about to be moved to this country an F. R. S. remarked in this wise, "It's a great pity, sir, to take such a collection to *America*. Why, sir, there's not a scholar in that country who can classify these specimens or decipher an inscription." "A sadder and a wiser man" did he become when the energetic reply of the excited consul burst upon his astonished ear. "You think so? I tell you there are men in my country who know ten thousand times as much about them as you do." "I beg your pardon, sir, I thought you were an Italian." "No, sir," was the reply, "I am an American."

No. 2, of *Tripod* is unexceptionally good. We notice especially an article on "Sectional Pride," which a number of College journalists we know of would do well to read. We quote the following:

"We have no desire to detract from the merits of great colleges in the East. We delight to do honor to such names as Harvard, Yale and Cornell, and many others, though it is quite evident that their fame has outrun their merits. These colleges become quite ridiculous when they assume that all the talent and scholarship in the land clusters around them as centers, and if they should happen to depart this life, wisdom would die with them."

An Irishman, a broth of a boy, assisted in preparing Alumni Hall for the recent Jackson supper. On the wall, over the stage, hangs, as all remember, the picture of President Griffin, and just beneath the words "Alma Mater," painted in large letters on the wall. Our Irishman noticed the name and picture, and, after a prolonged stare at them exclaimed: "Alma Mather! Alma Mather! Is he the father of Mr. Mather, the merchant here in town?"—*Williams Vilette*.

*Prof*—"Translate literally 'fingioient altiores Pyrenæum jugis.'" *Student* (who had lost his printed translation of Livy).—"The rest of the Phœnicians fingered the jugs." A fresh, in a similar dilemma, commenced Virgil thus: "Arms and a man, with a dog."—*Dalhousie Gazette*.

The University number of the *Union College Magazine* gives a full and interesting account of the organization and plan of Union University. The University was formed last year by uniting Union College with the Albany Medical College, the Albany Law School and the Dudley Observatory, and was inaugurated on the 23d of December. Dr. Potter, the president of Union College, is to be President of the new institution, and will be formally inaugurated at the commencement exercises in July.

The *College Spectator* under the heading of "Book Notices," gives several specimens from "Forget me not," a volume of Poems by L. E. C., and says they are "charmingly original." We should think they were. Read the following:

A VISIT TO THE CEMETERY.

"Two tiny graves side by side—  
What is the name upon the stone? Bristers!  
After a short illness diel,  
Susy and Minnie, little twin sisters."

ONLY ONE EYE!

"I loved the gentle girl,  
But oh! I heaved a sigh,  
When first she told me she could see  
Out of only one eye.

\* \* \* \*

"In the home where we all are hastening—  
In our eternal home on high,  
See that you be not rivalled  
By the girl with only *one* eye."

The *College Courier* is neither very good nor very bad. The local departments are well managed, but the literary and poetical columns are very dull.

We notice that many of our exchanges give interesting descriptions of the observance of Washington's Birthday. Trinity had an illumination, and nearly every other college some sort of commemorative exercises. For some reason or other this Holiday has never been properly observed at Racine. We hope next year will rectify the matter.

The last number of the *Orient* contains an interesting biographical sketch of Hon. JAMES BOWDOIN. We learn from it that Mr. BOWDOIN was not the founder of the college which bears his name, but that his name was given it by the Legislature of Massachusetts, because it was one of the noblest which the state could boast. Mr. BOWDOIN, however was a liberal benefactor of the college.

*Professor of History.*—"When did the trial of Charles take place?"

*C.*—"Do you mean the one before his death?"

*Prof.*—"We have nothing to do with the one after his death."—*Record.*

A Western paper informs the public that board for summer can be obtained at "a large and shady brick gentleman's residence."—*Ex.*

Said a Prof. the other day to a Senior gnawing a chocolate drop during recitation, "Bring your candy to me." Meek looking Senior advances, applauded by the whole class.—*Dartmouth.*

When the Geological Professor was exhibiting a specimen of *peat*, one Senior asked another excitedly, "Has it a strawberry mark on its left arm?—If not it is my long lost brother."—*Record.*

One of the *Alumni* of an earlier class than '72 was in the habit, when in college, of reciting his Latin lesson from an interlinear translation. Having read a passage in the original one day, he began to render it into English, but forgot to stop at the proper place. The professor reminded him of the fact with—"Draw the reins, Mr. ———, your pony is getting away with you."—*Volante.*

POPULAR DELUSIONS.—That you are going to study harder next term and get up a higher standing. That the chapel was intended by the faculty to be a study room. That your class-mates will respect you more for expressing your opinion freely. That you can dodge writing essays and orations. That a poor exercise is better than none. That you can get up early Monday morning and get your lessons. That general information will pass you through examinations. That your parental ancestor will send you more money than you ask for.—*Yale Courant.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Among our latest exchanges is the *Daily Graphic*, the new experiment in illustrated journalism. We had heard of it before its arrival and were scarcely prepared to find it so perfect in all its parts as it has proved. It was a most agreeable surprise. The literary departments are uniformly excellent, and the Illustrations of current events given on each alternate page are already fully up to the average of the weekly journals. Notwithstanding the paper is published daily, it has quite as much general as local interest, and will be as welcome to the remotest Western farmer as to the citizen of New York. Really it is a wonder of journalism, and we predict for it a complete success.

Terms, \$12.00 per year. Address, THE GRAPHIC COMPANY, New York City.

The leading article in SCRIBNER'S for April, "An hour among the Greenbacks," is an account of the workings of the Currency Department, and is admirably illustrated and very entertaining. The most interesting part in the other illustrated papers are a sketch of Moscow and southern Russia, and an article on "An Ancient American Civilization." Mr. Edward King is about to begin in the Monthly a series of articles entitled the "Great South." These are to be illustrated by a corps of such artists as Champney, Sheppard and the Morans, and when completed will cost about \$30,000.00. The publishers are making every effort to place SCRIBNER'S at the head of periodical literature and they deserve all the support and encouragement that can be given them. The May number of the Monthly will begin the sixth volume, and therefore we say *subscribe at once*. Terms, \$4.00 per year. SCRIBNER & Co., 654 Broadway, N. Y.

We have received the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for April, and think it one of the best numbers we have ever seen. The literary matter is interesting and useful, and ought to attract a large circle of readers. We notice especially an illustrated sketch of Queen Anne of England, another of Rev. Thos. Guthrie, D. D., and an article on the "Civil Service and its Tendencies." The JOURNAL in every respect keeps fully up to the times. Terms, \$3.00 a year. S. R. WELLS, N. Y.

The CHICAGO ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL is a Western *Al-dine* in point of engraving at least. "Fair Play thou Son of Jacob," and "The Disappointed Epicures," are very finely executed pictures. If there is a deficiency it is the lack of Art Notices; but there is an abundance of first-class literary matter which almost compensates for it, and the engravings alone are well worth the price of the magazine. Terms, \$3.00 per year. KNIGHT & LEONARD, 107 and 109 Madison St., Chicago.





"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XIII.

RACINE COLLEGE, APRIL 24, 1873.

No. 4.

SPRING FLOWERS.

(LINES ON A FAVORITE PICTURE.)

A bright'ning day which May's warm rains have decked,  
With Spring's sweet odors, while the meadows flecked  
With Flora's gifts spread forth a carpet fair,  
Betrays 'twixt distant knolls the pathway where,  
By bird and flower lured, the little maid  
Strayed forth. Alone she stands, 'twixt light and shade  
Of fleecy clouds which float o'er heaven's blue,  
A type of childhood's joy to Nature true.  
A beam of sunshine, caught as on it sped,  
In golden glory bathes th' inclining head.  
The bonnet, tied with childhood's careless art,  
Thrown back, reveals the locks which wilful, start  
From 'neath its rim, and wreath with many a curl  
The forehead white.

As dancing streams that purl  
O'er pebbly beds 'midst summer's cooling shade,  
E'er snare the heart with thoughts but half betrayed,  
And tell of happy days now long since gone,  
Which haunt the mem'ry like an old time song,—  
As oft the carol of a passing bird  
Brings back our long-past youth, while all unheard,  
The present calls us from our waking dreams,  
So speaks that earnest brow. A page it seems,  
Whereon we read of joys as pure and free  
From care and guile as those which Heav'n's decree  
Has placed beyond this life.

Waist-deep she stands  
'Midst leaf and flower, while the tiny hand  
Outstretched, with eager grasp, within the fold  
Of caught-up apron stores the wealth untold  
Of 'honeyed sweets.' About her figure cling  
The nodding, waving stalks, as though to bring  
To such an altar all their wealth the aim  
Were of their fragile life. Nor is the claim  
Of these alone put forth. An equal share  
Of that bright glance, an equal right to bear  
Its part in making glad that sinless breast,  
Each insect seeks. The horns and shining crest  
Of him who gives the rainbow's colors shame,  
And fires the green-sward with his wings of flame,  
The bee who restless plies its daily toil,  
All seek the maid to please, and none recoil  
Through fear. Both bird and flower love thee well,  
O, wand'rer fair nor can I truly tell  
What heart must not. In life's young, blooming morn,  
From all its care and trials free, no thorn

As yet has filled thy path with cankering grief  
But o'er thy head the dancing, fluttering leaf,  
Casts deeper shadows than thy life has known.

\* \* \* \* \*

Long be it thus, and when to woman grown,  
Be thine the lot to live again with joy,  
In mem'ry's trance these few bright years. Alloy  
Of shame at time misspent let there be none,  
Nor heart grown weary with the treasures won,  
But as the present, joyous, happy, free,  
So may thy life's fair future be.

WILLOW WOOD.

WHIMS AND FANCIES.—III.

"It takes a fool to tell the truth," says some one whose name has slipped my memory. It is not worth while to take advantage of the opportunity offered by this remark to pun on said writer's sagacity in making it. One might, however, be tempted to hint, *en passant*, that the truth of his words confer no great compliment upon his understanding.

Be that, however, as it may; we have daily occasion to witness the perfect soundness of his aphorism,—an aphorism which places in such an uncomfortable predicament all those who consider themselves wise.

The world of to-day is an eminently rational world. It seems to be striving to verify the biblical saying which makes it "wiser in its generation than the children of light." Its chief and perhaps its only characteristic is its rationality,—its complete and unhesitating reliance in Reason as a guide. Having found within itself something which takes cognizance of the fact that the testimony of the senses is not at all times true, it straightway accepts this accommodating Mentor as a guide, and gives into her (or his, as you please) kindly charge the poor, weak, erring senses. No sooner do the senses come to us with their tale than Reason steps in, and like the good old soul that she is, corrects their little inaccuracies, and presents us with the truth *in toto*.

But the old lady sometimes makes mistakes like the rest of us, and, if she will not let us believe that the moon is green cheese, she sometimes leads us to conclusions which, if not quite so absurd, are quite as far from the truth. The travelers who saw the different colors of the same shield have often been laughed at for their blindness, and their case voted an odd one. But is their story merely a good joke? It has often occurred to me that their position was not so very far removed from the one which we all occupy. We have within the last few weeks seen one of the largest and finest of our ocean steamers deliberately run ashore, and over five hundred human beings, without a word of

warning, hurried into the unknown depths of eternity,—and all through the fault of—who may say? One says it is this, another that; to one the shield is blue, to another red; but where is the truth? The only action which could by any possibility have prevented the catastrophe,—can any one say whether *it* was right or wrong?

Thus we might multiply and multiply instances without end where Reason, like the senses, it looks down upon, deceives and misleads us by its errors. Are we then right in assigning to it a place it is so ill calculated to fill? The senses tell us all they can, their guardian rectifies as best it may their testimony; both err; have we not a right to refuse the testimony of the one as readily as that of the other?

It is an easy task thus to sit in judgment on the highest of our faculties, but who will act on our judgment? Are we not, as Bacon has it, “spinning a web of wondrous fineness and beauty, but of no use to ourselves or anybody else?” Were it not better to take our reason as we do the testimony of our senses, “*cum grano*,” and while by no means bowing down to it, at the same time elevate and respect it as the highest of men’s faculties should be respected?

But the fool, the fool,—“with him it is all in all,” as Carlisle says. He is troubled by no vexatious Reason. His thoughts are truly “free and uncontrolled.” If he has no Reason to lead him, at least he has none to mislead him, and truth when it comes from such a source comes pure and unadulterated.

Verily, my friend, it doth take a fool to tell the truth.

#### PANDORA,

OR, ALWAYS LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH.

##### *Fytte ye First.*

“I tell you, old fellow, it was hard work.”

“Tell me about it, Prommy!”

The speakers were Epimetheus, a rather shy, backward sort of a man, and his elder brother, Prometheus.

“Well, then, I will; but first let me ‘light up,’” said Prometheus as he pulled a *Regalia Maxima* from his spacious cigar case. (I am aware, my dear reader, that there is an absurd idea prevalent that Sir Walter Raleigh was the first to introduce the noxious weed “whose smell offends the fair.” How baseless his pretensions to that honor are the present true story shows.)

“You’re never going to ‘light up’ with that fire you stole from Heaven,” Epimetheus said hurriedly.

“Pre-cise-ly,” said his brother carelessly, as he puffed Aetna-like clouds of smoke (the corner groceries had not learned to adulterate in those days!) from his blackly-bearded mouth. “Pre-cise-ly—Heavenly fire is not too good for this cigar.”

“But I thought you’d need all the fire for the men you are making.”

“My dear, foolish brother, it takes a mighty small portion of Heavenly fire to make a man! They’re paltry cattle at the best. Besides my using the fire for my cigar is typical of man’s life. It all ends in smoke.”

“Oh, Prommy! If our dear, dead mother, Clymene could hear you say that!”

“There you go, spooney, always prating apron string tattle. I tell you our mother is reprehensibly responsible for bringing us into the world.”

“I feel she is, brother,” said Epimetheus meekly.

“What can I do? a poor, silly fellow like I am. Our

father, Iaspetus, (he is the Japeth of the Bible, my dear reader,) *he* was worth something. But as for me—”

“No! there’s not so much blame to our mother in your case, Eppy. You’re a good, easy-going chap. You’ll never set the ocean on fire. The danger lies in *my* existence. Why, brother, you wouldn’t think it, but I’m every bit as great and good as Jove himself.”

“Oh, brother, don’t. The Thunderer will hear you.”

“Not he! why didn’t he hear me when I stole the fire I lighted my cigar with? Call *him* a god. A short, bull-necked, apopleic old humbug! No, no, brother, life is meant for something higher and better than guzzling and sleeping; even though the one does the one in nectar and ambrosia, and the other in Olympus.”

“Oh, brother, be quiet. There’s some one at the door. I knew Jove would hear you. Come in, come in. Oh, Jove, ten thousand hecatombs shall burn—”

“Pshaw! coward!” said Prometheus scornfully as he strode to the door and flung it wide open, “Come in, whoever you are. Oh! Merky, my boy, is it you? It’s rather strange to see a celestial out after dinner. Did n’t the wine agree with you? How’s the cloud gathering Zeus to-night?”

“Jove is jolly,” said Mercury, for it was the celestial Telegraph Boy. “He’s more than jolly; he’s festive. And has sent me down on earth with the most agreeable message I’ve carried for many a day. He is so gratified by the immense strides you are making in science that he wants to reward you; and as there is no Society existing of which he can make you an Honorary Member (although in a few years the world will be deluged with them, and every donkey will be able to write A. S. S. after his name,) he has hit upon the next best thing he could do and begs your acceptance of a wife, so that you can have a small society of your own.”

“How generous,” said the unsuspecting Epimetheus.

“Not for Josephus, Merky, my boy,” said the reflecting Prometheus. “Not for Josephus. Tell Jove that when Prometheus wants to marry it will be when he himself chooses, and no one else.”

“But matches are made in Heaven,” put in Mercury.

“Bosh! Lucifer matches. Three thousand years from now you’ll be able to buy them at five cents a box.”

“O, brother, don’t scoff,” said Epimetheus. “It’s very kind and thoughtful of Jove.”

“Would you like her Epimetheus,” put in Mercury.

“Well, I think it would be hardly fair to the lady,” stammered Epimetheus.

“Oh, you need’nt trouble yourself about *her*,” said Mercury. “She isn’t made yet, so she can’t have any decided predilections one way or the other.”

Prometheus looked at his brother as though he were some escaped lunatic (N. B.—We don’t read of any lunatic asylums as early as this, but unless man has deteriorated terribly—and we never hear he has—they must have existed.) “You’re an idiot,” he said.

“You’re another,” said Epimetheus with a sudden attack of originality and spirit; “Mercury, tell Jove I’ll be ready, white tie and all.”

“That’s off my mind at any rate,” said Mercury. “You need not trouble yourself to open the door, I prefer the chimney,” and Maia’s son gracefully followed the pine log smoke before you could say “Jack Robinson.”

Prometheus puffed away in silence for some time. Suddenly rising he flung the cigar stump into the fire and said, "You'll repent this, Epimetheus. Oh, mother! you have a deal to answer for." Δ

(To be Concluded.)

#### DAY DREAMS.

Day dreams are not without their value. Though generally looked down on as an idle waste of time by those whose stern minds can take no pleasure in them, yet for me I must confess they possess a never failing attraction. If it were necessary to trace their origin to a source which would confer somewhat of dignity upon them, I think we might find them very closely related to that noblest of all pursuits, philosophy. Why not call them the unphilosophical side of philosophy?

You smile! Is the distinction then such a poor one? Let us ere we decide too readily this point, turn our attention to a few distinctions which provoke neither surprise nor mirth. We speak of a life of action and, as opposed to it, a life of—can we say inaction? Does not the very term itself take away the idea of life? Yet now you do not smile! "Life," you say, "is not taken in a peculiar sense, not in the sense of personal existence, but in one's relation to the world around him." Why then may we not with equal justice bestow the name we have chosen upon our day dreams? What matters it in what guise we pursue our travels in the realm of philosophy? Are not its fields open to the pleasure seeker as well as the stern hunter of truth? Must we gird our armour about us and pursue the one undeviating path, turning neither to the right nor to the left? Barren indeed then were the harvest our efforts must reap. It reminds one of the modern fashion of "doing" a foreign country. Our traveler glides swiftly on past village and villa, field and forest, seeing nothing, learning nothing, until, at last having reached his journey's end, he sets out systematically to explore *such parts* of his stopping place as are necessary to the proper continuance of his travels. Such it seems to me would be the nature of a philosopher's labors were he debarred from all that partook of the nature of day dreams.

Still more does this idea haunt one upon further investigation of philosophy's aim. What is the aim of philosophy? Is it not the search after that which none can find? On what do its principles rest? Is not their only foundation to be found in those intuitive truths which are engraven in our reason by the hand of our Creator? Upon these and through the assistance of these alone can we rear the massive temple we call philosophy.

But what has this to do with day dreams? Everything. In philosophy we have the mind setting forth armed and equipped for the search into those things it can never hope fully to know. A final answer it never can reach, but ever striving, ever hoping, it still toils on.

Let us, then, imagine one whose mind knows not, nor cares to know, the nature of the wonders which it daily finds. May it not with a great degree of profit yield itself up entirely to the delightful contemplation of those mysteries which it understands not nor seeks to understand? Death, life, eternity, the past the future,—over all it ranges free and uncontrolled. Here a blossom, there a full flower is plucked from the mouth of a yawning abyss. It cares not to look within, but

On! away!

No stop! no stay!

Over our woes it broods; then anon, mocking at grief, it sails far away to other themes to take its departure as suddenly as it came.

Who shall say that day dreams do not partake of philosophy nature! Like philosophy their search leads them through the wonder-land about us, where, if they seek not for truth they at least are quite as successful in meeting with it as the efforts directed in its search.

The *College Journal*, (Pittsburg Pa.,) publishes a railroad anecdote, which, with the exception of the portion relating to the "bustle," would be so plausible if told of a railroad upon which we have occasionally traveled ourselves, that we cannot refrain, even at the risk of possibly telling an old story, from a repetition of it in the MERCURY..

A correspondent of the *Richmond Guide* thus humorously describes the manner in which an accident was prevented on the railroad between that city and Petersburg: The engineer had gotten off to snowball a chip-monk, and the conductor was minding a widow's baby for her. The result was that the train happened to get on a down grade, and was started off at a terrific rate, every bit of four miles an hour, I should think. We were just half a mile above Chester, and the first thing we knew, there being no one to whistle and wake up the switch-tender, we were turned off into the coal-field road, and went down the track at full speed. Imagine our consternation, when, just at this moment, we heard the whistle, not half a mile ahead of us, of the coal train. We were paralyzed with terror; here were two trains on the same track, approaching each other at the dizzy speed just mentioned. Evidently our time had come. In a few short hours the engines would meet, and then—destruction.

With great presence of mind, a minister on board organized a prayer-meeting. Pale, but calm, the doomed band of passengers sat, and though with the very shadow of death upon them, raised their voices in a parting hymn.

"Send for the baggage-master," said a young man with a sad smile.

"Why?" was asked.

"Because we are all about to pass in our checks."

Everybody wept. From the rear platform we could see the miserable engineer, straining every nerve to catch up, but he had tight boots on, and didn't gain anything to speak of.

At this moment a ray of hope dawned upon us. I had just finished writing my will on the back of a visiting card, when I observed a young lady in the act of detaching her bustle. Placing the article, which was composed of eight hundred papers and a hair mattress, under her arm, the heroine marched through the car.

We followed her anxiously.

She climbed up on the tender and then over the engine. It was very interesting and thrilling to see her climbing the wheels and brass things, on her way to the cow-catcher. It reminded me of a country girl getting over a wire fence. But never mind about that now. Let me see where I was. Oh, yes; on the cow-catcher, holding on by the cross-bars with one hand, the noble maiden tied the bustle on the sharp prow with the other.

You can guess the result. In the course of the afternoon the collision came off. Protected by the bustle, the engine received a gentle bump, and we were saved.

# The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, APRIL 24, 1873.

## EDITORS.

E. A. LADDABEE.                      NORTON STRONG.                      AQUILLA JONES.  
G. E. CARLISLE.                      G. E. McDOWELL.

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

## TERMS:

College Year.....\$2.00 | Single Copy ..... 15 cts.

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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.

The death of Mrs. SEARS will be sad news to many who have lived at the college. In her position as matron of the infirmary, which she held for three years previous to her death, her many acts of kindness and the patience and gentleness with which she was ever ready to administer to those who needed her care, had won the love of all. After an illness of little more than a week in which her disease, pleural pneumonia and congestion of the lungs, was attended with much suffering, she was on Thursday morning, the 17th inst., released from pain, and quietly passed away from us.

The funeral service was held in the college chapel on Friday morning, after which the body was carried to Milwaukee for interment.

## THE POPULAR PRIZE.

The regulations for the awarding of the popular prize have been drawn up and adopted, and we learn with pleasure that the prize is to be confined to students of the Collegiate Department.

The prize is to consist of fifty dollars, either in money or in the shape of a medal of equivalent value, according to the desire of the successful candidate for the honor.

From a copy of the regulations which we have on our table we are enabled to give the principle regulations regarding the disposal of the prize.

A student to be eligible must besides being a student of the Collegiate Department, be 1st, in full class standing, (standing entitling him to honors). 2d, at the time of nomination must have as many as seventy-five marks for the year.

At the nomination of candidates which shall take place not sooner than three nor later than two weeks before commencement day, the Head of the College, or the next highest prefect in attendance shall preside. The three students who receive the highest number of votes shall be candidates for the final election.

The election shall take place upon the Monday of commencement week. The election shall be made by ballot, and notice of the election shall immediately be given to the Warden.

The prize will be given on commencement day by the founder, if present; if not, by the Warden in his name.

The time of nomination for this year is Monday, June 23d, and the election will take place Monday, July 7th.

The following article which we take from the *Chicago Times* may give to some of our readers a different idea of university life than they have had heretofore. The students of American colleges are continually clamoring for the freedom of university men; but if a release from rules, and an escape from the annoyance of the penalties attached to their infringement is what we desire, we shall have to make a careful selection of the university under whose government we would seek relief.

Read this and be thankful that you are only in a college:

## COLLEGE DISCIPLINE.

It is a good thing, no doubt, to know one's own mind, and any system of discipline which tends to promote decision of character must be valuable. To all who wish to put themselves in training for the acquisition of that valuable quality, we recommend some rules which have come to light during a controversy now raging at Oxford, Eng., in regard to what may be called the household arrangements of the college. The daily hall dinner at one of the principal colleges in Oxford is hedged round by a number of fines, varying in amount, and directed against the following solecisms:

Absence without notice; presence without notice; presence after notice of absence; absence after notice of presence; writing notice of absence otherwise than in ink; bringing a stranger without notice; not ordering what you will eat; not eating what you have ordered; not recording what you have eaten.

"Let good digestion wait on appetite," says Shakespeare, but appetite seems rather likely to be impaired by a digest of the intricate code of fines which may possibly be incurred during the repast.

## ENGLISH PRIZE ESSAY.

We have gradually drawn so near upon the end of the year that it is full time the exercises of commencement week should have a place in our thoughts. Some of the Seniors have already begun to feel serious, and we are looking for a visible stir among the upper classmen who propose to write for the Elmendorf Prize.

This prize, which in our judgement is almost the highest honor that can be taken on commencement day, has never yet drawn forth the energetic rivalry with which it deserves to be contested. Last year but four essays were handed in, and the year before the number of contestants was equally small. There certainly should be an improvement this year.

We believe many have been heretofore deterred from writing by putting an underestimate upon their own ability. There are fellows—and fellows frequently whose chances of success are the very best—who have so little reliance on their own ability that they modestly refrain from contesting with a man who stands certainly no better, and in many cases not so good a chance of success as themselves. Others still more deficient in self-reliance have given up their notion of writing merely from the fear of a possible disappointment. The number who actually hand in their

essays has been, we guarantee, in no case more than a third of the number who at one time thought seriously of writing; and of those who have been deterred from their intention, we are similarly confident that not more than one or two ever backed out from anything else than a lack of confidence in themselves.

If there be any this year who are hesitating for this reason, we say go in and do your best. It is full time that you were acquiring such confidence in yourself as will alone insure your success in any undertaking in actual life.

We repeat here what we have said in connection with rareness of contributions to the *MERCURY*, that there is much talent which is never allowed to display itself outside of the class room, and that half the interest is taken in developing it than could reasonably be expected.

Prizes are written for this prize; and here is a bit of management. If you do not learn to put more reliance in your ability by actually getting the prize on commencement, the opinion which you will ever thereafter firmly hold, that you *ought to have* got it, will do much towards giving you a better estimate of yourself.

#### EASTER DAY.

The many pleasant associations which in the mind of any old student of Racine are clustered around the remembrance of an Easter at the college, warrant us in giving more than a brief local notice to our last observance of the great day.

The hopes that we might have with this Easter a pleasant compensation for the wintry weather that accompanied the day last year, were more than realized in the glorious dawn of this Sunday morning. Early service was held at seven o'clock. The beauty which tasteful hands had lent the interior of the chapel was made more splendid by the early sunlight which streamed through the east windows, and nothing was lacking that could add to the beauty of the service.

There was not so great a profusion of flowers as on the previous Easter, and the font, which we have been accustomed to see filled with flowers and plants, was simply trimmed with a single vine. The altar, to which all the decoration was confined, presented a more magnificent appearance than on any Easter before. In place of the dossal cloth, which usually hangs over the altar, a back-ground consisting of three sections was constructed of moss. The centre section, higher than the two on either side, was enriched by a large and beautiful cross of calla lillies, while the side sections were relieved by some delicate work with white flowers representing on one side a vase and on the other a chalice, to correspond with the illumination of the altar front which was left visible beneath the fringe of a handsome white and gilt cloth. The singing at this service was not as good as in the other services of the day, but was all that could be expected from a congregation that had not yet been to breakfast.

The breakfast, which came at a sufficiently late hour of the day to be duly appreciated, was attended with the usual Easter gayety, and during the latter part of the meal the old custom of egg-cracking was carried out with an amount of zeal and merriment that has never been surpassed at Racine. After the smallest boy in the Grammar School had accepted the Warden's challenge to crack eggs, another

challenge was given by the Warden to any other small boy. This was gracefully accepted, amidst a roar of laughter and applause, by the delicate two hundred pounder who sits at the senior table, and who has previously figured in our columns under the mystic symbol of "P—p." It will be remembered that P—p accepted a similar challenge last year and made a very successful tournament upon the Faculty dais; but this time he mistook a genuine egg for his china one, and being ignominiously "busted" by the Warden, he retired "childlike and bland" from the dais. The Grammar School continued the fun until almost every egg in the dining hall was knocked in at one end or at both.

The music at the second service of the morning and at evening chapel was excellent. The solo "But Thou didst not leave His soul in Hell," was beautifully sung by Master PONT PARKER at the morning service, and the chorus "Lift up your Heads," which followed it, was also very well done. The solo and chorus were repeated at the evening chapel with better success, if possible, than in the morning.

The Grammar School boys were allowed the privilege of visiting the students of Taylor Hall in their rooms during the afternoon, and seemed to enjoy it as a rare treat.

The reception in the evening was a very pleasant affair. The hymn for the evening from Keble's "Christian Year," was read to a more attentive audience than that which usually listens (?) to the hymn on other Sundays. This improvement was easily accounted for by the fact that the boys who "had pages" were waiting expectantly for the closing words, "and turn all *tasks* to charity," in hopes that the Warden would fulfil them as he did last year by excusing punishments. Signs of disappointment were visible when he altered the line and read it, "and *do* all tasks in charity," but all alarm was dispelled by his giving out notice that for this once the true reading should be fulfilled and that the accounts were squared.

The Rowing Association of the American Colleges met at Worcester on the 2d inst. Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Wesleyan, Williams, Cornell, Trinity, Dartmouth, Columbia, Brown, Bowdoin and Amherst Agricultural were represented. A motion to suppress pool selling at races was adopted unanimously. It was voted not to employ any *professional* trainers or "coaches" after this college year; all students pursuing regular courses of study were declared eligible to University crews; a regatta ball was decided upon; the next race will occur July 17th at Springfield.—*University Herald.*

#### DATES OF MATCH GAMES.

Monday, May 12, 1st Nines.  
Monday, May 19, 1st Elevens.  
Monday, May 26, 2d Elevens.  
Monday, June 2, 2d Nines.  
Monday, June 9, 3d Elevens.  
Thursday, June 12, 3d Nines.  
Monday, June 16, 4th Elevens.

Thursday, June 19, 4th Nines.  
Monday, June 23, 5th Eleven.  
Thursday, June 26, 5th Nines.  
Monday, June 30, 1st Nines.  
Monday, July 2, 1st Elevens.  
Monday, July 4, 6th Elevens.

An Iowa Falls woman put a couple of dozen eggs into her bed so they shouldn't freeze while she was absent four or five days, and on her return late at night bounced into bed and bounced out again.—*E.x.*

## College and Campus.

## TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

CHICAGO AND N. W.		Going South.	Going North.
Mail and Express .....		7.33 A. M.	10.41 A. M.
Express .....		1.55 P. M.	11.48 A. M.
Express .....		4.48 P. M.	7.22 P. M.
Night Passenger .....		12.28 A. M.	3.52 A. M.
WESTERN UNION.		Going West.	
*Day Passenger .....		8.00 A. M.	
Night Passenger .....		7.20 P. M.	
Train Going North .....		5.55 P. M.	

\*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

## BABY BRUISERS.

## INTERESTING SLAPPING MATCH BETWEEN THE BABE OF '75 AND THE INFANT OF '76.

Considerable excitement was stirred up a few evenings ago as the college left the dining hall by the announcement that '75 and '76 were going to fight their class babies. A crowd soon collected on the third floor to witness the mill, and our reporter was sent thither for the purpose of taking notes. The two game birds were in excellent condition and having been kept from food for several days were exceedingly savage. The baby of '76 in spite of this abstinence must have weighed at least six stone, and the babe of '75 could not have weighed much less. They were clothed in boxing gloves and placed in the ring where they immediately proceeded to business. We append a literal translation of our reporter's short-hand notes:

*"First Round.*—Enter ring smiling sweetly. Babe of '76 first to awake—makes a rush. '75 slaps at him—misses. Boxing gloves too heavy. '76 counters, slaps five times—hits once. Cheers for '76. GEORGE A— of '76 bets five to one on Freshman infant. '75 charges. '76 lays for him. They collide—lively slapping on both sides. Cheers. '75 retreats and hauls off—'76 follows and is pawed in the eye. Cheers from '75. Claps his gloves and coos with glee. Time of round 3 minutes and 40 seconds. The infants are dandled by their nurses and recuperated with soothing-syrup.

*"Second Round.*—Approach serenely. '75 slaps first. '76 counters—miss-cue for both. '75 charges—gets it in the mouth. Cheers from Freshmen. '76 rushes in—paws violently—drives 75 across the floor—pounds him against the wall. Cries of 'foul' from babe and class of '75. Referee decides 'foul' Babe of '75 irritated—rushes upon '76—strikes from the shoulder—'76 guards. '75 tries again—comes within two feet of it. Tired but not discouraged. Grand double play by '76. Cheers from class. '75 comes up smiling. Encounter. '75 sends out his right—misses. Officer enters—objects to the noise. Time of round 4 minutes and 45 seconds. Children carried down stairs to have it out. Crowd adjourns to west entrance.

*"Third Round.*—Encounter briskly—'76 gets thumb in his eye—slaps out at '75—hits five times out of twelve. Blows not serious. '75 paws back—rarely successful. '76 strikes straight from shoulder—blow direct for Adam's apple '75 parries it off with chin—rushes in—lays out for a good one—misses—loses balance and falls. Gloves too heavy. Up again—gets in a left-hander—'76 counters. Babe of '75 called back by nurse to have nose wiped. '76 takes off glove to suck his thumb. Loud cheers from '76. They claim the stakes."

Immediately after the exhibition the crowd dispersed and the children were carried up stairs by their nurses to have their bottle and be put to bed.

## THE SENIOR PARTY.

Monday evening last will be long remembered by the Seniors as one of the pleasantest episodes in their college course. In accordance with a kind invitation from Mr. HORACE WEEKS the class spent the evening at his home in the city for the purpose of celebrating with him his twenty-first birthday.

The class went down in a body and were present to a man.

After some time had been spent in the parlor during which the conversation was interspersed with the frequent flashes of wit, and the successful perpetration of jokes that marks the gatherings of '73, the company adjourned to the supper table.

We have described Class suppers and Senior spreads before, but this eclipsed them all. Everyone knows the capacity of '73 at a supper. But though the meal was begun with good spirit, and the boys looked as though they could hold out all night against as many dishes as could be heaped upon the table, half the courses were not ended ere the best eaters began to wish they "hadn't gone in so hard at first," and before the supper was over everybody was completely used up. Mrs. WEEKS is the first who has ever utterly conquered the class.

During a pause in the supper Mr. JONES arose and in a very graceful manner presented HORACE with an elegant gold watch and chain as a gift from his mother.

After leaving the table most of the class sat down to cards and the gaiety of the evening was prolonged till after midnight. The kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. WEEKS who left nothing undone to make the evening a merry one for all, will not soon be forgotten, and we are sure they will be gratified to know that the class unanimously agree in pronouncing this evening the pleasantest that as a class they have ever spent.

—Sunday School festivals are getting to be quite the thing among our missionaries, and it is right that it should be so. They help very much to arouse a proper interest in the schools, not only among the children, but also among the parents; and they are decidedly pleasant if regarded merely from a social point of view.

The Festival at St. John's took place on Easter Monday evening, and, notwithstanding the threatening state of the weather, was very well attended and passed off most agreeably. The exercises began with a short evening service, in the small school room, followed by an address by the Rev. Mr. SPALDING, and the distribution of Easter gifts to the children of the Mission. The company were then invited to an adjoining room where a bountiful table was spread, and were requested to "enjoy themselves as best they knew how." "Ye local" immediately took the hint and began eating; and as the ladies of St. John's are wonderful cooks, it is needless to say he had a good time. The festival was concluded by several readings, which were heartily enjoyed by the children as well as by their elders, and everybody went home convinced that St. John's was the best mission in the city.

It was just so at Emmanuel last Monday night, young and old had a good time. The exercises were about the same as at St. John's except that they were in the church, and there was no table set. An immense Easter egg was produced near the close of the festivities and cracked for the benefit of the boys and girls, each one of whom received some little gift's. The singing, and the recital of Prophecy, and the story of the Resurrection, were the most interesting features of the evening. The children had been well trained, and evidently enjoyed having an active part in the programme. The exercises were closed at an early hour, and the children and grown folks all went home saying, "what a good time we have had."

—Some student, probably with the intention of forming a philharmonic club, has, for several days past, been blowing a most discordant horn through the halls of the building. We once had quite a respectable string band, and an attempt at a brass band: but never one with a fish horn for the leading instrument. That is something as yet unattempted, and the sooner the fellow puts a stopper to that horn the better, as his efforts must fail.

—A number of freshmen lately purchased penny whistles, and whistled "Victory" to the only tune that can be played on those high-toned instruments. This outburst was in honor of their champion, who completely demolished the child of the sophomores in the boxing match.

—The seniors sing no more temperance songs, but they now harmonize to "The fish with wiggling tail."

—The College Nine played their first game of ball last week. They played with a picked nine from the rest of the institution, giving five outs to three, and made a score of 22 to 11. This certainly looks promising and there is no reason to doubt that the nine will be as strong this season as ever before. LEEKLY is as good behind the bat as he was in his old position of short stop, and the whole nine, the captain tells us, is doing excellently.

—Everyone is doing what he can to force the season, but the season will not be forced. Summer cravats and light breeches have no effect. The voice of man and the songs of birds are to no purpose. Those pleasant little poems that are accustomed to be written at this time of the year, only express what might be—not what is. The music of the birds and the whistling penetrating winds are strangely inharmonious; one is a little out of place. But the Spring is not backward at all—it is only not advanced.

—We steal the following from the fly leaf of a text book of Thucydides. It appears to be a letter to the owner:

My Dear Friend:

It is with a deep feeling of pleasure that I send you this book, and my joy is the more heightened by the fact that I believe it to be the best edition of my history extant. Mr. Owen deserves the greatest praise for his untiring efforts to discover the true meaning of many passages naturally ambiguous to you moderns. I need scarcely say that he has succeeded most admirably, as you will perceive in your reading. With best wishes,

I am yours, &c.,

Thucydides.

Hades, Oct. 3d, 1872.

—Call and see GARNKAUFER'S new stock of furnishing goods. He now keeps the correct thing in the way of ties, and his assortment of black neck-wear is the best we have ever seen in the city.

## PERSONALS.

JOHN CROCKER, who will be remembered by the old students of Racine, was married last week in Milwaukee to Miss IDA LYNDE, daughter of Hon Wm. P. LYNDE, of that city. The ceremony was performed by the Warden.

CHARLEY JONES, our old grammar school friend, is now a proud and happy father. His little daughter is said to be, without doubt, the most beautiful cherub that ever came down upon our earth. He has our unanimous congratulations.

MILT LIGHTNER and GEORGE RUMSEY spent Easter at the college.

EDWARD WALL of Milwaukee recently paid us a short visit.

"HASH" WRIGHT, formerly of Grammar School renown was present at the Easter services. "HASH" wants to come back again.

ROSEWELL PARK of '72, participated with us in the festivities of Easter. He is still running things at Immanuel Hall in the capacity of Head Master.

The REV. FRANK FLEETWOOD, one of the earliest graduates of the College spent a short time at Racine a few days ago. His parish is in Adrian, Mich.

WILL LEE, is still in Chicago. We were greatly disappointed not to have seen him at Easter.

Many of the students are in frequent receipt of letters from HARRY FRANCIS. He is diligently applying himself to Blackstone in Michigan City, but cannot be allured by delights of legal literature from his affection for Racine.

## THE COLLEGE PRESS.

Our newest exchange is the *Saliesianum*, from St. Francis, Wis. It makes a very fair start but it ought to have an exchange column.

The trustees of Columbia have given the College Boat Club \$1,000 for the encouragement of the exercise of rowing. The Boat Club intend to erect a \$600 boat house on the Harlem and buy a new boat.

A dignified alumnus, who taught school last year, returned last winter to the seat of his former labors to deliver a lecture. At the station he was met with "How d'ye do," from a small boy with a dirty face. "Well, my boy," replied the professional gentleman, "I don't know you." "Yer ought'er," returned the urchin, "yer've licked me 'nough ter know me."—*Chronicle*.

In a letter to his friends at home, an intelligent foreigner states that "when a great man dies in the United States, the first thing done is to propose a fine statue in his honor; next, to raise part of the necessary money; next, to forget to order any statue, and last, to wonder what became of the money." The remark shows close observation and clear judgment.—*Newspaper Reporter*.

The Legislature of Michigan wants to appoint two professors of homeopathy for the medical department of the University. The *Chronicle* opposes the move on the ground that it is utterly impossible for the two schools to work together harmoniously, and questions the right of the Legislature to make the appointment.

Notwithstanding its continual spouting about the merits of "Wabash," no one can say that *Geyser* is not improving. No 6 is printed on tinted paper, has very few typographical errors, and compares very favorably in every respect with a large number of our exchanges.

The *University Herald* still advocates a convention of college journalists, and proposes several questions which might be considered at such a convention. We are somewhat skeptical in regard to the amount of "College reform" that will be accomplished—indeed we are not prepared to transfer our faith in Faculties to the judgment of students. We think the plan advocated a good one, however, and we hope, if the convention is held, that the suggestion of the *Volante* will receive due attention.

The critic of the *Era* is copying the style of the critic of the *Advocate*. He notices scarcely anything that is not "dull" or "sporofic" or "trash."

#### THE MAN WHO PLAYS THE FLUTE.

Just above my chamber door,  
In fact upon the second floor,  
Lives a man I'd like to boot,  
For he's the man who plays the flute.

Now in vain I try to write  
Something on the Free Trade Fight.  
How I'd like to punch the snoot  
Of the man who plays the flute.

Then I try to get the gist  
Of "clinchers" on the Atheist;  
It's no use, an endless toot  
Proceedeth from that idiot's flute.

Soon I hear a dozen more,  
Above, below, behind, before;  
Bless me! How I'd like to shoot  
Every man who plays the flute.

—*Courant*.

The Sophomore class in Quintilian will appreciate the following: "The Seniors are reading Quintilian, and as ponies are not directly available, some of the boys made bad work of it. The last emanation worthy of note was a striking original version by a worthy brother, of the clause *cum Cicero dormit interium Demosthenes* in which he startled the professor and brought down the class by innocently reading 'Demosthenes often slept while reading Cicero!'"—*Era*.

A fair junioress, who should be more guarded in her choice of words, on being asked at the supper-table as to the studies pursued by a certain one of her gender in college, answered that Miss J. was in no regular course, but was "scattered all through." "I must have found part of her to day," remarked a wag at the other end of the table, "for I picked up a waterfall on the campus."—*Chronicle*.

Scene in the cabinet.—Senior showing specimens to lady friends. Tail of a *Glyptodon* leaning against the wall. Lady friends persistently, "Oh, what is that?" Senior,

somewhat timidly, "Well, ladies, if you must know, it is the 'caudal appendage' of this big turtle." General giggling—cheeks *a la rose*.—*University Herald*.

A young gent at Toronto received an explanation from his French teacher; forgetting it, he returned and spake in this wise: "I suppose, Miss, ah—you wonder at my stupidity." "Oh, no! not at all," was the reply. The man wants to know what she could have meant.—*Era*.

A Dacotah sheriff attached a show the other day, and while tacking up a "sale notice" on the elephant's hind quarters, which the official mistook for a small barn, the animal swung his tail around. There were eight hacks at the funeral.

"Have you ever observed a parrot," said Thiers, "when about to come down from the perch, how he holds hard by his beak, and feels about with his foot, but never lets go with his beak until his foot is firmly secured? I am the parrot."

A Western newspaper gives a thrilling account of a steamer's perilous voyage, describing particularly her dangerous passage over the falls, with "only one inch of water between her keel and the rocks, and half an inch of atmosphere between her chimneys and the bridge."

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

ARTHUR'S for May is on our table, and is as fresh and entertaining as ever. We especially notice the illustrations which are superior in our opinion to any which have appeared in the Magazine, and an eight page fashion plate with full directions for measuring all sorts of things which will undoubtedly be a valuable assistant to the ladies. The stories of this number are also very pleasant, the "Evening with the Poets," charming. ARTHUR'S is surely one of the periodicals which no family in the land should be without.

Terms, \$2.00 per year, with a splendid engraving, "The Christian Graces." T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The latest number of HARPER'S WEEKLY which we have received contains the twelfth part of that magnificently illustrated serial, Dore's "London." The chapters given are "London at play," and "London Charity." Among the best illustrations are "A Gordon Party at the Holland House," "A Riverside Street," and "Asleep under the Stars." The WEEKLY, as usual, is full of interesting sketches and illustrations of current events, and in every respect keeps at the head of illustrated journalism in this country. Terms, \$4.00. HARPER & BROS., Franklin Square, N. Y.

THE NATION comes to us regularly, and there is no other paper on our secular exchange list whose arrival is more welcome.

The *Nation* is rapidly and deservedly increasing its circulation, and being, as it is without doubt, the truest exponent of the principles of sober, right-thinking Americans, and unbiased by party prejudices, it is destined we believe, to exert a mighty influence for good in our politics. All who desire a paper that presents the political questions of the day, home as well as abroad, in their right light, should subscribe for the *Nation*.

Terms \$5 per annum.





"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XIII.

RACINE COLLEGE, MAY 8, 1873.

No. 5.

CHILDHOOD'S FAITH.

*A Poem delivered before the Missionary Society April 27, '73.*

BY NORTON STRONG.

"And thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly."

The falling rain-drops pattered  
O'er the long, deserted street,  
Where the curbstone rang no longer  
To the tread of passing feet;  
The sullen storm-clouds lowered  
And in darkness and in gloom,  
With the gathering, pall-like shadows,  
Closed the brightest day in June.  
In the eaves and through the gutters  
Soon the mimic torrents stream,  
Shining forth all pale and ghastly  
In the fitful lightning's gleam.  
'Twixt the muttering thunder's rumble  
With a moan the wind sweeps by,  
While the tall, grey poplars whisper  
Of the terrors drawing nigh.  
But the street 's not all deserted,  
For behold the childish form  
Which beneath the poplar's shadows  
Seeks a refuge from the storm.  
As the passing wind moans louder,  
And the chill gloom darker grows,  
Shrinking deeper 'neath his covert  
Thus he tells his heart's deep woes:  
"There! I knew it! 'Cause I said so;  
There it is! I knew 't would rain!  
And I told her it was coming!"  
Here the lightning's flash again  
With its flame clove through the storm rift,  
And the thunder's muttered roar  
Filled the trembling air with tumult,—  
Then the silence reigned once more.  
"Oh, if I were only bigger,  
I could—No I do n't know where—"  
Here the wind swept by and, dashing  
'Midst the branches here and there,  
Raised a wail of mourning sorrow  
Which bore off the words of fear,  
While the waving boughs low bending,  
Hid from sight the starting tear.  
Ah dear friends whose hearts the wisdom  
Of maturer years have gained,  
And whose souls by care and sorrow  
To life's bitter paths are trained,  
Do ye rightly judge and truly  
When ye smile at childhood's grief,  
Which a moment's joy may kindle,  
Which a trifle brings relief?  
Is his grief, who now is standing,  
With his home full fair in sight—  
A home, with warmth and shelter,

And a throng of faces bright—  
Is his grief so light and shallow  
Though its object be but small?  
Can we say he suffers little,  
When that little is his all?  
Shall we scorn the fear and troubles  
Which now fill his little brain,  
For a sister who is wandering,  
Mayhap lost, amid the rain?  
"True, the others too are with her;  
But perhaps they, too, are lost."  
Thus his mind refusing comfort  
On the waves of doubt is tossed.  
But soon his head is lifted,  
And a hope beams in his eye,  
As with joy he softly murmurs  
"I don't know. But I can try."  
For the good book says whenever  
To the poor we rightly give,  
Even though it be in secret,  
A reward we shall receive.  
Through the rain with light heart bounding,  
Fired with hope he onward speeds;  
No dark doubt checks his footsteps,  
Nor the driving storm he heeds.  
Till at length before a doorway  
For a moment short he waits  
And e'er the step is taken,  
On his future course debates.  
There it lies; a bright, new penny;  
All the wealth that he can boast,  
For a month his darling treasure,—  
Who would not then count the cost?  
But 'tis over and he enters,  
And with hope to lead him on,  
Through the doorway quickly passes;  
It is closed and he is gone.  
Where he gave or how he gave it  
'Tis not our part to tell,  
But we know full sure He saw it  
"Who doeth all things well."

\* \* \* \* \*

The rain has ceased its patter  
Through the late deserted street;  
The thronging groups now gather  
And with joy the sunset greet.  
The sun which seemed departed  
Was but hidden by the storm,  
And now through broken cloud-rifts  
Sheds a ruddy glow and warm;  
Through the storm rack now 'tis spreading,  
Decking with its wealth of gold  
Mighty shapes of rolling vapor,  
Till the wondrous tales of old,  
Of the Titans and their labors,  
Of the gods, of Jove, and Thor,  
Of their wealth and all their power,  
Seem returned to life once more.  
In the trees and on each window

Bright the fading beams now shine,  
 And they tinge with gold the figure  
 Standing where the poplars twine  
 O'er the view a long, green vista.  
 Far beyond, the heaven's bow  
 Circling through the radiant ether  
 Spans a fairer scene below.  
 In her dripping, rain-drenched garments,  
 Just outside the opened door  
 Stands the loved and longed for sister,  
 Safely home returned once more.  
 Yes, childhood's prayer is answered,  
 And childhood's faith made good;  
 "I knew she'd come! He's promised,  
 And so I knew he would."  
 Scoff who will at Heaven's power,  
 Call its strongest proofs but chance;  
 There are truths that be not proven  
 Nor can bear the doubting glance  
 'Tis only where faith wavers  
 We miss the promised good,  
 Our heart must say "He promised,  
 And so I knew he would."

### PANDORA,

OR, ALWAYS LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH.

#### *Fytte ye Second.*

We are now in Olympus. You are wrong, my dear reader, this is not a German Lager Bier Garten. It is a symposium of the gods. All the fault of the poets, you say. You expected something better. Well, remember Shakespeare "The best of these things are but shadows, and the worse no worse if imagination mend them." Yes this is Olympus. See! yonder short bull-necked, choleric, red faced party: that is Jove. That hook-nosed matron is Juno; that saucy, billowy, Lillie Ellisy looking fairy is Hebe; that corpulent, pimply party, Bacchus; that red whiskered, broad shouldered fellow, Mars; that celestial representative of yourself, fair reader, is Venus. I could go on introducing you but forbear to bore you. Let us listen.

"If you say that again, Madame, I'll get a divorce from Rhodamanthus."

"I'm sure I meant no harm, Jove. You didn't hear the end of my speech. I said he was not bad-looking for a mortal."

"Oh, that's all. Your health, my dear," said the mollified thunderer. "Here Ganymede, some clean glasses; and tell Æsculapius I won't take any more 'Blue Pills,' I'm going to try Homeopathy."

"I wonder he doesn't try that system with his liquor," said Momus.

"Hush," said Hebe, "Jove will hear you—why! La! Here's Mercury back."

"Well, my boy—what news?" said Jove, "Did Prometheus bite?"

"Nary a nibble," said Mercury, "he's cut his eye teeth, but his brother Epimetheus will take your offer."

"All right! one fool's enough in a family they say. Vulcan, produce your woman."

A roar of laughter arose from the gods as they saw the uncouth figure the lame god had made.

"You blockhead—who's going to fall in love with a thing like that?" screamed Jove laughing, as he hurled a decanter at old Huephaisties head. It fell short and

crushed down on the old blacksmith's favorite corn, and caused him to swallow fearful oaths in silence.

"Stay, papa," said Venus, "I'll give her beauty," and raising her fair arm the goddess moulded the face, and smoothed out the wrinkles and pulled it into shape just as Madame Demorest does when she informs Miss Flora McFlimsy that her new dress sits beautifully.

"I'll give her wisdom," said Pallas Minerva touching her head.

"Give me some Nectar," said the remodelled Anonyma.

"A miracle," shouted Jove. "Ganymede, some nectar for the lady, quick?"

"Stay, sire," said Mercury, "a woman is never complete without a *soup gon de Diablerie*."

"Be mischievous ma mignon," said the impudent god.

"Oh, what a front Jove has," whispered the (as yet) Nameless One.

"Cockatrice!" hissed Juno.

"Artful, designing hussy," said Miss Hebe, tossing her saucy curls.

"She'll do," said Jove approvingly.

"D—d—don't you think, papa," said Minerva, "that a litle clothing, only a little, you know, would improve her."

"Perhaps it would," said Jove reflectively. "Ganymede, call in the Seasons and Graces, they know the latest fashions."

In a trice the fair creature was attired in such a wonderful style that all the Parisian milliners would have broken their hearts for envy had they seen her.

"Now for her name," said Jove.

"PANDORA," shouted gods and goddesses.

"Pandora be it," said Jove. "Mercury, give her that box I spoke of, and leave her at Mr. Epimetheus' front door. There's a good boy."

#### *Fytte ye Third.*

"Come in darling," said Epimetheus. He was gorgeously attired in a black dress suit and white tie, and looked as uncomfortable as a man generally does when he is dressed to kill. "Come in dearest—what's your name?"

"Pandora, Hubby," said the fair Fiancee.

"What have you got in that box? You know you must have no secrets from me now. What's thine is mine, and what's mine is my own."

"It's a present from Jove—a wedding present."

"Let's look at it, Dora," (you see they soon got acquainted. ("Happy the wooing that is not a long a doing."))

"All right, darling, here's the key."

Epimetheus opened the lid, and such a number of funny little black things came dancing out—up the chimney—through the ceiling—out at the door—through the window—away they flew, hundreds and hundreds of them. Pandora and Epimetheus clapped their hands and laughed like two little simpletons as they were.

"Oh what fun," said Pandora.

"Isn't it jolly," said Epimetheus. "I wish Prometheus—he's my brother, Dora, I know you'll like him—were here. He'd enjoy this."

Scarcely had he spoken the words when Prometheus rushed in.

"What are you doing?" he cried, "I met Hunger, Poverty, Misery, Famine, Plague, Pestilence, Dirt, Filth, Squalor, and all the ill's flesh is heir to as I came in. What box is that?"

"A present from Jove," said Epimetheus. As Prometheus rushed to it, Pandora shut down the lid, crushing the foot of Beggary as it flew out, (and that is the reason, my dear reader, you see so many lame beggars now-a-days).

"Please let me out," said a voice from the box, "I'm the only one left,—let me out, please."

"Who are you?" said Prometheus.

"Please sir I'm Hope."

"Stay where you are, my fine fellow," said Prometheus, "when man has to contend, (as he will have, thanks to you and your precious spouse, Epimetheus,) with all the ill's of life, it will be a sweet comfort for him to know that HOPE remains a Panacea for every ill."

WHIMS AND FANCIES.

IV.

The heart of youth is gladsome,  
And oft' the heart of age  
Will wonder at the fancies wild,  
Which filled life's early page.  
But e'en age gleams some pleasure  
From all these early dreams;  
And thus I've thought to keep them  
All foolish though it seems.

The memories of the past,—how they enchain and subdue one by their mysterious power. The very heart throb calls them forth till like the very air we breathe it seems to crowd and push about us, entering into and making a part of our very life itself. There is one fact about memory however that unless we are very careful we are by far too apt to overlook. Fancy, going hand in hand with Memory, is very apt to show forth the beauties of the latter in a somewhat different light from that in which candid Truth would have them represented. In fact it must be confessed that in the case of those

"Golden days of youth,  
Which after years so dearly prize,"

there is by far too little that Truth can lay claim to. This latter personage seems to be somewhat slighted in this respect and compelled to occupy a very subordinate position. Yet it is a merciful hand that has thus arranged the laws of memory. Sad, indeed would be our life, thus haunted and beset on all sides by the memories of the past, were the past to return to us in all its realities. But no; Memory,

"The only friend that grief can call its own,"

our companion at all times and in all places, bestows her gifts with a spirit that is marred by no such cruelty. Not only are we given these cheering draughts from the brighter springs that border on the path of our past life, but like the waters of March, whatever of bitterness they contain is taken away by the wondrous power that bestows them.

Old father Time is also a great friend to Memory. He it is who sheds over the past that warm, sunny glamour with which Memory works her greatest charms. It is by his hand the transformation is worked though to Memory alone we owe the power of beholding it. In age we have our youth to look back upon, and beyond our youth that sunny realm of childhood, so little known and felt till long years after it has passed away. Yet ever dearer to me are

the thoughts of that strange transitional state when the wild, wayward, as yet unformed being we call a boy, loiters midway between departed childhood and the coming youth. What thoughts are there that do not find its way into his curious, provoking little head? Call him what we choose he is a strange study. Too old to be helpless, too young to help himself, his life seems to be made up of contradictions. What can better describe this period of life than the lines of Longfellow on his "Lost Youth,"

"I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
Across the school boy's brain,  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are memories wild and vain.  
And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings and is never still,  
'A boy's will is the wind's will.'  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

"Longings wild and vain," "prophecies in part,"—let them be what they may, they make up to me what has always seemed the brightest period of life.

"And thus I've thought to keep them  
All foolish though it seems."

"Are, then, the sculptured urn and storied monument nothing more than symbols of family pride? Is all I see around me a memorial of the living more than the dead—an empty show of sorrow, which thus vaunts itself in mournful pageant and funeral parade? Is it indeed true, as some have said, that the simple wild flower, which springs spontaneously upon the grave, and the rose, which the hand of affection plants there, are fitter objects wherewith to adorn the narrow house? No! I feel that it is not so! Let the good and the great be honored even in the grave. Let the sculptured marble direct our footsteps to the scene of their long sleep; let the chiselled epitaph repeat their names, and tell us where repose the nobly good and wise! It is not true that all are equal in the grave. There is no equality, even there. The mere handful of dust and ashes, the mere distinction of prince and beggar—of a rich winding sheet and a shroudless burial—of a solitary grave and a family vault; were this true, then, indeed, it would be true that death is a common leveler. Such paltry distinctions as those of wealth and poverty are soon leveled by the spade and mattock; the damp breath of the grave blots them out forever. But there are other distinctions which even the mace of death cannot level or obliterate. Can it break down the distinction of virtue and vice? Can it confound the good with the bad; the noble with the base? All that is truly great, and pure, and god-like, with all that is scorned, and sinful, and degraded? No! Then death is not a common leveler! Are all alike beloved in death and honored in their burial? Is that ground holy where the bloody hand of the murderer sleeps from crime? Does every grave awaken the same emotions in our hearts, and do the footsteps of the stranger pause as long beside each funeral-stone? No! Then all are not equal in the grave. And as long as the good and evil deeds of men live after them, so long will there be distinctions even in the grave.

\* \* \* \* \*

If, then, there are distinctions in the grave, surely it is not unwise to designate them by the external marks of honor. These outward appliances and memorials of respect—the mournful urn—the sculptured bust—the epitaph eloquent in praise, cannot indeed create these distinctions, but they serve to mark them. It is only when pride or wealth builds them to honor the slave of mammon or the slave of appetite, when the voice from the grave rebukes the false and pompous epitaph, and the dust and ashes of the tomb seem struggling to maintain the superiority of mere worldly rank, and to carry into the grave the bawbles of earthly vanity—it is then, and then only, that we feel how utterly worthless are all the devices of sculpture, and the empty pomp of monumental brass!" "Pere La Chaise."  
—Longfellow.

# The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, MAY 8, 1873.

## EDITORS.

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C. E. CARLISLE.      G. B. McDOWELL.

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## BASE BALL.

A very interesting game was played on the campus, Monday, May 5th, between picked nines from the College and Grammar school. Both sides mustered very strong teams. The game was played with considerable skill and energy, up to the end of the seventh inning, when the Grammar School lost its effectiveness and allowed the College to run up a number of undeserved tallies. The College won by a score of 28 to 14.

The game was rendered exceedingly pleasant from the marked interest that all showed to win, and occasionally there were some very excellent "spurts" of good playing. We were particularly pleased and surprised to see the sharp and effective work of January, at short stop, and the sure and steady play of Roger Hall, at first base. They add very great strength to the Grammar School nine, which already contains some of the best players in the institution.

We cannot forbear mention of a difficult "line" catch made by Pond, on third base. It was neatly taken, pretty low to the ground. Pond's general play is very good, and and he only needs practice to be able to play third base as well as any of his predecessors in the College nine.

## CRICKET.

Good weather has come around, and the games again begun. More than ever we feel the want of a suitable place, where all the clubs can play and have plenty of room. It has been necessary, owing to the increase in numbers, to make two new divisions, so that there are now six on each side, where there were formerly five. Now the old grounds, where we have played for the past six years or more, have been growing smaller every season, and at last they are so cut up by fences that it is impossible to play there with any pleasure. Besides the sod is naturally wearing out in many places, so that it is not fit for cricket at all. Farther, it is not very desirable to play ball on grounds which are used as a pasture. Horses and ball do not go well together. The animals are entirely too fond of the game, and not a bit timid.

With the old grounds in such a condition, we find ourselves huddled together and five clubs trying to play on the campus, with the fielders of three, at least, crossing each

other in their positions. The quarters are entirely too close, and the ground not altogether the right kind for cricket. We are sadly in need of that new field we have been looking forward to for so long a time. It seems now as though we might have to look a good deal longer. We cant say what the authorites intend to do about the matter, but let them do their best, and the ground can be put in a fit condition for base ball inside of two years.

Possibly, by sodding in places, we might be able to play cricket there by next season—certainly not before that.

We published not long ago a letter from an old graduate, in Chicago, in which it was proposed that a cricket match should be arranged between the old Racine students now in Chicago and the College eleven, to be played on the college grounds. We have heard nothing of our Chicago cricketers since the proposition was made, but the plan is far too good a one to be allowed to fall through. It has been growing dull at the college lately. We have had no excitement for several weeks and at this monotonous period which is getting almost too slow to be endurable, a cricket match with the old boys would come in most acceptably.

Cricketers at the college are getting practice enough in the regular cricket afternoons, and if the boys in Chicago have done as they intended they must have worked up sufficient skill by this time to make it unnecessary to defer the game.

It cannot be put off without great danger of its not being played at all. During the latter part of this month, the seniors will be engaged in their examinations, and many of the class thereafter will be away from college until commencement week.

It is the most attractive feature of the proposed game that it will bring about a reunion with some of the old students, and for that reason it should take place at a time when the whole institution can share the pleasures of the occasion.

To this end the match ought to be played almost immediately; if possible as early as the middle of this month.

Whoever is to be the prime mover in getting it up should make arrangements at once. The necessary preparations could, we think, be made at the college immediately on receiving a challenge.

## THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meetings of the Missionary Society, were held on the evening of Sunday, the 27th. The election of officers for the ensuing term gave Mr. Morrall, for President; Mr. H. Canfield for Vice President; Mr. C. E. Carlisle, Secretary; Mr. Truesdell, Treasurer, and Messrs. H. C. Dillon and Odell as members of the Standing Committee. The literary exercises were opened by an interesting report, relative to foreign missions, by Mr. Larrabee, which was followed by a poem by Mr. N. Strong. Doctor Elmendorf closed the literary exercises by some eloquent remarks upon "The possibility of living a Christian life in the 19th century."

The meeting was closed in the usual manner. The literary exercises, taken as a whole, were quite interesting, though made unnecessarily short by the failure of a portion

of the appointed members in the performance of their work. This, which is, we suppose, more or less a feature in all societies, reminds us of a fact which cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of those whom it concerns. We have found by experience that a long report is not necessarily an uninteresting one, nor a short one of necessity interesting. In fact we have seen the two exactly reversed and what would seem to an outsider by far the most interesting of two reports, rendered utterly insipid by the lack of interest displayed by the reader. A great many members not understanding or bearing this in mind fail to perform their duty because they find nothing "short and interesting." There are plenty of letters, reports, reviews, etc., but they are all too long. Now, what we wish to say to these gentlemen is, "get your report ready; let it be of what length you please, and if you show by your reading that it has interest for you, there is little to fear from the Society."

The work of the Missionary Society has been steadily improving of late but if this thought be acted upon there can still be a very great improvement where it now is most needed.

One of the forms in the grammar school was recently required to hand in essays on the subject of the "Atlantic Cable." The following effusion was handed in instead of a production in prose:

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

BY JAKE FITZINGER.

My, friends, I'm not able,  
In such a great Babel,  
To write very much on the Atlantic Cable;  
But do it I must, so here goes for a try,  
And now I begin with a tear in each eye  
And one in my pocket in case they should dry.

The first Atlantic Cable  
Was laid in fifty-one,  
And soon across the channel  
The messages did come.

This one was so successful  
That soon they laid some more,  
Which ones were just about as good  
As that one laid before.

At last they laid a little one,  
(Two thousand miles or more,)  
And so connected Newfoundland  
With Old Britannia's shore.

But, as sometimes will happen,  
This little one did fail,  
And therefore from the English coast  
Went up a fearful wail.

But soon they gathered courage  
And tried it just once more;  
And now the Atlantic cable  
Stretches from shore to shore.

The Atlantic Cable now is done,  
Let every man shout out like fun;  
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,  
The fishes eyes will all pop out,  
Let all men drink Guinness' stout,  
The Atlantic Cable's done!

"EXISTING INSTITUTIONS."

It is estimated that the student cannot retain in his memory more than one-tenth of what he has learned. This somewhat discouraging statement not unfrequently receives considerable substantiation in the debates of a society to which we belong. Most of the society have either studied or are still studying Whately's Rhetoric. The *tenth part* of this work which is remembered is the single chapter on the "Burden of Proof," and of this chapter it would seem that the one-tenth which is fully retained is a section on the "Presumption in favor of *Existing Institutions*." This section we can safely say is indelibly impressed on the memory of every member of the society. It ought to be. For while during the last six or eight months we have heard hardly a debate in which the energy of both sides has not been wasted in their vain attempts to prove their innocence of the *onus probandi*, this little dodge relative to *existing institutions* alone enters into the discussion. It makes no matter how worthless—from the nature of the question discussed—such a presumption may be, nor how many stronger presumptions there may be on the other side of the question. It seems to be the general opinion that so long as you argue in defence of an *existing institution* the full weight of the burden of proof must fall upon the other side, and in fact, that your own side can only be overthrown by power little short of divine. Now for an example. The last debate of Addisonia was on the question: "Resolved, That the Modoc Indians should be exterminated." Of course there was a fight over the burden of proof. The affirmative at once proceeded to shoulder it upon their opponents. On what grounds? Simply this: They had understood during the past week that *Congress had decided* to exterminate the Modocs. This being so the extermination of the Modocs was an *existing institution*, and *had been* existing for two or three days. *Ergo* it was needless for the affirmative to *advance* arguments, and they would content themselves with answering objections. The negative of course kicked and reared under the burden, but though they succeeded in shaking it off they really deserved to have borne it, misplaced as it was—for the awkward way in which they sought to rid themselves. They pleaded innocent of the burden of proof because, forsooth, the *onus probandi* always rested with the affirmative.

In fine the presumption in favor of this *existing institution* (?), whose antiquity is reckoned in days, and to which we owe only what deference is generally accorded to freaks of Congress, so stunned the negatives that they never opened their eyes to the real burden of proof that lay on their opponent's side. And while the affirmative, in arguing for this extermination, were really weighed down under the obligation of overthrowing the general principles of humanity and christianity both, the negatives only saved themselves by the "skin of their teeth."

This is one instance of a common occurrence. A fresh perusal of that chapter in Whately would reveal to those who have forgotten it that the burden of proof *may* rest somewhere else than on the side of existing institutions.

H. W. Sage, of Brooklyn, has given the University of Brooklyn \$30,000 for the creation of a chapel under the management of the University, but not under the control of any single sect.

## College and Campus.

## TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

CHICAGO AND N. W.	Going South.	Going North.
Mail and Express .....	7.33 A. M.	10.41 A. M.
Express .....	1.55 P. M.	11.48 A. M.
Express .....	4.48 P. M.	7.22 P. M.
Night Passenger .....	12.28 A. M.	3.52 A. M.

WESTERN UNION.	Going West.
*Day Passenger .....	8.00 A. M.
Night Passenger .....	7.20 P. M.
Train Going North .....	5.55 P. M.

\*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

—Freshman recitation. Question not in the lesson.  
*Prof.*—"What is lyric poetry?"

*Freshman.*—"Well, I don't know—heptameter or dimeter or something of that kind, isn't it?"

—There are several secret societies in the grammar school, their main object being to hold meetings and elect officers. The constitution of one of these, probably a representative of all, consists of sixteen By-Laws. *First.*—Not to tell any secrets. *Second.*—Not to keep any secrets. *Third.*—Not to tell any secrets. *Sixteenth.*—To keep these rules.

—The two south rooms of Kemper Hall make far more quiet and comfortable apartments for the sick than those before used. And with the addition of two bay windows they will be made very cheerful. It is strange that the change was not made long ago.

—The sixth formers have to write blank verse as an exercise in Composition. They hand in more blanks than verses, which is as it should be.

—The entertainment at Canada Mission, on Saturday night last, was attended by some few of the students; but they should have been more ready to give their attention and money, especially the latter, to such a worthy object. The reading by Mr. CARLISLE, the superintendent of the mission, was really admirable. Although the graver and more serious selections were not rightly appreciated by the audience, yet the humorous ones were received with hearty applause. The reader showed himself no novice, and in the famous "Billy" he almost rivalled our whilom professor. The members of the choir deserve great credit too for the excellent manner in which they sustained their part of the programme. For the benefit of those who were so very anxious about the object of this entertainment we state that it was to raise money to procure a library for the Sunday School. And for those who are really interested in the prosperity of the mission, that financially it was a success.

—All attempts to make the grass grow on those worn places, near the walks leading to the dining room, have failed. Planting oats, etc., did not produce grass; but the sod lately put down must succeed if there is any virtue in a moist atmosphere.

—Not long ago one of the students shot a prairie chicken, in the lot back of the race course, and the following Monday the country was alive with hunters; in every field was heard the gun; but no more prairie chickens fell. Great numbers were seen, but then it was out of season, and no one wanted to run the risk of a heavy fine, so they were permitted to remain unharmed.

—The seniors are worrying over their commencement orations.

—The Georgia Minstrels created quite an excitement in town last week.

—A passing propeller last week answered the signals of an excited crowd of grammar school boys, with three rousing whistles that brought nearly the whole institution to the lake bank; some one, supposing of course she must be in distress, proposed to take out the boat, but on reflection it was thought better to let her help herself.

—There is nothing like a rolling bass for a man who has not a good ear for music. He just revels in it. And if the part should happen to be a little too plain, he makes it roll to suit himself. We have seen this demonstrated.

—A young fellow went into a barber shop to get his hair cut. On putting his hand into his pocket he was much surprised to find he only had twenty cents. But there was no backing out then. He was already in the chair. The barber begins to anoint him when a happy thought occurs, "Not any oil, thank you." *Barber*—"Not any oil? ah, take next best thing then; have a little rose-water." "No, not anything," replied the youth, "I'm in a hurry." He got up suddenly, fumbled about in his pocket, handed over the twenty cents in a hasty manner, and was lighting out of the door when the barber came down on him with "Look here, young man, a dry cut ain't no cheaper than any other, so just 'aul out that other half dime." That's the last we heard of the boy.

—A youthful sophomore who played the female in a most admirable manner, at the last entertainment given by the Histrionics, objects to taking that part again because he has a beard coming.

—We noticed a senior coming across the campus the other day, wearing a most dejected expression, and shaking two clay-covered boots. He had been emulating some of the grammar school boys in climbing the lake bank.

—The rage for leap frog is rapidly subsiding. One dislocated arm, several smashed fingers, and a good many sore heads have put quite a damper on the sport.

—The grounds have had a general raking over.

—The seniors are a favored class this term. We gave an account in the last MERCURY of the supper given to the class at the house of Mr. Weeks. Since then the entire class has been entertained at the home of Prof. WHEELER, where squads of six have been invited in turn to spend an evening. Though each party had a different account to give of the manner in which these few hours were enjoyed, all unite in declaring that they owe to the Professor and his pleasant home, an evening of real enjoyment.

—Arrangements were made by some of the seniors last Monday to turn out in style and illumine the streets of the "Belle City," with the glory of a "four in hand." But they did'nt do it. One of the steeds who was expected to assist in the entertainment seriously interfered with the pleasure of the party by twisting his leg. It was pleasant to see how the forgiving seniors clung to the humane consolation that the swelling would'nt go down for a week.

—A Soph amused himself the other afternoon by clinging with the tips of his fingers to one of the brick ledges that run about Taylor Hall. He hung there until he almost tore his nails out. He gives as a reason for such diversion, the value such practice could prove to him in case he could ever meet with a marine disaster. In our opinion it would be a much more paying investment to take some Monday morning for practice in rolling off the railroad bridge near town, or to accustom himself to choking on fish-bones. There is no telling how soon he may have an opportunity of displaying his skill in either of the above performances.

—The Senior examinations are to come off in about two weeks. They are to be examined on the work of the entire year. The class has sent in a petition for a written instead of an oral examination, although it is a grave question with the class which is to be preferred. Six of one and half dozen of the other, "cordin' to our tell."

—A freshman whose marks stand below 15, lately informed us that he had summoned the Faculty before him.

The seniors are looking forward to a few peaceful weeks of enjoyment, as soon as their examinations have been passed. Various plans have been formed by different members of the class for making the six weeks of intermission as pleasant as possible. Many of the class expect to retire to their homes to recuperate their energies before the events of commencement week among their friends; some talk of forming a party to knock around for a few weeks in the forests or enjoy themselves on the lakes in different parts of the State; one or two expect, they tell us, to make a trip East before appearing on the commencement or class day stage, in order to get the latest styles, and to acquire the correct twirl of moustache.

Several others of the class will probably satisfy themselves with remaining at the College and will spend their time in getting up their commencement whiskers, as best they can under the circumstances.

—Active preparations are going on to make the grounds about the college more beautiful this year than ever before. Low rails on each side of the chapel pavements will soon assist the authorities in compelling students to "walk straight" and keep off the grass. The grounds will present a beautiful appearance by commencement week.

### PERSONALS.

Old students will all rejoice at the arrival of Mrs. MOORE who has returned to take her old place as matron of the infirmary. AUNTY MOORE held this place for several years before it passed to Mrs. SEARS. She is just the same as ever, and looks so natural that in her presence the oldest students in the senior class are carried-back to their juvenile days in the Grammar School.

ED. M. BOWMAN, a member of '73 in its Sixth Form days, is at Washington University, St. Louis. He is one of the editors of the *Irving Union*, the University paper.

CHARLEY NICHOLSON is, we understand, teaching out in Colorado. We have no hesitation in saying that the

youth of Colorado have rare advantages. If the youthful mind don't shoot under these circumstances we know of nothing to do but let it go its own way.

WM. D. ELLWANGER has been admitted to the Freshman class at Yale.

ROOT, '72, recently sent us a letter from Nashotah. *Vigat Radix.*

ODELL '74. We all rejoice that "Teddy" has so far recovered from his recent illness as to be able to walk about and call on some of his many friends. He is looking as well as ever, and has only to regain his strength to be himself again. A conception of the well-merited love which his cheerful and generous disposition has won from all who know him may be formed from the fact that during the two or three weeks that he was confined to the sick room, he received visits (according to an account which he kept) from 120 of his friends, many of whom called frequently.

PROUT '76 we are glad to see is also on his feet and about once more. We hope to see him as well as ever in a short time.

### THE COLLEGE PRESS.

Senior plugs are all the rage at Michigan University. The board of Regents have appropriated \$300 to the museum.

'73 has a "Poultry Raising Association" nine.

The class of '48 are to have a re-union during commencement week this year.

The seniors intend to give a reception on the eve of their class day, which is an entirely new feature at the University. It will be held in the lower room of the new Grand Hall.

The *Chronicle* criticises the "Magazine Exchanges" very sensibly and justly. By the way, we wish the *Virginia University Magazine* would exchange with us.

"We've got something new at our house," gleefully exclaimed a Portland errand boy, one day last week as he entered the store where he was employed. "What is it?" blandly inquired the clerk, thinking perhaps it was a baby or something of that kind. "Oh, my sister's all broke out with the small pox," was the delightful reply. The firm has secured the services of a new errand boy.

A senior finds in Tacitus a metaphysical distinction as to the proprieties of grief, and the following rule for funeral etiquette. *Feminis lugere honestum est; meminisse viris*: It is an honorable thing to lament aloud for a woman, to remember a man.—*Vassar Miscellany.*

Boating matters are engrossing the Cornelians at present.

The University Band is making arrangements for re-organization.

The seniors intend to build a fountain on the campus as a class memorial. Mr Cornell offering to bear the expenses for supplying the water.

A gentleman whose name is not yet publicly announced has endowed a Religious Lecturship, to be held by eminent clergymen of the various christian denominations.

The poetry of the *Western Collegian* could be improved but the rest of the paper is full of life and interest.

The *Tripod* has secured a valuable contribution in Miss Willard. Her sketches of the studios of Rome are very entertaining.

The *College Journal's* appearance is pleasing; it is admirably printed and on good paper; but the table of contents, if we except the short local column, is not particularly attractive. The best article is a half page extract from the *Magenta*.

The *Central Collegian* makes a very sensible hit at the Eastern men who have lately discovered that the "tone of Western college journalism is far from what could be desired." It has also a pleasant, old-fashioned article on "What Young People find to Talk about." Studies in ancient composition seem to be quite popular.

One of the best articles in the *Dartmouth* for April is a sketch of the brothers George and Thomas Hughes. There is also an able essay on the "Transit of Venus," from which we quote a scrap of one of our legislator's speeches. It shows what an interest our statesmen (?) take in scientific matters:

"If Venus chooses to transit across the face of the sun she is welcome to do so, but for my part I object to being taxed for the purpose of sending off a pack of scientific sharps to watch such unseemly capers; I don't care about knowing the sun's distance any more exactly than we do now; the thing won't pay."

We have received No 1 of the *Triad* from the Upper Iowa University.

The *Orient* has changed its name to the *Bowdoin Orient* and comes out on tinted paper.

St. Mary's girls (Knoxville) have had a compliment to be proud of. At a recent illumination of their Hall, when everybody was exclaiming "How brilliant," etc., etc., a clerical visitor present remarked, "Ah! no wonder; all the young ladies are looking out of the windows."

A sufficient criticism of the *Wabash Magazine* may be found on page 144 of the current issue. "The muses have visited us with an unusual number of poetical contributions to the MAGAZINE this term. The consequence is an overflow of poetic effusions, and a rarity of good, sensible prose."

A crockery merchant tried to persuade a Vassar customer to buy two wretched plaster busts which he called Go-eth and Schuyler. Seeing her perplexed look he added as a word of explanation, "You know the two great singers"—*Miscellany*.

We quote the following from the *Record* for the benefit of those who are inclined to grumble at our fare. See what Yale students had to eat in 1745:

"Ordered, That the steward shall provide the commons for the scholars as follows, viz.: For breakfast, one loaf of bread for four, which (the dough) shall weigh one pound. For dinner, for four, one loaf of bread, as aforesaid, two and a half pounds of beef, veal or mutton, or one and three-quarters pound salt pork about twice a week in the summer time, one quart of beer, two penny-worth of sauce

(vegetables). For supper, for four, two quarts of milk and one loaf of bread, when milk can conveniently be had, and when it cannot then apple pie which shall be made of one and three-fourths pounds dough, one quarter pound hog's fat, two ounces of sugar, and half a peck apples."

A student in the German class criticising a blackboard exercise, says, "Professor, ought not that word have an 'omelet' over it?"—*Tripod*.

The legacy of the Hon. Chester Adams has been paid to the trustees of Trinity. The *Tablet* thinks that one-thirteenth of that amount should be appropriated to the Boat Club.

Base ball is languishing for the reason that there is no good ground to play on.

The view from the new college site is said to be insane asylum, grave yard, stone pits, taverns, tumble-down houses, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

The remark of a friend that he was "going to New York, *De volente*," caused our Geographical Editor to spend the rest of the day in searching the *Pathfinder* for all routes *via Providence*.—*Magenta*.

The Harvard Relief Fund amounts to \$170,000.

The *Advocate* says that Harvard's sons have proved themselves worthy of their *Alma Mater*.

Prof. Agassiz has not yet decided to accept Mr. Anderson's present of Perekese Island. He thinks it should be placed under a board of trustees.

A Danbury gentleman played euchre at a neighbor's house until after one o'clock Monday night, and beat every game; but he got skunked going home.—*Ex*.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for May has foremost among its attractions the portraits and life-sketches of twelve leading representatives of the religious press of this country. We also notice a very interesting article on Ward Hunt, Justice of the Supreme Court, and a sketch, with portrait, of James Blake of Indianapolis. There are besides these personal sketches, several excellent articles on current and popular topics, and much valuable scientific information. Everybody ought to read this number.

Price 30 cents, \$3.00 per year. S. R. WELLS, publisher, New York.

The articles in the May number of SCRIBNER'S which will have the most general interest are probably the one on "Cuba and Cuban Insurrection," the one on "Civil Service Reform," "Four great African Travelers," by Stanley, and "The California Journey." The essay on Walter Savage Landor and the sketch of Gavarni will doubtless find many readers also, and the bright, attractive stories cannot fail to please. In point of engraving we think this number is as good a one as we have seen; we especially notice the illustrations accompanying the sketch of Gavarni. The "Topics of the Time," and "Home and Society" discuss various interesting and popular subjects among which is an able article on "Inter-collegiate Scholarships." Now is the time to subscribe for SCRIBNER'S. The articles on the "Great South," which every American ought to read, are soon to be commenced. \$4.00 per year, SCRIBNER & Co., 654 Broadway, N. Y.





"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XIII.

RACINE COLLEGE, MAY 31, 1873.

No. 6.

### A PRELUDE.

The broad red rays of summer's fervid sun  
 Pour through the open casement. Now they're gone.  
 The cloud sweeps by and forth they stream once more,  
 While softly breathing through the half-ope'd door  
 Come odors rich from mead and wood. The air,  
 By vagrant zephyrs haunted, lifts the fair  
 White blossoms 'midst the nodding, trembling leaves,  
 And lightly as the web the spider weaves  
 The tiny petals seek their mother earth.  
 The countless warblers chant amain the birth  
 Of new-born pleasures and in music drown  
 The plash with which the streamlet down  
 Its rocky course careens.

'Tis Fancy's hour  
 Of sport; and ere the close-lined page her power  
 Invokes, she roams afar in those wild flights  
 She loves so well, to scenes and deep delights  
 Which give the strength and power that's her's alone.  
 A thousand strains of strange and wondrous sounds  
 Are ringing forth on every side. The song  
 Of Earth and Heav'n it seems and as along  
 In ever changing cadence on it sweeps,—  
 So sweet, so sad,—the single thought that sleeps  
 Amidst the sounding concord, deep and grand,  
 Grows ever clearer, 'till the master hand  
 Rolls forth in maze of richest harmony  
 The glowing form of Ideality.

'Tis o'er; the heaven-sent strains have ceased to ring,  
 And Fancy stooping from her lofty wing  
 Returns to earth once more. Yet not alone,  
 But bearing, too, her prize which now has grown  
 The theme which all creation, joyous, tells  
 With endless tongues. A mighty secret dwells  
 Within the laughter of the dancing brook.  
 The silent branches breathe it in each nook  
 Where shadows hide. The songsters o'er and o'er  
 Repeat it as they chant. The very air  
 Seems gifted with a tongue and breathes to me  
 The fair, bright vision which I tell to thee.

WILLOW-WOOD.

### CRICKET.

The second match in the series between the Badger and Clarksons was appointed for Monday the 19th, but, as a friend of ours was heard to remark, a cricket match, like any other match, won't go off when it is wet, and the rain of Monday made it necessary to postpone the game. Accordingly Ascension Day was agreed upon as the time for the contest to take place. This choice promised to be similarly unfortunate. The wickets were pitched and the "lick daub" spread on the grass just in time to be rained on. Later in the morning the weather had improved sufficiently to admit of play, and the forces of both sides were mustered with considerable trouble and the game finally begun. The Badgers won the toss and took the field, but

only two Clarksons had retired from the wickets when the sprinkling which began almost simultaneously with the bowling of the first ball, freshened into an out and out rain, and obliged players and spectators to seek shelter. The game was renewed with better success almost immediately after dinner. Fortune appeared to have decked herself on this occasion in the red. The recent showers had put the ground into an excellent condition for bowling, and the excellent fielding which was coupled with this favorable circumstance, had a deadly effect on the Clarkson wickets. The fall of Hudson's wicket, and the retirement of the Clarkson giant with only nine runs was undoubtedly "rough luck" for the Clarksons. The Badger spectators went wild with delight. The innings was finished early in the afternoon, and the Clarksons took the field with a total score for the innings of 37.

Badger luck appeared to wane as the red went to the bat. Messrs. Rowe and Gault took their station at the wickets, only to shoulder the bat and retire in almost immediate succession with an "egg shell" apiece. Martin F. and Aertsen took their places and gave the lead for a better display. The score slowly increased until after the fall of the fourth wicket, when "Quill" went in to bat with Fred Martin. The tallies thereafter were piled up with less delay. We know not on which to bestow the burden of our admiration; whether on their heavy but careful batting, or on the readiness and agility which they converted their hitting into tallies. The good batting and quick running of Jones and Hills, and the excellent play of Fred Martin, who held his bat during most of the innings, rapidly rolled up the Badger score, and gave them a lead at end of the first innings of 43 runs.

The Clarksons immediately went in for their second innings, but stumps were pulled at the ringing of the chapel bell, soon after the fall of the first wicket.

The game was renewed once more Friday afternoon soon after dinner, study hour being excused in order to give more time.

The fielding of the Badgers in this innings was far behind their former playing; but it is in a great measure to be accounted for by the strong wind that prevailed during the earlier part of the afternoon. The best scores of the innings were made by Ellis, Sturges and McKey. Hudson with still harder luck than that of the first innings, went out with an "egg shell" on a beautiful catch by Pond at long field on. A couple of leg hits, one by Martin H. and the other by Sturges, on each of which five runs were earned, were the heaviest hits of the entire game. At the close of the innings the Clarksons led the score of the Badgers by 25 runs.

Everhart and Rumsey went first to the wickets in behalf of the Badgers, and in spite of the careful fielding of

the Clarksons in the early part of this innings, had run the score up to 18 when the first wicket fell. Rumsey was succeeded by Martin F., who kept his wicket until the Clarkson lead had been passed. The Badgers were 11 ahead at the fall of the second wicket. It was decided to continue the game, Mr. Rowe went to the bat and atoned for his egg shell in the previous innings by a score of 20. His leg hitting surpassed any batting that we have yet seen on the College ground. Everhart was run out after securing 13 runs, and Gault was bowled by Sturges with 7. At the ringing of the chapel bell there were still four wickets to go down, and the score stood in favor of the Badgers 168 to 104.

The game was watched with intense interest throughout, and was played in a manner that fully merited the attention it secured. The magnificent long stopping of January was the theme of constant praise by Badgers and Clarksons alike. The bowling of Gault would have been good at any time, but contending as he did against such a wind it was magnificent. The score will show its effectiveness. The Badgers and Clarksons have never played a game within our recollection in which greater skill was displayed at the bat. A great improvement must have been discernable by all who remember the batting of College players some few years ago. There is less of the nervous "swiping" and loose play, and very much more of the cool, leisurely handling of the bat that is sure to tell in the long run. We advise young cricketers to model their play after that of Mr. Rowe, Mr. Hudson or Fred Martin. Another thing in which we see a great improvement is with reference to posturing. It is a sure sign of progress in cricket as in everything else, when men stop "slinging on style" and do what they have to do naturally and as if no one were looking. A man does not improve his batting, nor his gracefulness either, for that matter, by spreading his legs, shrugging his shoulders, and trying to look like Hercules. Nor is wicket keeping elevated by the worm fence kind of motions that we have seen performed behind the batsman. The long stopping of January, so much and so deservedly admired, was done apparently without an effort, and certainly without any attempt at style.

While this match was doubly enjoyable to Badgers, it must from the manner in which both sides contested, be encouraging to all, Clarkson as well as Badger, who have the College games at heart.

BADGER FIRST ELEVEN.

First Innings.	Second Innings.
Aertsen..... 3 c x Hudson	Aertsen..... 7, not out.....10
Rumsey..... 7, run out.	Rumsey, J..... 6, c x Sturges.....13
Everhart..... 1, b x Hudson.	Everhart.....13, run out.....14
Gault..... 0, b x Hough.	Gault..... 7, b x Sturges..... 7
Jones, A.....12, b x Hough.	Jones, A.....12
Larrabee..... 2, c x Martin	Larrabee.....2
Mead..... 3, b x Hudson.	Mead..... 2
Rowe..... 0, c x Caldwell.	Rowe.....20, b x Sturges.....20
Martin, F.....18, b x Hudson.	Martin, F.....16, b x Hudson.....34
Hills..... 11, c x Caldwell.	Hills..... 3, not out..... 14
Clark..... 1, not out.	Clark, H..... 0, b x Hough..... 1
Byes, - - - - 12	Byes, - - - - 8-20
Leg Byes, - - - - 4	Leg Byes, - - - - 0-4
Wides, - - - - 5	Wides, - - - - 9-14
No Balls, - - - - 11	No Balls, - - - - 0-0
Total, - - - - 79	Total, - - - - 89-168

CLARKSON FIRST ELEVEN.

First Innings.	Second Innings.
Hough..... 4, c x Rumsey.	Hough..... 2, b x Gault..... 6
Hudson, S..... 9 b x Larrabee.	Hudson, S..... 0, c x Pond..... 9
Ellis..... 2, c x Hills.	Ellis..... 9, c x Martin, F.....11
January..... 0, b x Gault.	January..... 0, b x Gault..... 0
Woodle..... 0, c x Rumsey.	Hudson, J..... 2, c x Gault..... 2
Morrall..... 3, b x Larrabee.	Morrall..... 0, run out..... 3
Caldwell..... 3, c x Larrabee.	Caldwell..... 4, c x Mead..... 7
Bump..... 0, run out.	Bump..... 3, c x Larrabee..... 3
Sturges..... 0, c x Larrabee.	Sturges..... 9, not out..... 9
Martin, H..... 7, b x Larrabee.	Martin, H..... 5, b x Gault.....12
McKey..... 1, run out.	McKey..... 7, b x Gault..... 8
Byes, - - - - 3	Byes, - - - - 14-17
Leg Byes, - - - - 3	Leg Byes, - - - - 6-9
Wides, - - - - 2	Wides, - - - - 6-8
No Balls, - - - - 0	No Balls, - - - - 0-0
Total, - - - - 37	Total, - - - - 67-104

AT THE SIDE SHOW.

With a grand flourish of drums and horns and a stam-pede of swift riders the circus is over, and the crowd jostles us hither and thither until we find ourselves once more in the pure air outside the tent. As we are about to turn away and go down for our ice cream before starting for the college, a man on a dry goods box just in front of a small pavillion attracts our attention by his vehement declamation, and we stop for a moment to hear what he has to say. His quick eye observes us:

"Walk right up, gentlemen; here's where you get the worth of your money; this is the best show traveling with any circus in the United States. What you see represented by these pictures on the outside you will find just so inside, or your money will be refunded. A quarter of a dollar passes you right in to remain as long as you please, and I am sure that when you pass to the outside you will be highly delighted. Why, just look here, gentlemen, this painting on the right is a perfect image of the great Herr Labskowitz, the German Hercules from Bingen on the Rhine, with a beard on his face like the mane of a lion, which has grown to the extraordinary dimensions of nine feet and a half. This other choice painting represents to your imagination the smallest man in America, "General Grant," who is five inches shorter than Tom Thumb and nine inches shorter than Commodore Nutt, a real living curiosity. That life-like portrait on the left is the great Boa Typhoon from the land of Seeyon, the most harmless and yet the most desperate of all living serpents. Besides these great wonders, ladies and gentlemen, you will see inside the largest collection of South American birds and monkeys ever brought over from the old country; and together with these the celebrated bird-charmer, Signor DuBoise, who will exhibit during the performance his wonderful powers in imitating various birds. There is also inside this canvas that marvelous musical curiosity, the calliope, which will soon begin to play. Now all this grand combination, ladies and gentlemen, is to be seen inside just as we represent it to you. The admission is only two shillings, and I am sure you will be pleased with what you see. Our exhibition is amusing, moral, instructive and genteel. It costs you but a quarter of a dollar, and you will find, ladies and gentlemen, that you cannot pass an hour more pleasantly, nor spend a twenty-five cent piece to a greater advantage. Pass right in."

"Let's go, fellows, we might as well see the whole thing, there's plenty of time." We all agree, so we pay

our "quarter of a dollar," and "pass inside." The tent is pretty well filled with people from the country; bashful swains timidly urging their sweet-hearts to look at the anacanda; old ladies and gentlemen staring with open eyes and mouth at the calliope; little boys and girls gathered in admiring groups round the cage which contains the birds and monkeys. Elbowing our way along we see, perched on a box at our left, Signor DuBois; as soon as he notices that we are looking at him he shifts his eyes and frantically begins to tune a hurdy-gurdy which he holds in his lap, and to whistle discordantly to its accompaniment. The bearded Hercules is sitting on a three-legged stool near by quietly smoking a Dutch pipe and apparently half asleep. "Gen. Grant," a sickly-looking little chap of four or five is loudly informing the audience that he is "twenty-two years old," and asking if they won't please buy his photograph. A kind-hearted old lady says "Ain't it a pity for sech a little feller tew hev tew travel around like this; I'd buy one of his picters if I thought they'd let him keep the money."

But now all attention is centered on Herr Sabskowitz, who has finished his smoke, and is about to perform the wonderful feat of swallowing a sword. We prefer the cage of birds and monkeys to the sword-swallowing, and pass around to the opposite side of the tent. As we are laughing at the queer capers and knowing looks of these latter animals and thinking of Darwin, a lean young man gently taps us on the shoulder and says, "Come and see the big snake." We comply with his polite request, and are entertained with a glowing sketch of the history and habits of the whole serpent creation. The snake is really a monster, and we look at him with considerable interest; but the lean young man, with an eye to business, artfully places three nicely painted pasteboards on the glass, just where we are looking, and proceeds to tell us which will win for us, and which for him. We propose to relinquish our claims on them, and let them *all* win for him. He mechanically smiles and guesses we've "been here before."

As we leave him to pursue his game in other quarters, I feeling a light touch in the region of my pocket, I look quickly around, but no one is near me except the boys. My handkerchief, however, is lying at my feet, and, at once alarmed, I feel for my pocket book. It is gone. I am partially reconciled to its loss when I remember that I took all the money out of it just before we went into the circus, but I relate my experience to my comrades, and we agree that we'd better be going. The calliope strikes up "I'm dreaming now of Hally," and stopping our ears to the screeching, we rush from the tent.

As we refresh ourselves with Bone's "best chocolate," and think how disgusted we are with side-shows, we shake hands across the table that hereafter we will content ourselves with the legitimate circus, and never go near one again.

#### THE ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

"The best laid plans of men and mice aft gang a-gie," as "'73" found to their sorrow on the evening of May 31st. But of this anon; we will first turn our attention to the concert itself. After waiting twenty minutes or half an hour beyond the appointed time, with the vain hope that something like an audience would assemble, the concert was opened with Weber's well-known "Overture to Obe-

ron." Though somewhat marred in its effects by natural disadvantages of the hall, yet the masterly skill with which it was treated, rendered it one of the finest performances of the evening. The predominance of string instruments produced an excellent effect, and added greatly to the beauty of the different selections. Next came Bach's "Concert Waltz," which was received with a great deal of favor, and was followed by the part song, "Hail to the Chief," by the College Glee Club. The rendering of this was, in the main, excellent. The various marks of expression, &c., were observed with a thoroughness and precision that spoke volumes for Mr. Rowe's careful management and skill. It is only to be regretted that through fear, diffidence or some other like difficulty, one or two of the trebles were not perfectly "true" in their notes.

Next came the masterpiece of the evening, the "Andante from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony," to properly describe which would require so much time and paper that we can only leave it to the imagination of those to whom its strains are known. We can only say that a better rendering we have seldom heard, marred though it was, by the imperfections of the hall, and the sound of falling pea-nut shells in the back seats.

Next on the programme came a "Concerto for the Violin," which was rendered by Gustav Bach, Jr., in a manner which fully brought down the house. Nor would they rest content until the performance was repeated. The "Introduction and Chorus from Lohengrin," (Wagner) by the orchestra, and the "Lass of Richmond Hill," by the College Glee Club followed in quick succession, and brought Part I to a close.

Part II was opened with the "Overture to William Tell," (Rossini) which deserves far more praise than our time and space will allow us to give. It was followed by "Agathe," (paraphrased by Bach,) which, if not equal in merit to its predecessor, was certainly quite as well rendered. "A Night in Venice," (Lucantoni,) arranged as a "Duo for Cornet and French Horn," was next rendered by Messrs. Geo. Bach and A. Hoyer with very great success, and was followed by the "Lucca Polka" (Bach).

The "Duet from the 'Rose of Castile,'" was received with very great favor, not only by the audience, but by the orchestra themselves, who, behind the scenes, contributed their full quota to the thunder of applause with which it was greeted. After its repetition, which alone would silence the delighted hearers, the concert was closed with the "Grand March from Midsummer Night's Dream," (Mendelssohn).

Taken as a whole, the concert was one which Racine seldom has the opportunity of enjoying, and the manner in which it was received by those to whom it should have been the greatest treat, is to us a matter of the greatest surprise and disappointment.

We say "surprise and disappointment," for it was something entirely unlooked for, and something which had it been hinted at beforehand we should have repelled with scorn.

How shall we look for the results of our second concert July 9th.

If, as has been stated, our partial failure in the present case was due to our neglect in advertising, &c., then we may look for a full house; if not—if our efforts are to meet with the same ill success as heretofore, then must we acknowledge as true a taunt too often thrown out against Racine—that *as a city it can appreciate nothing but MINSTREL TROUPEs and CIRCUSES.*

# The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, MAY 31, 1873.

EDITORS.

E. A. LARRABEE.                      NORTON STRONG.                      AQUILLA JONES.  
C. E. CARLISLE.                      O. B. McDOWELL.

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.

A. C. Sandford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

We are requested to give notice that the Reunion this year will take place on Tuesday, July 8, the day before Commencement. Service with address at 12:30 P. M. Dinner at 1:30 P. M.

The presentation of cricket and base ball prizes will take place after dinner. No invitations will be sent but it is wished that as many of the Alumni and of the old scholars as possible will be present.

No invitations except the public notice in the papers will be sent.

It will be noticed that this MERCURY makes its appearance somewhat later than the regular time for the second issue of the Month. There remained only two more numbers to complete the present volume, and the time between the date of the last number, and commencement week has been divided as nearly as possible into equal intervals for the appearance of this and the two numbers that are to follow it. Number 7 will be issued on the 18th of June, and Number 8, with the commencement supplement, on the Monday of Commencement week.

To the MERCURY:

Among the many attractions of Racine College, the choir has ever maintained a foremost place. It arrests the attention of all visitors, and wins from them just commendation and praise. In years gone by when surpliced choirs were not frequently to be heard or seen in the west, many a visitor looked to the chapel service as a rich treat. How eagerly the first note of the Processional was listened for, and how tenderly and lovingly the white robed band was watched, as with steady step and harmonious tone they filed into their places. The hearts of the worshippers were full and if in the service the "tones" sometimes got flat, and the boys lifted up their voices with too robust a vigour, making more noise than music, it was all overlooked or forgotten in the novelty of the circumstances, and the sway and rush of the wave—the *storm* of sound.

It has been our good fortune to visit Racine at frequent intervals during the years past, and it is with pleasure that we note the steady improvement in the chapel music. A pure taste and a patient toil has toned down that rugged-

ness of voice which spoiled the music, and tended to ruin alike the ears and the throats of the singers. The psalter is sung more reverently, and the demon who lurks about in choirs to collect all clipped and elided words, has much fewer now to gather up and carry off in his pouch.\*

The canticles are also much improved, especially in a sweet fulness and harmony. In the hymns the attention to due expression, and light and shade, indicates careful training, and gives very pleasing results.

But while we note all this improvement, we cannot shut our ears to defects, which even yet remain. The anthem which we heard was almost all that could be desired, but here and there were marks of inattention and carelessness. It seemed a pity that so much beauty should be spoiled by flaws, but even as the minute touches of the chisel give the truest evidence of the sculptors genius, so the little points in all art reveal the presence or the absence of the true artist spirit.

The anthems would have been indeed beautiful if a few little matters were regarded, but these little matters require a loving earnest attention which can only come from the heart of the singers. The time, the life-pulse of music, was hurried and irregular, especially in the chorus, and, as each part asserted some emphatic passage in the music, it was done, not with an earnest easy dignity, but with a hasty, almost undecided utterance, which gave the effect of want of power. Well known and well sung as the anthem was, yet inattention to a few small matters gave an air of weak hesitation which did not really exist in the singers. They were confident, but a little careless, and hence inaccurate and imperfect.

Perhaps constant singing and the weariness which will come to the best of us in a daily routine may lead to carelessness, but if the choir ever bears in mind the prominent position which it holds in the life of the College, and the high esteem in which it is held by all who are privileged to enjoy its sweet music, it will deem no labor too great, and no attention to small matters too trifling, for all helps to make up that perfection which should be the high aim of all who love the motto

VIGAT RADIX.

May 9th, 1873.

\*A learned Italian cannonist tells us that the name of the demon who lurks about in choirs to collect all elided syllables and false notes in his wallet is Titivillus.

A CARD.

I have this day associated with myself Mr. L. F. Hunt, a gentleman in every way fitted to assist me in carrying on my business. We will continue to occupy our old stand, and in the future, as in the past, do our utmost to retain the good will and patronage we have hitherto enjoyed.

May 19th, '73.

C. S. HARRIS.

The above was received some few days since, and it is with great pleasure we present it to our readers. Mr. Harris is a gentleman whose public spirit is too well known to need comment, and in this, as one of the many steps toward improvement, by which the last year has been marked, we extend to him our hearty congratulations.

When a woman gets a letter she carries it in her hand, but three pounds of sausage she manages to squeeze into her pocket.

BASE BALL.

BADGERS VERSUS CLARKSONS.

One of the most exciting games of base ball ever witnessed in the College, was played on the campus, Saturday, May 17th.

The game was between the first nines, and was rendered doubly interesting from the fact that it was the second of the series, and on its issue depended the winning of the "Armitage Cup."

The game was played in the morning, all recitations after the first hour being excused by the authorities.

Mr. Eldridge was chosen as umpire, and his fair and impartial decisions rendered universal satisfaction. We thought that his judgment erred in one or two important instances, but his desire to do justice was so apparent, and his decisions in the main so good, that we have nothing but praise to offer in his behalf.

And here we should like to extend a word of advice to Badgers and Clarkson's alike. Care should be taken when the umpire is called upon to decide a close play, not to try and influence him by some individual opinion. It is the duty of the umpire to decide such points himself, and suggestions coming from outsiders, are not only annoying, but very disagreeable and unfair. We say this much because there is scarcely a game played but that there is much ill feeling occasioned by unasked and ill timed advice.

The result of the flipping of the penny was considered by the Clarksons as a favorable omen, they winning the toss and sending their opponents to the bat.

The first four innings were played with much spirit by the "red ribbons," the score at the end of that time standing 16 to 9 in their favor. Their batting was very powerful, but the numerous errors of the Clarkson's aided materially in running up such a large score.

But this was the end of "Badger luck." From this time to the close of the game the Clarkson's made a plucky up hill fight. In the fifth inning their batting was excellent. A number of fine hits were made, and these, together with the unpardonable bad play of the Badgers, increased their score to 17 tallies. The most telling hit of the game was made during this inning by January. The bases were full when he stepped to the bat, and by a long hit over the center fielders head, cleared the bases and had placed to his credit a much coveted "home" run.

The ringing of the dinner bell at the end of the 7th inning, caused a temporary suspension of hostilities. Time was called, and an adjournment without a dissenting voice was made from the ball field, to another field of operations.

The score at this time stood 28 to 26 in favor of the "red," and speculations were rife as to the termination of the game.

Excitement ran high at the dinner table, and Grammar School students became so rash as to bet their pie for a week ahead, while College students, "with the philosophic calmness of well cultivated intellects," retained their composure, and were contented to await the issue of the match.

Soon after dinner the game began again under the most intense excitement.

The Badgers went first to the bat, and in spite of their most careful play, succeeded in securing but one tallie. This gave them a lead of three, on uneven innings, but this the Clarkson's soon offset, by running up to their account four well earned runs.

The excitement during the last inning was almost painful, and every movement of the opposing players was watched with intense interest.

The Badgers had to make one tallie to tie, but their efforts to do so failed in their object. They went out in one, two, three order, and then ensued a scene of Clarkson rejoicing. Hats were thrown in the air, little boys rolled on the ground and kicked, ladies with "blue" ribbons flourished them in the faces of ladies with "red;" while a gentleman with a stove pipe hat and ivory headed cane, almost danced for joy.

The game terminated in favor of the Clarkson's, by a score of 30 to 29.

Despite the excitement, the game was not so good a one as we expected to see. There were a great many bad plays, especially on the Badger side.

The batting was excellent, both sides doing well. Of the Clarkson's, Bump and January are especially deserving of mention. Their batting was very heavy, and at the same time very safe.

Of the Badgers, Martin F. and Clark displayed their batting powers in a creditable manner.

Below is the score :

BADGERS.		O. R.	CLARKSONS.		O. R.
Martin, F., l. f.....	3	4	Martin, H., l. f.....	3	4
Gault, s. s.....	3	3	Bump, c. f.....	1	6
Pond, 3 b.....	5	2	Richmond, 2 b.....	4	3
Clark, H., r. f.....	1	6	Sturges, W., 1 b.....	1	3
Benton, c.....	4	2	Leekley, c.....	3	2
Everhart, 1 b.....	3	3	Brook, 3 b.....	6	1
Weeks, F., c. f.....	4	2	January, s. s.....	4	4
Hall, R., 2 b.....	4	2	Tuell, p.....	4	2
Jones, A., p.....	0	5	Morall, r. f.....	1	5
Total.....	27	29	Total.....	27	30
Innings.....	1	2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	Total.		
Badgers.....	4	9 2 1 2 8 2 1 0	—29.		
Clarksons.....	3	4 0 2 8 2 7 4 0	—30.		
Scorers—C. C. Truesdell, W. C. Edwards.					
Umpire—A. B. Eldredge.					

PERSONALS.

TYKE has been heard from. Education in Colorado is established on a firm basis.

ODELL occasionally sends us news from Oconomowoc. His removal from Racine was attended, we are sorry to learn, with considerable pain, and greatly increased his weakness, but he is now rapidly improving.

ALLEN WOODLE, once a student at Racine, is to be ordained at Nashotah this Trinity.

We recently received a letter from McCREERY of '71, containing his MERCURY subscription. He expects to be at the college Commencement week.

The letter and enclosure of JOHN WHEELER has also been received. John is in business at St. Paul.

Rev. GEORGE PRESCOTT recently paid the College a very short visit.

We were glad to have a visit a short time ago from WM. F. MILLER of '70. He is still at Nashotah, and will be ordained this Trinity. As most of our readers know, he expects to sail before long as a missionary to Japan. We look with pride upon the first of our number to engage in a work like this, and assure him that he will carry with him the love and the best wishes of all who have known him at Racine.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

CHICAGO AND N. W.	Going South.	Going North.
Mail and Express .....	7.39 A. M.	10.41 A. M.
Express .....	1.55 P. M.	11.48 A. M.
Express .....	4.48 P. M.	7.22 P. M.
Night Passenger .....	12.28 A. M.	3.52 A. M.

WESTERN UNION.	Going West.
*Day Passenger .....	8.00 A. M.
Night Passenger.....	7.20 P. M.
Train Going North .....	5.55 P. M.

\*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

—Students were rejoicing to think there was not much longer to haul up coal, when a cold north wind changed the tone, making them mourn that there was not much coal to haul up any longer.

—A Junior and a Soph. were discussing on the ever interesting subject of their first love, when the Soph. offered to bet a dinner that the name of his first flame was far more poetical, and of more remarkable beauty, than any that could possibly be named, and with a confident air he gave it,—Arabella Funks; whereupon the Junior exultingly came down with Seraphina Friggles, and, we think rightly, claimed the dinner.

—The placing of a little flag, of rather piratical appearance, on the tower of Taylor Hall, caused a good many questions to be asked, as to what it was, and what it meant. After various explanations, it was decided to be the surveyed of all surveyors.

—A postal card came in the mail to one of the students; when handed to him he looked at it for a moment, turned it over, read the address, and wanted to know what he had to do with it.

—Two or three foolhardy fellows rushed down to the lake the other day and took a plunge bath. The sun had come out rather brightly for an hour in the afternoon, and they couldn't stand the heat. The risks run by this operation rather over-balance the pleasure of being the first to open the swimming season.

—The missionaries, ever awake, have got possession of the school house below the ravine for their use on Sundays, and under very favorable circumstances held the first service there two weeks ago.

—Among many other improvements quite an extensive flower bed has been laid out just west of the chapel. It will be one more of those bright spots of which there can hardly be too many. With the great number of flowers that are being set out the grounds will present a very gay appearance.

—The first of the wandering minstrels made their appearance a short time ago, but having neither a monkey or a bear with them they could not get up much of an excitement.

—If you don't agree with the decision of an umpire and really wish to express your indignation, do so in this sentence, "Altogether the most arbitrary decision I ever heard, altogether iniquitous, militates against every principle of justice, and stultifies the whole constitution." It has a pleasant ring and is sure to work an effect.

—Of all uninteresting things a one-sided cricket match is the worst. Such was the second eleven match on Monday last. Entirely without excitement, and, excepting the disputes and squabbles that arose, most monotonous. The Badgers won too easy a victory; all their nervous anxiety was for nothing.

Not having their usual luck the Badgers lost the toss and they were sent to the bat. The first two men run up such a quick score, that the Clarksons began to get nervous and played so carelessly that they were beaten in the first innings by these two players alone.

Of individual play on the Badger side, Everhart was especially noticable, taking six out of the eight wickets bowled down. On the Clarkson side January did himself proud as longstop.

The second innings was even more poorly played than the first. For the one side was a sure thing, so they could afford to play carelessly, and for the other it was a past hope. Probably if the Clarksons had had one more chance they would have won the game.

Below is the score:

BADGER SECOND ELEVEN.

First Innings.	Second Innings.
Rumsey.....18 b x Tuell.	Rumsey..... 9 b x Tuell.....27
Kershaw..... 3 b x Tuell	Kershaw..... 8 b x Small.....11
Clark..... 0 c x Hough.	Clark..... 2 c x Hough..... 2
Smythe..... 0 c x Caldwell.	Smythe..... 2 b x Tuell. .... 2
Pond..... 6 run out	Pond..... 2 c x Martin..... 8
Halsey..... 0 b x Tuell.	Halsey..... 4 b x Tuell..... 4
Hills..... 28 not out.	Hills..... 4 b x Small.....32
Everhart.....10 c x Tuell.	Everhart..... 0 not out.....10
Dillon..... 9 b x Tuell.	Dillon..... 0 c x Tuell..... 9
Wolcott..... 0 b x Small.	Wolcott..... 5 not out.....28
Tilden..... 8 run out.	Tilden..... 0 b x Tuell..... 8
Byes, - - - - 6	Byes, - - - - 6—12
Leg byes, - - - - 5	Leg Byes, - - - - 2— 7
Wides, - - - - 1	Wides, - - - - 1— 2
Total, - - - - 94	Total, - - - - 45—139

CLARKSON SECOND ELEVEN.

First Innings.	Second Innings.
Hough..... 2 c x Pond.	Hough..... 0 run out..... 2
Caldwell..... 6 c x Rumsey.	Caldwell..... 1 c x Tilden..... 7
Martin, H..... 9 b x Rumsey.	Martin, H.....10 c x Halsey .. ..19
Walker..... 0 b x Everhart.	Walker..... 1 b x Everhart ... 1
Steele..... 0 b x Everhart.	Steele..... 0 run out..... 0
Hudson, J..... 0 b x Everhart.	Hudson, J..... 0 not out..... 0
Small..... 1 b x Everhart.	Small..... 0 b x Everhart ... 1
Leekley..... 9 b x Everhart.	Leekley..... 7 b x Everhart ...10
Tuell..... 3 b x Everhart.	Tuell..... 3 run out. .... 6
Brooke..... 5 b x Rumsey.	Brooke..... 0 b x Rumsey..... 5
January..... 0 not out.	January..... 9 c x Clark..... 9
Byes, - - - - 1	Byes, - - - - 8— 9
Wides, - - - - 1	Leg Byes, - - - - 4— 5
Total, - - - - 37	Total, - - - - 43—80

—We are soon to have singing at Sunday evening reception again.

—A game of cricket was played on Wednesday between the Freshmen and Sophomores. It was characterized by very scientific batting, wild throwing, and general good fielding. The Freshmen won by a score of 120 to 137.

—Scribbled in prominent places around the grammar school is *Yitch! Yitch!* Probably a new by-word, as they are on the increase.

—A tall Badger, who regularly wends his way on Sunday afternoons to the Mount Pleasant mission, picked up Beadle's "Dime Cricket Manual" before starting off to his field of labor, a Sunday or so ago, and put it in his pocket to read while walking over the country. He wanted to study up for the Second Eleven Match. When he got out to the school house, he attempted to question his Sunday School class on their catechism without using any book. He got slightly mixed. The question, What is your name? went all right, and elicited the proper reply, as did one or two other true catechism interrogations, but when he put the question, What is a leg ball? There was a silence. To say that the class was completely "stumped" would be a mild way of putting it. The missionary finally suspected something must be wrong, and felt in his pocket for his catechism. Of course he got his hand in the wrong pocket and dragged out in all its yellow vulgarity, a "Beadle's Dime." You *should* have seen him.

—Have you tried the new postal cards yet?

—Notwithstanding the character of the weather, two little mountain ash trees, near the chapel door, have been bold enough to put out a few leaves; but of all the noble trees that adorn the grounds, these two diminutive representatives alone show any signs of spring. Better set out some more.

—Second former to Junior scientific:

"Say, of what genius are these here gophers?"

Junior. Oh! gophers, — genius, — well, my little friend, I really can't say. Let me see. No, I think Dana has nothing on the subject, however I will look it up and let you know.

—Nine games of single wicket were played on the campus Saturday.

—Robbing and destroying birds' nests is the regular Monday sport among a number of the grammar school boys. Taking bird's eggs at all is a bad enough practice, but wantonly smashing and destroying should in some way be put down—especially when quails and prairie chickens are the sufferers.

—A magnificent supper was given by the Warden last Monday evening to the Badgers of the first nine and the first and second elevens. It is said to have been a much more elegant affair than the Clarkson meal. We ventured to give this as our own opinion—of course in an informal sort of a way, not intending at all to hurt anybody's feelings, but we understand the matter has been carried up to the "arbitration committee." As we have said before however, these arbitrary decisions *do* destroy the *esprit de corps* of both clubs. It is quite right to appeal. What is the arbitration committee made for?

—We have been fortunate enough at last to run against a home made joke. A certain philologist in our midst is trying to establish the belief that the old gentlemen and the old ladies of Arabia who have lost their teeth speak *Gum Arabic*.

—It was represented at the last Sunday evening that JINSON was a believer in *monads*.

—The shrill soprano voice of a freshman was lately heard to ask if Goethe did not write under the *nome de plume* of "Schiller."

## THE COLLEGE PRESS.

How barren local columns are this month! We can find scarcely any college news except now and then the notice of a boating club; editors all seem to have the spring fever.

The *Era* says that boating still engrosses all the interest at Cornell, and reports an enthusiastic meeting of the navy at which President White met the students and offered to present them with a racing shell if they would promise to use their influence in suppressing pool-selling and rowdyism. His generous proposition was received with loud applause, and the navy unanimously voted to accept it, and passed the necessary resolutions. The shell has already been ordered.

The *Review* (Williams) gives an interesting and comical account of the recent boating convention held at Worcester. There was a great deal of discussion as to the best place for the next regatta, but it was finally decided to have it at Springfield on July 17. The *Yale Courant* says that the citizens of Saratoga offered \$3,000, and Mr. Morrissey proposed to pay the expenses of the crew if the committee would hold the regatta at Saratoga. They adhered, however, to their first decision. Among other important resolutions the following were adopted:

*Resolved*, That no trainer or "coach" be, after this year, allowed in matches of this association, except graduates or under-graduates of the college represented.

*Resolved*, That all under-graduates connected with any institution be declared eligible to its representative or university crew—meaning by "under-graduates" all candidates for the degree of A. B., Ph. B., or such other degree as represents a similar or parallel course. But no person shall be allowed to row in the crew of one college who has graduated at another.

This latter rule gives manifest advantage to Yale over Harvard, and is somewhat detrimental to boating interests generally. It allows Yale to select men from the S. S. School, but does not allow Harvard to draw from her medical or law schools. The *Magenta* says there has been "previous manipulation."

"I would rather send my son to the worst college in the South-east, where my leading-string whims are humored, than to the best university in the North-west, where he would be allowed to play in the streets after nine o'clock, and be taught that everything depended upon doing his duty and behaving himself.—*Dr. M' Bosh*.—*Magenta*."

The very best representative of our later exchanges is the *Bates Student*, which comes to us from Lewistown, Me. We were favorably impressed by its unpretending appearance, and the manly, vigorous tone of both essays and editorials won us quite over. The two chapters of "My Chum and I," which is by far the most finished story we have yet seen in a college periodical, make us wish we had the preceding numbers. The "Value of Examinations," is well written, and so are all the other articles. The *Student*,

add much to the unity and harmony of their composition by the change.

But really, joking aside, there is such a depth of meaning in the utter absurdity of these words and their perfect adaption to the end for which they are employed that we regard them as being very far from a hopeless subject for an essay. We should rather rank them among that widely diffused class of expressions upon which it is possible for century after century of writers and scribblers to expiate to their heart's content without the slightest chance of a quarrel concerning the originality of their efforts.

#### UNDER THE TREES.

One of the pleasantest features of the old smoking room days has lately been restored. There is little pleasure we imagine in shutting one self up in a room in such weather as this to smoke a cigar, and we are glad to see that the old smoking room chairs have again congregated under the oak trees on the lawn west of the college, where through the fragrant cloud that arises from their cigars, the smokers now watch the sun sets.

We are not a smoker, and yet if we were, it strikes us we should prefer to smoke our cigar in company with the "smoking room crowd," than to take it like a dose of medicine, privately in our room. There is this about the crowd which meets under the trees to smoke. It is the most social society the college has ever had. It has never had a constitution, indeed, nothing of the kind, except that charter which in old times was tacked up on the smoking room door, and yet it is more truly a society than ever was Addisonia, Philologia or Clionia herself. Yet this society is exclusive. You may go and sit under the trees with the smokers, but you don't really belong there, and can't insinuate yourself into the perfect ease of real membership, unless you smoke. A cigar or a pipe is the only key, and unless you have this between your lips, you are as little at home as the Roman corpse that was buried without an *obulus*. The fact is, one is entitled to much more pleasure in being a smoker than merely the taste of a pipe or cigar, and for our part while the love of the weed has never allured us, we would be almost content to take it for the sake of the pleasure beyond.

Among the smokers acquaintances are made sooner, friendships are more numerous, and the bands of good-fellowship are stronger than anywhere else in college. Who that sees those fellows on the green, tipped back in their chairs against some oak tree, and hears the songs and the laughter that come from the group, while the smoke that curls from each cigar mingles in the common cloud overhead,—who that sees this and has not said to himself, "I've almost a mind to smoke?"

But we imagine some one checking us here. Yes, there is another side, we know, to all this. About that we do not wish to say much; only one thing. The evils of smoking, at Racine at least, lie exactly where we should look for the chief pleasure. Not in the tobacco itself, but in the very gathering of this social crowd which meets under the trees. We all know what the evils are, and with the restoration of smoking on the lawn let us be careful not to spoil the picture which in after life will be to many of us the pleasantest that memory has reserved of our college life.

#### DIS-ILLUSIONED.

I painted her a gushing thing,  
Of years perhaps a score,  
I found her age *was* twenty,  
But multiplied by four!  
I painted her a lovely thing,  
With cheeks just like the rose  
I little thought the self-same hue,  
Extended to her nose!  
She had the Bear's ethereal grace!  
The bland Hyæna's laugh,  
The footprints of the Elephant,  
The neck of the Giraffe,  
And oh! if you should ask me how  
Her charms could be improved,  
I would not have them added to,  
But just a few removed!

△

GRAMMAR SCHOOL, June 14, 1873.

EDITORS MERCURY:—Knowing the unbiased and independent character of your paper in base ball and cricket matters, I wish to take the opportunity of expressing my views in relation to the ignominious defeats that the Clarkson Club has sustained, and also humbly offer to the consideration of its members a few facts which I hope may tend to make their success in the future more assured.

No one will deny that since the opening of the spring campaign the Clarksons have done very poorly in almost all their matches. Up to this time they have lost every cricket cup, one base ball match being the only game from which they have retired the victors. I am a Clarkson myself, and yet I cannot say with any regard at all for my conscience, that this is anything but base and ignoble defeat.

Now let us inquire into the secret of the Badger success. If anyone will go out on the campus in the afternoons when we are not obliged to be at the games, and count the Badgers and Clarksons who are there practising, he will find that where there are two of the former there is only one of the latter. Stop and watch them for a moment. See the Badgers hard at work and toiling as though they really possessed the industrious traits of that laboring animal, and then look at the way some of the Clarkson's go at it. With their hands in their pockets they idly watch a ball in the air, or languidly lounge about some gopher's hole. The one side all attention to each and every feature of the game; the other just the reverse.

The Badgers have concentration. They have a regard for details. They *work hard*, and in the end they are repaid. Let me ask what it was that enabled such generals as Alexander to raise their formidable forces? It was certainly attention to the most minute details, and until the Clarksons learn this lesson they will never weep that they have no more clubs to conquer.

I have asked some of the very best players here in college to tell me the "open sesame" by which they attained their perfection. Every one of them attributed their success to hard work and patient practice. "Practice makes perfect," and the Clarkson club can never hope to succeed until they take that truism to their hearts and follow it. As Prof. Mathews says, be "*Totus in illo*." The boys in Blue will never give their opponents any trouble until they attain more perfection as a body; and that can not be gained until there is more perfection in each individual part. The principal cups are now gone, and it is too late for us to "show off" this year, but let the Clarksons pay careful



attention to some of the above facts and do the work they ought to do, and I predict for them not only bounteous rewards in the next season, but also in many yet to come.  
JOSEPH.

FOURTH ELEVEN MATCH.

Few of the College matches are watched with more interest than the annual match between the Fourth Elevens. The zest with which the boys in these elevens prepare themselves for the important business of deciding their contest, would in itself be sufficient to make their game an interesting one. Good and promising play always characterizes their matches, but on this occasion it hung so preponderously on one side that none of the spectators found difficulty in retaining perfect composure throughout. Indeed our personal anxiety for the Badgers was considerably relieved when we learned at the beginning of the last innings that 150 would be enough to beat.

The Clarksons went first to the bat and hung to the willow as if life depended on it. Such scores as Comstock's of 20, Taft's of 28, A. Small's of 34, and Bonham's of 37 count wonderfully in the grand total, especially when a majority of the club have a tendency to play in a similar manner. The Clarksons were equally good in the field. They backed up in a manner that showed good drill. Taft has the knack of pitching balls in the right place, and Cog Small made some good catches at point, though in one case we thought he kept on breaking his neck too long after the ball was dead in his hands.

We cannot praise the playing of the Badgers so highly, though they did very well in their second inning. Converse, Zell and Dole, E. made the largest score on their side. The game went to the Clarksons by a score of 190 to 83.

CLARKSON FOURTH ELEVEN.

Players.	First Innings.	Second Innings.
Bonham.....	28 c x Rodman.	9 st x Keene.....37
Mapes.....	3 st x Bailey.	10 b x Converse...13
Small, A.....	24 c x Rodman.	10 c x Rodman....34
Taft.....	27 b x Converse.	1 run out.....28
Small, C.....	8 c x Zell.	4 b x Keene .....12
Ashley.....	4 b x Converse.	0 c x Sturges ..... 4
Greenleaf.....	1 c x Bailey.	5 c x Converse ... 6
Dearborn.....	8 not out.	0 b x Converse..... 8
Blancard.....	1 c x Sturges.	0 not out..... 1
Comstock.....	14 run out.	6 c x Thompson...20
Sweet.....	0 b x Dole.	2 b x Converse.... 2
Byes.....	6	4.....10
Leg Byes.....	4	0.....4
Wides.....	7	4.....11
Total.....	135	55.....190

BADGER FOURTH ELEVEN.

Players.	First Innings.	Second Innings.
Sturges, H.....	1 b x Taft.	2 b x Taft..... 3
Zell.....	4 b x Taft.	7 b x Small.....11
Bailey.....	6 b x Taft.	0 b x Taft..... 6
Converse.....	1 b x Taft.	12 b x Taft.....13
Dole, E.....	7 b x Small.	2 c x Small, C... 9
Keene.....	1 c x Mapes.	3 c x Small, C... 4
Thompson.....	4 b x Taft.	1 b x Taft..... 5
Wyche.....	4 b x Taft.	0 c x Taft..... 4
Jones, L.....	4 not out.	0 leg before wick't 4
Rodman.....	2 b x Small.	2 not out..... 4
Moore.....	1 b x Taft.	1 c x Mapes..... 2
Byes.....	10	2.....12
Leg Byes.....	1	4..... 5
Wides.....	0	0..... 0
No Balls.....	0	1..... 1
Total.....	46	37.....83

THIRD ELEVEN MATCH.

The match between the Third Elevens was rather a remarkable one. Both sides were much excited at first, and they showed it—the one by their quick nervous batting and eagerness to run up a large score, and the other in their too deliberate care by which they lost many runs. The Badgers went first to the bat, and stayed in through fifteen overs. They came out feeling quite hopeful with a score of forty-six. For seventeen overs the Clarksons held their first innings, but only secured thirteen runs, seven of which were byes. In the second innings both clubs played much better. They had gained a little confidence. Dinner had quite calmed them down. The disputes of the morning with the arbitration, and all that kind of nonsense that now has to be gone through before every game were forgotten, and the remainder of the match was played more for fun than for the purpose of deciding the game. That had been done long before. Indeed, the Clarksons had given up the game from the first, and having once made up their mind to defeat it was not so hard to stand. For many years the Clarkson Third Eleven has been noted for its graceful and plucky players. Don't let them lose their reputation.

The game was well attended by enthusiastic spectators, who applauded good and bad plays equally, and kept up such an uproar around the scorer's stand as to make it very difficult to keep the score accurately. At the end of the game the captains called the two elevens up and the old custom of cheering was revived. They forgot to cheer for the umpire, however. A great oversight.

For the largest score see below.

BADGER THIRD ELEVEN.

Players.	First Innings.	Second Innings.
Hall, R.....	0 c x Farwell.	18 c x Tolhurst.....18
Sullivant.....	1 c x Levering.	0 c x Levering.... 0
Ross.....	6 b x Clark.	1 run out..... 7
McDowell.....	1 b x Clark.	0 b x Farwell..... 1
Campbell.....	12 c x Rhodes.	8 not out.....20
Eddy.....	2 c x Farwell.	28 b x Clark.....30
Cobb.....	15 b x Tolhurst.	11 c x Levering...26
Ponsonby.....	2 b x Clark.	0 b x Farwell..... 2
Roloson.....	0 b x Clark.	11 c x Green .....11
Johnson.....	0 run out.	0 run out..... 0
Cleveland.....	0 not out.	3 c x Tolhurst.... 2
Byes.....	4	8.....12
Leg Byes.....	1	0.....11
Wides.....	2	3..... 5
No Balls.....	0	2..... 2
Total.....	46	93.....139

CLARKSON THIRD ELEVEN.

Players.	First Innings.	Second Innings.
Farwell.....	0 c x Cleveland.	2 c x Cobb..... 2
Ames.....	3 b x Campbell.	0 b x McDowell... 3
Clark, J.....	0 b x Campbell.	9 b x Campbell.... 9
Tolhurst.....	1 run out.	0 run out..... 1
Rhodes.....	0 c x Ponsonby.	0 b x Campbell... 0
Truesdell.....	0 b x Campbell.	1 b x Campbell.... 1
Guion, S.....	0 c x Ponsonby.	1 b x Campbell.... 1
Talbot.....	0 not out.	0 b x Campbell... 0
Barker.....	0 b x McDowell.	0 run out..... 0
Coxe.....	2 run out.	2 not out..... 4
Levering.....	0 b x McDowell.	1 c x Eddy..... 1
Byes.....	5	0..... 5
Leg Byes.....	2	0..... 2
Wides.....	0	0..... 0
No Balls.....	0	0..... 0
Total.....	13	16.....29

# The College Mercury.

"Yigcat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, JUNE 18, 1873.

EDITORS.

E. A. LARRABEE.

NORTON STRONG.

AQUILLA JONES.

G. E. CARLISLE.

G. B. McDOWELL.

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

TERMS:

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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 are requested to repeat the notice given in the last MERCURY that the Reunion will take place on Tuesday, July 8th, the day before Commencement. Service with address at 12:30 P. M. Dinner at 1:30 P. M., to be followed by the presentation of cricket and base ball prizes. It is hoped that all the Alumni and old students who can find it possible will be present.

*No invitations except the public notices in the papers will be sent.*

## THE POPULAR PRIZE.

In accordance with the provisions heretofore noticed in the MERCURY, for the awarding of the De Koven prize, the nominations were made on last Monday.

It was announced at the breakfast table that the caucus would be held immediately after breakfast was over, and all who wished to vote at the final election were asked to remain. The number of students who left the hall both from college and grammar school was considerable, as will be seen from the fact that the total number of votes for the nominees amounted to only 123.

Mr. Jones, as head of the College, presided. Mr. Larrabee was elected, *viva voce*, to act as Secretary, Mr. Hills as Teller, and Messrs. Talbot, Higgins and Rumsey T. as inspectors for Taylor, Park, and Kemper Halls respectively.

The popular candidate, as we have already stated, must be a student of the College proper, and it is worth observing that in that department about 25 fell below the requirements necessary to make them eligible: many as having less than 35 conduct marks in the present term, and some as not being in full class standing.

The names of Mr. Odell, Mr. Jones and Mr. Larrabee were proposed to the caucus, and the voting which immediately followed confined itself exclusively to these names, Larrabee receiving 5, Jones 15, and Odell, 103. The announcement of this result was duly applauded, and the meeting adjourned.

The final election will take place on the Monday of Commencement Week.

## STUDENT'S CONCERT.

Monday before Commencement is the day appointed for the Student's Concert. But if there is not more interest taken in it, if no one cares whether it comes off or not, and if every one does what he can to hinder the advancement of the work, whether directly or indirectly, it will certainly be a failure. Last year was the first time anything of the kind had ever been attempted, and every one admitted the Student's Concert to be one of the pleasantest features of Commencement Week. If the first concert was such a success, certainly the next should not fall below it, and that simply from lack of interest among the students themselves. It would seem that many of the students do not realize that it is plainly their own affair, and that they have the power of making it what they please. If they did, they would probably appreciate it more, and be more willing to do their best to make it a success. The director intends to make every concert an improvement upon the preceding one; so that some day we may hope to produce an operetta, a cantata, or something of that kind. This year the first step has been made in that direction in the Macbeth music. Now for the proper rendering of such music as this it is absolutely necessary that we have some other accompaniment than the piano, and with this view it is proposed to engage Bach's band, which, since it is to be here on the following Tuesday anyhow, can be induced to come one day sooner for a very moderate sum. The Macbeth music would inevitably be flat without an orchestral accompaniment, so by all means let us interest ourselves to obtain it, and make the concert a success. Such it can't fail to be if all try to make it so. Let every one consider well this matter of the band; not only those in the music classes, but all. It is as much for one as the other, and the tax will fall very lightly if every one contributes his share.

The Ladies' Aid Society gave the first of their series of social entertainments in the library of Taylor Hall on the evening of the 14th. The society, which has done so much good work for the College and the various missions connected with it, has incurred considerable indebtedness of late, and is trying by this and other means to clear itself. If this had been more generally understood, the audience would probably have been much larger than it was, for no loyal collegian could refuse to assist the ladies, especially when so pleasant an evening could be passed at so small a sacrifice of time and money. These entertainments are intended to be entirely informal, and ought to be regarded as social gatherings of the family rather than as mere money-making affairs, for the whole programme is rendered by members of the college, and is their good-natured contribution to the Society's work. The exercises of last Saturday evening were very pleasant, and both readings and music were received with hearty appreciation.

The College Nine has lately roused itself from an apparent apathy for base-ball matters and has conceived the plan of playing two games with foreign clubs. As yet we are unable to learn whether the matches proposed can actually take place as the nine are still awaiting an answer to their proposition. But there is foundation at least for the hope that matches may be arranged with the Beloit nine and the State University nine of Madison.

The plan under consideration is to play both games on the same day, Wednesday the 25th inst., at Beloit. The College nine leaving Racine the night before and arriving at Beloit early in the next morning would "tackle" one nine before dinner and the other during the afternoon, returning to Racine by the night train. Whether or not this plan can be carried out depends only on the replies which are now expected in every mail from the Beloit and Madison boys.

The plan will at once commend itself to anyone as a very venturesome one for our boys to make. A night of railroad traveling is hardly a desirable preparation for any base-ball undertaking. The odds would be considerably in favor of their opponents, other things being equal, even in the morning game; but with the labor and excitement of match in the morning added to the night's travel, it will require no little nerve to make a creditable show in the afternoon.

However we have confidence enough in our nine to say that if such work can be done they are the boys to do it. The nine has been practicing carefully and the positions are all well played. We want to see the thing undertaken at all events.

We clip the following from the *Racine Journal* of June 11th.

"The last issue of the *College Mercury* contains some severe reflections on the residents of this city for their apparent indifference to this really meritorious entertainment. Its editors think that our citizens will not patronize anything but minstrel troupes and circuses, and necessarily must lack refinement and culture. \* \* \* \* \* The *Advocate* also takes up the cudgel, and with the limited ability at its command, more than reiterates the assertions of the *Mercury*. When we take into consideration that the above mentioned organs of the college have written our citizens down as uncultivated, etc., we do not look forward to a crowded house on the occasion of the next concert to be given some time in July."

It seems a pity that after the gentlemanly manner in which the writer deals with what he evidently considers by no means an agreeable subject, there should be any doubt as to the correctness of his views. Inasmuch, however, as he has entirely set aside two very obvious deductions from our article of May 31st, and has totally misrepresented what was left, we do not feel that we can pass over the matter in silence. The following from our issue of May 31st are what are referred to as the "severe reflections" on the strength of which we are accused of holding opinions that we never entertained and making statements which we never once thought of making, and which we deny can by any one, save the writer himself, be gathered from any part or portion of the article in question.

"If, as has been stated, our partial failure in the present case was due to our neglect in advertising, etc., then we may look for a full house; if not—if our efforts are to meet with the same ill success as heretofore, then must we acknowledge as true a taunt too often thrown out against Racine—that *as a city it can appreciate nothing but MINSTREL TROUPES and CIRCUSES.*"

Now we deny utterly having said anything which can by any means be construed as reflecting discredit on the town which we have ever been taught to look upon as friendly in the highest degree to all our interests.

We have said that the taunt to which the *Journal* takes such an exception has been "too often thrown out against Racine." Does it therefore follow that we must reiterate

it? By no means. Our very action in the matter of giving them a first-class concert is in itself enough to prove the supposition absurd. This is one of the facts which the writer entirely sets aside. Again, do we not recognize it as not only possible but even *probable* that our "partial failure was due to our own neglect in advertising, etc.?" These two deductions, so plain and self-evident, the writer with the utmost assurance leaves out of sight entirely. It is a pity. We thought we were talking to wiser heads.

What then is the sum and substance of the matter which the *Journal*, to judge from its misapprehension of it, finds so difficult to understand?

Simply this; we have failed in our first attempt at a concert. There are two ways of accounting for it. The first we are more than willing to accept, if, by the attendance at our second concert, it shall have been proven to be correct; if not, then we have but the one way remaining, the one which the gentleman seems to have forestalled us in assuming for himself. Any other rendering of our words we hesitate not to pronounce wholly and utterly false, and only to be maintained by the sacrifice of that straightforward manly regard for truth which we ever expect in those who call themselves our friends.

It is really refreshing to behold the manner in which the *Argus* attempts to second the efforts of its friend (?) the *Journal*. It succeeds in putting itself beyond the reach of our criticism on the one hand, and most grievously provoking it on the other by openly admitting the truth of the accusation which the *Journal* has so vainly conjured up. A sheet which calls for "comps" and endeavors to defend Racine as "one of the best SHOW TOWNS in the country," has, we think, less to fear from her enemies than her friends.

We hereby give notice to all whom it may concern that we have just opened a large new livery stable on the corner of Wisconsin and Seventh-sts. We shall endeavor render the utmost satisfaction to all who may give us a call. Our turnouts are entirely new and the finest in this city. If low charges and good material can do it, we guarantee to please.

BASSINGER BROS.

## PERSONALS.

In a recent visit to Chicago we met FRANK PARDEE, some years ago a member of the Grammar School. He expects to be at the college on Reunion Day.

JOE CLARKSON, '76, paid us a short visit a few days ago. We are glad to find that the trouble with his eyes which obliged him to leave us at the end of last year is now being speedily remedied. Joe is always welcomed at the college by a host of friends.

The Rev. E. R. WARD, the Rev. ALLEN WOODLE, and the Rev. WM. J. MILLER were ordained to the Deaconite on Trinity Sunday, at Nashotah. The Rev. RICHARD HAYWARD was ordained at the Bishop's Church in Chicago.

Mr. MARSHALL C. STRONG, formerly known as the Czar of the Grammar School, recently came up from Chicago to look after his little brother. The *MERCURY* at that time having gone off on its senior vacation the errant child was not found. If he will try once more before the end of the term we can promise him better success.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

CHICAGO AND N. W.		Going South.	Going North.
Mail and Express	.....	7.33 A. M.	10.41 A. M.
Express	.....	1.55 P. M.	11.48 A. M.
Express	.....	4.48 P. M.	7.22 P. M.
Night Passenger	.....	12.28 A. M.	3.52 A. M.

WESTERN UNION.

Going West.

Day Passenger	.....	8.00 A. M.
Night Passenger	.....	7.20 P. M.
Train Going North	.....	5.55 P. M.

\*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

BASE BALL.

BADGERS VS. CLARKSON—SCORE—BADGERS 53, CLARKSONS 20.

The match between the third nines was a very one-sided affair, the Badgers having it all their own way from beginning to end.

The game was characterized on the part of the Clarksons, by several bad plays. Muffs, wild throws, &c., being the order of the day. Occasionally there was excellent play, which showed that the nine had all the qualities for making good players, but their lack of discipline was plainly manifest.

The Badgers did much better. They worked hard, and evinced by their very movements that they had been thoroughly drilled, and were accustomed to their positions.

We noticed with pleasure the good play of Easter on first base. He handles the ball well, and we bespeak success for him as a ball player, when he becomes more matured. Of the other Clarksons we forbear speaking, unless it be to allude to the good batting of Tolhurst and Levering, each of whom made a home run.

It is a difficult matter to decide who to praise on the part of the Badgers. All did well, both at the bat and in the field.

Mabie Campbell and Turner Rumsey played their positions admirably, and called from the bystanders many rounds of applause. Eddy, at first base, also distinguished himself by his silent and effective play.

Below is the score:

BADGERS.		O.	R.	CLARKSONS.		O.	R.
Rumsey, T., c.....	2	5		Tolhurst, c.....	1	3	
Jones, L., 2b.....	3	6		Easter, 1b.....	3	3	
Farmer, lf.....	3	6		Farwell, p.....	3	1	
Ponsenby, ss.....	1	8		Barker, 3b.....	3	2	
Clary, G., cf.....	5	4		Gedney, 2b.....	3	1	
Eddy, 1b.....	3	6		Blanchard, cf.....	5	1	
Rolason, 3b.....	3	6		Resor, rf.....	3	2	
Sullivant, rf.....	2	7		Comstock, lf.....	3	3	
Campbell, P.....	2	5		Levering, ss.....	0	4	
Total.....	24	53		Total.....	24	20	

The match between the Fourth Nines was one of the most exciting that has been played this year. The Badgers had quite a long lead early in the game, but the Clarksons managed to run up their score almost to a tie in the eighth innings. The excitement culminated in the last half of the ninth innings, when the Clarksons went to bat with seven tallies to beat. The Badgers had been considerably flurried in the previous innings and the chances for the victory seemed about even. In this innings, however, the

Badgers regained their nerve. No. 1 went out on 1st. No. 2 went out on a foul which was beautifully fielded by Dole, E., to Bailey, and thence to 2nd where it was put on the man by Harry Sturges. As yet no one had tallied in this innings. Mapes hit a fine liner to the right of second base which everyone thought was safe, but it was magnificently taken in by Harry Sturges, and the Badger caps went up in the air. The score was 49 to 43.

—The College Nine seems doomed to disappointment. The two games they had hoped to arrange for the 25th inst. are likely to fall through. Commencement is occupying the minds of the Madisonians, so they can't play. And the Belois, with whom a game was to be played on the same day if they consented, cannot be prevailed upon to send an answer.

LATER.—The Belois have at last given us an answer, and have arranged to play the College Nine. The match will be played in Beloit on the 25th. The game with the Madison boys, however, will not be played.

—The Second Nine Match was a Clarkson victory, but as a game it was a fizzle. There was little good playing on either side. The fielding was lazy and careless, and the batting was very heavy. Farther particulars we were unable to learn.

—Some persons can't get over the fact that Racine allows a billiard table within her walls. It must trouble them nights, they are so continually harping on the subject. Perhaps it might please them to know that our billiard table has not heard the click of the balls for six months, and at present it is used as a vaulting horse.

—The Head Master has kindly procured passes through the the kindness of a gentleman in Chicago for any of the Seniors who wish to sail on a barge from Chicago to Menomonee. At Menomonee they will be put in the way of "roughing it" in the woods. The scenery is said to be grand, and the fishing magnificent. No one who is able to make use of the opportunity should allow it to escape. We know of nothing that would be pleasanter than to spend a couple of weeks in this manner.

—Some of the Seniors are already temporarily scattered. Benton is at home in Covington, Ky. Ball has joined the rest of his family, in a visit to Oconomowoc. Everhart is far away in Kenosha. Ellis and Woodle are in Chicago. Gault is in Milwaukee, and Bennett is at home in Evansville. Safford and Bump are making preparations to rough it in the lumber region of Menominee.

—The bank swallows which have been persecuted and robbed by the grammar school boys ever since the institution has existed, have this year protected themselves in quite a curious way. They have flocked in great numbers to one place where there has been a heavy slide of land, leaving the bank high and almost perpendicular. Here, out of the reach of all enemies, they have built their nests, and so close together that from below the place looks as though it had been perforated with grape shot.

—The new fence is quite an ornament. It is also a first rate thing to vault; just the right height, good and strong. We had heard it whispered that it was to be an iron fence, but were glad to hear that the report was false as that would have spoiled all the fun. It would have been

much more expensive too, and would not have looked half so well.

—Scene.—Party of Missionaries crossing the fields on their way to Sunday School.

*Senior.*—"Look at that goat over there by the cow."

*1st Fresh.*—"Goats are always hanging around cows."

*2nd Fresh.*—"Why of course, they're amphibious, ain't they?"

—A Junior attempting to sing "Three Fishers" for the amusement of some of his friends, made a mistake which necessitated a change in the rhyme. He mutilated the stanza as little as possible under the circumstances:

"Three fishers went sailing out into the *East*,  
Out into the East as the sun went down;  
Each thought of the woman that loved him, the *beast*,  
And children" etc.

—The Indianapolis "sell" is the latest. It is an immense thing also. Ask a man all the questions you can think of; when your stock runs short get your friends to help you. Keep it up. Don't give a fellow any rest until all parties fagged out. Then, if he is polite enough to answer all your questions, and entered into all the explanations you may have demanded, he is "sold," aye, fearfully "sold."

—The College grounds are looking beautifully. Something like \$500 has been invested in plants and flowers for gardens about the chapel and elsewhere, and the vases and window-boxes have been put in their places. It now needs only a little more warm weather for the lawns and gardens to look still finer than last year.

—There is nothing like making poetry of the common every-day things of life. We frequently see people who think there is nothing so dry as a roll call, and yet there is poetry even in this. We recommend the following to the prefects for general use; it would do away with much of the prosiness of the assembly room rolls:

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Dutch, Gummy, Dick and Soapy Sam,  
Arch, Truesy and A, Prime;  
Micky, Biddy, Jim and Rich,  
The Babe and The Divine.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Smythie, Jinson, Little Mouse,  
Spondee Lex, and Freddy;  
Windmill, Peter, Halsey, Hills,  
George A. and Little Biddy.

—It seems a pity that an oak, which has stood for more than a quarter of a century, should be cut down, simply because it shaded an insignificant little flower bed. Yet this was done last week on these grounds, where there are none too many trees, and where certainly many places for a flower bed could be found, on which not even a passing shadow might fall.

—Monday morning the nominations of candidates for the De Koven prize were made. Those persons who had been looking forward to any difficulties in the matter, arising either from excitement or some bad feeling, were disappointed. The meeting was entirely free from any confusion, and the votes were cast in an orderly and prompt manner. Only three names were mentioned, and judging from the way they were received the nomination may be considered as good as an election.

—A spirit of rivalry is springing up between the boys of the different houses. It manifested itself last week in a well contested game of base ball, in which Kemper Hall carried off the victory. Beyond this we could learn no particulars.

—Old inhabitants of Racine say that the lake fishing has not been so good for many years as it is this season. Our curiosity led us down to the long pier the other day where the young fishermen were stringing on the perch at a lively rate. A fish, which they call a herring, and which greatly resembles a mackerel in shape and size, is said to be delicious. A great many of them are caught. We would recommend the pier as a good place to spend some Monday.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

Vassar will make the colors for the Columbia boat crew.—*Dartmouth.*

The Yale *Courant* spurs up the Juniors for attempting to shirk their share of fence singing.

The average age of the Senior class of Michigan University is twenty-three years.

One of our scientific Fresh. recently lost the creams on a bet that the law of England forbade a man to marry his *widow's* sister.—*Argus.*

*Prof. in Rhetoric.*—"What is the peculiarity of a macaronic piece?"

*Student.*—"Why, it's a long round thing with no pith in it, and I'll be hanged if I like it."—*Targum.*

The regents have appointed Mr. Eugene W. Hilgard as Dr. Winchell's successor in the chair of Geology, Zoology and Botany. Mr. Hilgard is a brother of Prof. Hilgard of the U. S. coast survey, and comes highly recommended.—*Chronicle.*

Among other wise remarks Daniel Pratt got off the following: "A cow is a specialty. A college president is a specialty." Therefore we must logically conclude that a president is—etc. And yet they say Daniel is insane.—*Tablet.*

The President of Vassar has been adapting the Psalm and Hymn Book to the wants of the young ladies of that institution, with the hope of making the hymns more suitable for their use. A very promising young lady was suspended last week for refusing to sing the old hymn "I send the joys," etc., changed as follows:

"I send the *boys* of earth away;  
Away ye tempters of the mind!  
False as the smooth deceitful sea  
And empty as the whistling wind."

—*Ex.*

Not long since some Harvard students were serenading a boarding school when, seeing some heads at the window after singing, they waited for comments. They heard, "Arrah, but don't they sing swately, Maggie?"—*Ex.*

WILLIAMS.—The 2d day of June was given to the college as "Mountain Day," a holiday peculiar to Williams, and numerous pedestrian excursions were made in its honor to Grey Rock and other places of interest. Some of the parties staid out all night to see the sun rise, some hunted, some went fishing, and a few degenerate souls loafed around the college and pitched pennies.

A man whom Dr. Chalmers engaged to manage a disorderly Sunday School kept his eyes wide open during prayer, and, when one boy thrust a pin into another, he marched up the aisle, still praying, cuffed the boy's ears, and went back again, praying all the way. After that he was master of the situation, for the boys thought a man who could watch and pray like that could not be put down.—*Ex.*

A Freshman the other day, reciting Horace in the society of a "pony" leaf and a guilty conscience, was asked by the tutor with reference to the text, if he had *pones*. As his cheeks quickly assumed the hue of Weale's classics, the tutor apologized for asking him before the class, adding that he was unaware that he was so sensitive.—*Orient.*

The Junior Germans, wishing to see the great show pass by, resorted to the following commendable method of getting out of recitation in time:

"HERR PROF. HARBISON:—Wollen sie so gut sein zu lassen uns gehen an 10 uhr ins Campus zu sehen die Circus gehe durch die Staat?"

The above petition was signed by most of the class and handed to the professor. It was enough; such a proof of the efficiency of his class could not be overlooked by the genial professor. He let them go as a reward of merit. Wasn't that better'n a bolt?—*Chronicle.*

Scene—Massachusetts Lower Hall. Examination progressing favorably.

*Atom*, (in a hoarse whisper.)—I say, Microcrith, what's the difference between that professor and the pillar he's leaning on?"

*Microcrith* hastily secretes a crib and gives it up.

*Atom*.—The pillar is *cast iron*, and that proctor has *cast eye* on you. See it?"

(Microcrith will spend next winter in the bosom of his bereaved family.)—*Advocate.*

And still another outgrowth of the mixed college system: "Who can explain this strange enigma?"

Mr. ——— presents his compliments to Miss ———, soliciting the pleasure of attending the "Platoneon Select Performance," Friday evening, April 23, 1873. (The answer is peculiar.)

Miss ——— returns compliments to Mr. ———, and has no objection to his attending the performance on that evening.

Alas! such is life, full of mistakes and disappointments. While thinking over the strange question, our minds are lost in wonder, and, almost unceremoniously our pen ceases to scratch.—*Ex.*

Happy editors of the *Scholastic*! For them, if for any, the editorial chair is strewn with roses. The first half of each number contains successive instalments of "A Drama in Four Acts," written by a professor of the institution, and the last half is devoted to honor lists. We understand that the *Record*, fired with a noble emulation, has entered into negotiations with our honored President for a similar dramatic production with which to grace its columns.—*Courant.*

The seventy-seventh commencement of Union College will take place on the 29th of June. As this is the first commencement under the new organization of the college, addresses will be delivered by the members of the various

faculties in addition to the usual oration of the graduates. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club are to assist at the senior concert.

The *Annalist* reports a very pleasant and interesting Class Day at Albion. We notice among the musical selections one of our old favorites, "Spring's Delights." A portion of the exercises were conducted by torchlight on the campus, a new and agreeable feature if there were no mosquitoes.

The *College Journal* (Georgetown) is very interesting notwithstanding the slight mixture of "copy" which appears in the editorial column. The *Journal* is by far the liveliest paper that comes to us from our Roman Catholic brethren.

The *Elmira College Sibyl* is very poorly printed, even for girls. The essays are good as a general thing, and would be better appreciated if they could be more easily read. We advise the young ladies not to be so sparing of their ink.

The *Dartmouth* has several well written articles, among which we especially notice an essay on the poet Praed. It is unusually finished and pleasing in style, and merits careful reading.

The *Hamilton Lit.* seems decidedly dull in spite of its array of seven editors. The Editor's Table is the only redeeming feature.

The *Chronicle* publishes '73's Class Day exercises, and very interesting they are too. The gem of the occasion was, in our opinion, the "Class History," by Harry Russel of Detroit. The plan was unique, and the treatment manly and graceful; in fact it was the best class history we have ever read or heard.

The world is pretty much the same all over.—*Eds.*

HARVARD.—The first two matches of the series of three games annually played between Harvard and Yale were won by Harvard; the first by one run with a score of 16 to 15, and the second by a score of 29 to 5. The game with the Princeton's did not turn out so fortunately. The Harvard boys were defeated by a score of 3 to 1. In the game with the Bostons they also suffered, to the tune of seven runs in favor of the Bostons. Score, 14 to 7.—The Freshmen went up to New Haven May 30, fully expecting to be beaten, but astonished themselves and the college by carrying off the laurels by a score of 25 to 4 for Harvard.

CORNELL.—Work on the Sage Chapel is rapidly progressing.—The expense of putting up the Senior memorial fountain is to be borne jointly by '73 and Mr. Cornell.—Some eighty four students, with professors Hart and Morris recently spent a day or two among the mines at Scranton.—The *Era* says that the interest in boating matters at the university still keeps up with unabated zest. The crew went into training with Mr. Coulter the latter part of last month. Their quarters are a comfortable little building near the lake where they enjoy every advantage and convenience. Mrs. Coulter has full possession of the culinary and domestic departments, and prepares all the special articles of diet with great care and success. Mr. Coulter is in training and requires nothing of the men that he does not do himself. Altogether they make a jolly family.



"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XIII.

RACINE COLLEGE JULY, 7, 1873.

No. 8.

OUR FAIREST THOUGHTS.\*

Sleep! Sleep!  
 Nor ever keep  
 The o'erstrained mind intent  
 On toil. When too long bent,  
 The bow but ill  
 Can work your will.  
 Then cease to waste  
 The midnight oil, nor seek to taste  
 When tired nature, wearied sore,  
 Can toil no more,  
 The joys which burning thoughts must bring.  
 The hollow ring  
 Of midnight mirth  
 Is little worth;  
 The aching brain  
 Makes sad refrain.  
 Sleep! Sleep!  
 When silence deep  
 The darkened heavens rules,  
 It woos to rest and cools  
 The aching brow,  
 So fevered now.  
 Let slumbers light  
 Recruit the frame, and fair and bright,  
 With waking dawn, will come the thought  
 You vainly sought.  
 The fairest, brightest thoughts are there  
 When free from care  
 We lightly wake  
 And new strength take.  
 Then brightest gleams  
 The land of dreams.

NELEH.

\*NOTE.—In the course of our reading some months since we met with a remark —by whom written we do not remember—to the effect that a man's fairest thoughts came to him after a light slumber. The writer further proceeded to explode the theory of midnight oil, &c.

Although our own experience by no means confirms the truth of his remarks, we have nevertheless concluded to cry with the Italian, "*si non e vero e bene trovato,*" and give to the thought a dress which it seems well fitted to wear.

RACINE VS. BELOIT.

SCORE 18 TO 23 IN FAVOR OF RACINE.

THE VICTORS CONQUERED BY THE COURTESY OF THE VANQUISHED.

Upon the morning of June 24th the College Nine, accompanied by a miscellaneous gathering of substitutes, lovers of base ball, &c., started on its way to Beloit to engage in the long expected match with the Beloit Nine. A detailed history of the various incidents attendant on their progress, while it might be very interesting, calls for more space and time than we are able to give. Suffice it to say then, that after meeting with a most courteous reception at the depot and enjoying a tip-top dinner at the Goodwin House, all repaired to the scene of action. The day was so in-

tensely hot that this last move was put off as long as possible, but half past two o'clock in the afternoon found all hands busily engaged in inspecting the grounds on which the game was to be played. The field was, in the main very good, though somewhat marred by a depression in the right, just beyond the diamond. After some little delay consequent upon the non-arrival of the bases, which was rendered very acceptable by the almost insufferable amount of caloric in the atmosphere, the game was commenced without them. There being no shade tree in the vicinity, your humble servant took a seat beside the scorers and, casting alternate glances at the hot sun above and the still hotter players below, noted as follows:

Racine having lost the toss, HUDSON went to the bat. After a somewhat promiscuous scattering of fouls in all directions, "Sammy" drew a long breath and making a 3d base hit out into right field came home. Doe, who followed, vainly endeavored to emulate this illustrious example by putting a "high fly" out into left field, but Merriman happened to be standing under it as it fell and "Joseph" went out. Martin followed and succeeded in making his 1st by error to 3d. Pond next took a turn but was stopped on 1st by the nimble fielding of 2d. As Leekley took his place to bat the cry arose that the bases had arrived, and after a moment or two of delay the game was renewed with the bases in their proper place. Tom, with a line hit to center field, got his first and brought Martin home. Sturges now took his place as striker and while preparing for a home run, Tom, who had stolen his 2d and made his way to 3d, was put out between 3d and home, and left Racine with a score of 2 for their first innings.

H. Merrill was first called upon to defend Beloit honor but was content to take his 1st on called balls. Betebenner who struck next, made his 1st on three strikes just after it had been vacated by Merrill who made his 2nd on a passed ball. Dewing then took the "stick" and while hesitating between a 3d base or a home run, gave Tom an opportunity to catch Betebenner on 2nd. Merrill taking advantage of the situation came home. Dewing then made 3d by a fine hit to right field. Works tried very hard for his 1st but "Sammy" on 2nd was too quick for him and he arrived there just too late. Dewing, however made use of this opportunity to add to the score by coming home. E. Merrill made his 1st on called balls and, while Merriman was getting ready to follow, succeeded in stealing his 2nd. Here his course was cut short by Merriman, who, not knowing "Biddy's" abilities tempted him with a fly and closed the innings with the score standing 2 to 2.

Sturges again tried his hand but went out on a foul. Martin F. made 1st on a liner to center field and made such good use of his time that he was enabled to come home

on January's securing his first by a safe hit to right field. January was caught napping on 2nd, while Quill who followed went out on a foul fly, score standing 3.

Swezey tried Martin F., center field, with a fly and went out. Wheeler made 1st by a difficult fly missed by Doe, but being followed too closely by Keep was put out on 2nd while Keep was put out on three strikes at 1st, making third man out. Whitewash No. 1, score 3 to 2.

Hudson by a weak strike to pitcher lost his 1st. Doe by bad throw of 3d made his 1st. Martin F. by error of 3d made his 3d, and Doe came home. Pond allowed Martin to come home on passed ball and went out on 1st. Leekley made 1st on safe hit to left field, and while Sturges was preparing to strike came home on a passed ball. Sturges out, caught by Keep. Score 6.

Keep appears as striker, and by a missed foul fly to Pond is enabled to try again. Missed fly to Martin F. gives him his 2nd, and while Merrill prepares to strike he steals 3d, where he is detained by Merrill who goes out on the fly to Hudson. Betebenner out on fly to Martin H., Keep, still on 3d. Dewing, out on 1st by weak hit to 3d. Whitewash No. 2, score 6 to 2.

Martin F. makes 1st, and is followed by January who goes out on a beautiful foul tip to catcher. Jones goes out on hot line fly to Merriman, by whom Martin is fielded out on 1st. Whitewash No. 1, score 6.

Works goes out on 1st by weak bat to 1st. Merrill C. goes out on 1st, and is followed by Merriman who goes out on foul bound. Whitewash No. 3, score 6 to 2.

January went out on a foul, and was followed by Quill who went out on fly to Keep, short stop. Sammy now took the bat and by a long hit to right field made his 3d. Doe by a safe hit to center field brings Hudson home and secures his 1st. Martin H. follows with a rap to left field but Pond going out on 1st through the instrumentality of Keep, short stop, left "Joseph" on 3d and "Biddy" on 2nd. Score 7.

Swezey tempted Quill with a fly and gracefully withdrew. Wheeler makes 1st by safe rap to center field and is followed by Keep, who goes out on a fly which is handsomely taken in by Doe. Merrill H. makes his 1st on a safe hit and Wheeler comes in. Betebenner follows on a difficult fly missed by Hudson but Dewing goes out on the fly to Martin F. Betebenner and Merrill were left on bases. Score 7 to 2.

Leekley makes his 1st safely and is followed by Sturges, who secures his 2nd and brings Tom in. Martin F. makes his 1st by error to Merrill C. and Sturges comes home. January makes 1st on three strikes, whither he is followed by Quill on a safe hit. Hudson secures 1st on a rap to right field and brings Quill home, not, however until the path had been cleared by January getting out on 2nd. Doe out on three strikes. Martin H. out on 1st by weak strike to pitcher, leaving Hudson on 3d and the score standing at 11.

Works makes his 1st in safety and gains 2nd on passed ball. Merrill C. makes 1st by weak strike to Quill, who catches Works between 2nd and 3d. Stevens takes the bat, and, after Merrill C. has made his 2nd on passed ball, secures his 1st on called balls. Swezey, just after Merrill C. and Stevens have come home on passed balls, gets his first on a daisy cutter to right field. Wheeler by a handsome rap to center field makes 3d and sends Swezey home. Keep

makes 1st on weak rap by slow fielding, and comes home on passed balls, while Merrill makes his 1st in safety. Betebenner makes 2nd and Merrill H. comes home. Dewing makes 1st on weak hit to 2nd by Hudson's error, and Betebenner comes in. Works goes out on a foul tip just after Dewing gets caught on 2nd. Score 10 to 11.

Pond makes 1st by a neat grounder and is followed by Leekley who makes a safe hit to left field. Sturges makes 1st on an error to short stop, when Martin F. by a long hit to right field, brings all three home and secures his 3d. January goes out on 1st by Wheeler, and Martin F. comes home. Quill goes out on the fly to 3d. Hudson makes 1st on safe hit to right field but is left on 2nd by Doe, who goes out on the fly to left field. Score 16.

Merrill secures 1st on safe hit to center field, and steals 2nd just before Stevens, who follows, goes out on three strikes. Swezey makes 1st by a safe hit to short stop, and while Wheeler takes the bat Merrill comes in on a passed ball. Wheeler out on a fly to Tom, leaving Swezey on his base. Score 15 to 11.

Martin H. makes his 1st on a safe hit to left field. Pond, "foul,—out!" Leekley takes his place and Martin comes in on passed balls. Tom makes his 1st on safe hit, and stealing 2nd makes his 3d on a passed ball. Sturges strikes to short stop and brings Tom and himself home. Martin F. makes 1st on an error to short stop, and January who follows goes out on 1st. Quill makes his 1st by a rap to left field and brings "Biddy" home. Hudson makes 1st, and Doe, going out on 1st leaves him on 2nd closes the innings for Racine with a score of 20.

Merrill H. with a beautiful hit into left field makes his 2nd, and is followed by Betebenner who comes to grief on three strikes. Dewing makes 1st on a grounder and Merrill comes in. Works makes 1st on weak rap by Hudson's error. C. Merrill goes out on 1st at the hands of Hudson and Dewing comes home. Stevens goes out on three strikes leaving Works on 3d. Score 13 to 20.

Martin, H. drops the ball just between center field and left field, and secures his 1st. Pond takes his place and 'Biddy' comes in on a passed ball. Pond by error to short stop secures his 1st, but is forced out on 2d by Leekley, who makes his 1st by rap to 3rd. Sturges, safe to 1st on hit to c. f., and Leekley comes home. Martin, F. goes out on the fly to 3d, and January who follows, makes 1st on called balls. Quill makes 1st but forces January out on 2nd, leaving Sturegs on 3d and closing the last innings for Racine. Score 22.

Swezey by a beautiful rap to center field makes his 3d, where, however, he is detained while Wheeler goes out on the fly to Hudson, Keep, ditto, and Merril H. out on the fly to Quill. Whitewash, score 13 to 22.

At the close of the game three cheers were given for the Beloit by Racine which compliment was duly returned with a double cheer for the umpire. The game of the Beloit was in the main excellent, far ahead of anything we had expected to meet with and was rendered doubly conspicuous by the strangely varied play of our boys. Space forbids the further mention of this the pleasantest visit which the nine has ever made. We cannot however close without expressing the hope that our defeat, whenever it shall come, may be received with as much gentlemanly courtesy as was that which it was our lot to inflict upon our



friends at Beloit. If Racine shall ever lose the day may Beloit be the power which wins it.

Below is the score:

RACINE.		O. R.	BELOIT.		O. R.
Hudson, 2 b.....	1	2	Merrill H., r.f.....	2	3
Doe, r. f.....	4	1	Betebenner, c. f.....	3	1
Martin H., l. f.....	1	4	Dewing, 3 b.....	8	2
Pond, 2 b.....	5	1	Works, p.....	4	0
Leekley, c.....	1	5	Merrill, C, 1 b.....	2	2
Sturges, 1 b.....	2	3	*Merriman, l. f.....	4	1
Martin, F., c. f.....	2	4	Swezey, c.....	2	1
January, ss.....	7	0	Wheeler, 2 b.....	3	2
Jones A., p.....	4	2	Keep, s. s.....	4	1
Total.....	27	22	Total.....	27	13
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	Total			
Racine	2 1 3 0 1 4 4 5 2	22			
Beloit	2 0 0 0 1 7 1 2 0	13			

\* Place supplied by Stevens at beginning of 5th innings.

LUNA AND ENDYMION.

It's a mistake to suppose the moon was always pale; once she was red and rosy—you ask the cause? It's the old old story,—she loved. Yes, positively she loved and pined and in consequence paled. You doubt me? Listen to the stars, you *must* believe them.

"What a time Luna is getting here to-night" said Hesperus.

"What can you expect from a Lover?" grunted the Great Bear.

"Don't be cross," said the Little Bear.

"I think old Arcturus (the Great Bear) has been crossed in love," said the Dogstar, who sported an eye glass and amber-headed cane, and was supposed to be 'sweet' upon one of the Pleiades.

"Where does she go to all day?" asked Venus, looking at herself in the mirrored surface of an inland lake that quivered beneath her beams some hundreds of miles away down on earth.

"Why, to Mount Latmos in Caria, of course, to see her beloved Endymion," said Hesperus. I never saw even a mortal (and I've seen many and noted their artless chatter many a time) so 'spooney' as she is."

"Oh, do tell," said Venus arranging a stray tress of her hair, "I do love to hear scandal."

"Umph, what a woman-like speed," grunted the Great Bear.

"Well, said Hesperus, "it's not much of a story, the young fool Endymion thought no one on earth was good enough for him, and so he fell in love with Juno; and Jove, to punish him, threw him into a sort of lethargy, and—that's all I know."

"How romantic," sighed Venus.

"Hush! here she comes," said the Dogstar, who had listened breathlessly to the story of Endymion. "How I wish it was day-time so that I could get off duty and tell the Pleiades all about it."

The stars were all hushed in respectful silence and the Moon clear, serene and pale, slowly rose over the breezy top of Mt. Latmus; resolutely she went on her appointed course. Silently, majestically, she mounted high into the stary heavens, and not one of the fond lovers or despairing

swains who gazed on her, ever dreamed that greater love than theirs was raging under that peaceful countenance.

Alas! are there not many brave hearts now in the world who, like Luna, have to bear their burdens in secret and in silence?

A certain young lady I know wondered one night to the writer of this harmless idiocy, what made the moon look so watery.

She can guess now, can she not?

That watery haze is caused by the tears that start unbidden to Luna's eyes as she thinks of her helpless lover Endymion buried deep in the mossy breast of the Carian mountain. Δ

FIFTH ELEVEN MATCH.

In the Fifth Eleven match the Clarksons depended on a few large men to win the game for them. Perhaps they thought to frighten the little fellows by their mere appearance; if so, they failed. The young Badgers were not to be conquered in any such way. It will nearly always be found that men can't successfully play with boys; the boys are much brighter and quicker and will surely get ahead of them. No more can players from the first Elevens expect to contend with those of the fifth. The idea that the lower Elevens must each year be made up of offcasts from the upper Clubs, or of those who have been prevented from playing in their proper places, will some day fall through, and the sooner the better. Do let boys of the same size, and those who have practiced together play together. It is the only way that anything like equality can be maintained, or true interest in the game preserved.

On the Clarkson side Williams and Van Schaick both played very nicely; the latter carrying out his bat in each innings. But the prettiest feature in the game was the batting of Turner Rumsey. For ease and grace it surpassed anything that has been seen on the Cricket field for many years.

CLARKSON FIFTH ELEVEN.

Players.	First Innings.	Second Innings.
Eldridge.....	1 run out.	4 b x Converse.....5
Fatzinger.....	0 b x Converse.	7 b x Rumsey.....7
Doe.....	0 b x Rumsey.	7 b x Converse.....7
Sanderson.....	2 b x Rumsey.	0 b x Converse.....2
Parker.....	0 b x Rumsey.	3 c x Rumsey.....3
Thorsen.....	0 run out.	0 run out.....0
Williams.....	8 b x Converse.	12 c x Roddis.....20
Spaulding.....	0 c x Rumsey.	1 run out.....1
Hannah.....	4 b x Rumsey.	3 run out.....7
Judd.....	0 c x Rumsey.	0 b x Rumsey.....0
VanSchaick.....	5 not out.	4 not out.....9
Byes.....	1	7.....8
Leg Byes.....	0	4.....4
Wides.....	0	0.....0
No Balls.....	0	1.....1
Total.....	21	53.....74

BADGER FIFTH ELEVEN.

Converse.....	b x Williams.. 7
Holmes.....	b x Fatzinger..13
Fuller P.....	b x Fatzinger..11
Rumsey T.....	not out.....33
Sturges S.....	run out..... 1
McCulloch.....	c x Doe..... 0
Clay G.....	run out..... 0
McDowell.....	b x Fatzinger. 0
Roddis R.....	b x Eldredge 7
King B.....	c x Williams.. 3
Peabody.....	c x Doe..... 1
Byes.....	8
Total.....	85

# The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, JULY 7, 1873.

EDITORS.

E. A. LARRABEE.      NORTON STRONG.      AQUILLA JONES.  
G. E. CARLISLE.      G. E. McDOWELL.

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. Sandford, Steam Printer and Binder, Advocate Office, Racine, Wis.

VALETE.

At last the time has come when the only editorial duty remaining for us to do, is to say our good bye, wipe our editorial quill for the last time, and hand over the MERCURY to the charge of our successors.

We cannot do it without casting a backward glance upon the year's work which we have just finished.

It has been our aim to make the MERCURY as well as we were able, a mirror of our College life. This object we have constantly kept in view. We have endeavored in the subjects we have discussed on the editorial page to select those of present interest, and have considered them from what we have judged to be the proper standpoint of the thoughtful and candid student. In our "College and Campus" we have tried to reflect from the events of every day the spirit of our college curriculum. To this end we have devoted much space in the MERCURY to the college games. While as Badgers, the sympathy of the present staff of editors has naturally been on that side, we have endeavored in recording the games to do it with perfect fairness. If at times we have indulged in a little of party tone, it has never interfered with our honest judgment, and has only been done in the same good natured spirit in which every honest Badger and Clarkson in college is wont to speak of these matches.

Of the MERCURY's success in the coming year we are confident. The gentlemen into whose hands it now falls, are in every way qualified to make it, what it has been our own effort that it should be, a pride to the college and a respected representative of college journalism at large.

When we tell of the pain concealed beneath this good bye that severs us from the MERCURY and the college, we are using words we know that have been so often said by others before us that they are apt to convey little of what we really feel. Many may hear them on whose ears they fall merely as a pleasant sound, and nothing more; but beneath them lies a truth and reality, which, though hidden from the clear perception of others by the triteness of the words that must veil it, is by us only too vividly felt. We have ourself looked upon the Senior who could at last say this farewell with envying eyes of the undergraduate; nay, we have even surrounded him with the grandeur which

only the imagination of the Third form boy can devise; but as we stand on the same threshold ourself, with the untried world before us, and the happiest of college homes behind—all this vanishes, and we know the full meaning of this good bye.

But enough of this or we shall steal the right of the valedictorian, and it is only our intention to speak as editor.

We thank you Professors, fellow students, Alumni, citizens of Racine, and all who have so kindly encouraged and assisted us, and bearing away with us many happy recollections of the work which your kindness and forbearance has transformed into an actual pleasure, we bid you all good bye.

—THE FOURTH.—Out of a rather gloomy sunrise, the most forbidding prophesies were gathered by those who were awake at that hour, concerning the prospective character of "the day we celebrate." Nor were these fears altogether groundless, for, although we received a slight contribution of sunshine about nine or ten o'clock, a storm of wind and rain soon set in, which lasted until after three o'clock. The game of ball with the Chicago nine was therefore given up,—the more readily when it was announced that only three of the nine were present, the rest being detained by rain in Chicago.

A sort of a scrub match was however played in the afternoon, which, while it relieved the tedium of what must otherwise have been a dull day, was not of sufficient note to warrant a detailed account. Lit. however enjoyed himself, as well as the two friends he brought with him, and thus far the game was essentially a success.

In the evening, upon the Campus just north of Taylor Hall, the college *in toto* assembled to witness the closing exercises of the day.

First came the throwing match which was won by a beautiful throw of 333 feet, by J. B. Doe.

Next came the foot races.

These consisted of 1st, a foot race, open only to college students. Prize won by D. Richmond. 2d, a foot race open to all in the grammar school over fourteen years of age.

Prize won by Rumsey T.

A foot race only open to those students of the grammar school under fourteen years of age.

Prize won by H. B. Sanderson.

Following this came a prize for the longest running jump, which was won by the MERCURY, through its representative, Mr. E. A. Larrabee. Several remarks were made concerning "winged feet," unfair advantage, etc., but the prize was nevertheless promptly awarded.

The standing jump was won by Mr. Horace Martin. Messrs. Caldwell and Aertsen were the fortunate candidates in the three-legged race, in the College, while McCulloch and Gillet carried off the palm in the Grammar School.

The 1st bag race was awarded to Patton.

The second bag race was won by D'Evers, and closed the exercises.

We are sorry to record the failure of the chariot race, between '75 and '76. Both of the children came up to time, but through some mismanagement the matter fell through.

Several times of late we have been obliged to hear the MERCURY called an "organ." The epithet is painful to us, if from nothing else from the associations it recalls. Only those can appreciate the pain it gives us who are acquainted with the nature of that box of whistles in the chapel whose name some people would thrust upon our beloved MERCURY. We positively hate to be called an organ. And yet we are thankful that those who have given us the epithet are considerate enough to say "*Badger organ.*" This makes it easier. Because if any one should call our paper a *Clarkson organ* we could never find it in our heart to forgive him.

But the fact is, either name is unfair. The MERCURY has treated the Badgers and Clarksons alike with perfect squareness. If the Badgers *will* get all but two or three of the cups, and if the Clarksons will persist in losing one game after the other, who is going to blame the MERCURY for giving the matter a truthful report? It isn't our fault. We can't ruin our reputation for honesty for the sake of giving the Clarksons a dozen or more victories.

No sooner had our last number come out than we were attacked on all sides by wrathful Clarksons who wanted to know why we had not published the score of the second nine match. The reasons we gave them we will take the trouble to repeat here.

The game in question was the worst played and most uninteresting match of the season. Anyone who watched it throughout will tell you so—except the second nine Clarksons. The date of our last issue was June 18, at which time the second nine match was, in addition to all this, something over two weeks old. The MERCURY was already well filled with later or more important matches, and it hardly seemed advisable to add to the six or seven feet of base ball and cricket news we had already prepared anything more than a short notice of a game whose interest, if it ever had any, was by this time intolerably stale to everybody except the Clarkson nine itself. Had it been a Badger victory we should have done exactly the same, except that we should not now have thought it necessary to make this explanation.

The second concert of '73, as may be seen by our supplement, takes place on the evening of July 8. Taking into consideration that this is the second time '73 has tried to give Racine a first-class entertainment we trust that our friends will not be backward in coming forward.

#### CLASS PLAY OF '73.

In accordance with a determination made known several months since, the class of '73 have done away with their prophecy and historian and have produced in their stead a class play which has been published in a neat little volume and will probably be rendered by the class in the gymnasium on the morning of Tuesday, July 8. The volume contains some thirty-two pages and is printed on the same paper as the MERCURY. The cover, which is of tinted enameled paper, bears a very tasty little title setting forth its name and announcing as its author our old friend "WILLOW-WOOD" who has so often figured in these columns.

Its object is the representation as nearly as possible of that hidden life among the students which the history al-

most always fails to make known, and at the same time it is to be left as the ivy is left, as a memento of '73.

The idea is a new one and has, we think, no likeness in any of the class day exercises which it has been our lot to hear of or witness. As such it adds greatly to the reputation which '73 has gained for itself and does credit to the wide-awake spirit of the class.

Concerning its merits as a production we must at present withhold our decision. In our report of its rendering we shall have a better opportunity of pointing out its excellencies and defects and of doing more justice to its writer. The entertainment Tuesday morning is free to all, and all are cordially invited to attend. Those who desire to obtain copies of the play may do so by applying to the MERCURY or A. J. Peavey & Co.'s in town. Only a limited number of copies will be sold. Price 50 cents each.

On Wednesday last, July 2, it was the pleasure of your correspondent to attend the closing exercises of Kemper Hall, Kenosha, consisting of vocal and instrumental music together with the awarding of prizes and the conferring of honors. While all the music was very well rendered we must mention particularly the playing, *without notes*, of Miss Searge, and the singing of Misses Robbins and Ross.

Before the singing of the closing chorus Dr. Everhart after explaining the origin and plan of managing the croquet clubs proceeded to bestow the prizes. The first prize, a gold medal given by a gentleman of Milwaukee, was won by the Alpha club whose champions were Misses Comstock and Brockway. The second prize, a very handsome pair of opera glasses, fell to the lot of the Epsilon club whose champions were Misses Goodenow and Hope.

Three prizes were then given for excellence in reading as follows: First prize a copy of Heber's Poems to Miss Searge of Indianapolis. Second prize, Tennyson's Poems, to Miss Denison, of Kalamazoo. And third prize, Poets of the Nineteenth Century, to Miss Ashley of Milwaukee.

The gold and silver honor medals were then awarded to Miss Everhart, of Kenosha, and Miss Buell, of Chicago, and with the singing of a chorus and the benediction the exercises closed.

Many of the Students have lately become quite familiar with Mr. ELY's photographic parlors, and the artistic work with which they are filled. There are some, however, who have not yet been up to see him, and we advise such to give him a call at once. You ought to let him take your photograph before going home for vacation, but if you do not wish to do this, let it make no difference. He will take pleasure in showing you a magnificent assortment of COLLEGE VIEWS, mounted singly or for the stereoscope, and done in the same excellent style in which all of Mr. ELY's work is prepared. Every student in the College should take home with him some of these views. At all events go and see them. There is now but a short time left. "Stand not on the order of your going, but go at once."

A nice set of Views of the College Buildings, 6 in number, for 50 cents, only a few left.

We trust that those of our subscribers who are yet owing will give us a call and save us the trouble of calling on them.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION  
RUN AS FOLLOWS:

CHICAGO AND N. W.		Going South.	Going North.
Mail and Express.....		7.33 A. M.	10 41 A. M.
Express .....		1.55 P. M.	11.48 A. M.
Express ..		4.48 P. M.	7.22 P. M.
Night Passenger .....		12.28 A. M.	3.52 A. M.

WESTERN UNION.		Going West.
*Day Passenger .....		8.00 A. M.
Night Passenger.....		7.20 P. M.
Train Going North .....		5.55 P. M.

\*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Pau Railway.

—The annual spelling match of the Grammar School was attended with more than usual excitement. At first it seemed very one-sided; but when a large number of the boys had become tired of standing up longer the contest became very close and interesting. Blanchard of the third form carried off the prize, spelling ninety-four rounds without a mistake.

—By the invitation of Mr. Richmond the Junior class enjoyed a moonlight ride last Thursday night. It had been their intention to drive to Kenosha and serenade the young ladies of Kemper Hall, but a veto was put on that. So the citizens of Racine had to endure a free concert. It was appreciated.

—The term is drawing quickly to a close and the hurry and excitement of the time allows for a great many disturbances and irregularities. But it would be very pleasing if those students of the third story who take so much delight in dropping each other on the floor would only choose some more convenient hour, when others are not trying their best to sleep.

—One of the latest amusements is fighting June bugs. June bugs, by the way, are lawful prey. It is the height of lower-form bliss to take a collar box full of these interesting creatures into the school room, and about the middle of study hour to let the whole colony out on the floor for a recess. A fight was recently arranged between two war-like bugs, who were made to represent the honor of Park and Kemper Halls, for the grammar school championship. Tutors and heads looked on in savage delight.

—The Sophomores' new design for a class pin is A. M. I., but whether it is chosen with respect to "Am I Ami, or am I not Ami; if I am not Ami, &c.," is doubtful.

—Owing to the strict rules which forbid grammar school boys to kill or capture any animal or bird on the college grounds, the gopher and woodpecker crop of this year is unprecedented. Woodpeckers are at the present writing a little out of season, but gophers—whew! potato bug plantations are nowhere.

Recitation in English Literature.—*Professor.*—"Why did Dr. Johnson meet with such ill success in his attempt to open a school?"

*Junior.*—"Well, there were undoubtedly various reasons. I think they didn't send to that kind of a school in those days."

A CLARKSON VICTORY.

Monday the 30th of June brought with it full revenge to the Clarksons for the defeats they have suffered at the hands of the Badgers. At the beginning of the game there was the usual difficulty about Mr. Doe's playing, but as the Warden was busy with other matters, the arbitration committee could not meet, and after a tiresome delay of nearly an hour the Clarksons demanded that the penny should be tossed. The Badger Captain reluctantly consented, and the toss sent the Clarksons to the bat; thus obtaining for the other side the only success that awaited them during the game. The Badgers began the game expecting to be badly beaten. Indeed it would have been presumption for them to have entertained any hopes of victory. Four of their best players were absent, and their places had to be filled with men, some of whom had hardly been on the diamond this season, and none of whom ever pretended to play base ball. If they had entertained such hopes they would have been most effectually dispelled during the first three innings by the heavy pounding of the Clarksons. The Clarksons had a measure of their revenge for past defeats when the third innings closed with 20 to 0 in favor of the "Blue Ribbon."

In the fourth innings the Badgers secured three runs, owing to a poor throw of Martin's and a desperate resolve to redeem their honor. During the remaining innings the Clarksons seemed a little nervous at the bat, and the Badgers gained three more tallies, the game closing with a score of 27 to 6. The Clarksons as a whole played excellently. Mr. Leekley's masterly catching, batting and base-running were quite up to his usual standard, and need no additional praise at our hands. Mr. Doe and Mr. Sturges also did themselves great credit, and Mr. January showed that the College would never want a good short-stop while he is with us.

The Badger play was poor with very few exceptions. The fly taken by Roger Hall at first base, and the foul fly by Mr. Pond at third, were difficult catches and were fully up to any plays made on the field. Mr. Jones did all he could to redeem his side, but nothing could avail much with such hopeless playing, and his efforts were in the main unsuccessful. We publish the score below:

CLARKSONS.		O. R.	BADGERS.		O. R.		
Richmond.....	2	4	Martin, F.....	2	0		
Weeks, H.....	1	5	Larrabee.....	4	0		
Leekley.....	0	4	Pond.....	2	1		
January.....	4	1	Gault.....	1	2		
Martin, H.....	3	3	Weeks, F.....	3	0		
Doe.....	3	3	Hall, R.....	4	0		
Sturges.....	2	3	McDowell.....	1	2		
Brooks.....	3	2	Aertsen.....	1	1		
Morrall.....	3	2	Jones.....	3	0		
Total.....	21	27		21	6		
Innings, 1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	
Clarksons,	3	3	14	0	3	1	3—27.
Badgers,	0	0	0	3	0	1	2—6.

The Fifth Nine match was an interesting and well contested game. The young Badgers and the young Clarksons both gave evidence of great skill in their positions. We were particularly struck with the play of Percy Fuller behind the bat, and of Vilas, who—though yet a new boy—does his work like a veteran. Of the Clarksons Pont Parker played 1st base admirably, and Ashley and Fatzinger did their work up brown as catcher and short-stop. We append the score:

CLARKSONS.		BADGERS.	
O.	R.	O.	R.
Sanderson.....	2 3	McDowell.....	4 2
Williams.....	4 1	Vilas.....	2 5
Lingle.....	2 3	Roddis.....	4 2
Guion S.....	2 3	Hoffman.....	2 3
Parker.....	5 1	Sample.....	3 3
Taft.....	3 2	Wyche.....	3 2
Burford.....	3 2	Smythe.....	3 3
Ashley.....	3 2	Holmes.....	2 2
VanScharck.....	3 2	Fuller P.....	3 3
Total.....	27 19	Total.....	26 25.

One more ATOM. "After performing the Lorelei last Tuesday evening, the Pierian concluded to *lower-her lyn* for the rest of the summer." You may not see the point of this. We didn't at first; but for the letters *lyn* substitute *lyre* (as some one was kind enough to do in the margin of the copy that came to us) and you have an ATOM quite up to the *Advocate's* usual. After the exertion involved on the preparation of this our Harvard friend takes his summer vacation.

It's getting rather late in the year to tell jokes on the Freshmen but we must honor them with a closing anecdote before they turn Sophs. The following conversation was heard between two of '76:

1st Fresh.—"I say, I think you'd better fork over those cigars. I rather think I've got that bet about the Seniors wearing hoods down to St. Lukes'."

2nd Fresh.—"How do you make that out; didn't they wear them?"

1st Fresh.—"That's too thin. Of course they didn't. Every one of them was as bareheaded as when he was born!"

The hurry and the anxiety which these few days before commencement heaps upon the seniors has found some pleasant episodes in the delightful manner in which the class has lately been entertained.

On Thursday the class spent a very 'pleasant evening at the house of Dr. Falk, were amidst the singing and the merriment with which the house was made to ring, all became perfectly at home and engaged themselves to their utmost. During the evening they received a visit from the Juniors who made the Doctor a visit, not being able to resist the temptation which such an opportunity afforded.

The breakfast which the Warden annually gives to the graduating class, was prepared for the Seniors on Saturday morning. At which time the sterner aspect of the college library relapsed into the beaming hospitable look of a dining room. Nothing that could make the breakfast a charming one was left undone. The table was decked with flowers and supplied with the daintiest of viands, and graced (we need hardly say) with guests who knew how to enjoy it.

We are glad to find that our suggestion in the last MERCURY, regarding the metrical roll call, meets with the approval of the institution. A Grammar School boy has sent us in the following roll of the

SIXTH FORM.

Kleine, Sally, Deacon, Tabby;  
 Cog and Ned—genteely shabby;  
 Saxy, Tooly, Growler, Pap,  
 Al, the President and Cap,  
 Jack, ye Fish eye, Flip and Brock,  
 Levering, Clark and Billy Brooke,  
 Athy, Juny, Mac and Maby  
 And little Greeny, the Sixth Form baby.

VACATION LOCALS.

—To describe the loneliness that pervaded the campus and the college buildings on Thursday evening is beyond the power of our exhausted pen. Everything seemed to feel it, and everything seemed changed. As we came over the style and stepped on the campus just about sunset we looked about for some mortal with whom to share the desolation. The gophers were sunning themselves as usual in the rays of the evening sun, (poetry) and as the bank swallows sped swiftly along on their uncertain career about the college lawns we imagined they felt the change as much as we did, and were hunting in despair for some grammar school boy who would be kind enough to come and dig them out. The chapel bell and the college clock alone bear all this desolation with calm indifference, the former feels bound to rejoice with religious fervor, (out of politeness to the authorities, we suppose,) and the latter is so doleful in term time that it despairs of being more so in vacation. This jargon may bring upon us the charge of being sentimental. We only ask the charitable allowance which is due to our present situation.

But we did have some amusement Thursday evening. We were just going out for a walk in the grave-yard to see what was going on and to have some fun, when we saw P——p coning back from the Junction extensively equipped with valises, satchels, band boxes and a few trunks. The story is short. The Western Union Railroad had changed its time-table. P——p had too much baggage to make it worth while to run after the train. He stayed here all night, "and yet he was not happy."

—The dearth of Grammar School boys on the Campus, has been supplied in a measure by the number of young rag-muffins who prowl around the grounds in search of booty. One of these youngsters succeeded in getting far enough into Taylor Hall to run in the way of Bernard. He came near getting booty with a vengeance.

So far we believe nothing has been captured but a five cent pen holder, and a couple of tickets to the Senior Concert. The selection of these, in our opinion, showed very good taste in the youthful darkey who *boned* them, and we are quite willing he should keep them. A feeling of satisfaction creeps over us when we see such evidence that the MERCURY's words about the *Senior Concert* are having their effect.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

Beneath our sanctum window is a "rustic bench." The other evening a youthful victim of the tender passion sought it with his Dulcinea. Of course we would not be so base as to listen, but we could not avoid hearing unless we deserted our sanctum, so we remained in hopeless martyrdom and heard him plead "Be mine! Lean thy lovely head upon this bosom and breathe thy love to me." We could not see but supposed she leaned, and not wanting to breathe just then she — sneezed. Ye gods! Protectress of our dickies! visit that ill-fated youth and cure him of his profanity.—*University Press.*

"Ere your silver cord I loosen,  
 Ere your spirit leave this clay,  
 Pay us up your back subscription,  
 Or prepare your will to-day."—*University Press.*  
 That's about the way we feel.—EDS.

HARVARD COLLEGE.—The graduating exercises at Harvard College took place on the 25th ult., the outgoing class numbering this year one hundred and thirty. The alumni dinner followed in the afternoon. Judge E. R. Hoar presided, and began his speech by alluding humorously to his futile attempts at finding persons to respond to the toasts. The interesting fact was stated that the five representatives of America at the Geneva Tribunal were all graduates, either of Harvard or Yale.

VASSAR COLLEGE.—A very large number of ladies and gentlemen attended the closing exercises at Vassar College last week, which were highly interesting. The graduating class numbers forty young women. On Tuesday the board of Trustees held their annual meeting, when Bishop Huntington, of the Diocese of Syracuse, Howard Crosby, and R. J. White, were elected trustees. An appropriation of \$1,000 was made for the purchase of a collection of photographs, illustrating the history of painting, sculpture and architecture, from the earliest times to the present.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.—The fifth Commencement of Cornell University was held on Thursday, June 26th. The graduating class numbered exactly one hundred. No honorary degrees of any sort were conferred.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—The Commencement exercises were held on Friday last at St. Peter's Church, in West Twentieth street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. The attendance was unusually large. Bishop Whitehouse, of Illinois, preached the Commencement sermon, and diplomas were awarded to twenty-two graduates.

Rev. Andrew Oliver, D.D., has been elected Professor of Biblical Learning and Interpretation of Scripture in the P. E. Theological Seminary; and the Rev. Wm. J. Seabury, Charles and Elizabeth Ludlow, Professor of Ecclesiastical Polity and Law.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, the following statement in regard to the finances of the Seminary, was made: The value of real estate is \$542,000; personal property, \$124,513; total assets, \$666,513. The estimated expenses for the coming year are \$24,050, and the estimated income is \$25,763.28. The expenditures during the past year have exceeded the estimate, \$2,556.99, in consequence of repairs in the Seminary buildings. The receipts last year were \$34,320.27; the expenses, \$33,059.99. There have been twenty-seven applications for admission to the Seminary next October. The report of the Faculty showed that there are sixty-four students in all, twenty-two being in the Senior Class, twenty-six in the Middle Class, and sixteen in the Junior Class.—*New York Observer*.

Vassar students must be very smart for their age according to their own account. In the class statistics the seniors are with one exception under eighteen years of age. Several of them have been but sixteen from the time of their admission, four years ago!—*Trinity Tablet*.

Union, we believe, claims one of the raciest of college anecdotes as her special property. The late Professor Gillespie, so the story runs, had the degree of LL.D. conferred on him twice in one summer, by two admiring and appreciative commencements; and he was at loss how to

dispose of the double honor, until mathematics, of which the Professor knew a thing or two, came to his aid, when he promptly proceeded to "reduce the equation," and signed himself L4.D2.—*Ex*.

The following amusing incident is said to have happened in the Junior Class: The Professor noticed a small package passing around and whenever opened the event elicited loud shouts of laughter. The Professor took it up and asked in a humorous way: "*Quid est hoc?*" The question was answered in the same manner, "*Hoc est quid?*" and upon opening it a *quid* of tobacco was found nestling cosily in a bed of cotton.—*Ex*.

CHEMISTRY.—*Prof.*—"Mr. ———, please hand me that ewer."

*Student.*—"Sir?"

*Prof.*—"That ewer there."

*Student.*—"Yes, sir, I'm here."

*Prof.* (getting his bile riled.)—"On the table."

*Student.*—"On the table?"

*Prof.* (bile very much riled.)—"Don't you see that ewer on the table?"

*Student.*—"I ain't on the table!"

*Prof.* (ready to bust.)—"Cant you see that ewer full of A. S.?"

*Student* feels greatly insulted and leaves the room to lay before the President his grievances.

*Prof.* very much discomfitted, goes for the ewer himself.

*Prof. of astronomy to superetherial Junior.*—"What have you learned about the constellations?" *Junior*—"In the incipient state of the evanescent stars I wended my way by these stellar lights to the north side of the university and pensively gazed heavenward, remarking—"

*Prof.*—"That will do."—*Vidette*.

Yale College held its one hundred and seventy-third commencement on Thursday, June 26th. Of the graduating class, which numbered 113, fifteen delivered orations.

"No one can accuse me of not having a *stable bosom*" said a Fresh, as he crammed a "horse" under his vest when he heard a rap at his door.—*Madisonensis*.

A Junior thus writes in his diary after "turning in" at a rather unseasonable hour:

Oh, the luscious osculations  
Of to-night's manipulations,  
With Mary Jane;  
Elijan-like I felt translated  
To some blissfull, better land;  
Where lovers met, and loved and mated,  
Joined in hope, and heart and hand.  
But the thought that's now supernal,  
Is, how her ma, in garb nocturnal,  
Appeared, and like some ghost infernal  
Crushed out my hope so fresh and vernal,  
By telling me I'd better turn all  
Hope to flight and nevermore  
Insert my corpus through her door.  
Not a nickel cared her mother  
For the many tears I shed,  
But told me I might go to thunder,  
And Mary Jane might go to bed.

*University Reporter.*

# College Mercury

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

## RACINE COLLEGE—COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

### 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.

CHORUS:

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 echos 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 boning;  
 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.

### SUNDAY, JULY 6.

#### Baccalaureate Sermon

Will be preached at St. Luke's church in town, 11.00 A. M. by the Rev. Dr. Hodges, Rector of St. Paul's church, Baltimore.

### MONDAY, JULY 7.

#### LARRABEE

## Prize Exhibition

CLASS OF '74.

Monday, July 7th, 1873, 3 o'clock P. M.

#### ORATIONS.

- |  |                 |
|--|-----------------|
| Woman in the last Two Centuries,       | A. S. Caldwell. |
| The Heroism of the Nineteenth Century, | C. E. Carlisle  |
| The Present Civilization,              | G. R. McDowell. |
| Popularity and Fame,                   | Wm. Morrall.    |
| American Princes,                      | E. G. Richmond. |
| The Responsibilities of Journalism,    | W. D. Tilden.   |

The exhibition will conclude with an exercise in reading.

RACINE COLLEGE  
STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE DINING HALL,

Monday, July 7th, 8 o'clock p. m.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

The Celebrated Music introduced in the Tragedy of Macbeth -  
By MATTHEW LOCKE, (died 1673)

PART II. (MISCELLANEOUS.)

- CHORUS, "Hail to the Chief" - - - BISHOP.
- GLEE, "From Oberon in Fairyland" STEVENS.
- QUARTET, "Springs Delights" - - - MÜLLER.
- PART SONG, "The Dream" - - - STEWART.
- SONG, "Tell me my heart" - - - BISHOP.
- PART SONG, "The long grass ripples" - STEWART.
- QUARTET and } "The Silver Queen" BISHOP.
- CHORUS, }
- GLEE, "Where art thou beam of light?" BISHOP.
- PART SONG, "The Dawn of Day" - - - REAY.

TUESDAY, JULY 8.

REUNION DAY.

- Service 12.30 P.M.
- Dinner 1.30. Presentation of Cricket and Base Ball
- Prizes, 2.30.
- Meeting of Trustees, 8.00.

CLASS DAY,



Class Play of '73.

IN GYMNASIUM, AT 10:30 A. M.

On the Lawn,

At 4 o'clock P. M.

Order of Exercises.

- MUSIC.
- President's Address, H. S. Gault.
- MUSIC.
- Ivy Oration, G. W. Ball.
- MUSIC.
- Poem, N. Strong.
- MUSIC.
- Lat Oration, D. P. Safford.
- MUSIC.
- Class Farewell.
- MUSIC.



CLASS FAREWELL.

How vainly seeks th' o'erflowing heart  
 In human words its grief to tell  
 When friends and scenes we love, depart,  
 How feebly sounds the last Farewell.

But time spares none, nor stays his hand,  
 The thronging hours swiftly fly  
 And nod and beckon as we stand  
 To bid our College days good bye.

O comrades, soon our place to take,  
 O friends so dear and tried and true,  
 Though breasts may yearn and hearts may ache,  
 To one and all we bid adieu.

And ye, who on our winding way  
 The erring step have trained aright,  
 Be ever thus, a guide by day,  
 A beacon through the troubled night.

And when with each out-passing year  
 The forms of others thus you see,  
 And listen as they gather here,  
 Then sometimes think of Seventy-three.

O Alma Mater, mother dear,  
 In vain we strive our thoughts to tell—  
 We can but raise our voice in song,  
 And breathe a last and fond Farewell !  
 WILLOW-WOOD.

Class of '73.

Orchestral Concert

BELLE CITY HALL,

Tuesday, July 8th, 1873,

8 O'CLOCK P. M.

Prof. Ch. Bach, Director.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE, *Le Roi D' Yvetot*, - - - ADAM.
2. ON THE BEAUTIFUL RHINE, *Waltz*, KELER BELA.
3. SOUNDS FROM THE MICHIGAN SEA, - CH. BACH.  
 (Duet for Violins.)  
 Executed by CH. BACH and GUSTAV BACH, JR.
4. QUARTET FOR TROMBONES, - - - FRICKE.
5. FINALE FROM THE OPERA *Asiolo*, - E. BACH.

PART II.

6. OVERTURE, *Der Freischütz*, - C. M. v. WEBER.
7. QUARTET FOR STRING INSTRUMENTS,  
*Night-song* - - - - - J. VOGHT.

8. FANTASIE POLKA with echo for Trumpet, CH. BACH.

Executed by Mr. A. HOYER.

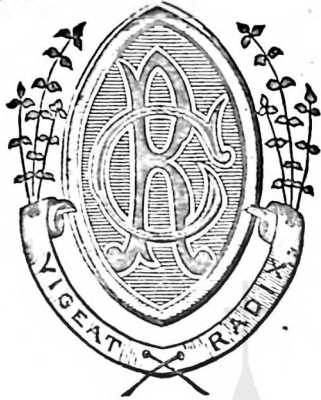
7. LE REVEIL DU LION, (*Caprice Heroique*) KONTSKY.

10. MARCH from the Opera *Tannhauser*, R. WAGNER.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9.

ROLL OF HONOR.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT



Racine College,

Wednesday, July 9th, 1873, 2:30 P. M.

Order of Exercises.

MARCH.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Oratio Salutatoria—Seculum Librorum - - - Acton T. Fox.

Oration—Labor and Capital - - - Edgar Everhart,

MUSIC.

Oration—American Character and Responsibility Ed. A. Larrabee.

Oration—The Present Age - - - William K. Benton.

MUSIC.

Oration—True Nobility Frank P. Bump.

Oration—Happiness William C. Edwards.

MUSIC.

READING OF ENGLISH PRIZE ESSAY.

Awarding of Prizes and Presentation of Medals.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

MUSIC.

Valedictory Oration - - - Aquilla Jones.

Awarding of Quintard Medal.

BENEDICTION

MARCH.

Warden's Reception and Class Party, 8 o'clock.

CRICKET AND BASE BALL VICTORIES

FOR

1873.

The Glaphigon Cup.

WON BY BADGER FIRST ELEVEN.

The Hector's Cup.

WON BY BADGER SECOND ELEVEN.

Head Master's Cup.

WON BY BADGER THIRD ELEVEN.

The Perfect's Cup.

WON BY CLARKSON FOURTH ELEVEN.

The Beech's Cup.

WON BY BADGER FIFTH ELEVEN.

The Spruitage Cup.

WON BY CLARKSON FIRST NINE.

The Quintard Cup.

WON BY CLARKSON SECOND NINE.

The Appleby Cup.

WON BY BADGER THIRD NINE.

The Jugrum Cup.

WON BY BADGER FOURTH NINE.

The Glass of '70 Cup.

WON BY BADGER FIFTH NINE.

The largest number of runs in a first Eleven match, entitling the name of the player to a place on the prize bat was made by

F. MARTIN

of the Badger 1st Eleven, score 34.



"HAEC PLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XIII.

RACINE COLLEGE, JULY 19, 1873.—COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

EXTRA.

"THE NEW DEPARTURE."

Argument. Libra, the constellation of the Scales, who presided over the natal hour of Seventy-Three and guides all their mundane affairs, transforms to heavenly music the thunder of applause which ascends from the "solemn conclave," which is deliberating upon the exercises for class day, whereupon the other constellations and denizens of the etherial regions, turn their attention to earth to ascertain the origin of the sounds which so please them, and are no less pleased at the step which Seventy-Three is on the point of taking.

The wheels of Time had onward rolled their way,  
(Thus poets always start their rhymes, they say,)  
And Sol, amidst the fish with wiggling tails,  
(You see my fund of reference never fails,)  
Was hurrying on. When lo! where Libra fair  
Shone forth upon the view, (a sight quite rare  
And seldom seen, save by immortal eyes,)  
Strange wondrous sounds were heard. As mortal cries  
Foretell some coming act of weal or woe,  
So now the immortal minds the cause to know  
Of Libra's joy gave ear. Now Libra's power  
Had ruled when "Seventy-Three" was born and far  
Beyond the present marked each adverse star,—  
Each day and hour a watchful care had kept

ERRATA.

Owing to careless proof reading the following errors have crept into this issue:

P. 576, for *pocularum* read *poculorum*; p. 578, for *diversion*, read *diversities*; p. 580, for *Julien* read *Julian*; for *Mr. Robt. W. Loring* read *Mr. Robt. W. Laing*; for *M. R. Benton* read *W. K. Benton*; for *Macgrane Cox* read *Macgrane Cox*; for *Walter Parker* read *Walter Resor*.

THEY FOUND THE TRUTH THEY SOUGHT.

In deep and silent conclave "Seventy-Three"  
Were gathered, silent all, save one, and he,  
With wisdom's winged words of truth, thus spoke;  
"No more, my classmates tread this path, too old  
To give us aught to save what the past has told,  
To us belongs the right, to us the power is given,  
Then why should not these ancient bonds be riven?  
Shall we sing o'er in old and time-worn strain,  
The same old tune, and tell the tale again,  
Where History's page and Prophet's winking leer  
In vain now seek to charm? Our dear  
Old class,—shall it too, join the endless throng  
Of those who've gone before, and sing its song,  
And say its say,—then be fore'er forgot?  
Oh class-mates, brothers, hear me; *It shall not!*  
Let dim oblivion rather take the tale  
Which ne'er was told, than, sneering, fell the frail  
And tottering structure, which we else must raise.  
Cannot the mem'ries of the happy days  
We love so well, find elsewhere rest and fame,  
Than writ on History's page? The future name  
Which we must win, what mortal tongue can tell?  
The Prophets' voice, tho' fair it sounds and well,  
Lies far, too far, from truth. Let there be sought  
Some newer path. Who'll give the wanting thought?"

He ceased. Another rising took his place,  
And marking well each earnest, anxious face,  
These words began: "Let Prophets go, the knaves!  
They know not, nor yet care,—so we be slaves  
To cunning tales—what future days must bring.  
They lie! Their honeyed accent's doubtful ring  
Appalls the ear! Dismiss them! Let them go;  
Then what remains? Our college years o'erflow  
With teeming hordes of scenes, and sights and songs—  
Sure some remembrance to the past belongs!  
Since Hist'ry's page cannot our life portray,  
Why not embalm it in a four act play?"

He ceased, and loud and long the fierce applause  
Rolled forth and upwards, and became the cause  
Of heaven's wonder. For well Libra knew  
The deed to come. And o'er its discord threw  
A power which soon its earthly shape transformed,  
To that strange music which all heaven had charmed.  
The step just hailed above with such delight,  
Was soon completed; and when silent night  
Took the lingering day, and rose the song,  
"Virgin and the Scales," and chantings long  
"Fish with wiggling tails," the work was done,  
Widest heaven hailed with highest glee  
THE NEW DEPARTURE of our Seventy-Three.

From "Class Play."

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

SUNDAY—EARLY COMMUNION.

Commencement week was begun with the early chapel  
7.30, and the celebration of the Holy Com-

The full choral service began with the entrance of the surpliced choir, who led by the crucifer came into the chapel singing the hymn "Just as I am." Though always so beautiful, the service was on this last Sunday of the year doubly solemn and impressive. It needs no description here, because in the outward beauty of its ritual it was only what we have all so often seen before. While as for that which especially marked it on this occasion,—its solemnity as a communion where so many whom college life has endeared to each other, knelt together for the last time—we leave it the memories of those by whom alone its remembrance can be rightly treasured.

SERVICE AT ST. LUKE'S AND BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

No one could have wished a more beautiful day for the initiatory exercises of Commencement week, than was brought with Sunday.

The warm and dusty walk to St. Luke's, which the experience of previous commencement weeks had taught us to look upon as the inevitable accompaniment of Baccalaureate Sunday, met on this occasion its first exception. And if we cannot yet call the march down town a strictly enjoyable performance, we can safely say, that the cool



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EXTRA.

"THE NEW DEPARTURE."

Argument. Libra, the constellation of the Scales, who presided over the natal hour of Seventy-Three and guides all their mundane affairs, transforms to heavenly music the thunder of applause which ascends from the "solemn conclave," which is deliberating upon the exercises for class day, whereupon the other constellations and denizens of the ethereal regions, turn their attention to earth to ascertain the origin of the sounds which so please them, and are no less pleased at the step which Seventy-Three is on the point of taking.

The wheels of Time had onward rolled their way,  
(Thus poets always start their rhymes, they say,)  
And Sol, amidst the fish with wiggling tails,  
(You see my fund of reference never fails,)  
Was hurrying on. When lo! where Libra fair  
Shone forth upon the view, (a sight quite rare  
And seldom seen, save by immortal eyes,)  
Strange wondrous sounds were heard. As mortal cries  
Foretell some coming act of weal or woe,  
So now the immortal minds the cause to know  
Of Libra's joy gave ear. Now Libra's power  
Had ruled when "Seventy-Three" was born and far  
Beyond the present marked each adverse star,—  
Each day and hour a watchful care had kept,  
And ruled and watched the while all others slept.  
Nor was this kindly power bestowed unknown,  
On those in whom its greatest works were shown;  
For while they sang "The Virgin and the Scales"  
And chanted too, "The Fish with wiggling tails,"  
Yet every heart knew well, (for all could see)  
'Twas Libra ruled the day with "Seventy-Three."  
When therefore thro' the silent azure skies  
The music stole, at once the wondering eyes  
Of all in heaven above sought out the cause  
In Libra's favorite charge. The well known laws  
Of mortal sight were here of course at fault,  
And thus full soon they found the truth they sought.

In deep and silent conclave "Seventy-Three"  
Were gathered, silent all, save one, and he,  
With wisdom's winged words of truth, thus spoke;  
"No more, my classmates tread this path, too old  
To give us aught to save what the past has told.  
To us belongs the right, to us the power is given,  
Then why should not these ancient bonds be riven?  
Shall we sing o'er in old and time-worn strain,  
The same old tune, and tell the tale again,  
Where History's page and Prophet's winking leer  
In vain now seek to charm? Our dear  
Old class,—shall it too, join the endless throng  
Of those who've gone before, and sing its song,  
And say its say,—then be fore'er forgot?  
Oh class-mates, brothers, hear me; *It shall not!*  
Let dim oblivion rather take the tale  
Which ne'er was told, than, sneering, fell the frail  
And tottering structure, which we else must raise.  
Cannot the mem'ries of the happy days  
We love so well, find elsewhere rest and fame,  
Than writ on History's page? The future name  
Which we must win, what mortal tongue can tell?  
The Prophets' voice, tho' fair it sounds and well,  
Lies far, too far, from truth. Let there be sought  
Some newer path. Who'll give the wanting thought?"

He ceased. Another rising took his place,  
And marking well each earnest, anxious face,  
These words began: "Let Prophets go, the knaves!  
They know not, nor yet care,—so we be slaves  
To cunning tales—what future days must bring.  
They lie! Their honeyed accent's doubtful ring  
Appalls the ear! Dismiss them! Let them go;  
Then what remains? Our college years o'erflow  
With teeming hordes of scenes, and sights and songs—  
Sure some remembrance to the past belongs!  
Since Hist'ry's page cannot our life portray,  
Why not embalm it in a four act play?"

He ceased, and loud and long the fierce applause  
Rolled forth and upwards, and became the cause  
Of heaven's wonder. For well Libra knew  
The deed to come. And o'er its discord threw  
A power which soon its earthly shape transformed,  
To that strange music which all heaven had charmed.  
The step just hailed above with such delight,  
Was soon completed; and when silent night  
O'ertook the lingering day, and rose the song,  
"The Virgin and the Scales," and chantings long  
To the "Fish with wiggling tails," the work was done,  
And widest heaven hailed with highest glee  
*The NEW DEPARTURE of our Seventy-Three.*

*From "Class Play."*

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

SUNDAY—EARLY COMMUNION.

Commencement week was begun with the early chapel service at 7.30, and the celebration of the Holy Communion.

The full choral service began with the entrance of the surpliced choir, who led by the crucifer came into the chapel singing the hymn "Just as I am." Though always so beautiful, the service was on this last Sunday of the year doubly solemn and impressive. It needs no description here, because in the outward beauty of its ritual it was only what we have all so often seen before. While as for that which especially marked it on this occasion,—its solemnity as a communion where so many whom college life has endeared to each other, knelt together for the last time—we leave it the memories of those by whom alone its remembrance can be rightly treasured.

SERVICE AT ST. LUKE'S AND BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

No one could have wished a more beautiful day for the initiatory exercises of Commencement week, than was brought with Sunday.

The warm and dusty walk to St. Luke's, which the experience of previous commencement weeks had taught us to look upon as the inevitable accompaniment of Baccalaureate Sunday, met on this occasion its first exception. And if we cannot yet call the march down town a strictly enjoyable performance, we can safely say, that the cool

breeze of this Sunday, and the freshness which everything had received from recent rain, made it as nearly pleasant as it ever can be.

The Choir, students, graduating class and clergy, formed in the usual order shortly before ten, and at ten o'clock the procession moved toward town. The service began at eleven o'clock. The choir and clergy, after robing in the chapel adjoining, entered the church by the main door singing, as a Processional, hymn 232 to the music of Sullivan. The service was the same as is usually sung on Sundays. Sullivan's *Te Deum* was sung and the *Nicene Creed* to the music recently learned. The *Litany* was intoned by Dr. Hodges. The only music prepared expressly for the occasion was the Anthem taken from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. It consisted of the duet for tenor and bass, "Now we are Ambassadors," which was sung by Rev. Prof. Hinsdale and Mr. Rowe, and the chorus, "How lovely are the messengers" which was very well done by the choir and music classes.

The Rev. Dr. Hodges, who preached the Baccalaureate sermon, took his text from the 1 John, 11, xiv. "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." He alluded to the tone in which young men are too frequently addressed on such occasions; to the stress which the preacher is so wont to place upon the *weakness* and *frailty* of youth in its struggle against the wicked one. He chose to look at a brighter side. The Apostle wrote to young men because they were *strong*, and as strong he also might address them, because the Christian youth of to-day, and the young men to whom the apostle addressed his words differed only accidentally. He looked with confidence at the armor in which the Church had clothed all to whom he spoke, and at the watchful training with which she sent them out into the world; and in bidding them to meet and overcome the wicked one, he would send them to the battle as the general sends his soldiers, with words only of confidence and of encouragement. The earnestness and sympathy with which every word was spoken, made the sermon doubly impressive, and there is many a heart in which it will long be cherished.

After the closing collects and benediction the choir and clergy followed by the students passed out of church while the 393d hymn was sung as a Recessional.

The church was well filled, every seat being taken. The entire service was beautifully done, and not only reflected the greatest credit upon the Choir master's preparation for it, but the highest praise as well upon the care taken by the singers, and in particular the members of the choir, from its beginning to its close.

#### SINGING ON THE LAWN.

The custom of singing on the lawn which had its birth last year when the evenings permitted the Sunday receptions to be held out of doors, was not forgotten this evening.

While students, professors, ladies and visitors were gathered on the Campus north of Taylor Hall, the choir, whom Mr. Rowe had assembled in a group by themselves, sang some of the favorite chapel hymns, and ended by forming in procession and singing a processional hymn while they marched to the place where the Warden was sitting, to bid him good night. So the first day of com-

mencement week ended with one of those happy features of our college home which from their very simplicity find a permanent place in the hearts of those who bid Racine good bye.

#### MONDAY.

##### JUNIOR ORATIONS FOR THE LARRABEE PRIZE.

Promptly at 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon the six members of the Junior class who were to contend for the Larrabee Prize, were in their places on dais of the Dining Hall, which had been put in readiness for the occasion. The six speakers were selected from the rest of the class for their oratory during the year, and were in order of speaking: Mr. A. S. Caldwell, Mr. C. E. Carlisle, Mr. Gerald R. McDowell, Mr. William Morrall, Mr. E. G. Richmond and Mr. William D. Tilden.

The exercises consisted of the orations and a reading, but on this occasion the usual order was reversed, and the reading was finished before the first oration was begun. The passages read were selected from Prescott's description of the siege of Malta.

As far as the exercise in reading is concerned, we were best pleased with the performances of Mr. McDowell and Mr. Carlisle. The reading of all the rest was good, but in every case except these two there were faults either in articulation, enunciation or in the voice itself, which seriously impaired the performance, and was attended either with such indistinctness as demands an effort on the part of the audience, or what is as bad, that kind of distinctness which costs too visible an effort on the part of the reader himself.

In the reading of Mr. Carlisle and still more so in that of Mr. McDowell, both reader and listener were at perfect ease. They were the two, we think, whom any one wishing to be read to, would have selected.

Mr. Caldwell's oration, "Woman in the last two centuries," was well written, and in very many respects admirably done. His appearance on the stage was natural and easy, and he had the merit of speaking at the same time with spirit and deliberation. His gestures were natural and spontaneous, but in our judgment too energetic at times, and perhaps too numerous.

Mr. Carlisle's oration on "Heroism of the 19th century," was delivered in a quiet, conversational manner. Some timidity was discernable in the speaker at first, there was at one time a slight hesitation, and we thought we saw faults in gesticulation; but it was remarkably "taking" nevertheless, and his performance has been highly spoken of.

Mr. McDowell next took his place on the stage, and with the exception of a slight hesitation, went through his oration on "The present Civilization" in the same easy manner in which he had read. The speech had been committed in a marvelously short time, and though his memory served him faithfully, the oration was not delivered as it would have been had he been more familiar with it.

Mr. Morrall's oration, "Popularity and Fame" was delivered with great spirit, and was marked by clear enunciation and good emphasis and inflection. It was an admirable performance in very many respects.

Mr. Edward Richmond's oration was entitled "American Princes." Through some faults into which this gen-

tleman fell in his elocution, his speech was not delivered in a manner which its composition merited. Owing to the fault of not separating his teeth sufficiently he fell into an indistinctness of articulation which the very loud tone of voice he constantly employed failed to remedy. As a consequence his delivery left the impression of unnecessary and too evident strain in the use of his voice. In spite of this the speech had its merits.

Mr. Tilden's oration on the "Responsibilities of Journalism" was delivered in a manner which merited and received much commendation. Like Mr. Caldwell he is very easy on the stage, but by a too rapid delivering fell short, we think, of the excellence he might have attained.

The Larrabee prize was awarded at the commencement to Mr. Morrall whose reading and oration was judged by the committee to have merited it the most fairly. Honorable mention was made of Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Tilden.

STUDENTS' CONCERT.

No event of commencement week was anticipated with more pleasure than the Students' Concert, which was given on Monday evening in the dining hall.

The well known success which attended the Concert when given as a first experiment last year, and the high tones of praise in which it has since been so constantly alluded to by all who heard it, insured for its first anniversary a more brilliant triumph, and secured for it a large audience well capable of appreciating it.

No pains had been spared by Mr. Rowe in endeavoring to make the concert an improvement upon that of last year, and when we say that his efforts were successful, we think we are reflecting upon him and the undertaking which he has carried on, the highest compliment he could receive.

The Macbeth music, with orchestral accompaniment, introduced into our singing an entirely new feature. The music was difficult, and the manner in which each part was sung, gave evidence of much thorough and careful training. We distinguished a lack of perfect sympathy between the orchestra and the singers, but it was only what one could readily make allowance for, on the consideration that the players and singers had but one rehearsal together.

The glees and part songs were admirably done, and called forth much enthusiastic applause. The effect of a chorus so well drilled and so perfectly under the command of the baton, as that which Mr. Rowe was able to exhibit is grand in the extreme. We regret that space will not allow us to give to each of the pieces the particular notice it deserves. "The Silver Queen," and "Where art Thou beam of light?" were, to our ears, particularly beautiful.

Of the voice of Mrs. Hinsdale, who favored the audience with a solo, and responded to an encore, we can only reiterate the praises which it there evoked. Her singing, as well as that of Mrs. Bosustow, was the theme of constant admiration. We can only say that it was beautiful, and there we must stop.

We cannot proceed to the consideration of the later events of the week, without offering to Mr. Rowe our sincere congratulations, and expressing our hope and belief that the laurels which he has already won for himself and the classes under his charge, are merely the indication of many more to come.

TUESDAY.

On Tuesday morning at 10.30

THE CLASS PLAY,

So long promised and looked forward to, was finally presented. The meager preparation it received and the hurried manner in which it was gotten up so fully account for its many defects that it is beyond the reach of criticism. We therefore refrain and publish the following extract from the *Racine Advocate* whose account of the whole commencement is by far the best that has been published:

"The play had been written by Norton Strong, whose pseudonym is 'Willow-Wood,' and was intended as a representation of college life as perfect as could be given in an hour and a half. In this respect we think the design of the author was fully accomplished. Had more practice been undergone by the performers the play might have been produced with happier effect; but Wads' gate-stealing with other students' pranks so naturally rendered, and Glat's plea for the young innocent found under the bed when his services were needed in the freshman rush, and his imitation of the female stage-singer of to-day will be pleasantly remembered when the soberer features of commencement week have faded away among things forgotten."

We publish at the head of this issue a poem entitled "The New Departure," which was read in the "Banquet Scene" which will sufficiently explain the motive for which the play was written, while the following dedication taken from the published edition of the play will, we think, throw some light upon another point in its production not, perhaps, generally known:

With Glat and Wads  
To prune and trim  
And guide aright  
Each vagrant whim,—  
'Tis thus and only thus our play  
Has ever reached the light of day.

Though "Willow-Wood"  
Has ta'en the fame  
Which e'er must clothe  
Its writer's name,  
Yet e'en he owns  
A sorry fate  
Would surely his  
Wild efforts wait,  
If Glat and Wads  
With ready wit  
Had not assisted  
Him and it.

'Tis thus he would their toil repay  
And to their credit place the play.

W. W.

We also, by request, add the epilogue:

'Tis o'er.

The four bright years are gone, and now no more  
Their golden tide rolls on in headlong course.

'Tis o'er; the dark'ning shadows fall apace.  
The past, whose sweetly lingering echoes chase  
Athwart dim mem'ry's corridors, alone  
Remains to cheer the heart, all else is gone.  
The past, where all must slumber soon, hath now  
Engulfed another life, which, when the brow  
Is seamed with care and age, full oft shall come  
And call us backward to our four-years home,  
Our Alma Mater dear.

'Tis o'er: no more the pleasures that have been

Return; but as the gloom and twilight gray  
 Set in, beyond the grewsome night, a day  
 Behold, which surely yet must come. Afar,  
 Perchance it lies, nor know we truly ere  
 It comes, what storms may rage. But come it must  
 And in its coming lies our firmest trust.  
 A day of higher aims and joys 't will be,—  
 A day when in the world our Seventy-Three  
 Its name shall win. Then, why on past joys dwell?  
 To these, however dear, we bid farewell;  
 And with this thought to guide us on our way,  
 We bid to all adieu and close our play.

Taken as a whole the play was most certainly a success and although one or two disparaging criticisms have reached our ears, yet the almost universal expression of pleasure with which it has been greeted is, we think, amply sufficient to assure its writer that his labor was not amiss.

#### RE-UNION DAY.

Though Tuesday, the day appointed for the reunion, saw only a few of the old students in their places at Racine, we still had the pleasure of shaking by the hand some of those who have been separated from the college for many years. The names of those who attended the re-union are given elsewhere in this issue. After a short but beautiful choral service in the chapel the Warden in a touching address to the old students warmly welcomed all who had returned to their *Alma Mater*, and in allusion to the discontinuation of the custom of sending special invitations for the re-union, reminded them that *children never wait to be invited to their home*. From the chapel all adjourned at once to the collation in the Dining Hall, where after partaking of the refreshments which were there in readiness, the flower, choir, and spelling prizes were awarded, and everyone entered with whole souled interest into the mirth and excitement attending the

#### DISTRIBUTION OF CRICKET AND BASE BALL PRIZES.

This proceeding is always attended with much mirth and good-natured Badger and Clarkson animosity. It has for a great many commencements been the merriest event of the week. Coming as it does in the midst of the pomp and ceremonial that is crowded into these few days of commencement time, it has long afforded an admirable opportunity for the assembled dignity and reverence to unbend for a time and "go out to play." The proceedings on this occasion, however, were even more animated and frolicsome than usual.

The Bishops and clergy, whose sympathies on one side or the other are the strongest and best known, were all present. The Badger honor was upheld by the veteran defender Dr. Locke, (who has served so long and faithfully on these occasions that he thinks it a mistake that his degree is not "Doctor Pocularum,") and was also maintained with great success by the Bishop of the Diocese. The Clarkson cause rested mainly in the hands of its time-honored champion the Bishop of Indiana. There were many others on the dais whom either side might have summoned to its defense, but the fewness of the cups that were formally presented made it unnecessary to make use of any of this reserved force.

Before the match game of words began, the scores of the various matches of the year were read, and the announcement of each result duly applauded. After this came the presentation speeches. With these the battle be-

gan, and was carried on with such zeal by the dignitaries on the dais, that one would suppose the real part of the Badger and Clarkson fighting was done in the Dining Hall, and that all the sweat and worry on the campus that had won the games in the first place, was only valuable so far it stimulated the excitement on this great occasion.

If in previous commencement weeks these speeches have been brilliant with wit, they were this year perfectly dazzling and the Dining Hall was shaken with the laughter and applause of the enthusiastic audience.

In the speech in which Dr. Locke presented the Clarkson Cup to the First Eleven Badgers, he kept the well-filled hall in a roar of laughter. Bishop Armitage, who though a Badger was obliged to present his own cup to the Clarkson club, did it with constant allusions to Badger magnanimity which were received by the Badger element with storms of applause. "Why," said he, "the college itself constantly testifies to the transcendent greatness of the Badgers. You see it in the very choice of colors that mark the degrees in the hoods. As you pass from the comparative insignificance of B.A. to higher degrees, a tinge of the Badger color gradually insinuates itself across the purple background, until with a D.D. you have reached the highest degree which the college confers it glows forth triumphantly in the glorious red!" "You see it," he continued, "in the college motto itself, '*Vigeat Radix*.' Translate it, and what does it mean but 'Let the reddish flourish!' Bishop Talbot, as he ever is, was well equal to the trust of upholding the Clarkson side, and the repartee which he is said to have used in private, was here made to serve him in public with wonderful effect. It certainly deserved repetition. Dr. Locke on a previous occasion, had offered a proof of the greater antiquity of the Badgers, the testimony of the scripture that the tabernacle was covered with "Badger skins dyed red." Bishop Talbot reminded him of the remark, and replied that there were Clarksons there before them who did the "skinning," and that they probably skinned the Badgers so effectually that Badger skins were the commonest thing in the world.

After leaving the Dining Hall the students and guests scattered themselves about the grounds until the bell summoned them to the lawn near the chapel, where preparations had been made for the

#### CLASS-DAY EXERCISES.

As the class filed out from the east entrance to Taylor Hall and took their place in a semicircle on a large platform prepared for them, the sight was well worth seeing and will doubtless live in the minds of those who beheld it long after '73 has become a thing of the past. No less striking was the scene that followed, and when Mr. Gault, in the pause that followed the music with which the exercises were opened, rose to deliver the president's address,—surrounded by the well known forms of those who have been so long with us,—the light breeze just lifting the rich foliage which closed them in on all sides, through which momentary glimpses of the sunny campus with all its varied associations stole upon the view, the thought must have risen in many a mind 'how strangely all things favored the closing hours of those who have so long been our *Alma Mater's* favorite class.' The exercises themselves may best be described by reference to account of class day which appeared in the *Chicago Times* :

"At 4 P.M. a large assembly gathered on the campus to hear the regular class exercises, Mr. Frank S. Gault, President of the class, in the chair. The exercises of the day were opened with music by Bach's band. Mr. Frank Gault then delivered an able and eloquent address.

"He spoke of the custom of celebrating class-day, of the joy and happiness that fills the heart of each at the thought of receiving that reward for which they have toiled during the years that are gone, and the sadness of the parting so near at hand. Mr. Gault concluded with a touching farewell to his classmates and the faculty.

"After music Mr. George W. Ball delivered the Ivy Oration. 'In accordance with an ancient and time-honored custom of graduating classes to leave behind them some memorial, we are in duty bound to follow their example.

"'We plant our ivy chiefly as a bond, which hereafter is to unite us as a class, and as it encircles around the sacred walls of our chapel, so may the class of '73 ever bear in mind its teachings, and may it be symbolical of the future course that awaits us all, and amid whatever cares and vicissitudes we labor, all our hopes and desires may center around our mother church that she may become to us in all things both our guide and counsel.'

"Mr. Strong then read the 'Class Poem.'

"In accordance with an old custom at Racine college Mr. D. P. Safford delivered the 'Hat Oration,' and presented the silver hat to the present Junior class. He said this hat was meant to designate a high degree of intellectual culture, a deep insight into every branch of learning, and a masterly power of penetrating the hidden resources of knowledge.

"Mr. H. Canfield, in behalf of the incoming Senior class, in a short and appropriate address, received the hat."

After the singing of the "Class Farewell" the exercises were closed with music, and class-day with all its 'griefs and joys' was over.

THE CLASS CONCERT.

(Says the *Advocate* whom we again call to our assistance,) "Was held in Belle City Hall at 8 o'clock, evening. Nothing we could say would give an idea of the performance of Bach's orchestra to one who was not present. We were more than ever impressed with Ch. Bach's power as a leader, to which in a great measure is attributable the perfection his musicians have reached. The parts were so equally well rendered that we can give but an imperfect opinion as to which produced the greatest effect. 'Sounds from the Michigan sea,' (duett for two violins) Ch. Bach, and 'Le Reveil du Lion (Caprice Heroique)' Kontsky, came pleasantly to our ears. The Quartette for Trombones, Fricke, and the quartette for string instruments were loudly encored."

With respect to the little matter concerning which we were made the subject of some severe animadversions from the *Journal* not long since, we feel satisfied that our present decision must receive the support of all who beheld the meager attendance from town which was present that evening, over one-half of the audience being made up of visitors at the college, and the sum total coming within the limits of three hundred. As we have remarked in another part of this issue the *Argus* is the only one who seems to have quite understood the exact state of affairs with Racine.

Lack of advertising, &c., cannot possibly be laid at our doors this time and it only remains for us to ascribe the smallness of the receipts to that cause the bare hint of which was so scornfully repelled by our friend the *Journal*.

WEDNESDAY.

Commencement proper began at 2.30 P.M. with an imposing procession, which with all its appropriate ceremonial is best described in the words of the *Chicago Times*:

"At 2 o'clock the students of the several departments, to the number of 200, assembled in the chapel and formed a procession, and proceeded *en masse* to the hall, Bach's band playing a march. The procession was headed by the Warden, Rev. James DeKoven, D. D., followed by Rev. Edward B. Spaulding, A. M., Rt. Rev. Bishop W. E. Armitage, of Wisconsin; Rt. Rev. Bishop Talbot, of Indiana; Rev. Drs. Tustin, Ashley, Cole, Locke, Hodges, Keene, Spaulding, Clark, Elmendorf, Falk, Everhart, Stocking; Rev. Messrs. Kinney, Bishop, Sullivan, Bradley, Van Deusen, Hayward, Knowles, Pitts, Piper, Converse, Averill, Spaulding, Wheeler, Sutton, Rev. Dr. Warren, Rev. Messrs. Hinsdale, Benedict, Lance, Bradley, Durlin, Hon. Sen. Doolittle, and J. Y. Scammon.

The graduating class occupied seats reserved near the platform. The present class is the largest, and, in many respects, the finest class ever graduated at Racine College.

The hall was filled to its utmost capacity with the admiring friends of the *venerable* seniors. Among the numerous visitors, one might observe faces from almost every state in the Union."

The exercises were opened with prayer by the Bishop of the diocese. After the music, which then followed, Mr. Acton Fox began his *oratio salutatoria* the subject of which was "Seculum Librorum." He spoke in too low a voice to be distinctly heard at the further end of the hall. His oration, which was unusually long for a Latin speech, must have been exceedingly difficult to memorize, and indeed, though the speech was impaired by no serious hesitation, the constant effort to which his memory was subjected, was plainly and unpleasantly perceptible. Mr. Fox employed the new Latin pronunciation in delivering his speech, and used it remarkably well except, as we thought, that here, as in the difficulty of remembering already alluded to, effort was not sufficiently concealed.

Mr. Edgar Everhart then delivered his oration on "Labor and Capital." Mr. Everhart's oration called for an animated and energetic delivery. This it certainly received. It was spoken with much spirit, and in a strong, clear voice. It was easily heard in the most remote part of the hall, and from the remarkably good emphasis and inflection which characterized the entire performance every sentence was perfectly intelligible. If Mr. Everhart's delivery had faults they were something of a kindred nature to those in the previous oration. Here again there was some visible effort and strain, not of memory, as in the previous case, but in the use of the voice itself. Faults in this speech, however, were insignificant in comparison with its merits, and Mr. Everhart was deservedly showered with bouquets.

Music was here interposed, after which Mr. E. Larabee delivered an oration on "American Character and Responsibility."\*

\* On the exercises in which they have appeared personally, the editors do not feel it incumbent upon them to offer any criticism.



Mr. William K. Benton next followed with an oration entitled "The Present Age." The oration was finely written, and was delivered in a quiet, easy and graceful manner, which corresponded well with the tone of the speech itself. Mr. Benton's voice was not loud enough for all to receive the benefit of his performance. With a louder voice and more animation, the oration would certainly have been more enjoyed and the delivery itself, we think, greatly improved. Mr. Benton's appearance on the stage was singularly natural and graceful, and his performance, notwithstanding its defects, was considered one of the very finest.

After more music the exercises were resumed with an oration by Mr. F. P. Bump, upon "True Nobility." Mr. Bump's oration was marked by the short pithy sentences which we have noticed as a characteristic of his style in his essays and orations during his college course. The style of his composition necessitated a peculiar style of delivery. He appeared on the stage remarkably cool and collected,—so much so that the dignity which belongs to an oration, ran some risk of being lost in what might be called the "tone of familiarity," that marks his manner. It was received—as strong peculiarities are apt to be—with extreme diversions of taste, but certainly met with considerable applause.

Mr. Wm. C. Edwards succeeded Mr. Bump with an oration on "Happiness." In spite of what we can not help considering a very trite subject, the oration was well written. It was delivered in a louder tone of voice than some of the speakers preceding it, and was spoken with fair inflection. The chief fault of the performance was in the gestures which were sudden and badly timed. Parts of the oration were delivered with considerable spirit, and the performance was well applauded.

After the music which followed at the close of Mr. Edwards' oration came the reading of the Everhart Prize Essay, by Mr. A. T. Fox. It has been to us one of the pleasantest features of Commencement that we have heard nothing but the most perfect satisfaction expressed with regard to the awarding of prizes and honors. We know it to be an exceptional case, inasmuch as we have never beheld it before during a stay of eight years. Nowhere was justice more manifest than in the awarding of the prize just mentioned. For delicacy of perception and nicety of criticism, joined with a style that was graceful and interesting, Mr. Fox's essay was inimitable, and scarcely any one, we think, who heard it, could doubt that the prize was fairly won.

Next after the awarding of the different prizes and honors which are noticed on our last page, came the valedictory oration, by Mr. A. Jones. The delivery of Mr. Jones, as far as manner was concerned, was at the same time dignified and easy, and natural in the extreme, and would, doubtless, have won more favor than that of any of the former speakers, had it not been marred by evident faults in the management and control of the voice. The pitch was ill chosen, producing an unnatural effect in both modulation and enunciation, which detracted greatly from what was, in other respects, one of the finest orations of the day. After the awarding of the Quintard Medal, which was won by Mr. E. A. Larrabee, the exercises were closed with the benediction, which was pronounced by Bishop Talbot, of Indiana.

With the drawing on of night came the

#### CLASS PARTY,

with all its whirl of gaiety and pleasure. What shall we say? Words cannot describe the pleasure of those few short hours. But the end drew nigh, as it always must, and "Then (as the *Journal* has it) in one sad, sweet strain the music ceased, and the class party was over." How joyful on the morrow sounded on some ears the

#### DULCE DOMUM

we know not; for us, the feeling was far from joy as we returned the hearty grasp of our various classmates, and bade a last and long adieu to Seventy-Three.

We cannot forbear lingering a little longer upon the remembrance of what has been frequently, and we think rightly called, the most brilliant commencement in the history of the College.

The fact that Racine has this year sent out her largest graduating class, and one, besides, whose number compares not at all unfavorably with the classes who have gone out from many older institutions, is of itself sufficient to mark the commencement of 1873 as a notable epoch in the college history. In this respect, if in no other, the recent commencement was one of which the college may be justly proud.

We hope too, that there was much in the class itself, for which '73 may claim a fair share of its *Alma Mater's* pride, but of this it is not our right and certainly not our intention to declaim. We shall content ourselves with the boast that no other class has yet left our college walls, which has represented so many years of her watchful training as was embodied in '73. In addition to the full collegiate course of four years, which, except in the case of three of the class, who entered as sophomores, all have spent at the college, ten out of the seventeen were old Grammar School students. Of that number four have been at Racine six years, one has been here seven, and three began their course as second or third formers eight years ago. The roots which have nourished the spiritual, mental and physical growth of '73, and which would still bind us so firmly to our college home, were indeed wide spread and closely interlaced. It was no ordinary stroke that severed a connection so strong in its growth.

The Commencement was honored by a larger assemblage of visitors than has gathered to witness the closing exercises of any previous year. The commencement in itself might have been called a brilliant one, but aided by the brilliancy which it borrowed from the assemblage which graced it, it was nothing less than splendid. To one gazing at the array which honored the dais during the exercises of Commencement Day proper, or from thence surveying the audience with which the Hall was filled, it would seem as if every city of the West, by the *elite* through which it chose to be represented, had joined in gracing the occasion.

With so much said of those special marks to which this commencement owes its peculiar distinction, we cannot close without adding a word in note of those things which all our commencements share in common, and which gives to every Racine Commencement its greatest charm. Few, we venture to say, who during the past week spent a long enough time at the college to notice the beauty of its grounds, but were struck by the order in which—though in

the midst of more than 200 young men and boys—the lawns and gardens have been constantly preserved. The walks were neat and well kept, the grass fresh and green, the flowers and plants which line the walks as vigorous and as beautiful as those which enjoy the seclusion of a green house. In fact the grounds were never more handsome, nor could have been, under the most scrupulous care of a private owner. It would be impossible to estimate how much of the enjoyment of commencement is due to this order which pervades the place. It is not only in the care of the grounds that is seen, but in other matters, of whose order and beauty the neatness of the lawns and gardens is but the index.

Throughout the excitement of commencement the chapel services, and the roll calls, assemblies and processions which they necessitate, all go on with their accustomed regularity. In the busy arranging of the household matters for which the matrons are chiefly responsible, everything is done in the same quiet and orderly way. In the course of twenty-four hours the Dining Hall changes like magic from dinner room to declamation hall, gets back to its dining hall aspect in time for tea, in less than an hour after supper it is converted into a concert hall, whose duties it affects as perfectly as if it had never been anything else, and by breakfast time next morning has come around to its original shape and is ready to begin all over again. One remaining after term time will see that the turmoil and confusion even of packing and leaving is only temporary. Before sun down the halls are swept, every scrap of paper about the grounds picked up, the flowers all watered, and the college goes to sleep after commencement week as quietly and as naturally as if nothing had happened.

PERSONALS.

On reunion day, and at other times during commencement week we had the pleasure of seeing the following alumni or old students of the college. None of their names were registered this year, and as we now have to rely on the observation and memory of only one or two, some names are possibly omitted.

- Mr. McKey, '67, Chicago, Ills.
- Mr. C. E. Andrews, '68, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Rev. E. H. Rudd, '69, Elkhorn, Wis.
- Rev. Richard Hayward, '70, Chicago, Ills.
- Rev. C. B. Champlin, '70, N. Y.
- Mr. Edward Wheeler, '70, Colorado.
- Mr. Olin Osborne, '71, Nashotah, Wis.
- Mr. Thomas McLean, '71, Nashotah, Wis.
- Mr. Wayman McCreery, '71, St. Louis, Mo.
- Mr. Rosswell Park, '72, Chicago, Ills.
- Mr. C. S. Hitchcock, Chicago, Ills.
- Mr. Zimmerman, Chicago, Ills.
- Mr. C. J. Walter, Geneva Lake, Wis.
- Mr. W. D. Whitmore, Quincy, Ills.
- Mr. H. H. Francis, Michigan City, Ind.
- Mr. E. C. Norris.
- Mr. A. Cronkhits.
- Mr. John H. Batten, Chicago, Ills.
- Mr. William Kimball, Kenosha, Wis.
- Mr. Charles Jones, Indianapolis, Ind.
- Mr. U. Strong, Chicago, Ills.
- Mr. W. Ullmann, Chicago, Ills.
- Mr. Philip Prescott.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

CHICAGO AND N. W.	Going South.	Going North
Mail and Express.....	7.33 A. M.	10.41 A. M.
Express .....	1.55 P. M.	11.48 A. M.
Express ..	4.48 P. M.	7.22 P. M.
Night Passenger .....	12.28 A. M.	3.52 A. M.

WESTERN UNION.

Going West.

*Day Passenger.....	8.00 A. M.
Night Passenger.....	7.20 P. M.
Train Going North.....	5.55 P. M.

\*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

—Racine is happy. That circus has come. Five mammoth tents and a side-show thrown in. We haven't seen a long face for two days. "Happy Cal Wagner" with his eight comedians is coming to-morrow. We are beginning to think the *Argus* was about right in that little remark it made about Racine being a "good show-town." If we ever dared to think differently we now beg its pardon. In fact we beg everybody's pardon. We have been grievously misled.

—One of our amusements during vacation—a very cheap amusement by the way—has been selling out our furniture and household effects. The other party in the bargains was a personage who sails under the appropriate pseudonym of "Cheap John."

"Vohl," said he, "Peeshness ish Peeshness. Vat you vant for dhese bed, dhese matress, dhese wash stand and two chairs!"

"Ten Dollars," we replied.

"Ten Dollars? Och my dear man, I can pay you no price like dhose! Dhese hay matress I gives to de horse."

"Take 'em for eight," we said.

"Eight dollar for dhese bed, dhese vash-stand, dhese chair and hay matress! I can deal mit no man like you. I give you six."

We tried to palm off some back numbers of the *MERCURY*, but it was no go. We give up trying to do the square thing for these people.

—The new Latin pronunciation introduced on commencement day, is the same as that introduced at Oxford, upon their last commencement day, when an honorary degree was conferred upon the man by whom it was brought forward.

—We think our feelings must have been those of Robinson Crusoe on his discovery of the man Friday, when as we wended our solitary way from the dining room we ran against our friend FRANK LANDON. He intends to join his class again at the beginning of the next term.

—We went down the bank the other evening to enjoy a plunge in the lake. Lemonade and Ice Water!!

C—o—o—o—ld is no name for it.

—We had the pleasure a few days ago of receiving a short visit from Edgar Everhart. He came up from Kenosha with a wagon in which to move away his "duds." Edgar expects to spend this year at Kenosha, assisting his father.

—We have omitted to notice elsewhere in this number the names of the students to whom the spelling, choir and flower prizes were this year awarded. The choir prizes which are given to those members of the choir, whose duties as choristers had been best performed during the year, were awarded as follows:

## OF THE TREBLES,

Master Pont Parker, Master Percy Fuller.

## OF THE ALTOS,

Master Frank Bailey.

## OF THE TENORS,

Mr. Gerald R. McDowell.

## OF THE BASSES,

Mr. Peter C. Wolcott.

Two prizes were given for the best display of window flowers, and were awarded to

Mr. Joseph Lingle of Park Hall,

Master Harry Sanderson of Kemper Hall.

The prizes for best spelling, which were given to those two students of the Grammar School who in each of the spelling matches kept their places for the greatest number of rounds, were awarded for the first half match to

Mr. John W. Blanchard, Mr. Julien Rumsey.

for the second half match to

Mr. M. T. January, Mr. Stanton Guion.

—Prof. Hinsdale and Horace Weeks expect in a few days to start for more northern latitudes on a surveying expedition.

—Mr. Piper is putting up a small house at Geneva Lake.

—It is almost impossible to get any base ball news. We have hunted high and low for the score of that second nine match but can't find it.

—The Rev. Stephen Fresbie, '63 of Michigan, is making the College a visit.

—We find our little remark about the college clock in our last issue was incorrect. After a terrific struggle of a week the poor thing has succumbed and stopped.

Bernard says "the stoppage was probably due to one of those accidental occurrences which sometimes takes place," but repels with scorn all attacks upon his own vigilance and care in the matter.

LATER.—Mr. Watts, who was called in to consider the case has succeeded in setting the patient to rights once more, and, with the exception of a temporary paralysis which has seized one of its five pairs of hands, our good old servant pursues the even tenor of its way with its accustomed regularity.

—We were just at the point of calling in the weather as a last resource when our attention was called to a farmer's team which was making about 4.50 down Main street. To the disappointment of everyone they got tired after running a block or so, and quietly waited for their owner, who was just behind, to catch up. Wounded, o. Scared, (?).

During a short visit to Milwaukee on the 18th, we had the pleasure of meeting "Glat" who looked as happy as a clam and seemed to be fast recovering from the wear and tear of commencement. With our present work on our hands we regarded him with no less envy than pleasure. He reports Woodle and Ellis as entirely happy and busily engaged in killing time in Chicago.

## HONOURS

Awarded at Racine College July 9, 1873.

## THE DEGREE OF D.D.

Was conferred upon The Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Plattsburg, N. Y., and The Rev. G. W. Dean, Freeport, Ill.

## THE DEGREE OF LL. D.

Was conferred upon Mr. Robt. W. Loring, Principal of Bp. Scott Grammar School, Portland, Oregon.

## THE DEGREE OF M. A. (in course)

Was conferred upon Rev. C. B. Champlin, B. A., Rev. W. J. Miller, B. A., Rev. Richard Hayward, B. A., Mr. Luther Pardee, B. A., and Mr. Samuel M. Hudson, B. A.

## THE DEGREE OF B.A.

Was conferred upon Aquilla Jones, M. R. Benton, Geo. W. Ball, E. A. Bennett, F. P. Bump, W. C. Edwards, J. A. Ellis, Edgar Everhart, A. T. Fox, F. S. Gault, T. C. Hudson, E. A. Larrabee, D. P. Safford, W. W. Steele, Norton Strong, Horace Weeks, and E. R. Woodle,—members of the graduating class.

The medals and prizes were awarded as follows:

The College Medal,—Mr. Acton Fox, '73.

Grammar School Medal.—C. H. Tolhurst, 4th Form.

Clarkson Medal,—W. L. Roloson, 3d Form.

Keene Medal,—F. B. Keene, 5th Form.

The Quintard Medal,—Mr. E. A. Larrabee, '73.

The Larrabee Prize,—Mr. Wm. Morrall, '74.

The English Essay Prize,—Mr. Acton Fox, '73.

Mathematical Medal,—A. H. D'Evers, 4th Form.

Teegarden Greek Prize,—Mangrave Coxe, 5th Form.

## COLLEGE HONOURS.

Head of the College,—G. R. McDowell.

## COLLEGE PREFECTS.

E. G. Richmond, William Morrall, G. Aertsen, F. P. Hills, A. B. Livermore, George Small, George Hendrickson, R. B. Reilay, Horace Martin, H. H. Talbott, W. D. Tilden, and J. M. Hough.

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL HONORS.

Head of the Grammar School,—C. D. Clay.

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL PREFECTS.

L. L. Burrows, C. H. Tolhurst, A. W. Cobb, Mangrave Coxe, F. B. Keene, Walter Parker, L. M. Dearborn, A. DuP. Parker, M. L. Sullivant, E. C. Eddy, Edward Cleveland.

N. B.—The Prefects, both College and Grammar School, are selected and ranked for general standing in the classes and forms.

Sixth Form,—Arthur Greenleaf, Head, C. P. Taft, Second.

Fifth Form,—Mangrave Coxe, Head, F. B. Keene, Second.

Fourth Form,—C. H. Tolhurst, Head, L. M. Dearborn, Second.

Third Form,—J. K. Comstock, Head, W. L. Roloson, Second.

Second Form,—J. C. Boyd, Head, W. Howe, Second.

First Form,—R. G. Hanford, Head, A. M. Swan, Second.