



“HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.”

VOL. XIV.

RACINE COLLEGE, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873.

NO. I.

“Mother Goose and her Strange Chicken.”

AN ALLEGORY.

Haec Olim Meminisse Juvabit.

Down by a drowsy streamlet's side,
Bedecked with sedges, ferns, and mallow,
A careful Goose had made her home
And reared in peace her offspring callow.

One day in Spring (so runs my tale,
Old mother Goose went out to forage;
For goslings too—like boys and girls,
Are mighty clamorous for their porridge.

The little goslings left alone
Of course commenced a fearful clatter,
That at the noise, a stray chick stopped
(Merely to ascertain the matter.)

Just then old mother Goose returned
But with her youngsters was so busy
She scarcely saw the stranger chick
Or even thought to ask “Who is he?”

So, seeing he was unperceived
The strange chick plucked up heart to enter
The cackling crew, and by degrees
He edged his way into the center.

“What funny little chick is this?”
Said mother Goose “we've got before us,”
“Oh! what a funny little chick,”
The goslings cackled in a chorus.

For so forlorn the stranger looked,
His head was big, his body small,
His feathers dragged; as for legs
You'd think that he had none at all.

“Poor thing, it's lost,” said mother Goose,
And her harsh voice evinced true sorrow,
“Come pick a bit and rest yourself,
And stay with us until to-morrow.”

To-morrow came—to-morrow passed—
And still the little stranger stayed,
And with the goslings thro' the fern,
And by the drowsy streamlet strayed.

Then all was lovely—the strange chick
Was neither quarrelsome or rude,
And the domestic fowl was hung
At a surprising altitude.

But lo! behold the stranger grew,
And that in an immoderate way;
Its beak grew hooked—its feet grew claws,
And (strange!) its feathers all grew gray.

The old Goose thought it rather odd,
Since all *her* callow brood were yellow,
But could not help confessing that
The strange chick was a sprightly fellow.

Its spirits though were much too high
For a well regulated goose,
Obedience seemed unknown to it;
In discipline too it was loose.

So mother Goose resolved to speak
Her mind outright about the matter,
Her goose flesh tingled—she was wroth—
In fact as mad as any hatter.

(*Parentetical note* :—

Why Hatters as a race are mad,
I know not—neither does it matter.)

Besides thought she, among my chicks
Frivolity he'll introduce,
And I believe the ancient saw
Which says “as solemn as a goose.”

[It happened on that self-same day,
A gosling, stupid and obtuse,
Had quarreled with the stranger chick,
Who'd “cooked the stupid gosling's goose.”]

So to the strange chick thus she spoke,
“Your conduct my young friend is naughty,
Your manners when excited, rough,
Your bearing for a goose too haughty.”

“My children never have been romps,
And you shan't be the first, I promise,
So mend your ways, or else my friend
At once take your departure from us.”

The strange chick smiled, as if he thought
Poor mother Goose had gone demented;
“Is that your ultimatum ma'am?
If so, I tell you I'm contented.”

“I've long since felt my home's not here,
But in the pure and liquid ether,
Your mode of life's too low for me,
We could not live in peace together.”

“*My* home is in the boundless air,
On rushing pinions fiercely driven,
Your home is on the grovelling earth—
The kitchen is *your* only heaven.”

“I thank you for your early care,
Ungrateful I can never be,
But now my destiny invites,
Nay! it *commands* me to be free.”

“Farewell! and shackled to dull earth
If e'er you raise an upward eye,
You'll see me soaring in the vault,
THE EAGLE! Bird of Liberty!”

MORAL.

As Esop says—this fable shows
The story of two mighty nations,
Who once united—severed now—
Maintain the friendliest of relations.

Popularity and Fame.

THE SUCCESSFUL ORATION FOR THE LARRABEE PRIZE, 1873.

BY W. MORRALL.

The pages of history are brilliant with the names of men who have shone by their literary efforts and by their valiant deeds. Many of them have sacrificed their lives for the cause in which they engaged, and have thereby reaped no seeming benefit from their undertakings; while others have been more or less recompensed in their own day and generation, although usually in a small degree compared with their deserts. The fame which has followed these men has ever since been a source of envy to all who are ambitious. For who would not be remembered as the god-like Socrates is, who stood forth alone among his countrymen and cried out against the evils of his time? Or who does not envy the fame of Epaminondas, who gave up his life for his country's welfare, seeking, like Socrates himself, not his own personal aggrandizement, but the good of his fellow men? Men of this stamp are *worthy* of enduring fame, and they alone are deserving of our imitation. They did their work honestly and in earnest, and as a just recompense, their fame lives after them.

But there have been, from time immemorial, men who have made life-long struggles for the false fame of popularity. Nay, we read of those who have even given up their lives for this false fame. What else caused Erostratus to burn the temple of Diana on the birth-night of Alexander? Or what other influence could have made Epe-docles leap into the boiling crater of Ætna? The thought of having a great reputation among men has been always considered an object worthy of the most earnest struggle, and when once gained, has been held in higher estimation than the possession of great riches. It is true that wealth sometimes brings to its possessor considerable notoriety, but if the possessor have no other reputation, the kind which his money has procured for him will necessarily be transitory and limited. Transitory, because if a freak of fortune shall deprive him of his riches, he is no longer worthy of esteem. Limited, because beyond their reach his influence cannot extend.

This kind of reputation, the popularity of notoriety, is basely sought for at the present day. Men, even those in whom great trusts have been reposed, and to whom we are expected to look for our examples of honest, noble lives, sell themselves, body and soul, for gold or for some meaner thing, until we are inclined to doubt whether we have any who are really worthy of the name. They compel us constantly to doubt our best men's reputation, until it has been thoroughly tested, and what test has proven anything before their life is done? "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent," says the Holy Scripture, and the saying is as true to-day as it was three thousand years ago.

The men who are most truly great do not seek notoriety nor popularity. They need not. Fame is the birth-right of true greatness; its enduring heritage. Men who have power to do great and noble works and deeds, be they of whatsoever kind they may, will certainly leave their record on the pages of the world's history. "The careless poet of Avon, was he troubled for his fame? Or the deep-mouthed chronicler of Paradise, heeded he the suffrage of

his equals?" Yet point to two poets in the English language that can be compared with these. Nay, did the world *ever* boast a greater than our Shakespeare? Greece nor Rome with all their wealth of genius, cannot point us in their history to a prouder name than his.

As the sun is the illuminating body from which our earth receives its light, so are the great minds of the human race the sources from which flow in no small measure the light which lighteth all men's understanding. Given their faculties by God himself, through them his own light shines upon us. By them we are guided; to them we look for knowledge; from them and through them we perceive the knowledge that surpasses all, beyond. Need we wonder that such men are famous? Need we wonder that posterity reverences their names? Need we wonder that so many strive after fame, and live for it, and die for it, and so few gain it?

There is not a man on earth who does not feel a thrill of satisfaction at hearing himself spoken of as worthy of great praise. There is not a man on earth who would not shudder at the thought that after he was dead no one would speak his name. There is a noble sense of pleasure in the feeling that one is enjoying the reward of honest toil, and a wretched sense of shame in knowing that one has not done his task at all. But the rewards are different in degree. Many may attain notoriety, many may attain popularity; but the endurance of both is short-lived when compared with that of the true fame. As the sun sinking behind the distant hills sheds its glow across the fields and meadows, until, as it just drops down from sight, the whole valley is filled with its mellow splendor, so true fame sheds abroad her rays at the departure of her great ones, bathing all their actions in a flood of light, until the whole universe is filled with the radiancy of their glory.

The Attractions of Hunting.

It always seems a great pity that the students at the College do not appreciate more the advantages which they enjoy in being situated in such a fine country for game, and for studying the nature and habits of the "beautiful denizens of field and forest."

There seems to be great lack of the sportsman's spirit among us. Why, it is not so easy to tell. The weather is, for the most part, pleasant; the country is magnificent in character and scenery; and the game, well, we saw at least half a dozen meadow-larks the other day, to say nothing of gophers and chipmunks, in a short walk of about ten miles; and although we returned without anything in our game-bags, we felt almost repaid for going in the pleasure we experienced in seeing the college building again.

It costs very little in trouble or expense to take a trip of this kind, and it is so soothing to the spirit of the thorough sportman, every one should try it. You just borrow a gun, if you have none, the heavier the better, for the more weighty the death-dealing tube, the more your mind is kept fixed upon the object of your expedition, and the more apt you are to think of your gun if any game appears unexpectedly, which it is very apt, in fact is almost certain to do, if it appears at all. Indeed, if the gun is *very* heavy you will find it quite difficult to fix your mind on anything whatever, except the most convenient method of transporting it.

Having procured your gun, you expend two or three dollars in ammunition, which, though you may not use, will be handy to have around, or to give to some sportsman friend when you return, and having put on your best boots you start out. You must wear your *best* boots, because if you have on a pair that is slightly worn, you will be very likely to return without any. There is no denying that hunting is hard on boots. Upon starting it makes little or no difference which direction you take, as game is equally plenty in every direction, and one place is as good as another. The further you go, however, the more satisfactory the excursion will be, and the more pleasure you will experience in getting back. You need not be at all disturbed about luncheon, or anything of that sort, for a bountiful meal of "real solid country fare" awaits you at almost any of the farm houses you may come across. For instance, the first time we went hunting with the expectation of taking dinner at a farm house, we revelled in anticipations of golden, clover-scented butter, nice, sweet milk, rich cream, etc., and longed to taste the, as we thought, homely fare on which the "bone and sinew of the land" grows up to man's estate.

The reality far exceeded our expectations. We had some *beautiful* fried pork, three pieces in two quarts of grease, some soggy spring wheat bread, butter which would have run away if it had not been in a bowl, and no milk at all, unless the bluish looking fluid which was put into our coffee, could be called by that name; and this latter article, the coffee, was of such a nature that one of the party innocently asked for some more tea.

For such a repast the expense will generally be covered by fifty cents a piece. The farmers in this region are famous for their hospitality.

Another thing which makes hunting such an agreeable amusement here, is the accurate knowledge which the natives have of the locality where game is most plenty and the readiness with which they impart their information. For example, a party of hunters called at a farm house the other day to get a drink of water, and one of them thought he would ask if there was any game about. Thinking himself a pretty good German scholar, and noticing the Teutonic appearance of the lady of the house, he said: "Haben sie any tauben gesehen?" The woman stared blankly at him for a moment, and then with a flash of intelligence lighting up her face said, pointing east, west and south, "Tauben! Tauben! yah, yah! Farder up! farder up! farder up!" The party sadly turned homeward.

Now, after this, if any one with the least spark of the true sportsman's spirit can resist the attractions which this country offers, and refrain from pursuing the ferocious snipe, he must be more than mortal. "Ram-rod."

The College Nine.

At the opening of each succeeding year one of the first questions we hear asked is "Who is in the College Nine?" and following the desired information comes with equal regularity the remark "Oh, pshaw! that nine don't begin to be as good as the one of last year. They'll never win any matches." Yet year after year the College Nine has gone on with its career utterly unchecked by the disaster of defeat.

This year the grumblers are out in even more than their usual strength; and remarks like "our chances for a

nine are gone up," etc., fly thick and fast; and yet we venture to predict that the College nine will not have any greater number of defeats to record on its score-book than it has previously had. It is true that Jones is gone, and, doubtless the loss of his cheery voice, splendid play in his own position, and indomitable pluck in fighting an up-hill game, will be considerably felt.

But there is no reason to believe that Richmond, who succeeds to the position of pitcher, will by any means be a weak spot in the nine. On the contrary his uniformly good record, both at the bat and in the field, gives us perfect confidence in saying that he is a valuable acquisition.

Another loss to the nine this year is Leekley; and every one knows that "Tom" was one of the best players the institution has ever boasted of. But, to say as some do, that because we have lost Jones and Leekley we can no longer have a first class nine, is simply absurd. Indeed, as long as the wise system of obligatory practice of games is persisted in by the College authorities, and is as thoroughly carried out as it is at present, we may be very sure that we shall never have to blush for our College nine.

We have heard the remark that the students no longer joined in the games with the same heartiness as formerly, but we have only to point to the campus at any time when duty does not call the students elsewhere, for a most complete refutation of the idea.

Beside the acquisition of Richmond, the nine will be strengthened this Fall by the return of Resor, whose play at second base a year ago last summer was at once the wonder and pride of the whole Grammar school. Until his return his position will be ably filled by Doe.

For the present the nine will play as follows:

Hudson, S. catcher,	Richmond, E. pitcher,
Sturges, W. 1st base,	Doe, 2d base,
Pond, 3d base,	January, short stop,
Martin, H. left field and captain,	Martain, F. center field,
	Hall, R. right field.

Substitutes Hall, R. Cleaveland and Clark.

A mere glance at the names of the nine is enough to inspire even the most skeptical with confidence, and to make the grumblers ashamed of themselves.

The officers for the ensuing year are Hudson, Prest., Richmond, Vice Prest., Doe, Secy. and Treas., and Martin, H. Captain.

A new system has been adopted in regard to practice. Instead of the nine practicing among themselves, as has heretofore been the case, a second nine, composed of members who are scarcely the inferiors of the members of the College nine, has been formed to practice with them, and every Wednesday afternoon, and probably every Monday morning, will be devoted to this practice. By giving the second nine the advantage of an extra "out" it brings the nines near enough an equality to keep the members of both excited to do their best at all times, which was not the case under the old system. As soon as the weather becomes too cold for out-door play, the nine will go into the gymnasium and continue the practice that was left off last Spring.

With regard to matches this Fall nothing definite has been arranged, but the captain informs us that he has strong hopes of getting on one or more games with the Madison nine. That is a contest we should like very much to witness. The Madison is the only College nine near us that our own has not met on the diamond, and we sincerely trust that they will meet any advances that tend towards a game half way, and that we may see several good matches between the two nines this fall.

The College Mercury.

"VIGEAT RADIX"

RACINE COLLEGE, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873.

EDITORS:

C. E. CARLISLE. G. E. McDOWELL. GEO. F. W. SMALL.

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.

Salutatory.

We present to our fellow students and the College, our first number of the MERCURY, to be judged according to its merits. We do not expect over-much for it, nor indeed for the numbers which shall follow it; but we hope to give you now and during all our editor-ship, a paper which shall be a pleasant, honest exponent of our daily College life, and which for that reason will meet with your hearty approval and support. We intend as far as possible to put the affairs which interest us most in the foreground. Nothing that takes place on the Campus or in the buildings, will be passed over, if it can be put in shape for our columns; and every event connected with the College will be noticed, if it at all contributes to our fund of news. Next to our own affairs of interest, we shall endeavor to place those of our sister Colleges. We are well aware, from the demand for "exchanges" last year, that such news will be very welcome to many of the students, and by giving it we hope to contribute to a general want. As far as literary articles are concerned, we shall be glad to receive and publish them at any time. The students have but indifferently supported this department hitherto; and it has rarely been a *true* representative of the talent of the institution. Articles written by the editors under pressure of cries of "copy" from the office, cannot be expected to do much more than fill an empty space. We hope that, if any of you find our opening columns "dull" or "stupid," you will please remember how they happen to be so, and send us something forthwith. In the general character of the MERCURY, we intend to make no change. We prefer to keep it as it is, only desiring to improve it. We have attempted to place the paper more nearly within reach of every student, by reducing the prices of subscription; an action which will result only to our mutual advantage if the students will give us their co-operation. We have been asked several times why no editor has been chosen from the lower classes this year. We answer, that experience has taught us that the best plan is to elect the Junior editors at the beginning of the second half. Mr. Small, whose business abilities are well known, has consented to act as manager of the paper, and as this relieves the other editors from a very considerable responsibility, more time will be given to improving it in every way.

We commence our editorial career with a most agreeable outlook. We have the favor of our towns men, we hope to gain the favor of our College. Confident that the MERCURY has won its present position and prosperity only by the untiring efforts of those who have occupied this place before us, we shall make every effort to do our best for its welfare. And with this promise, Fellow Students, Faculty, Alumni, Friends, we greet you!

The improvements and changes which vacation brings have always been a subject of conjecture and wonder. And before the opening day we find ourselves meditating on the chances or probability of some improvement, or wondering what new feature will first attract our attention. It was therefore with no small degree of pleasure that, stepping on the campus again after an absence of two months, we saw so many things to add, not only to the general beauty of the college and grounds, but to the comfort and convenience of the students. After nine weeks of leisure and enjoyment it is always hard to begin work again. And especially at the season when we are looking forward to a long and dreary winter. So everything that conduces to our comfort is truly welcome.

The first thing that we noticed on our arrival was the general air of cleanliness and order everything wore. The lawns and flower beds which had increased greatly in beauty during the summer, never looked so well before. Surely, we thought as we took it in at first sight, the place has lost none of its charms, but rather increased them. And perhaps to us, as seniors, they seemed greater than ever when we remembered that it was the last time we should ever return at this season to the duties and pleasures we are but just learning to appreciate, when they are too soon to take their flight.

On entering Taylor Hall the first fellow that we met greeted us with the joyful news that the long promised and much to be desired gas was in the building and in full operation. But when he said it was not to be in the study rooms, the enthusiasm we were about to manifest quite subsided, and we felt not a little indignant; but every one knows the value of a student's lamp, so we contented ourselves. The grammar school buildings are furnished throughout with fixtures, and the refectory is quite another place by gas-light.

As we turned our steps towards Kemper Hall to meet the Warden and the members of the family, the open door of the gymnasium and a rather boisterous crowd of boys invited us to stop and see what was the excitement. Here we found gathered quite a number of the old gymnasts, who were making good use of the new mattresses, and an admiring assembly of new comers who were gazing in noisy astonishment at the daring feats of some rather excited performers. Alongside of the old bowling alley we found a new one just put down, and reserved exclusively for the benefit of college students. The new boys, however, had already given it a thorough initiation, and they have managed to keep it in pretty constant use ever since. Still, we are quite delighted to find our gymnasium so well fixed for us this winter, and we don't begrudge the boys the alley one bit, if they will only let us have the use of it when cold weather comes.

We noticed a good many small improvements in and about Kemper Hall. Two windows have been cut in the

south end opening into the infirmary and making of it a very pleasant apartment. New chimneys, new steps in front, repainting, and the gas, everywhere except in our rooms, give almost the impression of a new building.

It is the only likeness of a new building which we are able to chronicle. We had hoped to see fair foundations laid, and walls rising in magnificent proportions, as we came across the campus; but nothing of the kind has yet met our view. We live in hope, however; and if we cannot have a new hall for our next commencement, we fully expect that before another year is past it will be finished.

Park Hall has seen few changes. Some of the rooms have been newly fitted up, especially Mr. Gould's and Mr. Piper's. Mr. Luther, as rector of the grammar school, occupies the north end, and Mr. Mead has gone across to Kemper Hall.

The chapel has also been slightly changed. A sacristy has been made by partitioning the ante-chapel, and the clergy are now separated from the choir so far as robing is concerned—a very great improvement on the old crowded arrangement. But the greatest change is in the chapel services. They are entirely different from any previous plan and an old student would scarcely know Racine, remembering previous days. Morning prayers are at eight o'clock, immediately after breakfast, and last fifteen minutes. Evening prayer is at six, just before tea. The Sunday services are the same as usual, except that the nine o'clock service, morning prayer, is voluntary to communicants of the church, and choice is given between that and the second service at eleven. The new plans are better than the old, because the day is not so broken up as heretofore, and one now has time for any work he may have on hand. "Shortened hours" was rather a fault of the old system.

Everything possible has been done during the summer to make the grounds beautiful, the buildings comfortable and attractive, and our life pleasant. If it is not so, and the year is not a prosperous one, it will be our fault and not that of the college authorities.

We wish to say to the members of the College that they can aid the MERCURY in no surer way than by purchasing whatever they need of our advertisers. The gentlemen who have kindly given us their support in this way, are desirous of gaining the College trade, and it is right that they should have it. It is just as easy and certainly quite as cheap, to make our purchases of them as it is to go elsewhere, and a little forethought in the matter will result to our mutual advantage. If we want books or stationery, there is Mrs. PEAVEY'S, WINSLOW'S and RITMAN'S, at all of which places discount is given to the students; if we want furniture for our rooms, we have our old friends IBING and PORTER. GARNKAUFER is ready to supply us with Fall and Winter suits, and with anything else in his line, as are also Messrs. SAMUEL & JAMES. Furnishing goods of all kinds, shirts, neck-ties, collars, etc., can be procured at THOMAS & EVANS, and at WEEKS & SCHROEDER'S. The former firm are closing out part of their stock and will sell under-clothing and like articles of wearing apparel very cheap. Messrs. ROGGENBAU & FIXEN, and Mr. McENERY have fine assortments of carpets and curtain stuffs, and at LANGLOIS & SON'S, as well as at GORTON & BUFFHAM'S and BURCH & BRUCE'S, you can find almost

any kind of lamp or gas fixture that you may wish. We are sorry to record the departure of Mr. BONE from his old store on Main Street; he intends soon to leave Racine entirely. His place is filled by Messrs. KEHL & SMITH, who, as far as we are able to judge, will succeed him admirably. The students will please remember that this is the *only* Fruit and Confectionery store which is advertised in our columns, and act accordingly.

We are glad to chronicle two or three important changes in Racine, which are decided improvements. Messrs. ELKINS & Co. occupy a very handsome new block nearly opposite their old one, and Messrs. BLISS & ERB have lately moved into new quarters, just one door north of them. The MANUFACTURERS BANK took possession of rooms on the corner of Main Street and Market Square, just before the term began. Heavy oak floors, tinted walls, walnut and marble counters supported by rich carvings, give the new quarters an elegant and substantial appearance, and the great vaults and heavy safes in the farther end assure every one that all deposits will be well cared for. The MANUFACTURERS is eminently the *College* Bank, as many of its stockholders are gentlemen largely interested in the prosperity both of the town and College. It gives us pleasure to be able to note these improvements, as it shows the beginning of a better state of things in the city's growth.

We shall from time to time give notice of changes and additions in the stock of all our advertisers, and those who have not received notice in this issue, may be sure of it in some succeeding one. We must, however, as the cold weather is rapidly approaching and new stoves will have to be procured, inform the students that they will be most likely to suit themselves by visiting HALL'S on Sixth Street or RAYMOND'S, 137 Main Street. Attention to our advice in this matter of making purchases, will, as we have already said, greatly advantage both our advertisers and the MERCURY, and we earnestly hope that every student will give it careful heed.

—The Addisonian elections take place next Tuesday evening, and we learn that a number of men are going into the society, who intend to make it, if possible, a real institution of the College. The position of the society, though never certain, was pretty firm as long as '73 had hold of it, but there was considerable doubt whether the present senior class would take as much interest in it as they did, and many thought it would be altogether discontinued. We believe there was a little talk of forming a club of some other kind, but it was finally thought best for everybody to support the society already established, and the seniors have made a decided move to that effect. If the other classes are as well represented as we understand they are to be, Addisonia will be more flourishing than ever before, and will do a first rate winter's work.

—There are, at the office of the Mercury, quite a number of the commencement extras, which can be obtained by applying to any one of the editors. And also a few copies of the Class Play, nicely gotten up with a very tasty cover. These the author will be glad to dispose of at fifty cents each.

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.

—The students will please take notice that we do not desire to *lend* our exchanges this year. If anyone wishes to see them, they can easily do so by coming to our room. This may seem something like Will Wag, Charley Quirk and the bellows, but we had so much trouble last year in hunting up papers and magazines whenever we wanted to notice them that we are compelled to be less accommodating than we would wish.

—Any one having any of the following numbers of the MERCURY that they do not wish to keep, will confer a favor on the editors by handing them to Mr. Small, as a file is wanted for the college library: Vol. XII, Nos. 1, 3 and 8. Vol. IX, Nos. 5, 7 and 8.

—The latest popular inquiry has been, "Have you seen Richmond's horse?" Nearly everyone has seen it now, however, and is fully assured that it is not one of the quadrupeds that transport lazy seniors through their Latin and Greek, but a handsome, flesh-and-blood animal with a gait of about 2:40.

—A senior was awakened the other morning by the tolling of a bell, and not doubting for an instant that he had slept through breakfast, hurried on his clothes and rushed down stairs three steps at a time, only to find himself rather early for the six o'clock service. He likes the morning air, he says, but he don't care about making such rapid preparations for enjoying it.

—A Junior had a dog. We say had; it's gone now—gone the way of all dogs. Does anyone miss its familiar bark? Yes; its master. He called the dog *Wenus*, it was such a *beautiful* animal. It had all of the characteristics of the Congo goddess; it had one good feature, it was affectionate. And says its owner "just let anyone try to borrow a book when I'm not at home, and he will confess that the animal has something besides its beauty." It proved too affectionate at last, and the Junior mourns its loss in silence.

There is a new boy in the grammar school who thinks the board here is not as good as it is at Saratoga. That boy certainly don't know what constitutes good living. His education has been neglected.

—Freshman to Junior: Say, haven't got an Odyssey you want to sell, have you?

Junior: Yes, I have an Owen's.

Freshman: Oh, how unfortunate, I wanted Homer's. Freshman retires, and the Junior smiles.

—The 19th being the Warden's birthday a congratulatory petition was sent up for a holiday, but unfortunately it was headed with the words "Old and well established

Custom," which little circumstance, we believe, almost lost the day for us. However the Warden could not altogether resist, and part of the work being excused the students enjoyed a quiet rest. Last year we had a whole holiday, and the occasion was celebrated in a more extensive way. That's the only proper thing. If we can't have a whole day on the President's birthday when can we have it? Certainly the highest officer of our institution should be thus honored, if there are to be any holidays in the term.

—At meetings of the electors of the two clubs officers were chosen for the following year as follows:

Of the Clarksons—S. M. Hudson, President; William Sturges, Vice President; J. M. Hough, Secretary and Treasurer; Horace Martin, Captain.

Of the Badgers—G. R. McDowell, President; A. W. Pond, Vice President; W. D. Tilden, Secretary and Treasurer; Fred. S. Martin, Captain.

—The class of '73 has just presented Mrs. Franklin with a beautiful grey onyx pin in which is cut the monogram of the class. Mrs. Franklin's relations with '73 have been most pleasant, and they send back this pin in token of grateful remembrance.

—On coming out of the robing room one evening last week, Giant WILL of the scientific class caught up a small choir-boy by the feet and paraded to the dining-hall with him on his shoulder. Burly JACK, the Freshman, fancying the exploit, seized another youngster and proceeded to follow his example. Judge of his surprise when he received a resounding slap on the side of his head, accompanied by the words "What in thunder are you trying to do?" from a rather diminutive but none the less dignified senior! "W-w-woy," said Jack, "I didn't mean anything."

—It is a well known fact that sheep, from a lack of phosphate in the soil, gnaw their own wool. An alumnus found this out to his sorrow recently. He went a fishing and having on a bran new overcoat which he wished to keep dry, he carefully deposited it under a big oak tree before taking his boat. When he had fished half a day or so without catching anything, he went back after his coat. Alas! it was not there. Sadly he meditated on its departure, and began to search pensively around, if, mayhap, he might find some trace of it. Soon, 'neath a distant thicket's shade he recognized two lambs that had escaped the anxious shepherd's care and were busily employed in eating up his pockets and their contents.

—At the chapel services Mr. Rowe now performs the double duty of organist and choir master. It is an arrangement never before tried, but one that seems to have a good many advantages. When the members of the choir have become accustomed to it, and have learned a little more self-reliance, so as to move in a body and not wait for any leader, the music will be greatly improved.

—Because the Seniors have a set of croquet the Juniors think they have a right to laugh, but some of them make use of it at odd times.

—The marking system has its disadvantages. Last session a member of the Grammar School who had been studying as hard as he could and doing his best in every way, was astonished by a letter from his father which began, "My dear Son, You are doing very poorly. I notice by your last report, that you have now some sixty conduct-

marks. If you get another one, I shall immediately be obliged to bring you home."

—The College Eleven appeared on the campus last week for practice. They are still alive, notwithstanding their losses, and it is to be hoped that they will be successful in arranging a match sometime this fall.

—The Missionary Society holds its first-meeting tomorrow evening. We understand that it is to be reinforced by a lot of new members. The society certainly starts under very favorable auspices this year.

—It's strange how dogs attach themselves to persons. This time a brown and white setter followed a senior to the College, and absolutely refused to leave him. It was a sad case of unreciprocated love, for the senior didn't like the dog at all, and tried to get rid of him by treachery. He got a friend to go down town with him and help pitch the animal into the Convent garden. He was positively certain that he couldn't get out, but when he got down to Sixth Street, there was the dog on the corner, wagging his tail. With the help of his comrade he gently lifted the affectionate creature over the fence of the "calaboose," and passed on.

He went through town, and reached his room again in safety; but he hadn't been there long before he heard a sort of rapping at the door, and when he opened it, there was the dog. He immediately hunted up his friend, and the two made a pilgrimage to the Junction. There they inveigled the employees into playing with the "Fidus Achates," and quietly withdrew by the back door. All the way home they congratulated themselves on their escape, but alas! just as they were getting over the campus fence the dog came through it. Sadly they took counsel, and finally decided to take him to the rail-road bridge and drown him; but when they got there they contented themselves by stoning him as far as they could see him, and then they slipped around the corner and RAN. The dog has not been heard from since, but the senior says he hopes his owner misses him as much as he does.

—The *Ski Pop* is in a flourishing condition. Mrs. Franklin has been appointed directress, and under her management we may always look for something good on Monday mornings.

—Kemper Hall has a new pair of steps leading to the front door finished and modelled after the approach to the chapel. It is a great improvement, but there are just five more of the same kind wanted at the Grammar School buildings.

—Good resolutions are as plenty as flies. We don't believe they stick as well however, and we are certain they will both take their departure about the same time, *i. e.*, when cold weather begins.

—No more dancing in the Library. The piano has been moved over to one of the Grammar School music rooms. If P—p were here, how he would miss his favorite exercise.

—The wintry aspect of the weather for the past few days has revived shinny. That immortal game, which is almost as much a College game as cricket, seems likely to be well appreciated this year. The grammar school boys are already wild on the subject of the crooked sticks.

Hickory Ridge has been relieved of the greater part of its underbrush. The owner of the grove says that within the past two years a cord of wood has been removed by the students. We should think he would be most truly thankful for this, but as he is not, and since there are very few good shinnies remaining, it might be well to look elsewhere for the weapons.

—The Seniors are enjoying the full extent of their privileges. Music classes began last Wednesday afternoon.

Personal.

We notice that CLIFFORD PEACE JOHNSTON, late of the class of '76, has entered the scientific school at Yale.

WALTER GREENLEAF is not back this year. He is at present studying music in Mobile, undoubtedly with the intention of sometime or other returning and taking the Chapel organ. We make this supposition gratuitously, and with the expectation of his *growing* in the mean-time.

CHARLEY RESOR has not yet returned, but will be back in a month or so. No one seems to know whether McKEY is coming back or not, but everybody anxiously expects him. AERTSEN will not return at all, and has gone into business in Philadelphia.

We have been glad to welcome to our sanctum during the past two weeks, Messrs. GAULT, ELLIS, LARRABEE, STRONG, EVERHART and WOODLE of '73. Some one said that Mr. FOX came also, but we did not see him. Mr. Larrabee goes to the General Theological Seminary in about two weeks; Mr. Strong has just started on a hunting trip up north; Ellis, to use his own words, is "working his fingers off at the Second National, Chicago; "Wads" says that Blackstone is "booly, it's as exciting as a novel;" Hudson is teaching at Faribault; Fox is in Milwaukee; the rest we know not of.

Mr. GOULD returned from his foreign trip in time to resume his duties in the Grammar School, and is at present busy in fitting up his rooms anew.

We expect a visit from Mr. JONES of '73, before long; he has written his brother that he is coming.

Mr. TOM COOK, formerly a member of the Grammar School, paid us a visit recently. He notices some changes, strange to say.

SAM WATKINS, whose strength as a swimmer many of the older students will remember, saved himself from the wreck of the Ironsides, on the 15th inst., by swimming a mile and a half to shore.

Almost the first person we encountered as we entered Taylor Hall was Aunty DUNN. The good old lady has quite recovered from her recent illness, and expects to care for "her boys" this term as usual. We only wish the editorial rooms were in her charge.

JOE CLARKSON visited the College just the other day, but we did not see him and have had to rely for information on the fortunate ones who did. According to their story he is going to the plains this winter to hunt buffalo, and has a most wonderful weapon for that purpose. Some say it is a pistol thirty-six feet long, and others that it is a long pistol which cost thirty-six dollars. The reports are so contradictory that we think JOE had better write a letter to the MERCURY and tell us all about it.

The College Press.

We clip the following as another exemplification of the fact that students know more than is supposed of the "ways that are dark, and the tricks that are vain."

He passed, but turned and leaned his back
Against my room-mate's desk;
While I revealed a look of black
Despair, and then addressed
Myself to let chum know I wanted
A copy of his prose
And he, good fellow, quite undaunted,
Before the other knows
What he's about, writes on a scrap
Of paper, which he pins
With studious care to the proctor's flap.
And then my part begins.
My fingers loudly snapped, to call
The Argus to my side.
He slowly walks the ancient hall
With all a proctor's pride,—
His form erect; nor does he fail
To show a visage bold,
Nor thinks—the dupe—of what a tale
His tail might then unfold.
I ask, what time there yet remains
He turns to view the clock.
My itching fingers take with pains
The paper from his frock.—*Ex*

A place for everything and everything in its place. A man at Princeton College nails his slippers on the wall, four feet up, and then all he has to do of an evening is to wheel up his easy chair in front of them.—*Vassar Misc.*

We never realized how "cocky" a Freshman could be until we received the following reply from a member of '77 on asking him for a subscription to the *Courant*, "I know too much about college customs to wish to contribute any of my allowance toward buying cigars for lazy Seniors." *Courant.*

James T. Fields has added six new lectures to his previous stock for the coming season, the subjects being "Sydney Smith," "Charles Lamb," "Alfred Tennyson," "Christopher North, with Personal Recollections of Professor Wilson," "Samuel Rogers, and the Men and Women one met at his famous Breakfasts Twenty-five years ago," and "Fiction and its Eminent Authors."—*Exchange.*

We clip this for the benefit of our new Lecture Committee, if there is to be one.

A Sophomore during a rush the other night gave his pocket-book and watch to a Senior to hold. The Senior, we regret to state, was not so strictly honorable as might have been wished, and at once proceeded to investigate the contents of the aforesaid pocket-book. He found as a reward for a long and patient search among bits of ribbon, German favors, etc., a number of notes marked *Private*, and written in a delicate female hand. The following are samples of the sentiments contained: "My Darling, I am not going till Tuesday. Meet me as usual at twelve o'clock by the trunk in the hall. Believe me your devoted G." Another was, "My precious. I am going to-morrow morning. Be sure and kiss me good-bye to-night." All college is now looking for information as to where that Sophomore spent the summer.—*Courant.*

Editors Table.

The October number of *Scribner's Monthly* is before us, and we can only speak of it with praise. The editorial department is especially commendable, both for the interesting topics which it discusses, and the manly way in which they are put. If Dr. Holland's ideas were followed out in many of these things, we might hope for several radical reforms where they are very much needed. The November number begins a new volume of *Scribner*, and the prospectus is very attractive indeed. Edward King's long promised articles on the Great South are to be commenced, Froude is to contribute "Annals of an English Abbey," the author of that essay on Walter Savage Landor which appeared in the volume just closed, will continue his critical sketches of the Victorian Poets, and there are to be a series of papers on Furniture and Household Decoration. The stories and poems we need not mention, for they are always good. So brilliant has been the success of the *Monthly*, that the managers intend to publish next month an illustrated magazine for boys and girls, called *St. Nicholas*. It is to be conducted by a well-known children's writer, and will be graded to suit the *whole family*. It ought to be a grand success. Terms, \$3.00 per year. The *Monthly* \$4.00 per year.

Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York.

Bonner's Rocky Mountain Scenery in the September *Aldine* is well worth looking at. The "Sierra Madre" has a depth and strength we have rarely seen excelled in an engraving, and the picture must be next thing to seeing the range itself. The "Sleeping Palace" by Doré, and the "Emperor Charles V. and Titian," are the most pleasing figure pieces, though the "Blue-Bird," a full page engraving, is very good, and not at all inferior in execution. The animals in an "American Farm Scene" by Moran, are remarkable for their life-like grouping; they are extremely well drawn. Of course, after the engravings we turn to the Art-notice. They are good, as usual. A sketch and critique of Thomas' Orchestra, another of Hiram Powers, and a review of the later books make up the list for this number. Any one who *can* take the *Aldine*, and does not, we think is very much to blame. There is no Art Journal in America, which can compare with it, and it will elevate and refine every family into which it enters. Terms, \$5.00 per year, with two Oil Chromos.

Jas. Sutton & Co., 58 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

It is scarcely necessary even to notice Messrs. Harper & Bros. publications, every one knows them, and knows that they are good. The *Monthly*, the *Bazaar* and the *Weekly*, are household words. We must, however, add our word of praise to the number of the latter, which lies before us, for it is even more excellent than usual. "The New School Mistress" is at once a picture and a lesson; and "Snap the Whip" will recall to many a man his "noonings" at the district school, when nothing was better than a game like this. "Rip Van Winkle at the Village Tavern" will bear returning to several times; it is worthy of a place in the *Aldine*. There are also some fine illustrations of the Northwestern University, together with a description and sketch of the same. Two pages of comical illustrations of "Railroad Travel" and "Fashionable Life," and liberal installments of "Phineas Redux" and "The Parisians" in the supplement, close the list of attractions. Any person or family wishing to take a standard illustrated paper, which contains, besides stories and engravings, the current news of the day, will do well to send a subscription at once to "Harper's Weekly." Terms, for each of the publications, \$4.00 per year, or any two for \$7.00.

Harper Bros., Franklin Square, N. Y.



“HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.”

VOL. XIV.

RACINE COLLEGE, OCTOBER 18, 1873.

No. 2.

The Night-Watches.*

BY TOUCHSTONE.

Half past ten! To all good night,
Peaceful rest till morning light.

Half past eleven! Angels keep
Watchful guard while mortals sleep.

Half past twelve! No evil sprite
Enter here this livelong night.

Half past one! Be watchful, men,
Till your Lord return again.

Half past two! I watch and tell
You who rest that all is well.

Half past three! Like arrow's flight
Speed the winged hours of night.

Half past four! the shades of night
Flee when Jesus gives thee light.

Half past five! and from afar
Heralds dawn the morning star.

Half past six! To all I say
Wake and work while yet 'tis day;
Comes a night when mortals may
Quiet sleep and rest for aye.

*Those who do not reside in college may not know that while the bells chime the half hours, it is also the duty of the watchman to prove his vigilance by tolling the hour of the night on the largest of our bells. Why not revive the ancient custom of chanting some simple stave appropriate to the night season?

Pope and Horace.

ACTON T. FOX.

Like the philosophical, the poetical mind is moulded by the age peculiar to it, and the influence of the prevailing characteristics that give the tone to the age will be found reappearing in all its literary productions.

The age which boasted a Pope was, in many respects, a revised edition of that which produced the laughing Horace. Both were born at a time when the fair harbinger of greater liberality and substantial aid for literary men stood, with an encouraging smile, knocking at the door. Both were under the sunshine of fashionable patronage, and to have a Mæcenas to dance attendance upon was the sure guaranty of the favorable notice of an admiring world.

Like true courtiers too, the poets of their day were smooth and sly flatterers,—all elegance, refinement and polish. This devotion to graceful and artistic style was, perhaps, one of the most striking features of their respective ages, and Horace and Pope were not a whit behind their times.

A loose tone of morals prevailed, and a shallow and convenient philosophy found many adherents. Wrought upon by such influences Pope and Horace followed out an intellectual parallel, so far as it was possible in doing so, to

neutralize the effects of being born,—one amidst the mists of foggy London, the other beneath the sunny sky of Italy.

Neither Pope nor Horace can be properly ranked with great poets in the sense we call Milton great, and Homer great, for they possessed, but in a limited degree, those qualities which constitute a great poet. Originality and invention are the insignia of a mighty poetical genius, with neither of which was Pope or Horace remarkably endowed.

In that imagination which immortalized a Wordsworth they were also manifestly deficient. Hence, as if aware of their dearth of these particular powers, neither attempted to handle a grand theme. No: Horace and Pope had the wings of the sky-lark, and they knew it was vain to essay the eagle's flight. They were modest in their choice of subjects, and were especially devoted to such as touched upon the busy world in which they lived. Here they were without rivals. In the poetry of Horace, therefore, as in that of Pope, men and women and the prevailing customs of the day pass before us in review, drawn with a vividness of description that gives them an air of undoubted truth and reality. Hence we can account for the artificial style and reserved gentility of tone displayed in their poetry. Their subjects would not admit of their running wild, so to speak, in their treatment of them. This would not be dignified and graceful. If they ever manifest any enthusiasm it is always of a guarded character and restrained by a sense of propriety.

“ 'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed,
Restrain his fury than provoke his speed.”

The essential difference between Horace and Pope was this: Horace was a master of lyric poetry. Pope was not. The latter wrote lyrics artistically correct in their character but wholly destitute of the lively spirit and variety which form the great charm of Horace's “Odes.” These “Odes of Horace” are the gems of literature. They shine at one time with an opalescent light, and at another they sparkle and flash like a whole heap of rubies and diamonds. Each one of them is a little world of poetry in itself, and the delicacy of their structure and finish remind us of the apparels of filmy gossamer that fairies are supposed to wear, and which could we see them in reality we should be unwilling to touch for fear of spoiling them. We know of nothing to compare them with in poetry except the “Rape of the Lock,” which, in this respect, they most resemble. In the “Odes,” it is the easy and graceful touch of Horace and the light effervescent tone of the epicurean, and in the “Rape of the Lock” it is the inimitable art and flashing wit of Pope, that afford the brilliancy. Another beauty reflected in the “Odes” and one common to both Horace and Pope was the facility they displayed in versification. Airy, joyous themes, as when Horace sings the praises of

his Lalage, go tripping along with a sprightly metre, and grave and mournful ones are suitably accompanied. Occasionally also, in Horace, but more frequently in Pope, we find an adaptation of the sound to the sense. In this artifice Pope was eminently successful.

Amid all the beauties of Horace's "Odes" we cannot help noticing, however, the apparent lack of an ennobling element to give them dignity. There is a manifest poverty of sincerity and earnest enthusiasm. They are all sunshine and smiles without the warmth of an elevated tone. We can only refer this deficiency to the circumstances of Horace's condition at the time at which he wrote. Having begun his career as a "red republican," when the hopes of his party were blasted, his patriotic enthusiasm, considering the volatile nature of our poet, must have suffered some abatement. Again the religion of Rome at this period was little more than mere formality, and consequently the fervor of a deep devotional feeling was impossible. What has been said of the lack of feeling in the lyrics of Horace is equally true of those of Pope. The pathetic very seldom, if ever, finds a place in the productions of these poets. In the "Eloisa and Abélard," for example, the sentiment is forced and unnatural, and shows entire misconception of the "pure Eloisa and the generous Abélard." Pope and Horace were the most showy of poets, but they resembled Vieuxtemps whose brilliant execution lacked the feeling and expression of Paganini.

Pope's "Essay on Criticism" is very similar to the "Art of Poetry," with which it should be compared. Neither poet can, in these particular productions, lay much claim to originality, and the verdict Pope pronounces on Horace, whose best interpreter he perhaps was, is equally applicable to himself.

"Horace still charms with graceful negligence
And without method talks us into sense."

The peculiar merits of our poets in each of these works is the attractive and dextrous manner with which they put into rhyme the good, strong common sense, which was very characteristic of them. In fact their art lies in giving old words a new meaning, the ability to do which was esteemed in the judgment of Horace a great merit. If the precepts have become plain and homely with age they are decked out in such a graceful and engaging way that we wonder we did not think them beautiful before.

In their treatment of satiric verse the praise of originality may be justly accorded to both, but with Pope, in our judgment, lies the superiority. When we read the concluding lines of the Dunciad,

"She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of night primeval and of chaos old."

we recognize the pen of a master.

Horace was, by disposition, too easy and affable to make a thorough satirist. He had, from sheer indolence, a faculty of accommodating himself with the greatest good humor to all annoying circumstances. He was well pleased with the world, and the world at the same time used him too smoothly to arouse in him the indignation which stamps the true satiric genius. The fostering care of a Mæcenæ and Augustus like a bed of down broke his every fall, and helped him gently over the stumps and stones of a bad road. Pope, on the other hand, was not so rounded in disposition, he had a great many corners which one was

apt to run against. He was also very independent, and without reserve gave free utterance to the thoughts of his heart. Being of an exceedingly sensitive nature he was extremely susceptible to every reflection upon his personal character, and any unjust or severe criticism of himself or his works galled him like a goad. He brooded over an insult and never forgot or forgave a willful injury. All this had a perceptible effect upon the satiric effusions of these writers. In Pope, at least, it produced one of the best satires that English literature can boast.

When Pope speaks in satire he pierces you through and through with a poisoned stiletto and then augments your misery with a mocking sneer. When Horace deals you a wound, however, you do not feel the thrust so keenly, for his blow is generally accompanied with a mollifying laugh, as if his good nature would not permit him to put his whole force into the stroke.

Both poets manifest an acute and sagacious knowledge of human nature, and we are perfectly astonished when we perceive the minuteness of their information with respect to petty vices and follies. In the mock heroic, which when properly conducted forms a powerful agent in the development of satire, Pope perhaps excels every other poet, and the effect he produces by the skillful juxtaposition of words is actually marvelous.

In the grace of description, Horace as a satirist has the advantage, but for the fire of a keen cutting verse, for originality of conception and invention we must yield the palm to Pope.

As to the morality of our poets, to expect it to be high would be to display an ignorance of the character of their respective ages. Horace having imbibed the tenets of the philosophy of his day was a thorough epicurean,—not the selfish glutton of the majority of the Roman school, but with more of the speculative turn of mind natural to the Greek school. He was more theoretic and less practical. The moderation of his life sufficiently corroborates this assertion.

In his reflections upon the brief interval of human happiness he most resembles a child who in the midst of the enrapturing sports of a joyous hour is suddenly assailed with the disagreeable remembrance of a neglected duty, to forget which he endeavors to become more engrossed in his game; so the sunshine of Horace's disposition is frequently, for a brief interval, palled by the gloomy anticipation of the fate that awaits every man. It is then that he seeks escape from the lengthening shadows in the cups of "Old Falernian."

Pope was a mixture of the stoic, cynic, and epicurean; but withal, he was, from the presence of the refining alloy of stoicism, an epicurean of the nobler mould.

Horace was more of a philosopher than he appeared to be; Pope appeared to be more of a philosopher than he was. Horace was calculated to give a luminous and popular exposition of philosophy; but he treats the deepest questions in such an airy and easy manner that we scarcely realize the grand nature of the theme which he is discussing. We forget the philosopher in the brilliant and fascinating conversationalist. Pope generally handled kindred subjects with more gravity of demeanor. We are duly impressed with the magnitude of the undertaking, and therefore in the expectation of the elucidation of some difficult prob-

lem we pay more attention to the words and less to the delivery of the speaker. Hence from the circumstance of his appearing more thoughtful, the teachings of Pope, are perhaps capable of producing a greater amount of harm.

The men and women of the works of our poets are the men and women of their day, and as the social standing of the sex was not exalted to that dignity which we now accord to it, it is scarcely fair to censure the air of flippancy with which the character of woman is treated. As to the charge of licentiousness which is preferred against these poets we can only say that the works of Shakespeare and a score of others might be objected to on similar grounds.

And now to review we find that Horace was the greater lyric poet, and Pope the greater satirist. Horace had more originality, and Pope more invention. Horace was the more easy and graceful, Pope the more forcible and correct writer. The elegance and ease of Horace comes more from nature, Pope looked rather to art for his.

Neither poet makes much of a parade of feeling, but in Horace the sentiment is more natural, in Pope it is more forced. Horace is more fanciful than Pope with this difference: the fancy of Horace leaps about like the willful sunbeam on the rippling water; that of Pope is well regulated and subdued. If Horace be the better poet, Pope is the greater artist. Horace had a more lavish endowment of talent, Pope made the better use of what he had. In their versification, as has been said, like Milton and Homer they occasionally apply the sound to the sense. Pope, however, realizes the perfection of this exquisite beauty of poetry more frequently than Horace. The verse of the latter reveals the greater variety, that of the former the greater flexibility. Horace had different tunes for different songs, Pope sang all his to the same tune and very beautiful was that tune; but from the very fact of its sameness it had the defect of monotony. Horace had a natural ear for music, Pope's was in a great measure the result of culture. Horace was the only poet who could affect an air of negligence without laying himself open to the charge of slovenliness; for Pope to have attempted the same laxity would have resulted in his signal discomfiture. When Horace sings he does it with an off-hand grace as if defying the malice of critics; Pope on the other hand betrays an anxious study as if he sought to take every precaution against the commission of a fault that would bring down the critic's censure. We admire the simplicity of Horace and treat his vagaries as we should those of a spoiled child, but we esteem in Pope the independence and mature judgment of a *man*.

In conclusion it may be said of the works of our poets that "they are not for any age, but for all time." The practical precepts which are everywhere scattered broadcast are as well adapted for the men of to-day as for those of yesterday, and those of to-morrow as for those of to-day. They are also for all classes of men; quotations from Horace and Pope are as *apropos* in the mouth of the intelligent mechanic as when they ornament the words of the eloquent statesman. To this we may ascribe their great popularity which, to use Horace's own words,

"Crescit occulto velut arbor aevo."

Scene.—Junior den—student scanning. There comes a tapping at the door, visitor enters, while student concludes his scanning with the exclamation "*Quod si com-min-uas.*"

The First Eleven Match.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9TH.

The day was perfect, the boys in excellent spirits, and both clubs confident of success, although it was whispered confidentially from man to man, "We don't stand the least bit of a show." Every one knew, however, that was only a deprecatory expression of encouragement.

At 9.30 the game was called; the Badgers with their usual good fortune won the toss, and sent the Clarksons to the bat. In the first over, DOE secured one run and HOUGH went out on a catch to the bowler. Mr. Hudson was the next victim. The Clarkson Lion expired with two runs and the Badgers began to breathe. In the next over DOE struck the very first ball for five, and the third ball he hit for four; but CALDWELL, who had come to the bat at the end of the last over, hadn't the legs to carry him through, so only three were scored; still at that rate, an average of two and two-thirds run for every ball, it would not take long to run up a handsome score and the men began to get nervous. But when STURGES, JANUARY, TUELL and GEO. AMES, the dead block, all retired with an *egg*, Badger stock rose. MORRALL and MARTIN secured six between them. DOE only went out in the last over. In an unlucky moment his unguarded wicket fell, and he walked out the proud but disappointed earner of seventeen runs. This with five byes brought the score to thirty, and so ended the Clarkson's first.

The Badgers took the willow, confident, but not expecting too much. They rather surprised themselves with seventy-four runs. It looked very discouraging for them at first. HILLS was obliged to leave the field on account of sickness, and Mr. ROWE after receiving a bad one in the cheek, became rather confused and retired with only eight runs. CAMPBELL proved himself an able substitute, however, and carried out his bat with fourteen to his name. MARTIN hung on well also, his fifteen tallies were well earned. With ten wides, eight byes, and only one man whitewashed, the Badgers again took the field quite satisfied.

In the second innings the Clarksons went to work as though they meant business. Mr. HUDSON in quick succession ran up fourteen, DOE got ten, MORRALL eight. HOUGH, JANUARY and STURGES, who were eggshelled in the first, each made six. AMES and TUELL were the only really unfortunate ones. Byes three, total sixty. At the close of this innings there were but forty-five minutes left before dinner. It seemed hardly worth while to continue the game for that short time. But the agreement was to play as long as possible, and the Badgers only having seventeen to win, play was called immediately. As usual when the time is short the players were in a hurry to run up the tallies, and as a consequence, were put out in such quick order that it seemed at first as though the eleven men could not make the required number. But fortune was gracious, and in just thirty-five minutes from the delivery of the first ball the last man was put out, thirty-one runs being the total.

The game was quite exciting towards the last and the two clubs showed themselves more nearly matched than they have been for some years. From the rather unexpected result of this first game, the next will be looked forward to with still greater interest.

The College Mercury.

"VIGEAT RADIX."

RACINE COLLEGE, OCTOBER 18, 1873.

EDITORS:

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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.

Notwithstanding what was said in the last number of the MERCURY last term, we have several times of late been under the painful necessity of hearing our paper called an "organ," and as if that were not enough it was declared to be a "Badger organ." We rise to object.

We have issued but one number of the MERCURY this year, and in that we have made no mention whatever of the games, as far as the two clubs were concerned; the only item in the whole paper which by any possible stretch of meaning could be said to refer to them as opposing bodies, was the one in which the election of officers was given. Now we cannot see what ground the persons are standing on who are so ready to throw the epithet "organ" at our heads. We did not criticise either club; we made no mention of any game; we did not even remark on the prospects of future victories. It seems to us as if the position held by the "organists" was not quite certain.

For our own part we have just this much to say. We intend to make the MERCURY a zealous advocate of all the College games. Whether Badgers win, or Clarksons win, it will make no difference to us except as the victory affects the field in general. We shall bind ourselves to neither side, and neither side must expect favor or blame from us except as they are deserving of it. Our business is to report the games as they are played, and if we think a suggestion or a criticism needed, to give it; our only object being to preserve that spirit of rivalry which is proper and necessary in order to have the games successful. The winning and losing of the games is not in our hands; if it were, perhaps our friends might have good reason for calling us an "organ." It is not, however, and we decline being held responsible for it. The clubs must attend to that themselves.

We have made this explanation under protest, and only because this "organ" business seemed to be going a little too far. Of course human judgment is liable to err, and sometime or other it is possible we may do somebody an injustice; but when we do, we shall always hold ourselves in readiness to correct it if it is pointed out to us, and at least until that time comes let us hear no more about the MERCURY's being an "organ."

One of the more recent results of the work done by the Missionary Society is the finishing of St. Stephen's Chapel in that part of Racine usually known as "Sage-town." The Mission there has had one of the most rapid growths in Society's experience. Scarcely more than a year has passed since the first service was held in a vacant room of the district school house, and on Sunday, October 5th, St. Stephen's Chapel was opened for public worship. There was a celebration of the Holy Communion for members of the Parish, at 9 o'clock in the morning, and the opening service, with sermon, followed at 3 in the afternoon. The College choir and many of the clergy and friends of the missionary society were present, and the little building was overfull; a considerable number of people were obliged to stand out of doors.

The choir began the service with the processional "Onward, Christian soldiers," and preceded the clergy into the chapel. The service was the shortened form of evening prayer, the Rev. Mr. Spalding reading as far as the offertory. The choir sang the psalter, and the offertory anthem, "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness." The sermon was by the Rev. Dr. DeKoven, from Genesis xxviii, 17. "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Rev. Prof. Converse read the closing portions of the service, and the choir sang as a recessional "Jerusalem, high tower thy glorious walls." Everyone was more or less impressed, both by the service, and by the beauty of the chapel, which is very pure in design and tasteful in execution. The arrangement of the interior is much like that of the chapel at the College, though of course the building is very much smaller.

We think the missionary society has a great deal to be proud of in the opening of St. Stephen's chapel; although it is not through its direct instrumentality that it has been built, but through that of the clergymen in charge, Rev. Prof. Converse, and Rev. Mr. Spalding. This is the third chapel which has sprung up from seed sown by the Society's endeavors, and it is to be hoped that it is only a token of greater good to be done in the future.

Why cannot we have a course of lectures! There is scarcely a student or a towns man who would not be glad of the opportunity to see and hear some of the men who take the platform this winter, and we have no doubt but that a little effort on the part of a committee would secure them the privilege. There has never been a course of popular lectures in Racine, and it is presumable that a well selected programme would be largely patronized. The lecturer of to-day has become so manifestly a part of our great educational system, that we ought not to do without him if we would. He brings to us in many cases fruits of the earnest labors of a life-time; his gleanings are from all fields; and he therefore claims and deserves to have our best attention.

It seems scarcely necessary, however, to have said this much in favor of a lecture course. Everybody knows the benefit and enjoyment which such a course can give, and will undoubtedly support it if it is brought forward. The only thing to be thought of, it seems to us, is the *selection* of the course. We notice from the statements of several committee reports in different places, that their courses have been financially, almost failures on account of the exorbitant prices charged by lecture bureaus. When all

expenses came to be footed up, the greatest care had to be taken lest there should be more loss than profit. Now it is possible to secure a course of lectures without any reference whatever to the bureau; for not only are a number of well-known lecturers this year acting independently of them, but there is much first-class talent to be had from various parts of the country, for very much lower prices than they demand. We are pretty sure that we could mention half a dozen men whom we should all be glad to see and hear, whose services could be secured at such rates as would even allow the present price of tickets to be lowered without disadvantage to the managing committee.

A lecture course selected with reference to this point, and successfully managed, would, besides being a benefit to the College and the town, strike a direct blow at the bureau system, which is at present having everything its own way, and we should be exceedingly glad to see it tried.

When we compare the game which the College Club played with the Chicago Club in 1867 and the game played on Monday we are forced to adopt one of two conclusions: Either cricket has very much deteriorated in the college, or else the College Eleven has been shamefully negligent in its practice. We cannot adopt the former conclusion for we believe that there is the material in the college to make, if not as good an eleven as in '67, at least one that will compare favorably with any eleven in the country. In 1867 the College Club made a score of over one hundred runs against a far better eleven than the one which this year's eleven defeated by a score of twenty runs and thirty-four wides and byes.

We have boasted of our cricket. We have styled ourselves "Champions of the Northwest," but we can boast no more until our eleven has redeemed itself.

Gentlemen of the College Eleven it is not flattering to you, and it is not a matter of congratulation to us, to be obliged to confess that out of the eleven best players in the college, only two showed themselves able to defend their wickets against an eleven which had never played together before and many of whose players had not touched a bat for years. You fielded well. Mr. Hudson bowled better than ever before. Martin's wicket keeping was worthy of all praise. But your batting was simply wretched.

Yet the same men whose wickets fell for zero on Monday have time and time again made double figures. We can only attribute this to lack of practice.

In the Chicago Eleven also, want of practice was the most noticeable feature, for with a few exceptions their play was not good. Messrs. Colly, Sharp, and Perkins batted admirably, and the bowling and wicket-keeping of the two former gentlemen surpassed anything we have ever seen on the campus. In the main the game was interesting, as in fact all the games with the Chicago Club have been.

The windows of this College let down from the top. A trite remark, perhaps, but when thought about in connection with the ventilation of our recitation rooms, one which ought to be somewhat refreshing. It is a lamentable fact that after the cold weather begins, there are only one or two rooms in which the windows are ever opened, and in these only during the change of classes. If there is sufficient ventilation during the recitation, it is because some

one has forgotten to feel chilly; for if the windows are open when a class comes in they are sure to be shut three minutes afterward, and during the rest of the hour everybody has to suffer from heat and bad air. It seems as if common sense, or at least common regard for comforts ought to regulate a small matter like this; but when two or three individuals deliberately put their own convenience before that of all their fellow-students, perhaps special attention should be called to it. We spend the greater part of our mornings in the class-room, and it becomes a question of some importance with us, whether our recitations should not be made pleasant and profitable. It is certain that they are neither if we come through them with a headache, or a stupid feeling of languor; but they must be both if a healthful atmosphere makes them pass off briskly, and we leave them at the end of the morning almost as fresh as at the beginning. Something should be done about this matter. If the classes are placed so as to be affected by a "draft," the seats should be changed. If the Professors suffer in a similar manner, possibly a like arrangement would prove advantageous, if they found it just as convenient. At least some method of ventilation should be tried; and as it is our opinion that if pure air were breathed, neither professors nor students would find the recitations half so irksome as they sometimes do. We say by all means let us have the windows open.

There is no feature of our College course that we have regarded with more pleasure than the occasional entertainments given by the Histrionic Society. But the length of time which has passed since the last one was given, makes us fear that the society has become defunct. If this be the case we wish to suggest that it would be a good thing if it were revived again.

Of course every one knows that with the loss of '73 we have been deprived of a great variety of talent. It is not easy to forget Larrabee, and Glat, and Wads, and Jang. But yet it seems as if there must be, among so many students, considerable talent left which only needs cultivation to bring it out. If those who take an interest in such matters would only come forward and take hold of it, there is nothing to prevent the society from being again in a flourishing condition. It has all the fixtures, scenery, etc., requisite for an entertainment, and would be able to give one before Christmas if it had a sufficient number of reinforcements. Let there be a speedy meeting of the society and see what can be done about it.

It is our opinion that the Addisonian library and reading room will never be patronized or appreciated so long as it remains in the basement. In such a dismal, out of the way place as that is, no one wishes to bury himself, and if the students don't use the room they certainly will not support it. It is now the most uninviting retreat we know of, and not many persons would care to pass an hour among the papers in such a barren and comfortless place. It is evident that something ought to be done; and the first and most important thing assuredly is to procure some bright and cheerful room. Other improvements will naturally follow. The room over the old student's parlor is at present used only as a recitation room, and would be an excellent location. The society had better take the matter under consideration, and at least find out what the authorities will agree to. A little moral persuasion might accomplish a great deal.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

CHICAGO AND N. W.	Going South.	Going North.
Mail and Express	8.03 A. M.	10.41 A. M.
Express	1.54 P. M.	11.48 A. M.
Express	4.48 P. M.	7.22 P. M.
Night Passenger	12.30 A. M.	3.40 A. M.
WESTERN UNION.		
	Going West.	Going East.
*Day Passenger	8.00 A. M.	7.50 P. M.
Accommodation	8.50 P. M.	6.40 A. M.
Night Passenger	5.50 P. M.	6.45 P. M.

*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

—The first nine match which was to have been played Thursday is postponed till Tuesday afternoon.

—The Ladies Aid Society will resume their series of ten-cent entertainments this Fall, the first to be given this (Saturday) evening in Taylor Hall library. The exercises will consist of vocal and instrumental music, and a charade which is so good we are not allowed to say anything further about it. The entertainment is to conclude with dancing. The ladies met with such success in giving these informal evening gatherings last summer, that they are making every effort to render them as pleasant as possible.

—We publish this week the English Prize Essay for 1873.

—A Freshman says he wishes he could see the person who makes his bed, he'd tell her not to sew up the sheets.

'73's Class Play was so successful that '74 is said to be getting up a class opera. R—chm—d is to be *prima donna*.

The choir singing will improve, no doubt, when some of the trebles find out that they were not intended entirely for ornament.

—On account of the beautiful weather the gymnasium has been for some time closed. We are in no hurry to see it opened again.

—Alas! we write our editorials to music now. That man who is learning to play the fiddle has reached Racine and is rooming next door to us.

—There is a Junior who, out of three hundred and fifteen subjects for essays and orations can't choose one on which he can express himself in an original manner. That fellow will make a powerful writer some day.

—We are glad to say that at last the billiard table has been repaired and put in suitable condition for play. It has certainly stood abandoned for a long enough time, and it is agreeable to hear the click of the balls once more.

—Imagine our feelings as we came suddenly upon the following in reading the proof for this issue:

"W. D. Ellwanger, formerly of '74 was recently elected to *phi tipsy topsy*, a sophomore society at Yale."

—Mrs. Lamont, who has been for so many years known as the "old woman," is said to be looking about for an extra cow. We suppose her search to be accounted for by the frequent applications for milk from '77.

—Another county has been heard from. This young man is from Long Branch. He says they don't cut bread here like they do at the seashore; he wants Mrs. Franklin to cut his bread on the bias. Where are Newport and Cape May?

POTTER has gone to Milwaukee. He tried to get some more teeth knocked out, but he only succeeded in getting a chair broken over his head. He was so disgusted that he swore Throup could keep his own books after this, and left on the next train.

—Dr. Elmendorf has lately received quite a number of new books for the library. Besides a few novels for the freshmen we noticed particularly some very valuable philosophical works which will delight the hearts of earnest seekers of truth among the seniors.

—We understand that a memorial window for Mrs. Sears is soon to be placed in the chapel by the Ladies Aid Society. If outside contributions are received, and we believe they are, doubtless the friends of Mrs. Sears among the students would gladly aid them in their work.

—Recitation in English Literature:

Prof.—"Mr. A.—who was the author of 'Rokeby?'"

Mr. A.—"I don't believe I know."

Prof.—"Ah, indeed? Mr. B.—who wrote 'Rokeby?'"

Mr. B.—"Why, I think Rokeby did, sir."

—No one knows what deeds of darkness were done in the school room that night when the gas went out so suddenly, but there was a general punishment next day, and we overheard some small boys saying that if ever such a thing occurred again there wouldn't be so much smiling out loud as there was this time.

—It was a very disappointed committee that came back from the Junction last Saturday morning. The St. Louis gentlemen failed to make their appearance. All hopes of a good cricket match were blasted, and those students who, in anticipation of a holiday, had trusted to luck for their recitations had to *scratch*.

—An alumnus who visited the college recently was so puzzled by the numerous improvements since his time that he got completely lost in one of the Grammar School buildings. If he shouldn't come again till 1900 he would probably think he hadn't been here at all.

—Rather a strange postal card ran ashore here last week. It read something as follows: "Mr. X.:—Sir, I want that \$14.00. You have had two years wear out of those black pants and now I want you to pay for them. I can't afford to clothe you. Yours, &c., ———, Tailor." Unfortunately the gentleman changed his address some time ago.

—There is another chance for that much talked-of sidewalk. Mr. Boyd, *our* alderman, is in favor of it. Can't something be done now, before the soft, sloppy, slippery season sets in? Is there no one in the college to take hold of it? It is hard that we should be cut off from communication with the town during six or seven months of the year just for the want of a few boards.

—The city has at last determined to protect its property against the encroachments of the lake, and is about to commit the extravagance of putting down two or three new piers in front of the grave yard. It is rather late in the day to begin to fight the waves there, as they have entirely worn away the road and made it necessary to move the fence some distance back. But perhaps better late than never, and at all events it is refreshing to see that the city is waking up.

The following effusion was picked up in Taylor Hall last week, and as it seems to explain a good many things we give it a place in our columns. We think the adjectives are wonderfully well applied, and '77 ought to be thankful that they have among them such a true expounder of their feelings.

A WAIL FROM THE FRESH.

Come hither, gentle Freshman,
For something I would say
About your sore vexations,
To drive your cares away.

Now just because you're Freshmen
You are the jest of all;
Whether of Sophs or Juniors,
Or Seniors grave and tall.

You poor and timid creatures
The Sophs attempt to rush;
But at the Prof's appearing
The rising storm you hush.

'Tis said you'd like to sky-lark,
And of it you're capable;
But where's the time to sky-lark
E'en though you like it well.

You are kept hard at Latham,
And at digging out Greek roots,
So that you all may cultivate
The idea's tender shoots.

But cheer up, patient comrades,
The Fresh will soon be past,
And the year will end our troubles
When the Soph'more comes at last.

—A couple of thoughtless seniors strolling about the country one Sunday afternoon not long since met with a very good looking setter pup which with a little coaxing they induced to follow them. Arrived at home the question was what to do with him and where to keep him. A thought struck them. The gymnasium was closed, and would do for a temporary prison. Acting upon this idea they were about opening one of the windows to place the animal safely inside when they encountered Peter who remonstrated with them. "Don't you gentlemen think you are breaking the Sabbath just a *leetle*?" Our friends were stumped, but with great dignity they requested him to go to thunder. The indefatigable Peter was not in a hurry to go anywhere. He only replied in his mildest tones, "Nowa, don't you think you are saying something a *leetle* wrong?"

Personal.

Dudley P. Safford, '73, is teaching in Traverse City, Mich.

Harry H. Francis, formerly of '74, is attending the Law School at Michigan University.

W. W. Steel of '73, has entered as a Divinity student at Nashotah.

Rev. Colin C. Tate of '66, visited the College a week or so ago.

C. P. Nicholson, formerly of '74, is on the staff of the "Colorado Miner."

F. O. Osborne and T. W. McLean of '71, stopped here a few hours on their way to Nashotah. They are both to be ordained next summer we believe.

Horace Weeks of '73 has entered the Law School at Columbia College.

W. D. Ellwanger, formerly of '74, was recently elected to Phi Theta Psi, a Sophomore society at Yale.

Charles H. Marshall, an old student of the Grammar School, is at Jarvis Hall, Colorado. He will enter the ministry this year.

J. O. Slemmons, a former member of the class of '70, was at the College for a day or two recently. He was on his way to Pittsburg, his future residence.

Geo. Ball, '73, is in Cincinnati, but is expecting to go into business in New York.

It is rumored that LeRoy de Koven, formerly of '74, has met the idol of his heart. We have received no cards.

We understand from a private letter, that W. K. Benton of '73, is at present in Cincinnati reading Law, studying French and German, doing considerable extra reading, and having plenty of time for society besides. 'T is hard to get out of old habits.

Nelson Perin, formerly of the class of '74, has been for some time in Paris. He sails for America in about a month. C. H. Resor of '75, sailed on Thursday, October 9th.

C. A. D. Lockwood, who left '74 in the Freshman year, is a barrister in St. Louis. His brother, "Farmer" John, is measuring tape for a flourishing Dry Goods house in the same city.

Edward Wright, whom Grammar School students will doubtless recognize under the cognomen of HASH, is a Midshipman Easy in Her Majesty's service.

The College Press.

We are sorry to miss several familiar friends from our list of exchanges. As their absence may possibly be owing to the new postal regulations, we wish to say to them and to all the college press, that we shall pay postage on all exchanges received by us, expecting, of course a like favor in return. To the Yale *Record* we would suggest that although we received two copies of each issue last year we have no desire to make one of them do for this year also, unless the *Record* has dropped us from its list. We were always glad to see it and hope its non-appearance is only an oversight.

We received among our new exchanges the *News Letter*, from Iowa College, and the *University Record* from the University of the South. Both papers seem fairly edited, though the *Record* is somewhat better than the *News Letter*. The latter, however, is but an experiment as yet, to quote from one of its editorials, so perhaps we do not form a just estimate.

They have a tutor at Harvard so near-sighted that he walks along the street with one foot on the curbstone and the other in the gutter, wondering why he is so infernally lame.—*Record*.

Frrshman (swimmingly,)—"What is the value of a senior?"

Senior (severely,)—"Taking a Freshman as a unit of measure, he is valued at infinity."—*Ex.*

The *Chronicle* opens with a plea for a literary society and another for a boating club. The latter is especially well put, and ought to be recognized; but anyone who has been at Ann Arbor knows that there are one or two rather formidable difficulties in the way. We are quite curious to know what will be done about it. Rushing is not yet obsolete at University. The two under classes had a nice little time of it on the 1st inst., and succeeded in tearing off each other's coats and shirts in the liveliest way imaginable. We notice that the Eastern papers are going strongly against all sorts of hazing this year, and, although we do not believe in copying Eastern customs entirely, we do think that some less barbaric way of introducing the "new comers" might be found. There is, however, something to be said on the other side, as a correspondent in the *Courant* remarks; and if the age of "roughness" is really to be superseded by an "age of meanness" it would be very much better to stick by the manners of old time. The question is, is there no mean between the two?

The *Era* for September 26th says that nothing makes college days pass more pleasantly, and nothing will longer keep the memory of them green, than plenty of college singing. When the mechanics is abstruse to utter darkness, and the laconic Thucydides becomes doubly difficult in a speech, a half hour's loaf for singing will rest the brain, and make them seem like ABC's. What can better aid digestion, and send one off to a good evening's study, than a rousing song or two after tea? The lessons will be learned in half the time, and a good night's rest procured besides.

We heartily endorse the *Era's* opinions, and recommend them to the consideration of the students of Racine. Every one knows what a salutary effect the dancing used to have upon our studies, and we have no doubt but that a little singing indulged in at the same time would in a great measure take its place. At present our singing is confined to Sunday evening; the concerts are long and strong, and every one enjoys them; but would it not be well to distribute some of the music throughout the week?

Editor's Table.

It gives us pleasure to be able to count among our exchanges *Littell's Living Age*. Standing as it does at the head of magazine literature in this country, it scarcely needs our word of praise: to lovers of good reading everywhere, it recommends itself. The best writers in every department of literature make up its list of contributors; its table of contents is gathered from the great periodicals of the old world, and it gives to its readers, weekly, a compendium of literary matter nowhere else to be found. To the student the *Living Age* especially recommends itself because it gives him information on almost every subject in which he is likely to be interested. Many things to which he could in no other way gain access find their way to him through its pages; and if he is a thinking man, and is really trying to keep abreast of the times, it not only recommends itself to him but becomes indispensable. In the two October numbers which are before us we remark particularly in this connection the sketch of "Don Carlos of Spain," "The Future of Labor," and "Beaumarchais and his Times,"—the latter has, perhaps, a more especial interest to the student of literature, but nevertheless it is a valuable

essay and deserves a wide reading. We are sorry that space does not permit us to give a more extended notice of it.

There are a number of good things in the *Atlantic* for October, and not least among them the opening article, T. B. Aldrich's story of "Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski." It is charmingly told, as all his stories are, and the surprise at the end is complete. In our opinion it is the best short story of the season. "The Germans in the West" takes up several questions which are of considerable importance now-a-days, and will probably have a more general interest than any other article in the magazine, unless it be Parton's "Last Years of Thomas Jefferson." Robert Dale Owen, contributes a sketch of "Frances Wright, Lafayette, and Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley." The reviews of recent publications, and the notes on Arts, Science, and Politics, are a very valuable feature of the *Atlantic*. "Pater's Studies in the History of the Renaissance" has a long notice in this issue.

We know of no family paper which has more steadily improved since its beginning than the *Hearth and Home*. It carries with it everywhere, a pure and healthy atmosphere, which refines and elevates everything with which it comes in contact. Its illustrations are very good, its editorials fresh and sensible, its stories entertaining. A serial by Mr. George Cary Eggleston, commenced in the issue for October 18th, promises to sustain us in our opinion during the coming year. It is entitled "A man of Honor" and is a representation of Virginia life before the war. Subscribers for the *Hearth and Home* for 1874, will have a very pleasant and attractive weekly visitor.

Old and New for 1874, promises to be even better than usual. Mr. Hale contributes a set of short stories, one of Ruskin's pupils, Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, a series of art papers, and other notable writers discuss the prominent questions of the day. Subscribers who send in their names before the 1st of December, get Mr. Hale's new Christmas story free. The October number of the magazine has an article on the Springfield Regatta, by a Harvard man. The only new light thrown on the subject is in regard to the efforts of the Cambridge Telegraph Company and some additional testimony to the wretched carelessness of the executive committee.

Littell's Living Age, \$8.00 per year, postage free, if the money is remitted directly to the Publishers.

Littell & Gay, 17 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

Old and New, \$4.00 per year with Christmas Story for subscribers for 1874.

F. B. Perkins, Agent, 143 Washington St. Boston.

Hearth and Home, \$3.00 per year with Chromo, "The Strawberry Girl." Trial Subscription \$1 for four months.

Orange Judd & Company, 245 Broadway, N. Y.

The Atlantic Monthly, \$4.00 per year.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.

Lippincott's Magazine, \$4.00 per year.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The Eclectic Magazine, \$5.00 per year.

E. R. Pelton & Co., 108 Fulton St., N. Y.



„HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.“

VOL. XIV.

RACINE COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 6, 1873.

No. 3.

Y^e Lover's Mistake.

Come students all who court y^e maydes
Which in y^e towne do dwell,
Just listen now unto my tale
And mark y^e moral well.

A lovely mayden once there was,
Her name was Christabelle;
Full rich and stylish did she dress,
And she wore a great bustlé.

She lived within a mansion fayre
A college near unto,
And round her house upon a lawn
Full many bushes grew.

Now at the college there did dwell
A gay and rash studente
Who swore he'd make this mayde his bride
In spite of her old gente.

For well he loved this stylish mayde
With love both strong and true,
But ne'er could get her pa's consent,
Spite all that he could do.

And when at last y^e stern old gente
His face refused to bide,
Though now he feared to pass her gate,
He linger'd oft outside.

And many an eve outside y^e gate
He'd sit him on a stone,
And gazing at y^e moon, give out
His melancholy moan.

It chanced one eve y^e stern old gente
Went forth upon a ride;
Then down y^e walk tripped Christabelle
To gain her lover's side.

Ah! beautiful she was, I ween,
And gaily trimmed about;
And far into y^e evening air
Her bustle did stick out.

“Now come within, my love,” she cried,
“And join me on y^e walk;
And while papa has gone to ride
We'll have a quiet talk.”

And then it was y^e poor studente
No longer was afraid;
And soon among y^e evergreens
They two did promenade.

And as they walked so lovingly
The garden paths about,
I wot it was as Milton saith
“Linked sweetness long drawn out.”

But all too soon y^e cruel pa
Return'd from his ride;
And full of wrath he was when he
Y^e loving couple spied.

But still they walked like lovers true,
Not fearing any harm;
Y^e old gente stepped full cautiously—
He gave them no alarm.

But as they came in converse sweet
A walking down the way,
He stepped behind a broad oak tree
To hear what they might say.

And whilst they passed this foul ambush,
Thus whispered Christabelle;
“Now come to-morrow night at twelve;
Our plan shall work full well.

“My room is on y^e second floor,
And as you're broad and stout,
I'll jump into your arms, my love,
And then we will light out.”

* * * * *

That night y^e studente kept good watch,
Nor let y^e hour pass.
But neath y^e window—sharp at twelve—
He sate upon y^e grass.

And as he fixed his eyes aloft
Upon y^e window ledge,
Full soon he saw her form appear
Leaning out o'er the edge.

Then rising, up this fayre burden
He caught unto his breast,
And gliding down y^e gravel walk
Put in his level best.

Full one mile off y^e depot lay;
The night was dark as pitch;
And as he ran 'twas only chr:nce
He fell not in y^e ditch.

No wonder 'twas he could not talk,
So fast he needs must run.
Nor yet that she kept still—as you
Will see when I am done.

For when y^e depot he had reached,
Oh, where was Christabelle?
The bundle in his arms—oh shame!
Was Pa and her bustlé!

E. A. L., '73.

Cultivation and Oratory.

It is not a mere speculative question whether oratory is deprived of its great power as literature and science progress. It is claimed by many that as we advance we are gradually loosened from the grasp of that divine art, than which, to use another's words, “nothing is more fruitful for good, more excellent for honor or more reputable for the fame of a city or the immortality of a nation.” I believe this statement is so far from the truth that I could scarcely feel warranted in adopting any view on the subject except the very opposite. Of course we must mean by the orator

something more than a mere speech maker; he must possess more of those qualities which are comprised in what has been called the "magnificent myth" of Cicero. If, indeed, he is such an orator or makes even the smallest approach to it, so as to be endowed with even a portion of the "acuteness of a logician, the wisdom of a philosopher, the language of poet, the memory of a lawyer, and the voice and action of a tragedian," I think that no advance of literature and science can deprive him of the power he can wield; for these are the qualities which constitute the "myth" of the Roman orator.

As literature and science increase, the resources of the orator are augmented. He can glean in fields before untouched, every fresh discovery of science is in a sense his own. He is under no necessity of gathering from old sources: every embellishment of style, metaphor, allusion, illustration, all can be derived from the exhaustless store which is within his reach. If he is an orator by profession or pays special attention to oratory, he can turn every fresh discovery to his own use. By keeping in the advance guard of discoverers, although not a discoverer himself, he is fully prepared to exercise his power.

As he, of course, is the man who must be at least acquainted with many kinds of knowledge, he is hurried along in the search for the beauties of literature and the truths of science. His mind is never at a stand still; all his faculties must be quickened, the taste becomes polished, the whole mental part of the man is improved. He, too, must look with more enthusiasm upon things, and he cannot help imparting to his audience some of the strength of his own feelings.

This is the advantage as far as the orator himself is concerned. But I believe that his audience also is more open both to conviction and persuasion. They must have been somewhat improved as far as their mind goes, by the advance of their age. They are more cultivated, they are less prejudiced, they are more able to appreciate the force of an argument. Allusions, illustrations, all the ornaments of an oration, are not lost upon them. They can at least appreciate their beauty and force. But as this is the argument to which most objection is made, and the strongest objection in my opinion, let us consider the other side for a moment. It is claimed that the increase of knowledge as regards literature and science gives ability to detect rhetorical tricks, to assent to no opinion of which the only support is a sophistical argument speciously decked with all the beauties of style. But this is assuming that the highest oratory is in need of employing such tricks. It is including among orators every mere demagogue. Of course such demagogues would necessarily lose influence as the people became more cultivated, but the orator, who is not bound by lack of ability to employ such tricks, cannot be deprived of influence by the detection of nonsense. Nay, he will even acquire more power as he stands forth known as one who is endowed with the gift of the oratory of truthfulness.

It is also asserted in connection with the last objection that as literature and science advance, people in general acquire the habit of analyzing everything. Hence they are ever talking about the beauties, etc., of a literary composition and fail to take the whole in and appreciate it. It is also said that they begin to lose the faculty of wonder

as they progress in acquaintance with the works of great merit, that familiarity even here breeds contempt. A statement like this is difficult to answer in short space. That we do gaze with indifference upon things which at first inspired us with wonder and deeply affected us, is true. But still, familiarity can only breed contempt in one of two ways: either the object of our wonder and admiration is only speciously worthy of our regard, or else we are so weak ourselves as to feel contempt for a greatness we cannot appreciate. Too great familiarity in the first case can only expose the demagogue. In the second case I believe the only remedy is an *increased* cultivation of our minds, and the acquiring of the power, which is a rare one, of not contemning a grandeur which is far above us, merely because, as a man once said of Niagara Falls, you have seen a good many pictures of it. Again it is said that men by increased cultivation become less open to appeals to action and less easily are persuaded. For they love to weigh each side, to play with their duty. But I believe that it is not cultivation which does this, but civilization of the inordinate stamp, the mere advance in material resources and material pleasures. Of course the orator has to contend against this disadvantage that people may in some measure be less ready to adopt a course of action that he may propose. But the disadvantage is more than counterbalanced by the fresh materials with which a cultivated age can supply him.

When we turn to history, we find no proof that oratory has not possessed wonderful power in seasons of the greatest literary and scientific activity. The two giants of oratory lived in times of the greatest mental activity. They addressed audiences who would infallibly detect mere artifice, and would at once resent the insult which the orator had offered them. The age of Louis XIV is another example of an age of literary and scientific research when orators were possessed of great power. I believe that all the pages of history are capable of the same interpretation namely: that oratory has flourished more and succeeded more in carrying its point when men have been highly cultivated, whether as regards science or literature.

So when our age is pointed to as an age of science and our orators are called mediocre, and then the conclusion is drawn that science is the cause of this, we can answer that the truth is otherwise. Orators are not born in every year; often we may feel like asserting they are not born in every age. But when they do arise, we may be certain that no amount of cultivation, no diffusion of knowledge can do otherwise than extend the limits of their powers. If we remember that there are limits, then we shall be careful not to assert that the progress of science and literature is detrimental to oratorical influence, simply because we know of no Demosthenes who may possibly do away with these limits.

H. H.

Tutor—"Tantalus stood immersed to his waist in water which fled from his hands when he attempted to lift some to his mouth."

New Soph.—I should think he would have sat down."
—*Courant*.

May we have a copy of the *Cornell Review*? We have seen so many and so varied comments on it that we should be glad to form an opinion for ourselves.

Francis Bret Harte.

A very little thing may give a man popularity; a lucky hit will sometimes make his living. Genin, the latter, founded his whole fortune on the enormous sum he paid for a ticket to one of the Jenny Lind concerts; and Robert Bonner owes his great success simply to a joke he played at the expense of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Neither of these gentlemen, however, made a luckier venture than Francis Bret Harte when he wrote for the columns of the "Overland Monthly" his "Heathen Chinese." He not only founded a prosperous fortune, but a school of poetry; he not only gained the public ear, but he became in some degree the public mouth-piece.

Bret Harte was born at Albany in 1837. His father, a professor in a seminary, died when his son was a mere boy, leaving his family unprovided for. After a few years at school, and a few more at a New York store, the boy, now grown a young man, went with his mother to California, at that time the *El dorado* of all fortune-seekers. He first opened a small school, then mined a bit, then entered a printing office as a compositor. He finally founded a paper of his own in connection with a friend in San Francisco, but only continued it for a little while. He then accepted several positions under government employ; and at last in 1868, when the "Overland Monthly" was started, he was chosen to edit it; and through its pages he has gained his present notoriety. All his best stories, all his best poems, all his best work of every kind appeared while he was connected with this magazine. Since he has come east he has been steadily losing in power; and though he is still a general favorite and a popular writer of short sketches, not many of the best believe in him, and a few of the bravest dare dislike him.

It is a fact nevertheless that he has founded a school of poetry. John Hay, Will Carleton, and numerous other more ephemeral *literati* followed in his footsteps, and the newspapers and magazines began to be full of the productions of the so-called realistic school. It was a school which in one way has had a large influence for good, but which, after all, has been productive of enough evil to counterbalance its pretensions ten times over. It was good in that it touched a popular chord, and made rhymed verse familiar to many a household in the land where it had rarely ever had a hearing. It was good because it attempted to beautify the commonest incidents of common life and put them in the way of common people so that they could see themselves as in a glass. It was good because it was human. But in reality it failed to fulfill its best endeavors. It was popular enough, but it neither elevated nor refined—it rather degraded all it touched. It gave countenance to slang and vulgarisms, and to scenes and incidents before confined to the gambling house and the brothel. It not only showed the worst side of our "poor human nature," which there was scarcely need of showing at all, but it made the worst side worse than it actually was. In many of Bret Harte's stories, and in very many of the other stories and poems of his school, there are passages, which, if actually true, ought to shame the man who could describe them, to say nothing of the publisher who gave them to the world. The point of fact really was that Bret Harte had struck a lucky vein at last in his various diggings, and the rest just tried their fortune with him. He and his col-

leagues nourished, then and now, that morbid sensuality of the common mind which shows itself so clearly in a fondness for reading in the papers of murders, suicides, and all sorts of loathsome details. They contributed their mite, whatever it was, to the rapidly gaining tide of infidelity and indifference popular with that class, and instead of being what they might have been, a real benefit to our national literature, they were a real hurt and hindrance. They catered to bad tastes; and, like the Roman epicures of old, their patrons got a liking by and by for food more or less diseased, or, perhaps, decayed.

For this Bret Harte is to-day a popular man. With the best he has no place, but nevertheless he wields an influence wider by far than he should have, and *worse* by far than he should have likewise. Some of his sketches are charmingly written: pages of tenderness and pathos occasionally wake the softest feelings of the heart,—but the leaf will turn to details so disgusting that a courtesan only should read them without a blush. Francis Bret Harte has much to answer for. He has made a lucky hit; he has struck a yielding vein; it may go on producing, and the gold he gets be good; but that which he gives to the world is mostly spurious.

The popularity of one or two decades is small. To be known and soon forgotten seems hardly worth much striving for. It is the imperishable records on which men ought to seek to write their names. But now-a-days, with all our luxury and ease, we scarcely strive for anything at all.—"He builds too low who builds beneath the stars" is an adage out of date. Few of us realize the true reality of life; few know what life is worth the living. But many know the life that is, and never try to make it better than it is, and of these Francis Bret Harte is one. T. C.

The former editors of the MERCURY will be pained to learn that Atom of the Harvard *Advocate* is dead. In a feeling obituary the *Advocate* gives an account of his last hours, the resolutions adopted by the editors on his demise, and the inscription on his tombstone. The resolutions are undoubtedly true, but there are two lines of the inscription which are hard for us to believe:

"He wrote for the *Advocate*,—hence *Advocatus*,
His death in that paper will leave a *hiatus*."

The "*hiatus*" seems to be very well filled at present by the local columns, and we scarcely think it would have been perceptible anyway.

Scene in University Book Store.—Present, a Junior and two or three Sophs. Enter smiling Professor. Junior beams and grasps Professor's hand. Professor—"Glad to see you, sir, how fresh you're looking!" Junior freezes,—idiotic grins by Sophomores.—*Univ. Herald*.

One of the "freshy tall" was seen anxiously inspecting the houses of a certain street, and after several unsuccessful attempts to find the right one exclaimed pathetically: "I'll be dog-gon-ed; if I can't keep track of my room better'n this, I'll hitch myself to a string." This called forth a laugh from the crowd who happened to overhear him, whereupon he enlightened them by saying, "I'm a fresh!"—*Chronicle*.

The College Mercury.

"VIGEAT RADIX."

RACINE COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 6, 1873.

EDITORS:

C. E. CARLISLE. G. R. McDOWELL. GEO. F. W. SMALL.

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.

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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.

A Reading-Room Once More.

For a long time it has been a source of regret to us all that we have had no reading-room: and many and varied have been the expressions of discontent thereat: but no one thought himself called on to take any steps towards establishing the much needed institution.

For quite a long time the college authorities supported a reading-room from the Library fund, and almost every afternoon the students parlor was crowded with persons either using, or waiting for a chance to use, the files. But the reading room interfered somewhat with the usefulness of the room for other purposes, and consequently it was found necessary to move the files to another locality. But the question was, where? The old smoking room was finally selected as the only available place, and the papers were placed there. This change was welcomed by all the smokers, and disapproved of by those who were not. For, said the latter, it is impossible for us to find any pleasure in reading in a room where the smoke is so thick that one can scarcely see half a dozen feet in any direction. The authorities soon found that in the new locality the papers were destroyed almost as soon as placed on file, and so, after various warnings, the reading-room was discontinued, and those who wished to see the daily papers were forced to buy them for themselves.

For nearly a year from that time we were entirely without anything like a reading-room, properly speaking. It is true there were some periodicals kept on file in the Library, but they were of little use; for, as the Librarian remarked, the Library could not be turned into a reading-room. When the Philologian and Clonian Societies united and Addisonia sprang into life, it seemed as if we were to have a reading-room once more. The members of the Society took hold of the matter, and worked with a will. The authorities provided a room; the MERCURY co-operated, and lent their exchanges to be placed on file, and for a time all seemed prosperous. But, as before, the selection was very unfortunate. Leaving out the matter of the smoke, it was worse than the smoking-room. Being in the basement, and having a west front, it was impossible to keep it warm and free from dampness; and though the members of the

society did what they could, they were not able to accomplish impossibilities, and the reading-room gradually fell into disuse. The room and name were retained, but no one ever went near it; the subscriptions ran out and were not renewed, and, finally the reading-room was again a thing of the past. The Addisonian reading-room practically ceased to exist just about one year ago, and since that time we have been in exactly the same position with regard to daily papers and other periodicals that we were when the College reading-room was abolished.

From the beginning of this year there has been considerable talk about trying the reading-room plan once more, to see if, aided by our past experience, we could not make it work. During the past week the Addisonians have recognized the fact that a reading-room is needed, and that they are the proper persons to start it; and with the energy that marks the society this year they have gone to work in a sensible manner. From the very outset they said that unless the authorities would provide them with a better room, they would do nothing at all. But the authorities were as fully awake to the necessity of a reading-room as could be wished, and accordingly the large room over Dr. Falks' recitation-room has been secured for the purpose. After carpeting and properly furnishing the room, the society will place upon their files all the popular periodicals of the day, and the MERCURY exchanges. They will then throw the room open for the use of all the members of the College, with no restrictions whatever, except, of course, a due respect for the room, and for the property of the society and of the MERCURY. Under this management, as smoking will be allowed with certain restrictions, the new reading-room will be as pleasant a place to spend an hour in as any we know of. We confidently predict for it prosperity and success.

W. D. T.

The First Nine Match.

Base ball may seem a little out of season after the winds and snows we have lately had, but the game has been played and deserves notice. Owing to the continued unfavorableness of the weather it seemed as though the match must be put off until spring; but Wednesday morning dawned so bright and clear that it was immediately decided to play, and the Headmaster was straightway attacked for half-holiday. The last two hours were granted, and the players, with a large number of spectators, were soon in the field.

In anticipation of a close and exciting game we were prepared to take a careful and accurate report of each innings. The first two were very promising, and we were hopeful; but in the last half of the third, the Badgers became careless and threw dreadfully, and the Clarksons holding the bat for something less than an hour scored fifteen. About this time we began to get gloriously tired and made up our mind, that if such games were to be reported by innings our columns must be considerably enlarged; but we determined to try it for two innings more. At the end of that time we closed the note book in perfect disgust.

It was evident from the start that the Badgers were no match for their opponents. It was nine boys against nine men. They threw wildly and batted feebly. In the fifth innings they picked up a little, and in the last they really played well; but it was too late in the day. The Clarksons had carried it all their own way. Their batting was nearly always heavy and their throwing true. Sturges

never threw better from third, and Martin more than maintained his reputation both by his throws and catches.

Some one remarked that the Badgers wanted a good pitcher. So they do, and they want some one behind the bat to catch him. Rumsey does excellently, but he must add a cubit to his stature before he can perfectly fill the position. Catcher and pitcher are not all they want, either; they want men for several other places before they play the Clarksons again. They are mostly too young and too light. Base ball is plainly not their game.

We give the score:

BADGERS.		O. R.	CLARKSONS.		O. R.
Pond.....	5	1	Hudson.....	4	7
Kershaw.....	3	5	Richmond, E.....	5	5
Cleveland.....	4	2	Caldwell.....	1	9
Clark.....	3	3	Doe.....	2	7
Rumsey.....	3	2	Morrall.....	2	6
Weeks.....	2	4	Sturges.....	5	5
Cobb.....	2	4	Luther.....	4	6
Fulforth.....	3	2	January.....	1	9
Martin.....	2	3	Martin, H.....	3	6
Total, - - -	27	24	Total, - - -	27	60

BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Badgers	—0	2	0	1	6	2	1	1	11-24.
Clarksons	—2	2	15	12	8	4	2	10	5-60.

We do not think the open meeting of the Addisonian Society showed careful preparation enough to interest the public generally. The debate in particular was rendered more tedious than it should have been by the hesitancy and evident extempore speaking of the debaters. Not that extempore speaking is by any means a fault, but in a public debate it seems as if a certain degree of fluency is looked for as well as sound argument. If the arguments brought forward last Tuesday evening had been clothed in better dress, the debate would have been one of the most interesting we have listened to. It was on the prohibition of Circuses in this state, and the debaters were very fairly matched: Messrs Tilden and Reilay arguing in favor of the prohibition, and Messrs Doe and Martin against it. The debate was preceded by an extract read by Mr. Truesdell on "Competitive Examinations in China," and an oration by Mr. Caldwell, President of the Society, on "A College Book Store."

The subject discussed was one which ought to be of considerable interest to us. We are, as the orator said, in a great degree careless of our own interests. In almost every College town there is a discount given on College text-books as an accomodation to the students. The books are in such constant demand, and the trade at the store where they are bought is so large in other respects, that the book sellers can well afford to furnish them in this way. Our book-stores have once or twice given discount to the students, but for some reason or other have never continued to do so for any length of time; and the consequence is that those of us who wish to get our books at reasonable prices have to send away for them. If this is to go on, an association should be formed in College for the purpose of conducting the affair. Of course, every one knows that on text-books the profits are not so large as they are on other literary merchandise: but they are considerable enough to

to make one feel as if that much money in his pocket each session would be an admirable thing; and as none of us have so much money that we care to throw any of it away, steps should be taken either to arrange with the tradesmen in town, or to send to other places for our books.

The oration seemed to express the popular feeling of the College, and we hope its suggestions may be followed out. The exercises of the evening closed with the reading of the "Miscellany," a rather thin affair, and an extempore speech on "Hazing."

We give this week a list of the books just added to the library. The last two named were presented by Mr. Barnum of '77, and Mr. Reilay of '74; and are old and rare volumes. The Librarian suggests that others may find old books in some garret chest or closet which, though not of any particular value to the owners, would be of much worth to the library. If any one chances to light upon such books in his vacation, they will be most thankfully received.

- Asiatic Miscellanies, complete.
- Antiquitates Americanae.
- Bayles' Dictionary, old ed., 2 vols.
- Carlyle, complete works.
- Calderon, complete works.
- Chronicles, six English
- Commines, Memoirs, 2 vols.
- Chateaubriand, complete works.
- Condillac, complete works.
- Campbell, Lives of Lord Chancellors.
- Chronicles, Monstrelet.
- Cid, Chronicle of the.
- Calhoun, Complete Works.
- David's Turkish Grammar.
- Des Cartes, complete works.
- Dana, Coral and Coral Islands.
- Frere, J. H., works, 2 vols.
- Freeman, Norman Conquest, 4 vols.
- Fuller, Worthies of England, old ed.
- Grammont, Memoirs.
- Grein, Anglo-Saxon Poesie.
- Herrick, Hesperides.
- Hobbes, Complete Works, Molesworth's ed.
- Jowett, Works of Plato, 4 vols.
- Jones, Sir Wm., Works of.
- Jones, Owen, Grammar of Ornament.
- Lyell, Principles of Geology, last ed.
- Mill's Hamilton.
- Middlemarch, Eliot.
- Morris, Volsunga Saga.
- Moore, Records of Rebellion, 12 vols.
- Malebranche, Metaphysique et recherche, de la Verite.
- Montalambert, Oliphant, 2 vols
- Quail's Emblems, original ed.
- Packard, Insects, Study of.
- Palgrave, History of English Commonwealth.
- Richardson's Works, Ballantyne ed.
- Rawlinson, Sixth Oriental Monarchy.
- Spenser's Psychology.
- Spinoza, Complete Works.
- Sakountala, Calidaras, Paris 1830.
- Simrock, Niebelungenlied.
- Staley, Koran.
- Ultilas, Moeso, Gothic Bible
- White's Selbourne.
- Webster, Complete Works, with Life by Curtis.
- The Tryal of Dr. Sacheverall. Ed. 1702.
- Seandret on the Christian Sacrifice Ed. 1802.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

CHICAGO AND N. W.	Going South	Going North.
Mail and Express	8.03 A. M.	10.41 A. M.
Express	1.54 P. M.	11.48 A. M.
Express.....	4.48 P. M.	7.22 P. M.
Night Passenger.....	12.30 A. M.	3.40 A. M.
WESTERN UNION.	Going East.	Going East.
*Day Passenger	8.00 A. M.	7.50 P. M.
Accommodation.....	8.50 P. M.	6.40 A. M.
Night Passenger.....	5.50 P. M.	6.45 P. M.

*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

—Whist is a favorite after supper amusement.

—We are having lepadotemakoselakogalakranolipsan-aerinklopeliolagonosirabophatrazomenlitokakumnon again.

—The first Ladies' Aid Society entertainment was given on Saturday Oct. 18. The programme was vocal and instrumental music, a charade and a supper.

—Horace Weeks of '73 is not at the Law School of Columbia College as we stated in our last issue, but at the School of Mines.

—A lovely young skeleton has just arrived here from the battle-field of Sedan, and taken up its quarters in the Scientific School.

—The furnishing of the new reading-room is already in progress, and as the matter is in the hands of an efficient committee, the room will probably be open for use next week.

—The owner of "Billy" wants to know if he won't make a good trotter if properly trained—we never before saw a horse that could go three gaits at once, and we are unable to judge. Ask Gad Crook.

—A valuable map of Palestine has mysteriously disappeared from Taylor Hall, and if any one in the institution knows anything about it, it would be interesting to know who that person is.

Now that the snow has gone wouldn't it be a good time to try a game of foot-ball? Shinney has had a fair run, and we have not seen a good game of football for some time.

—Hayward of '70 spent a day with us recently. He has resigned his position at Grace Church, Chicago, and intends to pass the winter in Italy.

—The first four orators for the Larrabee prize will be chosen according to standing as heretofore. Two others will be elected by a committee of the Faculty on account of especial oratorical ability.

—By the invitation of the Headmaster the prefects enjoyed a very pleasant and quiet supper last week. It is needless to say that the honorable body still maintain their ancient reputation for an appreciation of good living, and that they did full justice to the dainty viands.

—The Histrionic Society has been thoroughly re-organized. Two plays, in which several new and brilliant "stars" will appear, will be put on the stage as soon as they can be prepared. There is a choice of nights between Thanksgiving Eve and December 16. The Society will be governed in its decision by the feeling of the College.

—The new gas-fixtures in the Chapel are very gorgeous, but the chandeliers seem a little too heavy for the building.

Just before our recent snow storm, the Shi Pop might have been seen tripping across the campus towards the gymnasium. We have visited her in her new quarters, and find that she dispenses even more liberal hospitality than when out of doors.

The Grammar School boys are wide awake. They have a musical society and a dramatic club. The latter is to give a play at the next Ladies' Aid entertainment. The play is written, we believe, by one of the members of the club, and is said to be a "rattler."

—A movement is being made in the Addisonian Society to admit the Grammar School tutors as literary members. The arrangement will be an admirable one if carried out, as nearly all of them have been members of one of the old Societies and will bring their skill and experience to help along the present excellent work of Addisonia. We hope the necessary resolutions will be passed.

—A Grammar School youth reports that while walking on the lake bank a few evenings ago he saw, directly opposite the College, a ship all in flames. He watched it for sometime; his attention was withdrawn, and when he next looked it had disappeared. It may be so, but it is more than probable that had he been constant in his watch, he would have seen the burning vessel change to the silver moon. There have been several excitements on the subject before and they have nearly always been rightly ascribed to Luna (cy).

—Has a man a right to marry his widow's sister? Of late this has been a popular inquiry. A Soph says he gives it up but will look in the English Prayer Book. May his search prove successful.

—The gentlemen who reside next to the mathematical recitation room have always been a cause of anxiety to the professor and students. Last year it was on account of the chemicals that happened to be too near the key hole. Now it is a musical senior who invites his musical friends during recitation hours; and their voices blend in sweet confusion with the principles that are being inculcated next door. If some would only swing a pair of Indian clubs in the adjoining hall so that they would now and then come in contact with the wall, we should have music, mathematics and gymnastics in a nut shell. This might do for Plato, but as for us—give us a rest.

—Tuesday afternoon was the scene of a long and hotly contested game of shinny between the Clarksons and Badgers. Notwithstanding some malevolent person had carried off a large number of shinnies, there were still enough left to furnish most, and too many of the players for a real pretty game. A few well chosen men makes a game more exciting and of more interest to a looker on. Still these crowded contests are good occasionally, and this one was certainly well played. The sides were very even, and for two hours they drove the ball back and forth without giving it much rest. At the end of the afternoon only two goals had been won; the Badgers gaining the first and the Clarksons the second. Amid the shouts of their clubs Roloson of the fifth form drove the ball home for the former, and Will. Sturges for the latter. Being a drawn game, it had better be tried again before we have another snow storm so that all may have a chance to participate.

ANOTHER PANIC!

Grand Collapse of the Banking House of McCulloch & Co.

Intense Excitement in Financial Circles.

[Our Special Correspondence.]

GRUB STREET, G. S., }
Nov. 1, 1873. }

The princely operations of the firm whose downfall we chronicle to-day have been for a long time the wonder and admiration of the world. Cool headed men used to predict a smash-up in due course of time, but of late the position of the house seemed so certain, and its operations so successful, that even the wisest of them ceased to shake their heads. To-day their auguries prove true. The great house of McCulloch & Co., is a thing of the past.

We are as yet unable to give a better explanation of the matter than that which the public already has. It was well known that the firm had been recently speculating extensively in Hickory Ridge and Oak Grove stock, and that last week a heavy run was made on the bank by Piper & Piper. But the real state of affairs was not known until the announcement of suspension yesterday was followed by the announcement of failure to-day. The liabilities of the house are said to be immense, and they will probably be unable to pay more than an acorn and a half on a hundred if they can do that. When this announcement was made at the Board this morning the scene that followed beggars description. All day the wildest excitement has prevailed and several of the other banks have suspended. Doubtless many lesser houses will go down with the ruin of McCulloch's, and but very few will weather the storm in safety. It is rumored that Rice & Co have on hand an enormous amount of currency hid in a pillow-case under their bed, and that they will continue payment throughout the crisis if possible. It may be that they can do so.

What will be the effect of this smash-up on the community at large we are unable to say; but it certainly ought to do one thing, and that is, teach our great business men that moderation and honesty is far better policy than daring speculation even if it be successful.

X.

—Hauling up coal and taking care of the fire these chilly mornings has a good many little pleasures attending it if one only chooses to think so. When the pit down stairs becomes empty it is necessary to bring coal from the laundry. This is only a short pleasant walk on a warm day, but something less than a mile on a cold October morning, especially if one is obliged to carry a heavy hod with his bare hands. Imagine the feelings of two juniors, who having crossed the lawn in company with four coal buckets, returned shivering, their hands sticking to the cold irons, to see the coal cart depositing a load in the cellar. They were happy. At another time a Soph. on waking in the morning finds his neglected fire slowly but surely flickering out. Breakfast time approaches. He dresses hastily. Of course the back button of his shirt band flies off, but there's no time for that or the fire is lost — seizes the hod, down stairs, over the frozen snow to the coal shed and just as the bell is striking he reaches the building again. Three steps at a time and he is, not safely landed on the upper platform, but is about to make the last leap when his toe catches, and that most disappointing of little things, falling up stairs fol-

lows. His head in the hod, his coals, O, where are they? Ask the stairs, every step from the bottom up could answer. The boys are just going to breakfast too; all have seen the accident and had their laugh. Under the circumstances a person could hardly contain himself, so who could blame the Soph. if he gave vent to his feelings. But he didn't. That is the strangest part of the affair. He never said a wrong word, but went to work and swept up his precious coals as though he had hunted "Dusky Diamonds" all his life.

—The second entertainment of the Ladies Aid Society took place last Saturday evening in the Common Room of Park Hall. The opening play "Much coin, much care" was in the main well rendered, though the stage was quite too small to admit of much action. Mr. Caldwell in his character of "Dick the Cobbler" did admirably and his two songs brought down the house. The other parts were fairly done, except that the play was not well committed and constant prompting was required in some portions of it. The farce which closed the programme was dramatized by Mr. Lingle of '77 who was also the star of the evening. Percy Brooke as "Edwin Adams" was loudly applauded and the Grammar School are unanimous in pronouncing this farce "the best thing ever given on the College stage."

The College Press.

Of the many new aspirants for criticism which greet us since our last issue, about the only one which approaches to the standard of a good College paper is the *Cornell Times*. The *Times* has started as a rival of *Era*, devoting itself more particularly to College news, and claiming to represent its university more fairly than the *Era* does. It makes an unpretentious beginning, and no doubt will be a success.

The *Yale Courant* evidently read our last issue very carelessly, for there is neither sense nor justice in the way in which its quotation was made. A glance at our Personal column, or at the explanation given with the sentence quoted, would have corrected the apparent error. The point is a small one to bring up, perhaps, but we prefer not to be called "ignorant" without good reason, even by our neighbors at Yale.

Our best exchange from this State is the *Lawrence Collegian*. It is well printed, and is very good in its local columns; a little more care in the selection of news items might be an improvement. *College Days* (Ripon) is somewhat better than last year, but is not clearly printed, and has too many "selections." The *University Press* we can rarely make out, and its locals generally have the effect of an emetic.

The *Yale Courant*, seems to lose somewhat in make-up under its new management, but in other respects it is undoubtedly improved. The Personal and local columns are very full; the Editors Table good. A new department "The Week" gives the general Yale news, and "University Interests" is much the same as the old "Correspondence" column. The Literary department is the most open to criticism, but if the propositions of the opening editorial are carried out it cannot long remain so. As a *news paper* we have long thought that the *Courant* was at the head of College periodicals. In point of literary merit there are several other papers better.

We find upon our table a copy of *The Bond of Union and Weekly Advertiser* for August 26, 1824. It has been a long time reaching us, but we are glad to get it nevertheless. Some of our exchanges have not come at all. Among the many items of interest we particularly notice an epistle from Lord Byron to the Sultan of Turkey, and a graphic description of the landing of Gen. LaFayette. Accompanying the letter is a congratulatory ode by the "Boston Bard," which displays considerable merit, but shows no great fluency at rhyming. "Set" is made the rhyme for "LaFayette" in every verse of the ode but one.

We also learn that the "voters of Baltimore county and people in general are invited to attend at Samuel Wape's Tavern on the 28th inst., as a company of Gentlemen have formed two Parties in Opposition to each Other, and will Fish for a dinner near a Spring convenient to the Turnpike." We are sorry the invitation came so late; possibly we might have attended.

"Our readers Will please take notice," the *Union* goes on to say, "that 12 Cents reward is offered by Wm. Amoss to any One who will take up And bring home Everett Hughes, an apprentice to the Blacksmith business, who ran away July 17th. He had on When he left a drab-Coloured round-about, a pair of New shoes and a Fur hat. The person returning Him will receive the above Reward but No charges." The *Union* shows much literary ability, but little discrimination in the use of capitals.

The *Beloit Monthly* says that the reasons generally given for not subscribing to a College paper are invalid—"I can't see what advantage will result from my taking it," or "I haven't time to read it, and so won't take it," and similar protestations are simply absurd. Laying aside all considerations of public spirit which should naturally lead one to support a College paper, every member of the institution in which it is published, ought to subscribe on account of the benefits which result from its publication.

A door in Farnam bears the following inscription printed in the largest possible type: "Book Agents, Life Insurance Agents, Peddlers and others having no other business than talking and visiting, are requested to keep out of this room. See Proverbs chap. 25, verse 17." We recommend that the faculty have a number of these printed and nailed upon every door in college.—*Courant*.

Editors Table.

We suggest to those intending to write for the English Prize this year that a glance at an article on "The State of English Poetry" in 1532 of *Littell's Living Age* may be of some service to them. The subject is fully and thoroughly discussed, and especially touches on one or two points of the subject of the English essay. Miss Thackeray's story of "Jack and the Bean Stalk" from the *Cornhill Magazine* commences in No. 1533, and promises to be very interesting. Other articles of interest to the general reader are "The Life and Teachings of Mohammed" a sketch of a new English book, "The Lessons of the American Monetary Crisis," "Victor Emanuel's Reception at Berlin and Vienna," and a poem from *Good Words* entitled "This Enlightened Age"

The best engraving of its kind which we have seen in *Harper's Weekly* is "Dad's Coming" by Winslow Homer. A mother holding a child in her arms is down by the shore among the stones and broken spars, and a boy sits on the edge of a boat near by looking out over the water. It is a simple subject and simply treated; but there is a charm about the very homeliness of it that makes one want to keep it in mind. There are also some good illustrations of Iron Manufacture by Tavernier and Frenzeny, and an illustrated sketch of Philip Em-

bury, the "Father of Methodism" in America. An eight-page supplement containing liberal installments of the "Parisians" and "Phineas Redux," is given with this number, and another is promised with the next.

We liked best in the November *Aldine* the two pictures called a "Chance Meeting" and "The First Visit," both after Rudaux. The "Chance Meeting" is between an artist who is resting at full length in the shade, and a maiden who has happened to pass by and is leaning on the fence above him. "The First Visit" takes us to that maiden's home, where the artist is sitting before the blazing hearth in the gathering twilight and telling her "his heart's desire." In both engravings there is great accuracy of detail, and the finish and expression are exquisite. The full page pieces of natural scenery are by Van Elten and Homer Martin. The latter is a sketch of the famous Flume in the White Mountains, and is a striking and beautiful picture. The stories of this number are unusually good. The Art notices and book reviews are, of course, well worth reading. Among the latter several selections from "Aftermath" are given, and for the benefit of some one who was inquiring about it the other day, we quote these two verses:

When the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.
Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.

We have just received of Messrs. Scribner & Co. the opening number of their new magazine for boys and girls. We have read it from beginning to end; and if ever we could heartily commend a venture of this kind, we commend the undertaking of the publishers of *St. Nicholas*. They must have large hearts and good memories; for not only is there a liberal installment for everything but everything is just as children would want it. There is no pretention to a grown up child's magazine, nor a very small child's magazine; rather an effort to produce an artistic, sensible and healthful periodical which shall be really and truly for boys and girls. If we were going to give a boy or girl a Christmas present and wanted to give something which would be of actual benefit to them, as well as a continual fund of amusement, we know of nothing else which we should give as cheerfully as we should a subscription to *St. Nicholas*.

The Aldine, \$5.00 per year, with two chromos.

Jas. Sutton & Co., 58 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Littell's Living Age, \$8.00 per year, postage paid if subscription is sent in advance. Littell & Gay, Boston, Mass.

Harper's Weekly, Monthly, or Bazar \$4.00 per year. Any two, \$7.00. Harper Bros., Franklin Square, N. Y.

St. Nicholas, the Boys and Girls magazine, \$3.00. *Scribner's Monthly* \$4.00. Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, N. Y.

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“HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.”

VOL. XIV.

RACINE COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 22, 1873.

No. 4.

Minvane's Lament.*

Minvane, from wild Morven's rock,
Bends o'er the darkling sea;
She sees the Youth in all their arms,
But Ryno! where is he?

Our dark looks told her he was low,—
Slain by great Swaran's brand;—
That from green Ullin's mossy plain,
He sought the spirit-land.

“Fallen on Ullin's mossy plain
Has Fingal's mighty son?
Strong was the arm that vanquished him;
But ah! I am alone.

Alone—but not for long.—Ye winds
That lift my dark-brown hair
And fan my brow, my sighs, my moans,
To sleeping Ryno bear.

Tell him the night is 'round my love;
Tell him I dwell in gloom
Until that happy day when I
Shall join him in the tomb.

Alone—but not for long.—My maids
Shall seek me by the hill,
By wooded Morven's sacred oak,
By many a tinkling rill

In vain—the fair-haired morning comes,
Night's shadows fade and die—
And then, 'neath Ullin's mossy plain,
Shall sleep my Love and I.”

* Minvane, daughter of Morni loved Ryno, the son of Fingal, who was killed by Swaran in Ireland.

Δ.

“Old Mother Hubbard.”

The real merits of great works are sometimes passed unnoticed because of our familiarity with them. “Old Mother Hubbard” is one of the oldest, most popular, and most often repeated epics of the English language, and yet its true worth is rarely acknowledged, even if it is felt. It is our purpose to set forth its beauties and excellencies in their proper light.

In the first place there is something sublime in the bold, heroic spring of the poem. The author does not begin with any wearying preface, but plunges at once into the subject, just as all great poets do who treat grand themes. It reminds one forcibly of Vigil's “Arms and the man I sing,” or of Milton's “Of man's first disobedience and the fruit.”

What a touching picture! It is the story of love, confidence and sympathy; full of pleasant and useful thoughts. The mind loves to linger over it as over the remembrance of peaceful, happy days. The old woman and her dog there in their cottage all alone, living no one knows how

long in perfect harmony, tenderly caring for each other, watching over each other's welfare, very poor but very happy; this is the scene to which the poet introduces you in his opening line:

“Old mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,”—

She went to the cupboard. Undoubtedly she went with confident, expectant steps. She knew what she was going for. She could have laid her hand on the bone if the closet had been clothed in “cimerian darkness.” She was a good housekeeper and ruled herself by the ancient adage, “a place for everything and everything in its place.” Her dog had been asking for a bone. The very line “to get her *poor* dog a bone” tells us that it was with tender compassion that she rose to bend her tottering steps cupboardward. Casting a glance of affection at the dog, she went to look for the bone. How the dog's eyes must have brightened! With what gambols of hungry joy he must have frisked about her in anticipation of his repast! It may have been that the epithet “poor dog” betokened long privation, and that the *Fidus achates* had become thin from fasting; but we prefer to hold with the scholiasts that the appellation is one of endearment and affection. Some manuscripts, indeed, have “poor doggie,” and if this reading is followed its meaning is manifest at once. “Poor dog” might be said of a common cur, but “doggie” never.

The old dame has reached the cupboard. Carefully she brushes away the dust that may have fallen on the time-worn latch, carefully she opens the door. The dog stands with his wistful paws outstretched towards her as she searches the receptacle of bones. Alas! Peer as she may into the farthest corner, no bone is there. Nay, move not the dishes, good dame, it is not there. Brush aside the cobwebs as you will, no bone is hid behind their net-work. Sadly she turns away. The dog looks mournfully into her face, and lies down in despair. The poet pathetically says:

“And so the poor dog had none.”

But a happy thought strikes the old lady. A few pennies are still left in the old cracked tea-pot, and if the dog can have no bone, he shall have bread. She is away, without a moment's thought, to the baker's. But the despair which fell upon his soul when he surveyed that empty cupboard, quite vanquishes the faithful animal, and he stretches himself out and dies. Mark the tender pathos of this statement:

“When she came back the poor dog was dead.”

How sudden, and how sad! With what mingled emotions must she have surveyed the lifeless remains of the departed canine. She may have been filled with remorse at having delayed so long with the bread, or she may have meditated in which corner of her little garden she should

bury him. She may have feared lest his wraith should haunt her for her careless treatment, or she may have remembered with tearful eyes the last happy days they spent together. At any rate, she did the best she could do under the circumstances, and,

"She went to the joiner's to buy him a coffin,
But when she came back, the dog was a laughing."

Here is a master touch of genius. The feelings are overwrought by the sudden calamity of the dog's death, and with an exceeding nicety of judgment, the current is immediately changed. Only our greatest poets know how to manage this. Virgil does it when he turns the thought from the death of Dido to the departure of Æneas; and Shakespeare does it when he calls our attention to the knocking at the gate, in "Macbeth." This poet does it likewise. He knew that every cloud had a silver lining; and by a delicate touch of fancy, the dog revived after the dame's departure, and on her return greeted her with a smile. Behold her as she gazes on that uplifted face! She hardly believes her own eyes. Surprise, joy, delight, all mingle in her countenance, and can only find expression in immediate action:

"She took a clean dish to get him some tripe,
And when she came back he was smoking a pipe."

This passage has always given great difficulty to commentators. Why she did not give him the bread which she had bought at the baker's, will probably remain a mystery. It may have been owing to her confusion, or it may have been that the poet wished to show that she did not confine her dog to a vegetable diet.

"She went to the cobbler's to buy him some shoes,
And when she came back, he was reading the news."

What an astonishing dog! We find him cultivating his mind by reading the news. Certainly he did not wish the talent he possessed to be latent; he was probably a believer in the development theory.

"She went to the hatter's to buy him a hat,
And when she came back, he was feeding the cat."

The rhythm of the poem here is perfect.

"She went to the tailor's to buy him a coat,
And when she came back, he was riding the goat."

How closely the poet follows Nature. His hero is not altogether perfect, but is inclined to pranks and mischievousness. The inner reciprocal sympathy between the dame and the dog, is finely brought out in the closing stanza, as will be noticed. Mind answers to mind, almost without a word. Each seems to divine the other's thought, even before it is expressed:

"The dame made a courtesy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, 'Your servant,'
The dog said, 'Bow-wow.'"

Indeed, the genius displayed throughout the whole poem is amazing. The delicacy of feeling, the profundity of thought, the fine touches of fancy, all combine to place this poem high among the enduring literary monuments of the world. Great poets may die and be forgotten, great works may fall into decay, but while the English tongue is spoken, and while there is an English child to hear the story, "Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog" will live.

AMICA.

The Sociability of Society.

Most of us who have heard our grandmothers speak of the merry-makings that took place in their younger days, have heard them use the phrase, "a sociable dish of tea." To the entertainment which they describe in this manner, our grandfathers and grandmothers used to gather, bidden by special summons, or, more frequently, by general invitation; and despised neither the tea nor the sociability which sweetened it. But the thing and its name have passed away altogether from among those who count themselves as "society;" or if there ever is an attempt now made to have a tea-party, it always results in such an unsociable, formal, speech-making meal, as makes us own the justness of the name "tea-fight," applied to it by certain morose old bachelors, in whose memory still lingers the recollections of the now unfashionable "tea-drinking."

We still drink tea, even more of it and of a better quality than our grandfathers and grandmothers used to drink, but we drink it for the sake of the tea—hastily at a meal, with the thought of the double haste we have got to make, in order to compensate for the time we have lost over the cup; or after the fatigues of the day, in order to prepare ourselves for the fatigues of the evening.

Tea-parties have been made the butt of much ridicule, perhaps not wholly undeserved; but their disappearance seems to have been the sign of an approaching change in the character of society. Heretofore, social gatherings have been occasions of enjoyment to those who participated in them; but they are no longer so, at least in American society. There is no more marked characteristic of our time, than the unfitness of our social habits and entertainments for what is, in reality, their end. It has been reserved for us of the boasted nineteenth century, when culture is high and widely diffused, when manners have a polish before unknown, and when the means of a comfortable and even luxurious life are common, to make social gatherings, in nearly all the forms known to us, toilsome and forbidding in the prospect, oppressive in the present, and exasperating in the memory. Who is there that speaks of society now in terms of real pleasure? Who looks forward to meeting a number of his acquaintances at the house of one of them, with any anticipation of enjoyment in the meeting for the meeting's sake?

To a young girl who is what is called "just out," and is not yet well accustomed to the brilliancy to which she is told she adds, or to the hum which she fancies one of admiration of her own charms; to the woman who expects to meet the man who is, or whom she wishes to be her lover, and to the lover who expects to meet his mistress, society is, even in its most common and oppressive forms, not only enduring, but delightful. But leaving out those mentioned, and a very small number of persons who like the entertainments of society for the opportunity of dancing which they bring, where do you find a person who does not speak of society (that society which forms what is called the "season,") in terms that indicate his dislike and which show that he considers it all a bore. And yet, what pains, what money, and what anxiety does not society cost. What work and worry will not people, and especially women, go through with, in order to obtain that triumph the hope of which it seems to hold out; and of what disappointment and heartburnings is not that hope the cause! And all for what?

The nearly unanimous verdict of those who are competent to pass an opinion, that society is dreary, and barren of pleasure. We spend so much and get so little return where our forefathers—who had so little to spend,—received so much, that, when we look at it, the product seems to be in inverse proportion to the amount of labor.

Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that the form which society most commonly assumes, is the least endurable. The name society gives this form is the "Reception"; and I would suggest that it would be eminently proper for the host and hostess to say over this: "For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful"; since for what can thanks be more heartily due than the self-sacrifice in the cause of friendship of two-thirds of one's five hundred friends.

Our fathers and mothers used to receive invitations to "parties," and to those invitations they were expected to send replies. This was one advantage, for the hostess then knew just whom and how many to expect. The party was of variable size and pretensions. If it were informal, sometimes not more than twenty-five or thirty people would be present; and these would amuse themselves with a little music,—singing and piano-playing, and of the latter frequently an excess—cards, a little dancing, a light supper; and then the guests would disperse at an hour early enough to allow each one to obtain a good night's rest.

From this degree of festivity, the old-fashioned party rose to a formidable assemblage, gathered by issuing the invitations, frequently five or six hundred in number, two or three weeks before the evening on which the entertainment was to take place. But whatever its dimensions or pretensions, no matter whether it were given by a rich man or a poor man, the party was sociable, and the occasion of much enjoyment. Ask any one who is old enough to remember, and yet is still fond of society, what were the pleasures at such parties compared with those attainable at our more modern species of entertainment; and you will hear such a description as will make you heartily wish that you could enjoy the older form.

But the party has almost entirely disappeared, and in its place we have the "Reception." For this cards are sent to the acquaintances of the hostess, informing them that at such and such times, she will be "at home"; but as this is a mere notice that on the stated evenings she will be ready to receive guests, of course no reply is needed, and it is left entirely to the caprice of the recipients whether they will go to her house or not, for no one is so foolish as to expect to more than see the hostess. But supposing one does go, on his arrival there what does he find? A throng of people exceedingly well-dressed, but so crowded together that no woman's toilet (the men, of course, are all in regulation uniform,) can be seen to any advantage. As for finding people grouped together according to similitude in tastes, one might as well look for it at the box-office of a theater, where men are waiting, eager to procure their tickets at the earliest possible moment, and be off. Such is the appearance of thronging and nervous expectation that even the beauty of the belles is either looked at hastily, or not noticed at all, except by those fortunate mortals who have extremely cool heads. Of his hostess one sees nothing except the regular society smile which she assumes as he approaches and passes her; and it is the same way with her

husband and daughters, if she have any. They are too busily engaged receiving their numerous guests, to have a moment to place at the disposal of individuals. The rule for one is the rule for all. But then, one never expects an opportunity to *talk* with any one at a reception. People may meet at this species of entertainment two or three times a week, the season through, and yet know no more of one another at the end of the last, than at the beginning of the first. The reception seems to have been invented to make not only sociability, but any rational kind of social intercourse entirely impossible; and such a thing as real conversation is as much out of the question, as it would be in a train of cars going through a tunnel. In order to put any meaning into what one says, one must add to the rare ability to think the equally rare gift of a genius for society. Judging from the talk that one hears at a reception, a man might readily believe that not only were his remote ancestors monkeys, but that there was in himself a decided tendency to develop some of the characteristics of the parent stem. The talk is in dry, small, thin sentences that are to real social intercourse what the recollections of yesterday's lunch are to a good dinner to-day. Even love-making would be impossible, were it not that love may be made in the manner in which an ice may be handed and accepted.

A reception, if not crowded, is regarded as a failure by the hostess, and as dull by the greater number of her guests; and yet the crowd makes anything like enjoyment an impossible matter. The men moving about from one acquaintance to another, through the maze of young ladies' trains, requires such a degree of skill as to make it a matter of real anxiety to mortals who are not over confident in their own ability.

It is impossible to get together people of ordinary intelligence and culture, without a chance of some pleasure in the meeting; but in the reception, this chance is reduced to the minimum, and the pleasure is of the very mildest character. All that is possible at these entertainments, is simply a display of fine furniture, and an over-loaded table by the hostess; a look of admiration, and a word of compliment from man to woman; a bow, an offer of an arm to supper; eating and drinking under the most uncomfortable circumstances—light kids, no table, and no seat; and an uneasy waiting for the earliest moment when it will do to break away.

Gradually the crowd thins, and the wearied hostess is relieved of her weary guests, who, as they take their departure, assure her that her entertainment has been a charming success. And so it has, as success is counted in these matters.

This is the commonest, most sociable form of entertainment among people of the highest condition, at this stage of civilization. The most deeply rooted, too; for although it is condemned by the general voice as oppressively wearisome, there seems to be at present no chance of displacing it. Against the inclination of most men, and many women, it holds its place for the reason that it enables people who entertain to do their work with the least possible sacrifice of time and trouble. True, they gather a miscellaneous crowd of people whose company they do not enjoy, and who do not enjoy each others' companionship; but then, they can invite their acquaintances in the mass, and entertain them in the mass. And, moreover, it relieves the hosts of all care in the selection of guests, and of arrangement for their pleasure by promoting friendship. In brief, it relieves them from entertaining at all; they have no longer on their hands the trouble of lighting up sociability, and scattering social pleasures among their guests. But this trouble is the highest duty, and should be the greatest pleasure of the host and hostess. To be rid of it is to be rid of the essential virtue and crowning grace of hospitality. Without it, entertainment lacks only the payment of some score to be a mere kind of tavern-keeping.

THETA.

The College Mercury.

"VIGEAT RADIX."

RACINE COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 22, 1873.

EDITORS:

G. E. CARL ISLE. G. B. McDOWELL. GEO. F. W. SMALL.

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The Golden Mean.

Two questions, at least, are left for arbitrators to decide: The first, "How much salt to put in a soup?" the second, "How much liberty to give an undergraduate newspaper?" Students, being young Americans and reposing a peculiar trust in the Declaration of '76, think that they should be allowed to say their say freely about everything. Authorities think quite the opposite, because they do not care to have their actions criticised, as they certainly would be, by men so much younger than they in years and experience. It is the old vexed question of a "golden mean"; and what we have to do is to see how near we can come to it.

That the paper should not be a medium of abuse and disrespect, every one will acknowledge. It will be granted also, that it should not be disloyal. If these two points are firmly fixed, there scarcely seems a reason why it should not express its opinions freely. As long as the interests of its College, and respect for the judgment of its authorities, are kept above everything else, there seems but small danger that either side will have much cause for complaint. But there is a tendency towards flippant criticism and hasty judgment, which, if yielded to in the slightest degree, soon becomes disgraceful and intolerable. An ell is so apt to be taken where an inch is given, that it makes people somewhat cautious about giving anything at all. Putting this aside, however, and supposing it to be settled that the paper shall be free from disrespect on the one hand and prejudice on the other, let us see what kind of a paper there would be. We take the standard of the *Yale Courant*, probably the best undergraduate paper published: First, there should be a prompt, accurate, impartial and full record of College news—a record which would not only be readable, but of permanent value to those connected with the College. Secondly, there should be an effort to develop a strong, honest, and manly College literature—an incentive given to every man to become a respectable writer if he will. Thirdly, there should be an opportunity for all fair discussion. A field should be opened where the College sports, the College life, the College course, and the College government might be challenged and defended. A field where wrong things might be put to the blush, and where right things might be vindicated. Lastly, there should be in its editorial columns an impartial, moderate,

but fearless commentary on all College questions and events.

Would not such a standard as this nearly fix the golden mean? The authorities would leave nothing to fear from an honest, manly statement of undergraduate opinion. The students would have no ground for complaint because they could not candidly express themselves. Putting aside, as we have said, all disrespect for proper government, and having nothing in view but the interests of its College, it seems to us that a paper with this standard is about as near the golden mean as any we can get.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It seems to me that the notation of our Psalter sufficiently indicates the way in which it should be sung; but as there is evidently a difference of opinion on the subject, I would like to call attention to one point of it. If all the words were intended to have been sung in the same time, there would have been no need for writing out all the notes; the music could have been easily arranged as chant-music is. This is the way in which the Psalter is rendered, and as it is not the natural rendering, the words are constantly run together, and it is very difficult, even for one who is accustomed to the music, to understand what is being sung. There are long and short notes in the Psalter, and each one is placed over its proper word. I think that a little more care in rendering them would make the chapel music much more pleasant to listen to, even if there were nothing else to be considered.

Yours, &c.,

MUSICUS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I want to say a word about that man who plays the organ. I have suffered in silence for several weeks, but since the cold weather has come on his organ creaks and growls through almost every hour in the day, and I find my nervous system being so rapidly shattered, that I rise to protest. If the organ was only in tune, if two-thirds of the keys didn't stick down, and if its possessor could play passably well, I think I could stand the pressure. But hearing that wheezy old instrument tortured from morning till night by a person who can't go through "Java March," without beginning over two or three times, is much too much. I wish there was a rubric in the College laws prohibiting this sort of thing. I shall not last long, if it goes on. I am rapidly losing flesh, and I hear the music of Pandemonium at night. Do use your influence to stop that man, or soon I shall no longer be

A SUFFERER.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Here is something which may interest the readers of the MERCURY. It is a curious thing I noticed at our last "spread." We were all smoking, and as I looked around the room, I couldn't help thinking of our pipes. Through the bluish haze of the smoke, they seemed to me to represent our different philosophies. There were the regular advocates of democracy puffing away at the true democratic-clay or brier-wood; but the aristocrats, the followers of the old Platonic school, had each a meer-schaum. The thorough democrats had short, plain stems and bowls—democratic in every way. Those who were a little tinged with notions from the other side, had curved stems and carving about their pipes. The long stems and large bowls betokened persons fond of quoting the German schools; and the delicately-worked bowls, with a show of amber on the stems, were clearly those of the consistent Platonists. There were one or two who could not be classed,

because their pipes had been given to them and they might or might not be following out their own tastes. There were one or two others who were acknowledged independents, such as the man who says he "don't care what kind of a poipe he smokes, so long as it's a good one;" and the extremists who declare they can't smoke at all, unless they have a cigarette. I have no doubt but that if I could have seen into the bowls of the pipes, the contents would have still further sanctioned my notion. The democrats would probably have had Durham, the moderate philosophers Lone Jack, and so on up to the aristocrats. But it is unnecessary to carry the classification further. It is settled in my mind, and shall henceforth become a maxim of my philosophy, that if you want to know what a man's principles are, just look at his pipe.

RAM-ROD.

The Moral of Mirrors.

It has been said by some cynic that the human tear is but a drop of water and a grain of salt; and yet, what tender and pathetic sentiments cling around it. Who, in the midst of grief, would stop to say, "merely salt and water!" So the looking-glass, taken literally, is merely a piece of glass coated with quicksilver; but abstractly considered, it is much more. It is one of the necessary appendages of civilization; and though it is artificial, and any pleasure derived from it is inferior to those simple and sweet ones obtained from nature, it is connected in each one's mind with many associations, agreeable or otherwise.

Everyone likes to behold himself or herself reflected in a mirror—especially herself. It was a weakness of humanity. The ignorant savage dances with delight when he can see his greasy, paint-daubed countenance in a piece of looking-glass; and the immensely superior fop of fashion turns and twists and smiles and smirks at himself by the hour. Though the wise in their own conceit—the self-appointed censors of society,—pretend to laugh down, as beneath the dignity of reasoning and philosophic beings, the contemplation of one's person, mankind has, nevertheless, shown itself very unphilosophic, and it is as natural as it is universal. The delicate beauty and the slatternly Biddy both ogle in secret at their charms; and even the school boy, that individual who is supposed to have no feelings in common with the human race at large, likes to glance into the glass now and then, "just," you know, "to see if his hair is straight." Alas! may we not exclaim, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

There may perhaps be an æsthetic satisfaction, a kind of Pecksniffian philanthropy, in the fact set forth. If there is any such feeling, it is not my object, if I were able, to analyze and ventilate it. *Perhaps* each person takes himself or herself as the standard by which to judge others. Perhaps the person with a nose inclined to soar, considers an elevated nose best, as giving an upward tendency to the mind. And perhaps one with a Romanesque olfactory, may complacently say, "None other knows the pleasure that a Roman nose," and so on! until you and I, who are merely observers, are tempted to exclaim with the poet:

"Oh, would some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us."

Still my original statement remains the same, that we all like to behold ourselves reflected in a mirror. But it is an additional, though very sad fact, that, however fond we may be of beholding our "natural face in the glass," with all its faults and imperfections, we are very much averse to

having our moral countenance reflected. Or perhaps I was wrong in that statement; we do like to look at our moral faces, but we each use a particular little glass of our own, which represents us as almost altogether lovely. It is truly wonderful how many and great virtues we appear to ourselves to have, as compared with other people. Of course we do not pretend to say we are altogether perfect; but our faults, our little weaknesses, may all be attributed to the natural depravity of human nature, and may be very justly blamed upon Adam and Eve. But they are not to be compared to the outrageous wickedness of Mr. Soandso, who has a most decided mote in his eye. In fact, we may mentally fold our pious hands, and thank God that we are "not as other men are."

We may always have an agreeable companion in our looking-glass; or, if not an agreeable one, at least one that always agrees with us. That man in the looking-glass, or as Hawthorne calls him, "Monsieur Le Mirour," is like us in all our tastes. He dresses like us. If we buy a new cravat, we find he has done the same. If we put on a frock-tail coat, he immediately appears in frock-tails. When we are sad, he presents a face of gloom; when joyful, we may contemplate a smiling visage; when meditative, a countenance in thought profound. So we may have a companion with us, willing to conform to our slightest whim or caprice; which is of course, all that any one can desire.

We may compare the mirror to the human mind. Everything that comes before it is reflected upon it. Old things pass away, and others ever succeed, and it is still ready to receive more. Only there is this difference: Whatever is cast upon the mirror is a mere shadow, and passes away as a shadow. Whatever is thrown upon the mind, be it ever so small or insignificant, leaves its impression and helps to form the character for good or evil.

If we go out beneath the sky on a clear night, holding a piece of mirror, we may see the stars reflected each for each upon its unblemished surface. But if we soil the mirror, and dim and mar its surface, the stars indeed will shine as brightly as before, but there will be no answering radiance from the glass. And if the glass be pure and bright, and clouds should come across the sky, all will then be dark, because the stars are hid. So it is with the soul. If it be pure and clean, then will it give back the clear light which comes from these stars of heavenly truth; and though sorrow and the world's scorn may come like clouds between, the open heart is still the same; and when the leaden clouds have cleared away—as clear away they must—then it will shine with tenfold radiance, reflecting back their brightness. But if the heart be stained and soiled by sin, the words of God may shine, and send down from above their tearful, searching rays, but all in vain; they can not pierce the dull and stubborn heart, for it, alas! is dimmed and soiled by sin!

What varied things the mirror sees, and what wonderful revelations it might make, if it but had a tongue. Before it is played the drama of human life. The little babe that wonders at the babe in the glass; the merry child in its joyous innocence; the maiden, blushing at her own loveliness; the youth with his proud heart and high resolve; man with cares, and woman with sorrows, and old age, feeble and decrepid, fast sinking into the tomb. All these come and go before it. They pass away like a shadow, and are no more.

TYCHO.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:			
CHICAGO AND N. W.		Going South.	Going North.
Mail and Express	8.03 A. M.	10.41 A. M.
Express	1.54 P. M.	11.48 A. M.
Express	4.48 P. M.	7.22 P. M.
Night Passenger	12.30 A. M.	3.40 A. M.
WESTERN UNION.		Going West.	Going East.
*Day Passenger	8.00 A. M.	7.50 P. M.
Accommodation	8.50 P. M.	6.40 A. M.
Night Passenger	5.50 P. M.	6.45 P. M.

*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

—The Junior who was hunting for "Wadsworth's Sonnet on Chaucer," didn't find what he wanted.

—The Warden returned from his visit East on the 11th inst., bringing the welcome news that we are to have the new building.

—They have a German class at St. Stephen's Mission. D'Evers, of the Grammar School, is teaching it. He asks them, "Wie heist the Ten Commandments?"

—Sections of wire bird-cages have been placed in front of the grates in the Library, to keep the infant Freshmen from falling in the fire.

—Cronkhite, formerly of the Grammar School, is attending a military academy, where he has to get up at five o'clock in the morning. He says he don't like it much.

The boys are still scouring "Hickory Ridge," for crooked saplings. The indignant proprietor says that if they don't stop cutting up his woods for shinny-bats and club sticks, "he'll see."

—The Grammar School Histrionic Society are hard at work on another play. It will probably be given in about two weeks. The boys mean "business."

—We were glad to welcome back Canfield, of '74, yesterday morning. He has been in the country for a week or two past, recruiting after his recent illness. He will resume his class-work this week.

—At the recent Addisonian elections, a Freshman was heard to exclaim, "Do the officers make speeches when they are elected? 'I'll have to alter mine, if they do; I fixed it for President, and I'm only———'"

—The city has bestowed a very great benefit on all students who go down town in the evening, by placing new street-lamps on College Avenue up as far as Sixteenth street. There is just one more improvement of that kind needed, and that is a lamp on the corner next the Campus. By all means, let us have some light thrown on that "stile."

—There couldn't be a better time than the present for agitating that side-walk question. Do let us have something done about it. There will be plenty of grumbling when the snow comes, but it will be too late to remedy the matter then. We shall have to wade and make the best of it.

—The method of selecting orators for the Junior exhibition, has been once more changed. Each member of the class is to deliver an original oration before a committee of the Faculty, and the six best speakers are to be the contestants for the prize. This plan is evidently less objectionable than any which has been tried yet.

—Here is one of the sort of problems the Freshman scientists have:

"If Monobromanthrakninone is obtained by the oxidation of Tribromanthracene, what would be the result from the union of Bihydrochlorate of Bibromaterchloronaphthalene with dilute Dichlor, or Dibromanthraguinedisalphudisodic acid?"

That "poor little Italiano guinea-pig boy," was here the other day. Some of the Juniors got him to play under the Head Master's window, and paid him from the third story by installments of two-cent pieces. The Head Master was suddenly called away by business in town.

The spire of St. Luke's Church is at last completed, and if it had been ten feet higher it would have been a respectable addition to the architecture of the building. As it is, the view from the College reminds one of an extinguisher on a large candle. We hope the forthcoming chime of bells will be in better proportion.

—Senior—We have a fearfully long Greek lesson to-morrow; just look here.

Fresh—Pshaw! That's only the same number of lines we have.

Senior—But this is prose.

Fresh—Well, so is this. It's the Odyssey.

—The owner of "Billy" informs us that we have made a mistake. Not only that, but we have inflicted on him an irretrievable injury. "Billy" don't go three gaits, but *four*. We didn't know that "Billy" was for sale, and that our careless statement might ruin his reputation. We take it all back. We beg everybody's pardon. We hope no one will believe anything we have said.

—Latin recitation room.—Senior, to Professor whose great point is derivation: "You say *Pistrilla* is a pounding-mill. Is that where our word "mill," as applied to prize-fights, comes from?"

Prof.: (doubtfully,) "Well, yes; I think it might be."

—The last Sunday night "sing" resulted in the formation of that long-talked-of Glee Club. An enthusiastic meeting was held on Monday morning, at which the proper officers were elected, a tax imposed, music ordered, and a time fixed for the practices. As everybody seems thoroughly in earnest about the matter, it is possible that we may hereafter have some system in our singing. No doubt there will be plenty of serenading, if the nights don't get too cold, and perhaps an entertainment of properly-rendered College songs. At any rate, we hope that the Glee Club will inaugurate a new era, for we can have the romping roaring kind of music whenever we choose to strike it up, and it's time for something better to be sung.

Two bowling-allies in such close proximity, make lively times in the Gymnasium. The balls go down two ways and back one. It's lots of fun for the players, but the poor fellows who are setting up are kept jumping and dodging about in constant fear of a peck on the shins, or of their heads unexpectedly coming in contact with the return-trough. It would take a very active man to set up ten squares and come off with no bruises; and whether the pleasure of bowling a few balls, overbalances the trouble, and even danger involved, is a question.

—The scene of festivities was the dining-hall this time, and the occasion the supper given to '74 and '75, by Messrs. Edward and Dean Richmond. An hour or so was spent in the discussion of the various "indelicacies of the season" provided, and then the party, at the request of the hosts, adjourned to Taylor Hall for a smoke and "sing." The singing was the best we have heard in the College for some time. There was no disputing between the songs about what should come next, but the programme went on smoothly to the end. Pond, with his inimitable "Mygel Schneider's Barty," brought down the house, and several of the impromptu verses of "Du-da," were also loudly encored. "Home, Sweet Home," came at a moderately early hour, and with it came the close of a very pleasant evening.

The Histrionic Society* has decided to give its entertainment on the evening before we go home, December 16. Rehearsals have already begun, and every effort is being made to put the plays on the stage in better style than those which have been previously given. Both plays are excellent, and the Society ought to have a crowded house.

— Not long ago, a student got a bill for a box in the evening mail. Every true Raciner will know what that meant. It meant getting right up and hunting for his hat, and searching all his old clothes for money, and finally borrowing a dollar and hurrying down to the door and then back again for an umbrella, and then a slippery run through the dark to the office, and a cheery demand for the box. The Curator pointed to the bill. Its date was Sept. 29th. The student came back thoughtfully and slowly

— Of course the Addisonian Society ought to know what is best for itself, but it seems to us as if rejecting the measure concerning O. S. Tutors, proposed in our last issue, was not the wisest thing it could have done. If the Tutors had been allowed to come in, the Society would not only have gained a valuable acquisition in the way of speakers, but would have had men with the real interests of the Society at heart, ready to carry it on from year to year, if student help should fail. We understand that one reason why the measure was rejected, was because the Tutors did not wish to become active members. It is not likely that they would wish to help control affairs of which they know little or nothing, and it would undoubtedly be best for the Society not to have them do so. But whatever the reasons were, we are sorry they were not admitted, and we hope that at some future time the question may be reconsidered.

— The public meeting of the Missionary Society was not very well attended on account of the inclemency of the weather. The exercises were quite good, and the few people who were present seemed interested and attentive. A "Village Lecture on India," was read; a report was given from Emmanuel Church, and some remarks were made by the Warden, on "Our duties in the present time." The next meeting will be held on the evening of Dec. 14th.

— One of our less experienced Missionaries had to read the opening service at a Sunday School recently, and being slightly confused, he began, "Here beginneth the holy chapter of the Gospel according to," &c. He couldn't think what the school were laughing at.

— The new gas-lights on College Avenue offer a temptation not to be resisted. At least, a couple of lower classmen thought so, as they were coming up the other night.

It was only the work of a moment for one to mount the other's shoulders and pop out the gas, but when the door swung back, with a crash as of broken glass, they thought it was time to go on. They didn't go very far, however, for right behind them came a citizen, crying, "Hi! halt! Stop there, you rascals!" They stopped. Panting and breathless the citizen came up:

"Aha, you villains! Did you turn out that gas-light?"

"What gas-light, sir?"

"Never you mind. I'll have no parley with you. Either you can walk down town and be arrested, or the Doctor shall hear of it; one or the other."

"Why, sir, we didn't know as you objected to having the lights turned out, or we wouldn't have done it. You object on principle, of course. It's because others will come up later and not be able to see, or something like that—"

"Certainly! certainly! I don't care anything about a gas-light. It's the *principle* I'm after. Folks will be coming up, and —"

"Well, sir, since you put it on that ground, of course in future we will refrain from such conduct. It's a cold night, sir. Hope this hasn't inconvenienced you any. Good evening, sir." And the boys came on toward the College, singing "Bingo"; and the citizen went home to bed.

Exchange Items.

Sam says that he don't care what the adverts or convents or any of them say, he don't believe the world's coming to an end so soon after all.—*Courant*.

Scene.—Recitation in German. Prof T:—"Mister B.—Is your mind so obfuscated that you cannot distinguish between auf and aus?—*Dickinsonian*.

A Freshman who had been out rowing, was asked if he caught any crabs. He replied with a puzzled look: "No; I didn't go after crabs; I only went out to learn to row."—*Era*.

Perhaps it may do very well to answer "Yes, Sir" to the first two or three questions, but when a person answers "Yes, Sir" to "What is the inclination of the earth's orbit to the plane of the ecliptic?" it becomes very transparent.—*Orient*.

The president of one of our lower literary societies becoming somewhat excited over the debate, after crying "question" two or three times, said, "All who have not anticipated in the debate and think the negative has sustained the affirmative, will say yes by rising up." Sustained amid vociferous applause.—*Western Collegian*.

Scene.—Recitation in English Literature; *Subject*—Locke; *Tutor*—"What can you say of the Essay on the Understanding?"

LIGHT

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day's but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When the love is done.

—*Littell's Living Age*.

THE University of Michigan has a new Commencement hall which will seat three thousand persons, and if crowded can accommodate four thousand. This hall is part of the second floor of a new building just erected by the State at an expense of \$105,000, and is 80 by 128 feet in size. The building in which it is located has a front of 147 feet and a depth of 140 feet, and is surmounted by a dome 140 feet in height. This building exactly fills the space between two older ones, each of which has a front of 100 feet; thus making one huge building 347 feet in length. The building was formally opened on November 5.

Professor in English—"Give an example of metre."

Student of '75 (cogitating.)—"An example of meet her? 'Coming thro' the rye,' sir." (General sensation.)

Professor (sternly.)—"I think, young gentleman, your gas meter needs regulating." (Still greater sensation.)—

Ex.

Tutor in German: "Wie heist the Ten Commandments auf Deutsch?" Junior girl: "I can't heist them."—*Chronicle.*

An old gentleman, who is evidently a stranger in these parts, the other day inquired at a house on Jefferson street, if Mr. ———, of the "sycamore" class lived there. He was at a loss to account for the smile which accompanied the reply, that the person he was in quest of roomed elsewhere.—*Chronicle.*

Tutor to Freshman. "Your translation is incorrect; it is not as I explained it yesterday." *Fresh.* I know it, sir; I looked the matter up after recitation, and I found that *you were wrong.*—*Chronicle.*

A large-sized Freshman was going up the hill with a Senior friend; while on the way, they overtook and passed two lady students. When they had just gone by, one of the ladies said, "Oh! how tall!" And then the Freshman actually had the face to turn around and answer, "Six feet three, in my stockings."—*Era.*

GEOLOGICAL DRAMA.—Scene 1st—The Chancellor discovered under a tree, breaking stones, and "with head awry and cunning eye," peeping knowingly for fossils. Ancient female in the distance, with no eye for science, but a very keen one for her chestnuts. Scene 2d—Ancient female arrives under tree, takes attitude of Cicero against Verres. "Ain't you old enough to know better'n to steal a poor old woman's chestnuts?" Chancellor, after two minutes spent in coming back from the palæozoic ages, "Indeed, madam, I assure you, my operations are entirely—" Ancient F., enraged at finding the audacious robber obstinate—"Hey? Whose chestnuts be these? You orter be ashamed! A man of your age! You—" Scene 3d—Ancient F., triumphant. Exit Chancellor, "like some sad beaten host."—*Univ. Herald.*

Editors Table.

R. St. John Tyrwhitt is writing for *Old and New*, a series of art sketches, mostly on subjects connected with practical drawing. The sketches are in the form of letters, and the subjects embraced are to be oil and water colors from nature—Scotch, Norwegian, Swiss and Italian scenery—drawing in Egypt, the Sinai Desert, and the Holy Land, with constant references to standard works on art,

and such suggestions as would be likely to be made by the critic of a sketching-club. The object of the letters is practical teaching, and they will doubtless be of much value to persons interested in landscape drawing. Other subjects of interest discussed in *Old and New* are "Socialism in Europe," by Austin Bierbower; "A New York View of Finance and Banking," by John Earl Williams, and "The 'Labor Reform' View of Money," by O. P. Q. The publishers of *Old and New* offer as one of their premiums this year any two of thirty-four *fac-simile* steel engravings. Among the subjects are Raphael's "Madonna," Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," Correggio's "Magdalen," and the two beautiful engravings noticed in our last issue in connection with the *Aldine*.

The *Hearth and Home* is an exceedingly pleasant visitor. Its editorials are just suited to the hearth and home, and ought to be read by every farmer's family in the country. Edward Eggleston is writing a series of entertaining sketches on simple subjects, such as "Wood Fires," "Scientific Nights," "Backwoods Humor," &c., which are well worth glancing at. Some of them have been read as extracts in our Literary Society, and have been heartily welcomed. Large instalments of "A Man of Honor," the winter's serial, are given in each number of the paper, and the other sketches and stories make up a very interesting and profitable table of contents. The *Hearth and Home* is a family paper, which we can heartily recommend.

Messrs. Lee and Shepard send us one of the most useful little books we have seen for some time. The subject of pronunciation is one which the dictionary occasionally fails to settle, and even if it should always do so, it is not always accessible. But here we have a book which can be carried in the pocket, which pronounces for us three thousand of our almost daily mispronounced words. We have examined it pretty carefully, and do not hesitate to commend it. It is concise, but thorough and practical, and by its use any person could soon correct his mistakes in pronunciation. It ought to have a very general circulation.

The aim of *Every Saturday* is to give to its readers whatever makes an acceptable weekly, and its pages show how well it succeeds in doing so. Contributions from such authors as Helps, Kingsley, Lewes, Yates, Macdonald, and other eminent English and American writers, appear from time to time in its columns, and the best articles of all the principal reviews are constantly chosen. Two very interesting stories are now being published from advance sheets, and one of them, "Zelda's Fortune," is said to be one of the most attractive novels which has appeared of late.

A Pronouncing Handbook, by Richard Soule and E. J. Campbell. Second Ed., 24 mo., 114 p. Cloth flex., 60 cents; School Ed, 35 cents. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Old and New. \$4.00 per year, with Mr. Hale's Christmas story, and *fac-simile* steel engraving premium. F. B. Perkins, agent, 143 Washington St., Boston.

Every Saturday. \$5.00 per year; \$4.00 if taken with any other periodical issued by the publishers. J. R. Osgood & Co., 124 Tremont St., Boston.

Hearth and Home. \$3.00 per year; \$1.00 for four months' trial. Orange Judd Company, 245 Broadway, New York.

College Mercury.

HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

VOL. XIV.

RACINE COLLEGE, DECEMBER 13, 1873.

No. 5.

A Christmas Carol.

"Glory be to GOD forever,
In the Highest, and on Earth
Peace, Good-will to Men," so sang the
Angels at the SAVIOUR'S Birth.

This, their glad refrain—the shepherds,
Watching o'er their flocks at night,
Sore afraid, beheld the angels
Caroling in glorious light.

"Fear not, Watchers," said the angel,
"Tidings of great joy I bring;
Unto you in David's city
Born to-night is CHRIST, the King."

CHRIST, the merciful Redeemer,
Born to set His people free—
CHRIST, the universal Saviour
Unto all Eternity.

We who live now, too, are watchers—
Weary watchers—as we gaze
Through the mist of sin and error,
Through the world's beclouding haze.

Gazing if perchance an opening
In the clouds may show to us
JESUS at His Second Coming—
JESUS, All-Victorious.

Pardon, LORD, our sins and failings
While we watch and wait for Thee;
Thou didst come on earth to save us—
From our sins to set us free.

Thou *will* come, O Judge Eternal,
With a shout and Trump of GOD—
Thou, who for our sins, alone the
Wine-press of his wrath hath trod.

When Thou com'st in Glory, pardon,
All our sins and failings here—
Thou as man hast lived and suffered,
Thou hast shed the human tear.

JESU, Merciful Redeemer,
Thou art Light, and Life, and Love—
Take us, LORD, to dwell forever
Gloriously with Thee above.

△

The Sociability of Society.

[NUMBER TWO.]

Turning from the more numerous attended social assemblies, let us take a glance at "Dinners," at which the guests must necessarily be few in number, and gathered by special invitation and acceptance. Here we find the same unsociability, the same weariness, the same predominance of the grosser elements of the entertainment, and the same motive-power of ostentation that there is at the "Reception"; but there is this difference, that in the case of the dinner the responsibility of such a state of things rests more

with the guests than it does in an entertainment like the reception. Men should not go to a feast to feed, they can eat at home, or at a restaurant; but instead of doing this, they go to dinners, and what is more, are entertained at them, as if the chief object of the gathering was eating and drinking. Certainly, if a man makes a feast, it should be worthy his means, his taste, and the guests whom he has invited. It would not be well to bring people from their homes, by formal invitation, to eat mutton and carrots for dinner, when to them the name usually implies daintier articles of food. Dinners should always be good enough for the guests they are set before; but this end being attained, the eating and drinking should be left without further consideration. Enough wholesome, palatable food should be served in an attractive form, and in courses, at such intervals as tempt appetite and encourage sociability; this being done, you have a *dinner* fit for demi-gods, except among those to whom the pleasure of the palate—the grossest and most bestial of all the pleasures that the body takes part in—is respectable, and worthy the care of reasonable beings. That there are men who do not deem it degrading to continually seek to tickle their palates, is true, but such men have nothing to do with the sociability of a dinner.

"Plain living, and high thinking," has been a rule laid down by some one as the best by which to guide social life. Doubtless it is a rule that will aid sociability, but, like most rules, it is subject to exception, and cannot be taken absolutely. Plain or coarse living is not essential to high thinking; and, indeed, what is plain living, must be determined by a man's education, means, and habits; but the point is this, that when high living becomes the subject of plain thinking in any society, that society is on the decline. One of the reasons why dinner-parties are so oppressive, is their profusion. Course follows course, until mind and body are both weary with the multitudinous succession. True, a man may not eat of all the dishes or drink of all the wines, like him who felt himself bound to go through the bill of fare at his hotel; but not knowing what will come, he is tempted to at least taste of each course, and so, unless he be a very skillful diner-out, he may find himself cloyed before the dinner is half through. And in any case, the course of the dinner must be run, and he who passes certain dishes untouched, unless he is a ready and agreeable talker and has a willing listener at his side, is apt to find himself left alone for a while in the midst of a festive company.

Another reason for the lack of sociability at the dinners of to-day, is that perfection of arrangement and attendance by which not only the guests, but even the host himself, are relieved from all trouble connected with the service of the dinner, and have only to eat and enjoy what is placed silently before them. It would seem that a table

on which there is only fruit, flowers, glass, and silver, where the guests have full sight of each other, and where they need have no other thoughts than the enjoyment of their dinner and agreeable companionship, would be the high altar of sociability and a refined conviviality. And such it would be, were all those gathered together, or even the majority of them, accomplished men of society, full of resource, without slyness, hesitation or prejudice. But such would not be human nature, even under the influence of the best social surroundings. There is more sociability in a party of several well-bred gentlemen dining on game out in the field, than among the same men in a full dress, at an elegant table, with a dinner served with the most approved French cookery. But the difference is not produced by the absence in the former case of fine clothes and formality. Fine clothes hamper only those who are unused to them, and formality at a dinner is always carried out with the second course. The chief reason of the greater sociability of the camp-dinner is, that there is between the diners a continuing bond and stimulus of mutual service. The little attentions of the table which are done away with by the fashion of having the dinner invisible, except as each course is paraded for inspection, are not only one means of good training in the minor offices of politeness, but they help materially to the sociability of the table.

But of all the drawbacks to social enjoyment at dinner, the greatest is the speech-making that invariably accompanies it. I do not here refer to the public dinner, with its regular toasts, speeches, and reporters, but to the practice of calling on some man or other by drinking his health and saying we should like to hear from him. Such action is a piece of impertinent folly, for which the only palliation is the honest confession by those who are guilty of it, that they are too stupid to entertain one another; are incapable, in fact, of real sociability. What is said on such occasions is never worth listening to; it is neither oratory nor talk, but a lame halting between the two. But if it were in every way admirable, it should be discouraged as the fancy sociability, and every lover of true social enjoyment should set his face against it.

The lack of sociability which we find in the dinner and reception, is more or less to be found in all of our social(?) entertainments of the day, with one exception; but of this exception, I shall be obliged to defer speaking until some future number.

THETA.

Hamlet and Telemachus.

The domain of the Muse of Tragedy is entirely distinct from that of the Muse of Epic Poetry. Hence, it is scarcely possible to compare, as to literary portraiture, a character taken from the former with one which Homer's genius has rendered a model of a prince and a man; for it is scarcely necessary to say that Tragedy gives us the analysed man, while Epic Poetry,—especially that of the world's youth—shows us the man in his entirety alone.

We do not intend to dwell on the life and circumstances of each, but simply obtain an idea, though perhaps imperfect of their characters as men.

Telemachus is a man of the world's earlier years, with the attributes which have ever been the means of conquest. His courage is tempered with prudence, and united with unconquerable perseverance; and yet his courage never

allows him to act precipitately, even when occasion might prompt. He is no brooder, but a true man of thought, and of thought which culminates in action. He never uses his intellect as a means of pleasant diversion, but regards it, whether he says so or not, as the weapon by which he must conquer or fall.

Hamlet, on the other hand, is ever brooding, never deciding; of a too subtle mental organization ever to commit himself as an advocate of any side of a question, he will never make a deliberate choice of a position and there build upon that foundation.

Then again, in Telemachus, there is the reverence of early days; the seriousness; the deep respect for all whom his humility regards as superior to him; and for those below him there is true condescension. But Hamlet is ever ironical; ever scoffing, and sceptical; with a predominance of keenest analytical power, striving to dissect the claims of all to superiority.

It is just the same with abstract subjects; nay, with everything that can be conceived. The one is ever conscious of true superiority, and does not, like the other, tear down what he can never build up again, or never *in any way* replace.

Hence it is that Telemachus never allows anything to take the place of the duty which he knows is nearest. Love for anything or anybody, fear of anything or anybody—motives like these have no weight with him. But Hamlet loves his whys and hows, and analyzes duty, till it dwindles to nothing, even in his own estimation.

As a man, I should say at once that Telemachus is superior, but with the qualification that Hamlet is an infinitely deeper character. He is a man of such exquisite mental constitution, of such judicial attributes, seeing both sides of a question with such painful impartiality, so able to feel the force of objections, that we at once admire and pity him. But Telemachus has no such character, which is utterly foreign to the idea of a man in early times. It may be blindness in him, but if it is, it is a providential blindness. But if we say that Telemachus is not guided entirely by his intellect in his deeds, do we say that he was left helpless? No; for the strength of his intuitions, the grasp at conclusions, the faith in his gods, all these led him far more safely than the mere exercise of his understanding.

So, by poetical justice, their end is far different; Hamlet was a magnificent failure, Telemachus a glorious triumph.

It seems to us that but one of these men is worthy of imitation, and corresponds to one's ideal of a man.

All history shows that there are two opposing elements in human progress:—the one never daring to tear down without rebuilding, and always acting decisively and once for all, after calm deliberation of the subject, but never frittering its powers away in speculation; the other, balancing with scrupulous care, duty in one scale, and the reasons for not fulfilling it in the other, and wavering forever. Which has been the party of conquest, it is useless to ask. America cries out that it is not her Hamlets that made her a nation, but they who could stake their lives for a principle, and abide by the result. Our daily experience confirms the truth. To come down even to College life, we find it true.

Shakespeare's genius has indeed made Hamlet such a wonderful creation, that as a literary portrait, he surpasses

Telemachus. This may be due to the distinction between the Epic and the Tragedy, and also to the difference of their ages. Still, taking the two as they are, the most valuable lesson in practical life that we can draw for ourselves, is the necessity of thought united with action, with no undue preponderance of either, and if either must be sacrificed to the other, let it always be the wavering thought.

H. H.

A Christmas Hymn.

Cradled all lowly,
Behold a Saviour child, a Being Holy,
In dwelling rude and wild;
Ne'er yet was regal state
Of Monarch proud and great
Who grasped a nation's fate
So glorious as the manger-bed of Bethlehem.

No longer sorrow
As without hope, O Earth! a bright morrow
Dawned with that infant's birth.
Our sins were great and sore,
But these the Saviour bore
And God was wroth no more—
His own son was the child that lay at Bethlehem.

Babe weak and wailing,
In lowly village stall Thy glory veiling,
Thou cam'st to die for all.
The sacrifice is done—
Glory to God's own Son!
May we Thy race so run,
O Jesu, Saviour, Morning Star of Bethlehem!

—Selected.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—My communication about the "organ-man," in your last number, has been misunderstood by some, and undeservedly applied to our worthy Choir-Master. I beg leave to say that the person I referred to is not so far away as the chapel; his *habitat* is Taylor Hall. I might give you a volume of miseries inflicted by him on myself and others, but as what I said has had the effect of getting his instrument in tune, I forbear. SUFFERER.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am glad you have opened a "Correspondence," and I want to ask you something. You get a great deal of support from the Grammar School; why don't you let us have more of the paper? I mean, why do you not have a Grammar-School column, or something of that sort, where we could be fully represented, and look for things that we like best. Of course the MERCURY ought not to be a boy's paper altogether, but we over here think you might give us a better hearing, without detracting from your dignity in any degree. We all hope that, with your other improvements, you will not leave us entirely out in the cold. Yours, &c.,

GRAMMARIAN.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Hearing the question continually put, "Why is the Gymnasium not better patronized?" I went out the other day for the first time this term, to try and find the real cause, and if possible, give an answer.

There were about half-a-dozen students in the building, and perhaps twice or three times as many Grammar School boys. A few were occupied at the bowling allies, some were exercising; but the greater number were gathered around the stove, hands in pockets, coats buttoned up, and

looking as if they were undergoing some sort of punishment. On looking about me and taking in things at a glance, I could hardly blame them. The floor looked as though it had not been swept for months; many of the mattresses were without loops, so that it almost dragged one's finger nails out to move them; and they were quite as dirty as the floor. The spring-board was loose and rickety, and fast being spoiled for want of a little care. The small turning bar needed new leathers at the ends, and would soon be useless without them. Of the two pair of hand-rings, one was entirely worn out. The ladder rounds were fast becoming like so many rat-tail files, from small boys with large boots running over them, while the parallel bars were nearly the only things in perfect order. All the Indian clubs, weights, dumb-bells, &c., have mysteriously disappeared. Then so much cold air comes in through those small but numerous cracks in the walls that a person must really work to keep warm, and there is nothing to work with. Besides being very disagreeable, it is actually dangerous to exercise on such shaky apparatus as ours is getting to be. Hoping that something will soon be done to better it, I am yours, &c.,

AN OBSERVER.

DEAR EDITORS:—I do not object to experiments—no, not even the most dangerous ones—provided only the experimenter confine his operations to himself. But I believe that there is a time and place for everything and I here enter my complaint against a man in the senior class who has no regard for this old rule. He is a scientific gentleman whom neither time, place, nor circumstances hinder from investigating hidden subjects. Having evidently just heard that two objects cannot occupy the same place at the same time, and being an empirical philosopher, he determined to confirm the aforesaid law by the observation derived through the senses of touch and sight. It happened after this manner: There were many gathered together in a wild but not secluded spot, for the purpose of tripping the light fantastic, etc. He decided, alas, poor me! to try a dangerous experiment, namely: whether he could put his foot in the same place mine occupied. The experiment was a grand success confirming instantly and accurately the law, and at the same time showing another law of physics—that by the force of gravity the velocity of falling bodies is always the same. Now, dear Editor, just think of poor me and see if you cannot restrain this too ardent seeker after scientific truth. HELPLESS.

She, being of an enthusiastic, in fact, rather gushing turn of mind, conducted the conversation as best pleased herself, and discoursed with great fervor and length upon the beauty of the scene, the loveliness of the moon, the grandeur of the waves, etc., etc., in the style usual upon such occasions.

He, not particularly enjoying that sort of thing for any length of time, began to evince decided signs of weariness, and when the young lady, for about the twentieth time, threw up her hands, exclaiming, "How perfectly lovely that moon is!" he gazed at it critically a while, and then said, slowly, "Well, yes, rather good, as moons go; but it's got an awful squash on one side of it."—*Vassar Miscellany*.

The College Mercury.

"VIGEAT RADIX."

RACINE COLLEGE, DECEMBER 13, 1873.

EDITORS:

C. E. CARLISLE. G. B. McDOWELL. GEO. F. W. SMALL.

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

TERMS:

College Year.....\$2.00 | Single Copy15 cts.
Subscribers leaving the College can have their papers sent to them, by leaving with us their new address.

A limited number of advertisements inserted on liberal terms

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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.

Died, at St. Luke's Hospital, in this city, on Sunday morning, Dec. 7th, the
RT. REV. WILLIAM EDMOND ARMITAGE, Bishop of Wisconsin.

—*N. Y. Times.*

On Sunday last, we were startled by the telegram which told us that the Chancellor of the College, the Bishop of Wisconsin, was very sick. A few hours later came the news of his death.

It was an event calculated to make a deep impression on us. Not a few have been confirmed by Bishop Armitage, and all must long remember the earnest, manly, and affectionate way in which, coming down to the understanding of the youngest Grammar-School boy,—yet never losing the dignity of his office, and the solemnity of his trust—he urged Divine truth.

Our Bishop was comparatively young in years, and in his Apostolic office. He graduated at Columbia College so late as 1849, and at the Theological Seminary, in New York, in 1852. His work in Detroit was so well done that he was called to assist the venerable Bishop Kemper, and consecrated bishop in 1867. It was a delicate and difficult task to perform, for in the affectionate opinion of very many, no one could take their Bishop's place. Yet, some of us can remember how, like a son with an aged and venerated father, the young Bishop Armitage supported and aided his predecessor.

The one was laid to rest, as a garnered sheaf, ripe and ready for the Master's use; as he had reached the ordinary limit of human life, his life's work seemed completely done. The other, by Inscrutable Wisdom, is taken away, after a six years' Episcopate, his life's work here only sketched out and in inception. Yet Kemper Hall, more and more strengthening itself, and no longer an experiment, remains the witness of his untiring industry, zeal and judgment. The deacons of the Church have learned from him their true relations to the Church, and what is their proper work. Others after them will understand it the better for what the Bishop has taught and carried into effect.

And, last of all, the Cathedral is the last of his special works. Such a building, such an institution, is the representation of a Bishop's work—the test what place and recognition a Bishop has among his people. It was the object of Bishop Armitage's last official work and thoughts. What will the future reveal concerning that, now that he who began the work is so suddenly cut off while he was but

laying the foundation of what in other days would have been the first thing for which all would labor?

There are those who are nearest to the Bishop in earthly ties, whom we have often seen among us, expressing their interest in us, and in our work. It is right that we utter here the expression of the sympathy which all have felt for their deep and life-long sorrow. *Requiescat in Pace.* FROMELDEN.

When looking into the billiard room only to find that our journey down stairs has been in vain, or when, more successful, we are enjoying a quiet game—quiet because billiards will not allow of much talking if one wishes to play well—it is but natural that our thoughts should now and then run back to the old smoking-room and those who used to frequent it. The changes that have taken place, though no doubt for the better, cannot but be sometimes regretted; and the remembrance of those pleasant smoking-hours make us sigh for the "good old times." But perhaps they were not really so bright as we paint them, for we are apt to forget that our present pleasures are seldom rightly estimated, and that in looking back on the past so rife with pleasant memories we are wont to draw too sunny a picture. While the truth is that the light and shade of life are about equal, if the shadows are at one time deep and dark, while troubles and sorrow multiply, the bright spots come out again all the clearer, the sun breaks forth from the cloud, a cheering light falls on all things, and our pleasures are more thoroughly appreciated. The "good old days" were really not much better than the present, and very much like the past is the future. Still as in general we do venerate the past, and ever hear the cry, "O, for the days of Old!" in this particular case it is not strange that a fond recollection of those happy hours in the old smoking-room should linger.

We well remember how on cold winter days a little company used to gather around each stove, and pouring from the well-worn pouch the "grains of comfort," or producing the more agreeable cigar, gave themselves up to an hour of perfect enjoyment. The more retiring individual withdrew from the common crowd, seized his favorite periodical, and from a long dark cigar well suited to his disposition, inhaled the fragrant smoke in moody silence. But the more congenial, the more sociably inclined, drew close to the cheering fire, blew their smoke in one great cloud, and thus enveloped

Sparkling wit and mirth abound

And many a jolly jest goes round.

Yes, here originated nearly all the sharpness and wit that echoed throughout the college.

In the morning there was not a pleasanter place than the smoking-room to review the recitations of the day, but alas, it was not the best place for the books which were taken down with great regularity every morning were too often overlooked rather than looked over. However, as one man used to argue, "What's the hods so long as you're 'appy." Recitations are not the only thing in the world; brilliant conversation, the fireside debate, and the general influence of the room are most beneficial. Therefore, gentlemen, close all books, and as for recitations, why—"scratch." Sound reasoning and excellent advice this; but it is needless to say it rarely ever carried those who trusted it successfully through the day's work.

After dinner it was generally a hasty cigar, then off for town or the gymnasium. We never followed out the ideas of most smokers that after a big dinner is the true time for the appreciation of a good cigar, perhaps because our dinners were not big, or perhaps there was more pressing business—whatever the reason it is a fact there was not much time wasted then. But after tea—ah, that was really the sociable time. All restraint thrown aside, good humor and good mirth prevailed. At that round table to the left "Fatty" presided and outbid all his friends at "auction pitch." Here at the chess table to the right many a battle for the championship was fought and fought again. At either end of the room the little companies around the fires were merrier than ever. And as the smoke grew thicker and the light dimmer the inspiring song broke forth, which ringing through the house generally brought a number of outsiders to swell the chorus. When it became a little too boisterous one of the authorities not unfrequently put in an appearance and the song came to a premature end. But these songs came from the hearts, so there was soon another beginning and as surely another end. They were grand old sings notwithstanding the interruptions, and especially those of Sunday evenings will not soon be forgotten.

Altogether those were pleasant hours, but taking all things into consideration, and justly weighing our present ease and comfort we could hardly wish them back again.

We never hear that there is going to be an entertainment in the gymnasium but that we almost wish there was not to be any at all. It is such a bare, dismal old place in the evening that it is enough to give one the "megrimms" to sit in there, and the Histrionic stage properties lose even the feeble charms which they possess at other times under the uncertain, wavering light of the few wall lamps. It is more than enough to make us think what a nice thing it would be if we had a building here especially for such purposes. We have talked a great deal about Commencement Halls, and Librarys, and Club Rooms, but if we remember rightly the subject of a building set apart for entertainments has never been brought up. Of course we do not mean a building just for the "shows," but one in which the societies could have their meetings, and the classes their "spreads" or other exercises. It might be well to provide for the Reading-room there also, for Taylor Hall will by-and-by be too full to hold it. Such a building would be in dimensions something like the gymnasium, and might, indeed, be a wing or addition of that building. It would cost, perhaps, \$800 or \$1,000; a formidable sum if looked at all at once, but if thought of in the slow degrees of a subscription list or a series of entertainments, not an uncompassable amount by any means. The students of Cornell built, or at least procured the money to build, a gymnasium this Fall by a subscription list and a "show" of foot races, jumping, &c., in the Fair Ground; about the same kind of thing which we have here Fourth of July evenings. If a series of entertainments could be given by the Glee Club and the Histrionics in addition to a subscription list, it would not take so long to get the money needed, and perhaps we could have the building ready for next commencement. If '74 intends to produce that "Class Opera" surely it will want a better place for it than the gymnasium.

Think of it, we say, during the holidays. Bring back money enough to start a liberal subscription; then let the entertainments be given and we shall have our hall in no time. When we are once seated in it, and find it a comfortable, well-lighted room, with a spacious stage which will not have to be taken down at the end of the performance, we will say to ourselves and our neighbors, doubtless, "Why under the sun didn't we build something like this a long time ago."

Christmas is coming! Christmas, centuries and centuries old. The Christmas of the trembling Hebrew shepherds; the Christmas of the persecuted Nazarenes; the Christmas of the army of Crusaders; the Christmas of knights and dames; the Christmas of our sturdy English fathers; the glad Holyday of Holydays; the feast of happiness and joy. The Christmas which they used to usher in with wassail-bout and feasting; when the Mummers played their plays, and the Yule log was brought in, and Grace was said over the boar's head, and the carolers sung in the frosty night

"God rest you merry gentlemen,
May nothing you dismay!"

and stirred the air with the old, old story of the Heavenly Babe.

Christmas is coming! The Christmas of our childhood. The Christmas of little stockings hung beside the mantel; of Santa Claus and tiny reindeer jingling silver bells upon the roof; of marvellous bushes reaching to the ceiling whereon candles and Noah's arks were growing; the Christmas of "Jack the Giant Killer" and "Hop 'o my Thumb." The Christmas of good things for children everywhere.

Christmas is coming! The time of joyous rest. When weary tasks are laid aside, when the long-bent bow is unstrung, when tired looks give place to mirth and smiles. Christmas, the time of feasting, of joyfulness, of thankfulness. When the ships come in from sea, and the absent son comes home to get his mother's blessing. Christmas is coming! And so we say, Merry Christmas, good masters! God send you all a Merry Christmas.

To anyone wishing to buy Holiday goods Racine offers as great a variety of attractions as many of our larger towns. No one need wait long to decide the question, "Where shall I go to buy a Christmas present?" If it is an elegant book, a picture, or some article of *vertu*, Mrs. Peavey, Rittman, or Winslow will be happy to supply you. If it is anything in the line of wood-work, and what can be a prettier or simpler present than a fancifully carved bracket, it can be found at W. A. Porter's or at Fred Ibing's. F. W. Klein has on hand a magnificent assortment of everything that smokers need, and enough toys and fancy goods to make glad the hearts of all the little ones in the country. Harbridge has just received a fine selection of toilet articles and perfumes. For silver or jewelry you will of course go to Watts who has all sorts of useful and pretty things in this line; and this is just the place to buy *that ring* if it is to be bought at all these Holidays. New Years cards, or wedding cards if they are what is wanted, will be found in most elegant forms at the Advocate Office. If, however, you only wish to send away a photograph or something of that sort you cannot do better than go to Cook Ely's, the *only* place in town where first-class pictures are taken. Finally if you should be alone in the world and have nowhere to go for your Christmas dinner, and if you want a good one, go to Cook's.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

CHICAGO AND N. W.	Going South	Going North.
Mail and Express	8 03 A. M.	10.41 A. M.
Express	1.54 P. M.	11.48 A. M.
Express	4.48 P. M.	7.22 P. M.
Night Passenger	12.30 A. M.	3.40 A. M.

WESTERN UNION.	Going West.	Going East.
*Day Passenger	8.00 A. M.	7.50 P. M.
Accommodation	8.50 P. M.	6.40 A. M.
Night Passenger.....	5.50 P. M.	6.45 P. M.

*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

—Shinny is still the rage.

—'74 is the only class in College which has a class song.

—Don't let your angry passions rise if you slip up on the Chapel walk.

—Be sure and go to the Histrionic Entertainment Tuesday Evening. Admission, twenty-five cents.

—The Seniors had a lesson of eighty pages in Political Economy on Wednesday last. 'Twas "linked sweetness long drawn out."

—"Spreads" are going to be the order of the day for next term. The Scientific Class of '75 is going to give one—to its own members.

—One of the history classes was lately startled by the astonishing information that "England was at this time the most important possession of the Kings of England."

—The Junior who translated *Anser* a female goose, evidently believed that there was not much use of words expressing gender in themselves, so long as the qualifications, male and female, remained.

—Those individuals who are in the habit of opening the MERCURY mail before it falls into our hands have quite too much cheek. They will get on just as well, and be a great deal happier, by attending to their own letters and papers, and permitting us to do the same.

—We attended one of the Glee Club rehearsals one evening last week, and were quite surprised by the progress they had already made. They had several pieces nearly learned, and were able to sing them fairly. Why couldn't they "assist" at the Histrionic Tuesday evening.

—All Racine, and a good part of the College, thought that little snow just before Thanksgiving came very opportunely for a good sleigh-ride on that day. We never saw so many people on the streets before. What with the jingling of bells, the flaunting of bright robes, and the merry faces of the sleighers, the town presented a very gay appearance.

—We were wondering not long ago what the *Shi Pop* would do without Mrs. Franklin to dispense cake and coffee over its narrow counter. So we went out the other day, expecting to find it languishing and dull. It was not. It was the same as ever. The boys were bowling in the alleys just the same; the same crowd was lounging about the door-way; the same hungry boys and students were eating by the stove. Some one else was dispensing cake and coffee, that was all. We thought of our empty pocket-book, and all those unpaid subscriptions, and sorrowfully turned away.

—We are obliged to the Rev. J. T. Webster, formerly a teacher in the Grammar School, for a copy of his excellent paper, *The Diocese of Michigan*. That so much should have sprung from such a small beginning as *The Parish Register*, leads us to wonder whether the *Diocese of Michigan* will not eventually result in a *Michigan Churchman*.

—Decided improvements are being made at Emanuel Church, and old students who were laboring there will be glad to know that it is looking up once more. A new fence has been built this Fall, and the interior of the building has been much more conveniently arranged. The Sunday School is in a very flourishing condition, and there is every prospect of a good winter's work.

—Keep your feet dry and head cool, if you want to be comfortable this thawy weather; but don't attempt to turn short corners on the wet, slippery walks, or the feet will probably suffer least. So the man thinks who missed his breakfast the other morning from sitting down one too many times on the inclined plane by the chapel, and in consequence had to seek his wardrobe.

—We were surprised by a call from Prof. J. K. McAfferty one day this week. He was in town only a few hours, being on his way South, where he is to give a course of readings. His readings in this State have been very well received; several of the College papers speak quite highly of them. He read twice at Ripon, and once at Appleton, and both *College Days* and the *Collegian* publish flattering notices of the entertainments.

—A Junior had a barrel of oranges, and of course, his friends were numerous. One or two were so attached that they next to lived in their dear friend's room. But good excuses for always being on hand failing, and hating to leave while the fruit lasted, they began to play little games. They had "Clapin and Clapoud," "Choakenhagen," "Buss in Corner," "and all games like dat." They got a corner on the oranges, and that was the best game of all. They are gone now, both the oranges and the affectionate friends.

—*Scene*—Senior, after calling at the house of a friend who was suffering with diphtheria, in conversation with a doctor.

Student—You think that I am in no danger from visiting the patient?

Medical Gent—O, no, none at all. The disease is not generally supposed to be contagious.

Student—Well, I feel relieved. I was not so much afraid on account of the boy, but you see his sister has it also.

—We are sorry that we are unable to announce the opening of the Reading-Room in this issue. Some one, surely is at fault; for the room was ready for occupancy nearly two weeks ago, and the MERCURY papers have been at the disposal of the committee whenever they chose to call for them. The book-cases are not up yet, but the tables are there, the room is neatly carpeted, the gas fixtures are all that could be wished for, and there is a comfortable stove; in fact, everything is ready for use except the papers. We hope the committee will bestir themselves, and if they are not able to get the room open this term they can at least get it ready to be opened so that we may have it when we come back.

— The following tender missive was received by a certain fascinating student, the other day. It speaks for itself:

'M 'N you assure my motive is an honest one and in time may be mutual if you will but feel disposed You but in addressing of a stranger the liberty please excuse	and disposition I am desirous of opening a correspondence With you Your manner pleased with being much of times and you a number having met
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—The Bachelor's sociable at Congress Hall last Thursday evening was an exceedingly enjoyable affair. It is the first time, we believe, that a Church sociable has been held anywhere except at a private house, and however pleasant the hospitality dispensed has made the gatherings heretofore, the superior advantage of more room was appreciated by every one; most certainly by the dancers.

Many of the guests assembled quite early in the parlors, and it was not long before the Dining Hall resounded to the "tread of merry feet." Nearly all the dancers remained until the entire programme, an excellent one, by the way, was finished.

The reception committee were exceedingly hospitable and attentive to their guests, and the floor managers deserve a great deal of credit for the way in which they executed their by no means easy task of arranging and directing the dancers. We don't know anything about the sociable financially, but "pleasurably" it was a complete success.

The College Press.

We miss quite a number of the *Magazines* from our exchange list—quite a number of the best ones, too. The *Brunonian* used to be a pleasant visitor last year, but we only hear of it from other papers now. We have never received the *Nassau Lit.*, the *Packer Quarterly*, or the *Virginia University Magazine*; all of which are highly commended by the College press. Perhaps we are unworthy; but at least it might be well for us to have good examples to improve from. The *Dartmouth*, the *Beloit Monthly*, the *Vassar Miscellany*, the *Bates Student*, and the *Alumni Journal*, have been received. The *Student*, probably encouraged by its success last year, is publishing two stories. The *Miscellany* keeps fully up to the standard of its last year's numbers, which is saying a great deal, for they were certainly very good. The *Monthly* is neither good nor bad; doubtless because it is not well supported, as it complains in its editorial notes. Perhaps we should count in our list of Magazines, that remarkable production which comes to us from Shurtleff College. It is so chameleon-like in its nature, especially in the nature of its cover, that we scarcely know where to class it. We do wish, however, that it would cease lamenting the departed "Tinnie." We should have thought that the melting obituary in the first number, in which we were informed that "TINNIE WAS AN EXCELLENT SCHOLAR," would have sufficiently ventilated the subject; but a vein of poetry has now been struck,

and we have the following astonishing statement:

"Tinnie, hast thou forgotten earth,
 Can'st thou see us here so far?
 "Yes." When our souls go up to heav'n.
 Tinnie 'll move the "Gates Ajar."

It is something of a relief to turn from the ordinary exchange poetry to the poetical columns of the *Magenta*. Several of the pieces given this Fall, have hardly been surpassed by any productions of the College press. The *Advocate* will have to furbish up its laurels, if it intends to keep ahead in this department as it did last year. The *Courant* has printed one or two good poems, but it evidently does not aspire to as high a standard as the Harvard papers. The best thing it has ever given us, was, "Ye Lay of ye Wood-peckore," which it re-printed last spring. That was excellent.

Several of our exchanges have clever verses on various subjects, which are very readable if they are not exactly poetry. The *Williams Vidette* is responsible for the following:

"O, kindly Muse, assistance lend:
 And on my feeble pen attend,
 While it extols
 The joys which College Hall affords
 To those who gather 'round its boards—
 Poor hungry souls!
 No matter though the meat be cold,
 No matter if the bread be old—
 We mind it not;
 We eat the fish, however stale,
 We drink the milk, however pale—
 All is forgot.
 And at these meals we often get
 Besides dyspepsia, something yet
 More rich and rare—
 A button strayed, a bit of strap,
 A shingle nail, or else, mayhap,
 'The Wandering Heir.'"

The *Brunonian* gives us this:

"Pisces! Aries! Taurus!
 Taurus! Aries! Pisces!
 Oh, why did the ancients bore us
 With their bulls, and rams, and fishes?
 I was up last night until twelve.
 Astride of the kitchen chimney.
 I'm covered with soot as black as my boot,
 And am thoroughly disgusted with everything pertaining
 To the celestial system, by Gemini!"

Journalism must be in a flourishing condition at the "Upper Iowa University." The *Triad* has on its first page a notice from the printers, which says: "The printers are criticised in this issue by the editors, whose term of office expires this number, and who have left the paper to come out as it may, minus copy, proof-reading. etc. Further comment is unnecessary." We should say so. It is an article of our journalistic creed, that a paper which is obliged to depend almost entirely upon "selections" and "clippings" for its table of contents, has no right to exist. And this leads us to remark that very many of our lesser exchanges seem to keep up only by the kind offices of various members of the Faculty. The *University Record*, for instance, is scarcely an undergraduate organ; fully two-thirds of its articles are written by different Professors of the University. If we might be allowed to suggest, we should most emphatically recommend a little more use of the editorial brain. Of course, there is a choice between poor writing and the more polished style of the Professors, but

as we hold that the only claim a College paper has is its representation of the College students, let the choice go to the former by all means, and do the best possible under the circumstances. One can't be any worse than the worst, and there is always a chance for improvement.

We are glad to shake hands with several friends from across the border, with this issue. We have received the *Dalhousie Gazette*, which has improved since last year; the *McGill University Gazette*, and the *Queen's College Journal*. Among our new exchanges we have the *College Sybil*, the *Delaware College Advance*, and the *Salesianum*.

Editors Table.

The Christmas *Aldine* is in all respects an excellent number. There are five full-page engravings, two of which are especially admirable. The first is an American Farm Scene, by Davis; and the second an Old Castle, by Moran. Both are very truthful, and are clearly and exquisitely engraved. Some of the smaller pictures are also very attractive. We noticed particularly those illustrating the story of "Red Riding-Hood," and "Feline Felicity," which reminded us most forcibly of the night we threw away all our old shoes trying to drive off the cats from our neighbor's roof. Mrs. Leonowens writes in this number an entertaining account of a "Siamese Christmas." There is much other pleasant reading, but we dare not stop to particularise, lest we make too long a notice. We must say, however, that the *Aldine* has already done, and is doing, more to raise the standard of public taste and public interest in Art, than any other periodical in the country. In such a noble work it deserves the support of everyone, and we hope that the coming year will see its subscription lists largely extended. If any inducement is necessary to make people take a journal which they ought to take of their own accord, two chromos are offered with the *Aldine* this year; and they are not sham pictures, such as are generally offered for prizes, but true works of art.

We have received from the Messrs. Putnam their new magazine called *Science-Gossip*, and we gladly add our word of commendation to the many praises it has already received. It is a periodical which every student, who wishes to keep abreast of scientific news, ought to take; Microscopy, Botany, Geology, and Zoology, have each their separate departments, and the questions answered in "Notes and Queries," and "Correspondence," also bring up many points in connection with these. In the present number we have beside, papers on Insects, Flowers, and Fishes, and a very interesting description of "Rambles among the Modern Volcanoes of Italy."

The prospectus of the *Atlantic* for 1874, is unusually attractive. Prof. Agassiz is to contribute a series of papers on "Evolution," which will be of very great interest just now; Whittier will give Recollections of Men and Times in connection with the Anti-Slavery Movement; Robert Dale Owen will continue his Autobiographical Sketches; David A. Wells will discuss the leading questions of Finance and Political Economy. The stories are to be by W. D. Howells, T. B. Aldrich, Wm. M. Baker, and E. H. House. Warner, Stoddard, and Eggleston, will respectively write sketches of "Provincial Travel," "A

Player's Experience," and "Life in the Confederacy." But we had almost forgotten in this brilliant out-look the number of the Magazine lying before us. The quaint story of Dominie Quitman's Death, James' "Roman Neighborhoods," "Disraeli," and the "Externals of Washington," are among the most interesting papers. The view taken of Disraeli's position is quite a new one, and will repay a careful reading.

For some reason or other, we always want to begin at the back end of *Scribner's Magazine*; and yet we cannot tell whether it is those wonderfully funny etchings, or the graceful articles of the Old Cabinet, or Dr. Holland's editorials, which attract us most. They are all good. Dr. Holland this month discusses the "Evangelical Alliance," "The American Gentleman of Leisure," "Provision for Wives and Children," and "Some Religious Newspapers." In the body of the number, we have "Carlism in Spain," "Specie Payment," a sketch of Richard Anthony Proctor, an article, elegantly illustrated, on "Savage Man," and Mr. King's second paper on "Old and New Louisiana." The stories are by Rebecca Harding Davis, Adeline Grafton, and Amalie La Forge, and are good, of course.

Mr. James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y., has been kind enough to send us his "Floral Guide" for the present quarter, and, though it is not usual for us to give such notices, his work is so manifestly a good one, that we are constrained to say a good word for it. The "Floral Guide" is not merely a catalogue of flower and vegetable seeds, but it has many valuable hints about house and church decoration, Christmas wreaths and letters, the making of various pretty designs, the treatment of greens, bouquets, etc., etc., all of which make it a useful handy-book. Its full and accurate descriptions of plants for the garden and green-house help one to a knowledge of just what one wants to get and keep. We can recommend the "Floral Guide," therefore, to all flower lovers, both on account of its value as a flower and seed catalogue, and on account of the many things it tells us which we would not, perhaps, find anywhere else, and which we all want to know.

The Vox Humana is a monthly journal of music and musical information, and is one of the best publications of the kind we have seen. The December number contains several Christmas carols, taken from old collections that strike us as very good. It is always difficult to obtain suitable carols, and a popular magazine like this one could not do better than set before the people in a cheap form, carols which when learned cannot but prove favorites.

53 *The Floral Guide*—Quarterly; 25 cents per year.

Jas. Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

Scribner's Monthly—\$4 per year. *St. Nicholas*, \$3 per year.

Scribner Co., 654 Broadway, N. Y.

The Atlantic Monthly, \$4 per year. *Every Saturday*, \$5.

The North American Review, \$6.

Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Science Gossip—\$2.25 per year. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 4th Ave. and 23d St., New York.

The Vox Humana—\$1 per year. George Woods & Co., Cambridgeport, Mass.

The Aldine—\$5 per year, with two chromos.

Jas. Sutton C Co., 58 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

College Mercury.



"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XIV.

RACINE COLLEGE, FEBRUARY, 7, 1874.

No. 6.

Practical Charity.

Through the thickly falling snow and cutting sleet, a substantial looking business man takes his way with hurried footsteps; as each successive blast strikes him with its penetrating power, he draws his great coat tighter around him, and strides on, until soon his lofty ware-house and bright office fire gladdens upon his view.

"Dreadful weather this, sorry for the poor man to-day," he says, as he sinks into his easy chair, takes up the paper, toasts his feet and rests before beginning the business of the day.

The door opens,—in walks a man whose very face marks him as being the unhappy possessor of the spirit of popular charity. With a smirk, then a smile, accompanied with sundry rubbings and twistings of his benevolent hands he begins. "Dislike to trouble you this morning, but sir, the wants of the poor and needy are ever pressing. I came to ask a trifle in aid of our society for the gathering in and relief of indigent persons. Can I count upon you for a small sum; it is an object well worthy of your consideration. "Certainly," says our merchant friend, when, with a little hesitation, and a great deal more self-satisfaction, he signs his name to the paper.

"Old Benevolence" bows himself out, while our merchant quietly seats himself, happy in the thought, that he has done his duty to his God and his fellow man, that by the amount of his subscription, he is so much the better Christian, and that perhaps, in the next morning's paper, his name will appear as being a liberal supporter of Charity.

In the due course of time all the required funds of the society have been collected. Now comes the question—a question which proves more difficult of solution to our philanthropist, than even the collecting the money itself. How can it be most advantageously expended? The board of trustees meet, they eat a dinner or two over the subject, they take a ride around the city in search of a suitable location for a building. The location is selected, the contracts made and the building—in the midst of numerous quarrels and petty strifes—slowly arises. At length it is completed—but where are the supposed inexhaustible supply of funds? Where are they, indeed? What the contractors have not stolen, or the trustees wasted, has been expended upon the building.

"Beautiful edifice," every one says, "does credit to the city and, what is a great deal more to the point, it does credit to its founders. But, may we ask, in the mean time, where are those indigent persons? Just exactly where they were in the first place, and just exactly where they will always be in spite of the hundreds of charitable institutions founded in our midst every year.

I have given, I am well aware, but a feeble sketch of our popular charity. But we need no sketch, when the

original is flaunted before our very eyes every hour of the day. We know full well the charity, no not charity—better sickly philanthropy—of the present day. How it manifests itself in "Charity Balls," grand entertainments, enthusiastic meetings and stately edifices. These are all well and good enough in their way, but do not call the spirit that actuates them the spirit of charity. Nothing can be more absurd, for this is not charity, but the very enemy of charity; the begotten of idleness, deceit, and the whole host of their attendant sins.

But it is asked: if this is not charity, the charity urged upon all christian communities, upon benenevolent persons of every land, if this is not charity, tell us what is.

My answer may be unsatisfactory, but is not the idea of the best definition of charity found in that old adage: "God helps them that help themselves." Surely, yes. True charity consists in helping men to help themselves—not in turning them into mere digesting machines, telling them, by our actions, to sit in the corner with folded hands while we put bread in their mouths.

Now suppose, during the late panic, we had had some charity of the practical kind. That would soon have put an end to the cries of "work or blood." Gladly would our poor workmen have stepped from the ranks of the riotous procession and agreed to work, if work had been offered. But no—our philanthropists opened soup houses and the working men, driven by the pangs of hunger, entered them in crowds. And what came of it? Was there an end to the suffering? By no means—the cry for "Bread or Blood" did not cease on the opening of soup houses, nor would it have ceased at the opening of ten thousands of soup houses.

It was only when *work* was given, that that cry which had echoed and re-echoed through our streets day after day, passed away and was lost in the sound of the buzzing wheel and the steady clang of the hammer.

The lesson is placed before us, and sooner or later we must read its meaning.

The milk and water charity of the present day cannot long exist among a world of intelligent beings. It must soon have an end. And be assured, the sooner it finds its rest in the grave of the past and is firmly sodded over with the turf of common sense, the sooner this is done, so much the sooner will the crowds that throng our tenement houses and frequent our charitable institutions vanish, and that rapidly too, under the influence of the charity that "doth not behave itself unseemly."

Kappa.

Saratoga Rowing Association.

SARATOGA, JANUARY 14, 1874

The question "where shall the College Regatta be held" is now being discusse in all the rowing Universities.

The answer is plain to all, that it should be held where the competing crews are on an equality, as regards the water, and where friends may see the whole race from the start to the finish. Such a course can be had on Saratoga Lake. Saratoga wishes the Regatta for two reasons. One is an earnest desire to add to the attractions of the village. The College Regatta would be an undoubted attraction, and would bring with it the families and friends of the young men whose pluck and endurance are to decide the race. This is not all. If this Association believed the Regatta would be held here but once, there would be no efforts made to secure it, but having natural advantages which no other place possesses, and an unbounded faith in our own Association, we are confident we could carry on a Regatta as it has never yet been done, and finally, with the help of the Colleges, add athletic and literary contests which would be of equal interest as those decided by the oar.

Saratoga is easy of access from all points, and the visitor may enjoy the journey surrounded by the luxurious upholstery of the darwing-room coach; or, if purse or inclination suggest it, can take his seat in the more democratic cars with scarcely less inconvenience. Arriving, the visitor is surprised at the beauty and size of the hotels, the quiet and cool walks of the well-kept parks, while the absence of the "loafer" element—so prominent in most villages—is a marked feature of the place.

The drive to the Lake is over a macadamized road, kept watered, of some three and one-half miles, so arranged that carriages pass to the Lake on one side and return on the other. The terminus of this drive is a bluff extending along the shore, where the Lake and Saratoga Rowing Association Course can be viewed without interruption. This course is three miles long by actual survey, straight, and has no impediment. The narrowest point is thirteen hundred feet between shores, the depth ranging from eight to two hundred feet. The water is clear of all bars, currents and floating matter, thereby assuring an equal chance to all. This Lake has no navigation, and the Association having control of all small boats, it is impossible for a race to be interrupted by those casualties which cannot be guarded against on navigable waters. The shores are particularly adapted for spectators, a bluff of fifty feet in height, with shaded and sloping banks, running along the west shore, while the east is bordered by a road separated from the Lake by a gravelled beach. From this bluff alone two hundred thousand people could be accommodated without inconvenience.

Saratoga and its Lake are both so well known that praises from us are unnecessary, so we will content ourselves with giving below the several reasons which, in our minds, are sufficient to secure us the College Regatta for many years to come:

1st. Saratoga has ample railroad facilities for carrying all that will come to the regatta.

2d. The hotel accommodations are well known to be the best and most extensive in the country. Good board will range from \$2 to \$5 per day. Thirty thousand visitors can be accommodated without trouble.

3d. The Association has a contract with the hackmen binding them to the following charges: fifty cents each way in an omnibus to and from the Lake; two-horse hack with driver, both ways, \$6; single buggy, \$4.

4th. Inasmuch as the association has a lease of all lands bordering on the Lake, it can assure the Colleges that pool-selling and gambling will be prohibited.

5th. All the lands bordering on the Lake will be free to spectators, and no payment of any kind will be necessary to see the race.

6th. A steamer for referee, and also one for the press will be furnished and run at expence of the Association.

7th. All competing crews, boats and servants, upon their arrival will be transported to the lake and back free.

8th. An omnibus will be kept for the use of the crews during their training to take them to and from town, at the expense of the Association.

9th. The Association will be at the whole expense of the Regatta, providing boats, placing buoys, etc.

10th. The Association will furnish each crew a boat-house and dock.

11th. The railroad fares of the crews and expences of transporting boats to and from Troy to Saratoga will be paid.

12. Complimentary tickets to the grand stand will be furnished to the "faculty" of the different colleges, also tickets to the crews for their friends.

13th. The board of all crews will not exceed \$10 per week per man. The crews to select their own bill of fare.

14th. \$1,000 will be given for prizes, such as one man from the Colleges and one man from the Association may select.

15th. A ball will be given free to the students and their families, and to the Association, only complimentary tickets will be issued.

16th. A public presentation of prizes at the town hall will be given. Complimentary tickets only issued.

17th. A large police force will be employed at the expence of the Association.

18th. The association will select good and suitable quarters for the competing crews on the shores of the lake.

As may be seen, these offers are liberal, including the whole expense to be incurred, except the fares to Troy and the board of the crews while here. The Colleges may rest assured that what is promised will be carried out to the letter, but these propositions may be modified or enlarged, in accordance with the views of our president, who, with other members of the Association, will wait upon the College convention at Hartford.—*Williams Vidette*.

Scribblers.

We look with admiration amounting almost to awe upon the writer of an epic, or the compiler of a great historical work; we treat as a person above adverse criticism, the author of a work of investigation, discovery, or original research which has employed the best years of our allotted time of life. We admire and revere such men, but only at a distance. We feel and acknowledge our own inferiority.

But there is another class of the *genus irritabile*, whom we love. A dear, simple, open-hearted set, who do all they can to make all men love each other, because they love all men themselves. They do not seem to say to mankind, "See how great I am; bow down and worship me;" but rather, "My good fellow, you are not half so bad as you make out; you shrug your shoulders, and look ugly, and do naughty things, but you are not so very bad after all.

Come and be a good fellow along with us!" And the bad fellow gets out of his sulks at once, and looks around and sees the flowers growing down in the meadows, and the little children playing happy with each other, and the bright sun shining over all; and he thanks God that he, too, can live and love his brother.

These writers do not search in musty manuscripts or dusty archives, nor scan the hoary monuments of eld; they do not waste their living life upon such things as these. But they look forth on the earth, and read the writing on men's hearts. We love them all, from the mild and pure Addison, with his kind wit and playful satire, down to the last and least. There is such a dear personality about each one that we think of them as old and well loved friends. See how we look only at their open hearted virtues, and pity and forgive their human foibles.

There is Addison, with his gentle, reproving smile at mankind's follies, and rollicking Dick Steele, with their unapproachable creations of Sir Roger De Coverley and his compeers. Next comes Dr. Johnson with the *Rambler*, in which the good old fellow sometimes makes the most desperate efforts to be light and sportive, but he can never rid himself of his deep sonorousness of language and his grandeur of thought.

The next loving reader of human nature is that ugly, awkward, simple Irishman,—Oliver Goldsmith, who was pitied, and sneered at, and snubbed by his contemporaries; but whose meed of loving praise posterity has given him. How his personality pervades his writings, and how often do the thoughts wander from the article itself to the writer, and we exclaim between a smile and a tear, "Poor Noll!"

Then we have solemn Tom Hood, joyous Tom Hood, —Tom Hood now furtively smiling as he tells of the old woman who

—“Might have worn a percussion cap
And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap,”

or how his great heart swelling and his blue eyes filling with tears, as he sings the "Song of the Shirt," or gives a human cry for the "one more unfortunate." And dear, queer, gentle "Elia" the chronicler of roast pig, the lover of the sequestered aisles of the Old East India House, and the kind exposé of the fallacies of popular proverbs. Then comes Leigh Hunt, and that earliest of breakfast-table philosophers, Coleridge.

And so with the whole troop of bye-gone scribblers of the mother-land. And we have those also of our own land whom we love as well. Much as we admire Irving's "Life of Washington" and his historical works, who does not linger with greater love over the heart-telling pages of the "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall," as he brings to our eyes the joys of Christmas-time, or describes with his inimitable, gentle touch and the pathos of one inspired, "The Wife," "The Broken Heart," and "The Grave." There are many others whom we all well know. There are Paulding, and Poe, and that genial Yankee doctor who metaphysicizes (save the mark!) over all the shades of the two words "I" and "Boston," besides Lowell, and Holland, and Warner and the rest.

Great as it may be to write Law, and Morals, and History, and Physics; great as it may be to lead a nation, and leave one's name upon the page of History; great as it may be to subvert empires and to mount a throne through

the spilt blood of thousands; it seems to me as great a thing to spill a little drop of ink, if it do but turn to dew upon a thousand hearts, and make the sad one glad, the sorrowful rejoice, and touch a chord that leaves the world the better for its thrilling.

J. H.

Racine seems in no way to have lost heart by the late panic. To our editorial eyes, at least, every one seems active and cheerful and anxious to oblige. Such being the state of affairs, we advise our fellow students to take advantage of it.

Just at present nothing could be more enjoyable than a sleigh-ride. Therefore, if you want to go in style, just ask Black for his team of black ponies; if however you are more modest and want something "just large enough for two," Sumner can show you a rig that will make your eyes water. But if you are in a hurry, you can drop in at Throup's, and Potter will give you your choice of some excellent nags. For driving of course you want gloves, and you can't do better than call on Pauli for them. If you want anything in the furnishing line and can't be suited at Evans & Morris', just try Weeks & Schroeder. And when you are going out in the evening, Cook is prepared to transport you to and from the College, at panic rates. When it is too cold or disagreeable to go out, nothing is more soothing than a good cigar, and Burch & Bruce can furnish you with the very best brands; if you can't afford cigars, go to Klein or Kampfer and try their new brands of tobacco, just received.

Of course you want to have your picture taken sometime during this last half year. Ely has improved facilities for doing the very best styles of work at the lowest possible prices, so you had better call on him early and avoid the rush and consequent delay preceding commencement. As regards confectionery, Ehrenfels can satisfy the most fastidious. If you want oysters you can get the very best the market affords, at Heyer, Pushee & Co's, but if you go to Bliss & Erb, you can have them delivered at your rooms free of charge. As regards gas-fixtures it is hard to make a choice of dealers, they all sell at such reasonable prices. Some however think there is a slight difference of price in favor of H. Raymond and Langlois & Son, but as regards beauty of design and style of finish, every one must admit that Gorton & Buffham and Heyer, Pushee & Co. are *par excellence*. Of course for a coal scuttle or anything in that line, every one goes to C. B. Hall on Sixth street.

1st Soph.—(wisely)—“I heard a tree bark over yonder.”

2d Soph.—(not to be outdone)—That's nothing, I heard it holler.”

1st Shop.—“Well, if you had stayed long enough you would have seen it leave.”

2d Soph.—“Did it take its trunk along?”

1st Soph.—“No; it left that for board.”—*Philomathean*.

I make no pretensions tew literature, I pay no homage tew elegant sentances, I had rather be the father ov one genuine original truth, i don't care if it iz az hump-backed az a drumudary, than tew be author ov a whole volume ov glittering cadences, gotten up for winter-green eating school-girls to nibble at.—*Wittenberger*.

The College Mercury.

"VIGEAT RADIX."

RACINE COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 7, 1874.

EDITORS:

C. E. CARLISLE. G. E. McDOWELL. GEO. F. W. SMALL.

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.

Arrangements have been made for a proper observance of Washington's birthday. A holiday will, of course, be the first thing in order. The appropriate exercises will probably take place in the evening, and will consist of an oration from each class, a poem, and the reading of the Farewell Address, with music interspersed. The question which is at present agitating the public mind is whether the music shall be National airs by the Glee Club, or whether stringed instruments shall be procured for the occasion to dispense appropriate music. This latter plan seems to meet with the most general approval and is no doubt the best for several reasons. First, it is the least trouble: it being only a question of money and not necessitating all the anxiety and responsibility of the numerous practices which the other would demand. Secondly it is the surest, and will serve to make that part of the performance a success, which otherwise might fall through.

It should have more than a passing thought. Happ's full Orchestra can be obtained if only engaged at an early enough date. A tax of twenty-five cents apiece from one hundred students will cover the expense; and we have no doubt there are that number, almost twice over, who would willingly volunteer the requisite amount. If a great excitement could be aroused over the affair, so as to draw every one with eager curiosity to the hall, ten cents admission might be charged, which would be all sufficient. But an admission fee seems not only altogether wrong in the present case, but generally a bad thing. A free entertainment will always insure a larger and equally appreciative audience; witness for example Public School exhibitions, Sunday School concerts and things of a like character. But joking aside, the idea of charging admission to such exercises as the ones under consideration is perfectly preposterous. They should be, and are for the benefit of all who are interested enough to attend them, and the committee should be only too glad to see their friends without asking any assistance in the way of fees. Any one who will but consider it for a moment must see the impropriety of such a course. The music should be obtained by subscription, or not at all. A Band is really indispensable for the success of the undertaking, and the committee of arrangements would do well to use all their influence in respect to the matter. If the Band were once here, it might possibly open the way for a very pleasant dance a little later in the evening.

Racine Gayeties.

Almost the first thing which greeted our eyes after our return was an invitation to a Grand Masquerade and Fancy Dress Ball to be given at Elkin's Hall. Instantly it was the theme of conversation with every one and all interest centered in the one question "Are you going?" Of course we all went and the universal verdict was that Racine had never given a more splendid party. The whole affair has been written up in all the town papers and so our description would only be stale news.

Suffice it to say that the music was very good, and that the party itself was certainly a "Grand" one. The ladies looked charming in their beautiful Costumes and had you not known the gentlemen, you would certainly have taken them for ancient Knights and Cavaliers. We all left the merry scene feeling that after so pleasant an evening we would willingly go back to Greek roots for a while. We were suffered to remain in seclusion for a very short time, however, for last Wednesday evening St. Luke's Church gave one of its Sociables which are so popular with every one. It was held at Congress Hall, and, remembering, perhaps, the pleasant time we had there last term the students turned out in much larger numbers than usual. The Sociable was quite well attended and all were ready to "trip the light fantastic" even into the "wee sma hours" if necessary—and by necessary we mean if the band would play. But it was not necessary, and so the party closed much earlier than the sociables generally do. There has always been one thing which has troubled your reporter very much—and that is how to conduct himself at a party so as to appear polite to every one. But he is glad to say that at length he has entirely surmounted every obstacle and will know in future exactly how to behave. He learned it all at the Sociable; for by keeping his eyes open he saw the *modus operandi* and is not likely to forget it. You walk with an easy, graceful step into the parlor, and having saluted the hostess just take her programme and put down your name as often as you please—of course it can not but be agreeable to her. Then having seen every one in the room, and having secured as many dances as you can, just walk up stairs into the ladies room and gather up their programmes, by which operation you can easily see that you will have a corner on the dances and at the same time be complimenting the ladies. If any one of them should happen to ask you where her programme is, just say to her in an off hand manner—"Ah! its all serene." And if another should ask you if you are through with hers—just answer,—"Hold your horses there for a moment."

These little remarks will show that you are perfectly at home in a ball room. If there should be any trouble in getting a ladies' programme just call out in a loud voice—"Give me a shake there next" or for variation—"let me tackle that programme." All these things have a salutary effect on the ladies. Then if you happen to be in the hall while ladies are going up to take off their wrappings, it will be just the thing to ask them for dances then and there. It saves time and compliments the ladies. When introduced to a charming young married lady, ask her for a dance, and when you get her programme put your name down for two—poor thing she don't have many chances for dancing. If she tells you that she is not likely to dance so late as the lower of the two dances with which you have honored her,

say—"All hunky we will make that right in a jiffy." Then coolly take out your lead pencil, place your name higher up on the card, and hand it back with the air of a benefactor—it will be sure to have a great effect.

That is the general outline of the system, and feeling overjoyed that at last we were happy, and also, with all our clumsiness having passed a pleasant evening, we left for home wishing St. Luke's Church Guild prosperity, and hoping that soon it would give another of its delightful sociables. +

An Old Soldier.

DEAR MERCURY:—During the Christmas vacation I had occasion to visit the quiet little city of Watseka in Illinois; and while there a friend introduced me to an elderly gentleman, a short sketch of whose life may not be uninteresting to your readers.

The gentleman to whom I refer is John B. Bourain, at present a resident of Watseka. In person he is small and stoutly built, and one would at once recognize him as a native of France. His face is clean shaven, and his hair is perfectly white.

In a conversation of some length I learned the following points in his history. M. Bourain was born in Paris, January 23d, 1793. The Rue de Luxemburg, under the very shadow of the great palace was the scene of his entrance upon an eventful life, just eighty one years ago. At a very early age he served under Napoleon I. as a private soldier, and was in the memorable retreat from Moscow. He was taken prisoner at Dantzic and held captive for one year, after which he was returned to Paris. When the little Corsican escaped from Elba and called upon his soldiers to support him, John Bourain was again at his master's side.

He describes in glowing language the bravery of those who bore down upon the Iron Duke, and speaks, even after the lapse of so many years, with great feeling about the defeat at Waterloo. It was more than he could bear. He saw his beloved Napoleon hurried off to St. Helena and his dear France conquered, and he turned his face to America, resolved never to see Europe again.

He landed in New York with his father in 1816. When Joseph Bonaparte came to this country he appointed Monsieur Bourain general agent of his lands. On the return of Bonaparte he gave up his position and went to farming in New York state, where he remained until 1850, when he removed to the West.

Monsieur Bourain is a true lover of freedom, and desires to end his days in the United States. I asked his opinion of the late Emperor, Napoleon III. He candidly informed me that he disliked him very much, though he did not give his reasons. He also expressed his horror at the crimes of the Commune during the recent troubles in France. I asked him to tell me of Josephine. His body straightened and his eyes grew bright as he heard the name of the best beloved woman in French History. He had seen her frequently and could not say enough in praise of her beauty and loveliness. He told me of her devotion to Bonaparte, of her dignity as Empress, of her fondness for her boy and girl, and he painted to my mind the awful scene, of which he was an eye-witness, when she signs the divorce and acknowledges the new occupant of her seat upon the Imperial throne of the French Empire.

Monsieur Bourain is spending the close of his life with his daughter, the wife of a prominent lawyer in Watseka, and it is pleasant to know that he is enjoying so secure a repose after the eventful days of so long a campaign.

J. V. L.

Subjecte.

"What can a fellow write about?" is generally the cry when he is asked to give to the world some of the lofty conceptions of his mind through the columns of the MERCURY. Why, there are, my dear friends, ten thousand things to write about—yes, twice that number. Look about you. Choose a subject from nature,—the cow,—the pig,—the gentle Freshman wandering to and fro on the campus,—write about them. Moralize on them,—praise,—abuse them if you will,—but write,—write. If such subjects as these are not congenial, take Lake Michigan, Racine, the Gymnasium, or even our matutinal meal. Write about the butter,—tell how it was made, the docile cow roams in the green pastures, the rosy milk-maid comes and extracts the lacteal fluid, the buxom matron churns and churns it in the tub—at last it comes out bright and golden butter. But mayhap you are not conversant with these natural subjects. Take another look about you. There's nothing like trying something simple when one is at a loss. Take Psychal Telegraphy,—The Indivisibility of Matter,—What effect had the Crossing of the Rubicon on Caleb Cushing's losing the Chief-Justiceship,—these will do for examples. You have no idea how fast your thoughts will run, and your pen too, when you once get started on them. But just here, a caution. Don't let your thoughts run away with you, it is very inconvenient. It is very hard to find yourself sometimes. Still, as we were saying, simple subjects are the best. We have seen the most able articles written on such subjects as Cats, or Putty. In fact, there is nothing in history to lead us to believe that the illustrious Plato himself did not begin on Cats or Putty; and Plato, you know, though he had no interest in the Chicago Times, was quite a decent writer.

With such a wide field in which to roam at will, dear friends, how can you consent to remain to "fortune and to fame unknown?" If you only once begin, you may some day become a great writer like George Francis Train, So-crates, or Victoria Woodhull. G. W.

A young lady, the daughter of a rich petroleum operator, before returning from boarding school, had a party given for her benefit. Upon the bottom of her invitation cards she caused to be inscribed "R. S. V. P." and one was sent to a young man, who had also made his money by boring. He did not come, but sent a card with the letters, "D. S. C. C." Meeting him in the street she asked him what the letters meant. "Tell me first what yours meant." "Oh, mine was French for 'Respond if you please.'" "Well, mine was English for 'Darned sorry I can't come.'"—*Cornell Times*.

Scene—Senior breakfast table, Christmas morning. *New Comer*.—"Mr. C., what did you get last night for Christmas?" *Mr. C.*—(gruffly) "Got a good sleep." *N. C.*—"Mr. T., what did you get this morning?" *Mr. T.*—"Got-up." *N. C.*—"Mr. S., what did you get in your stocking?" *Mr. S.*—"Got my foot in it."—*Mordent omnes. Novicius quiescit.*—*Yale Courant*.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS;

CHICAGO AND N. W.	Going South.	Going North.
Mail and Express	8.03 A. M.	10.41 A. M.
Express	1.54 P. M.	11.48 A. M.
Express	4.48 P. M.	7.22 P. M.
Night Passenger	12.30 A. M.	3.40 A. M.

WESTERN UNION.	Going West.	Going East
*Day Passenger	8.00 A. M.	7.50 P. M.
Accommodation	8.50 P. M.	6.40 A. M.
Night Passenger	5.50 P. M.	6.45 P. M.

*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

NOTICE.—By an unfortunate accident the previous number of the MERCURY was not sent to our foreign subscribers at the proper time. If any one on account of this irregularity has not received No. 5 of the present volume, we shall be glad to forward it on being notified of the fact.

A number of untoward circumstances have combined to make us late with to-day's issue. We beg the indulgence of our readers and hope hereafter to be more punctual.

—How about '74's "Opera?" Is anything going to be done about it?

—There is no necessity for climbing fences now, you can walk over on the snow drifts.

—Why can't our Glee Club follow in the wake of others, and give a concert?

—We were treated to Linseed oil for supper a few nights ago: found it an excellent appetizer.

—Once again there is a piano in the Library, and its melodious jingle may be heard almost every hour in the day.

—An extra heater, and what is much more to the purpose, a ventilator for carrying off cold air, now renders the Chapel much more comfortable than we have known it to be any previous winter.

We notice from the "Sapphire," a publication of the Law and Medical departments of Michigan University, that H. H. Francis, formerly of '74, is a member of the *Zeta Psi* society of that place.

—A Junior who wished to retire from the bustle of the noisy crowd the other day, shut himself up in his room, having tacked on his door the information: "Eldr—dge is a bed." It is needless to say he was not "a bed" very long afterwards.

E. H. Brown, formerly of '73, is at present city clerk of Seattle, Washington Territory, and one of the proprietors of the "Puget Sound Dispatch," a lively newspaper published at that place.

The Senior who received a Christmas box from one of his classmates containing several pieces of soiled linen, second hand clothing, and several articles of broken crockery, says he is not even with that fellow yet—and he will have satisfaction.

—The College Nine have already gone into training for next summer's contests. The Gymnasium receives them three days in the week, and hard work for an hour is the order of exercises. If the practises are continued as well as they have been begun, the muscle of the Nine will be prodigious by the time the next campaign opens.

—A very diminutive representative of the Fifth form failing to make a rather lymphatic Soph appreciate the great benefit of daily out-door exercise, or something else equally absurd to the Sophomoric mind, denounced him as "A gwate bwig hunk of English woast bweef."

At the first recitation in Astronomy one of the seniors astonished the students and shocked the professor with the brilliant piece of information, that the *Etymology* of the word Astronomy was *astron*, a star, and *nomos* a name. Hence the science of the names of the stars.

—Derivations once more. *Prof.* Can anyone tell me how *rostra* is derived?" No response. *Prof.* "Well, it comes from *rodo*, to bite. Does that help you any? *Student.* "Yes sir, the *rostra* was so called on account of the biting sarcasm which used to be spoken on it."

—Sunday recitation in Greek Testament: St. Luke xix. 30. *Prof.* "Mr. Y.—Can you give us the paralell passage in St Matthew, where not only the colt, but the ass itself is mentioned? *Mr. Y.*—"Yes sir. It says that the king shall come sitting on an ass and a colt, the son of an ass."—*Rident omnes.*

—Quite a number of the students have expressed a desire to contribute toward some token of respect for Mrs. Sears.

The Ladies' Aid Society actuated by the same impulse of regard, propose to place a Memorial Tablet in the Chapel, and would be glad to have the old friends of Mrs. Sears join with them in undertaking.

Any student wishing to contribute can do so by handing their offerings to Mrs. Franklin.

—Now that we have a piano, why not use it? It would be a very pleasant feature of the reception, if a hymn or two could be sung during the latter part of the evening.

—Quite a number of students have had fixtures placed in their rooms, and find gas a great improvement on the old kerosene. The gas is of a superior quality. Being made directly from naphtha it is free from many of the impurities which the ordinary article necessarily contains, and consequently burns with great brilliancy.

—The Addisonian Society seems to have lost all its energy. The reading-room is not in order yet, and from present appearances is not likely to be for some time. The Society should call for outside help, if it is unable to get a committee from its own members to do the work. Let us have the reading-room at any rate.

—Scene, Library; time, Sunday evening reception. *Dramatis Personæ*, Senior and Grammar School boy. The evening hymn is about to be read.

G. S. Boy. "i'm glad he isn't going to read one of those "Christian Year" hymns. I don't like those.

Senior. "What kind of hymns do you like?"

G. S. Boy. "Why, that kind that Mr. Spalding read once. "Betsy and I are out," you know.

—On our return we found the billiard table in a most woeful state of dilapidation, but it has recently been put in perfect order again, and is graced by new cushions, new cloth and a level bed. A game is now quite enjoyable. The only thing that is really needed is a few cues that do not resemble whittled down telegraph poles quite so much as those at present in use.

—One of the Seniors who has never been remarkable for any great amount of extra flesh, and is rather sensitive on the subject,—after careful mathematical calculations came to the astounding conclusion, that if his place of residence should be transferred from the Earth to the Sun his ponderous weight would be just twenty-two pounds and a fraction. At this startling discovery he was as greatly agitated as if the dire catastrophe were about to come upon him.

—In going through the building just before Christmas, we counted in the various rooms eight copies of the same picture, "The Huguenot Lovers." It is certainly a pretty picture, but eight copies in one house! What are we coming to? But that is not all, there would have been nine only a fastidious Freshman was so disgusted at the young man in the picture not having his hair brushed, that although he greatly admired the female character, he could not be persuaded to purchase it.

—One of the peculiar advantages of the new arrangement of Choir seats in Chapel is that the music books are continually sliding down and hitting you on the toes. If you are possessed of an extraordinary amount of patience the recurrence of the accident a dozen or more times will not be noticed, but when it gets to be a regular thing that one book after another comes down as fast as they can be replaced, and especially if a crack in the floor which reduces the temperature about ten degrees and benumbs your lower extremities be taken into consideration, it may justly be voted an altogether unnecessary part of the service and quite monotonous.

The College Press.

We were better pleased with the Cornell Review than we expected to be after reading the various criticisms on the first number. There is nothing about it which would lead us to an extravagant commendation, but it certainly takes a good rank among the periodicals of its class, and is the best exponent of Cornell talent which we have seen. The *Memorabilia*, which ought to be one of the strongest points in order to make the Magazine valuable to Alumni and other foreign subscribers, is, we think, the weakest. The Editorials are interesting and easily written, though a little more revision in some places might not have been amiss. Of the literary articles, "The Girl of the Period" is by far the most readable, and we were about to say the most carefully written; but we must make exception in favor of the oration "National Unity as a tendency of the Age," and "Symbolism in Language and Poetry." Both are well expressed, and well worth reading.

We learn from the *Era* that Prof. Boyeson has been called to the Assistant Professorship of the North European Languages at the University. Prof. Boyeson is well known to many of our readers through his romance "Gunnar," which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The *Era* gives the following sketch of his life:

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen Ph. D. is a graduate of the University of Christiania, Norway, where he graduated with the highest grade of honors. His father is a well known officer of the Norwegian army. Professor Boyesen has gained an honored position in the literature of his adopted country; he is the author of many articles published in the

Atlantic and the *North American Review*. He has lived in this country for the past three years, occupying the chair of Greek and Latin at Urbana University, Ohio, during a portion of the time. The last six months he has spent at Leipzig, Germany. He arrived at New York on Saturday, the 3d inst. in the steamship Calabria.

The *Tripod* begins a new era with its new volume, and takes at once a much higher rank than it has previously held. The editorial corps deserve great credit for their energy in making this departure, and for giving to the College press so worthy a representative of their University

The *Cap and Gown* has been merged into the *Acta Columbiana* which is now published in the interest of both the Academies and the School of Mines. The new paper is much better looking and much more readable than the old one was, and the praise which is bestowed on it from every side is sufficient evidence that the change in its management is appreciated.

The *Philomathean* is a very creditable paper which comes to us from the University of the City of New York. The initial number has an article on Satan. We wonder if this will be followed by one describing his dwelling-place. We shall watch the *Philomathean* with much interest.

The question when the next Regatta shall be held has at last been decided, says the *Advocate*, and Saratoga has been chosen. At the Convention Mr. Conkling, president of the "Saratoga Rowing Association," made liberal promises as to what Saratoga would do to aid the Regatta and throughout the discussion which followed his speech it was clearly shown that the majority of the delegates favored the Saratoga course. Amherst, Dartmouth, and Harvard opposed it strongly; Amherst urging the bad reputation of Saratoga as a weighty moral objection to the selection of the course there.

After a warm debate on the subject, it was settled that men should be chosen for the crews only from the undergraduates of the Academic and Scientific Departments of their Universities. With regard to judges, it was decided that there shall not be more than five, none of whom are to be graduates or undergraduates of any college.

YALE.—The gymnasium is very popular this winter.—The Freshman class numbers 152.—Seniors have eight recitations a week.—Between thirty and forty members of the Freshman class, who do not intend to join Sophomore societies, have agreed to constitute a literary club, during that year.—A number of Yale students have formed a Chess Club, *pro tem.* and accepted the challenge of the Williams' Chess Club. The game is to be played by postal card.

—*Tripod.*

Is this the only way in which we can get news from Yale?

When a student comes back to his college duties after the winter vacation, it's a little significant to see him go pensively about his room looking long and vacantly out at the window, humming "Needle's eye that doth supply," "Go choose your East," "Michigan girls, on you we call," and such like familiar ballads. But it is more so when he throws his watch down behind the stove and vainly tries to stuff his slippers into a pretty little red, white and blue bead-embroidered watch case.—*Chronicle.*

The Annalist evidently comes from a mixed college. "In the next hymn-book," it says, "we hear the cry of an anguished soul: 'I have been having an awful time with my bustle, and-what's-her-name says it's coming off;'" and the Job's comforter simply answers: "What *will* you do?" Judging by the lectures *The Annalist* reads to young ladies, the state of society in Albion College must be somewhat peculiar.—*Yale Courant*.

A London exchange says: "A successful joke was the other day played upon an enthusiastic band of archæologists who explored the quaint old town of Banbury, in search of antique lore. The following was sent to the Secretary as an inscription copied from the corner-stone of an old fabric that had recently been pulled down:

'SEOGEH SREVE EREH WCISUME VAHL
LAH SEHS SE OTREH NOS LLEBDNAS
REGNI FREH NOS GNIREH ROHYER
GANOED IRYD ALE NIFÆ ESOTS SORCY
RUB NABOT ES ROHK CO CAED IR.'"

—*Every Saturday*.

We leave our readers to make it out.

The other day a Freshman was paying his respects to a Senior, and during his survey of the adornments of the room, espied a picture of the immortal Shakespeare. Having studied the classic features for sometime, the following dialogue ensued:

Fresh: "What's that?"

Sen: "Shakespeare."

Fresh: "Who is he?"

Sen: "A poet."

Fresh: "Fine looking fellow, any relation of yours?"

Senior goes over to *Mente's*.—*Cornell Times*.

It seems fitting to ridicule the First Division of '77. The following are some of their more recent translations of passages from Livy: "*Incubans cortici, secundo Tiberi defertur*;" "He sailed down the Tiber, reclining on his cork."—*Yale Courant*.

Editors Table.

FROM SPRING TO WINTER.

Was it the sheen of the sweet Spring light?
Or were my joy-filled eyes more bright,
As I passed out of the gate
With thee, my fair mate,
In the emerald May?

Was it the sun-warmth? Was it the heat?
Or did my heart more quickly beat,
As I walked the leafy grove
With thee, my dear love,
In the soft Summer day?

Was it the quiet of the hazy air?
Or was my soul more free from care,
As with thy hand on my arm,
We passed by the farm
In the warm Autumn glow?

Is it the ice-air? Is it the cold?
Or am I really grown so old,
That I tremble thus and shake
Alone by the lake
In the Winter's white snow?

—*Willard Fiske in the Cornell Review*.

QUATRAINS.—FROM THE OLD NORSE.

Friendship.

If thou dost a true freind own,
Wend often to his abode;
For with brambles and weeds o'ergrown
Is the unfrequented road.

A Good Gift.

Thy love a costly gift would take
Thy friend; but lean purse cannot choose.
Thy praise for his good deeds would make
His true heart rich: thou wouldst not lose!

Test.

Praise the sword in battle proven;
Praise the day at eventide;
Beer, when quaffed; the garment, woven;
Woman, her grave beside. —*Old and New*.

CHANGED.

From the outskirts of the town,
Where of old the mile-stone stood,
Now a stranger, looking down
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood

It is changed, or am I changed?

Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friend with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,

Bright as ever shines the sun,

But alas! they seem to me

Not the sun that used to be,

Not the tides that used to run.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

REMEMBRANCE.

(*Andenken.*)

I THINK of thee

When the soft voices of the nightingales,
In sweet and plaintive warblings to the night,
Ring through the vales,
When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee,

By the cool waters of the shaded fountains;
While, in the shimmering rays of twilight glow,
Glisten the mountains.

Where thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee,

With many tender hopes and anxious fears,
Passionate longings for the one I love,
And burning tears,

How thinkest thou of me?

O, think of me,

Until we meet again some happier day,
Till then, however distantly my feet may roam,
Still shall I think and pray

Only of thee!

—*Littell's Living Age*.

SOMEWHERE.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day.
Can He not reach thee with his tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to Him who holds within
The hollow of his hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place!

Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of Him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still, there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear
Poor, human words of blessing, will I pray,
O true, brave heart, God bless thee, wheresoe'er
In His great universe thou art to-day!

—*Julia C. R. Dorr: Scribner's for February*.

College Mercury.



"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XIV.

RACINE COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 19, 1874.

No. 7.

Vineta.*

[From the German of Mueller.]

From the ocean's deep, deep bosom swelling,
Peal so faint and low those evening bells,
Ever to us wonderfully telling
Of that old town bound in magic spells.

Far down in the billow's lap, deep sunken,
Rise those shining ruins evermore—
Lofty towers flash back the golden sunbeams,
Glories thence reflected, upward soar.

And the sailor, who that magic shimmer
Once has seen when evening light grows red,—
Though stern cliffs frown back the rash adventurer—
To that witching spot is ever led.

From my lone heart's deep, deep bosom swelling,
Peals to me bell-music faint and sad.
Ah! what wondrous tidings is it telling
Of the deep love that once made it glad.

Ah! a beautiful world lies there deep hidden;
Ah! its wrecks, its ruins, still are there;
Ah, as golden rays from heaven streaming,
In my dream's bright mirror shine they fair.

O, that I, down to those depths descending,
Might bathe myself in that reflected glow—
E'er now 'tis as if angels called me
To that old enchanted town below.

*Vineta, a city once standing on the shores of the Baltic, near the island of Rugen, is said to have been swallowed up by the sea. ALPHIA.

Three Feet.

"If your foot is pretty, show it at Lanagan's ball," or any other place, if you have a fair opportunity; and why not? Why not show a pretty foot, just as well as a delicately-shaped hand or a fine set of teeth? There cannot be the slightest objection to it; but first, ascertain whether your pedal extremities are what might be called handsome, and then if you are in the habit of displaying to the vulgar view your various personal points of attraction, by all means put your best foot forward. It is human nature; every one does it, and who can blame you. Really, it is a most useless injunction, for we have yet to find the possessor of a pretty foot who takes any over-due care to conceal it, while the unfortunate owner of an ugly one, is ever striving to cramp and twist it into a becoming shape, or else half cover it with loose cut breeches. In this respect a lady has the advantage of a man, for she easily hides an offensive foot behind the deep, dark folds of the petticoats.

If, then, the ill-favored foot is to be kept out of sight, and concealed as much as possible, we can see no earthly reason why the favored one should not be put forward and shown off to the best advantage. If a man well furnished in respect to his "understanding" wants to dance a nimble clog, by all means let him do so; he will probably find

many admirers; many who will remark on the beauty of his lower extremities.

But really, what can be more charming than to see a delicately-turned, neatly-slipped foot, creep cautiously out from under the heavy plaits of some fair lady's dress? The narrow, rounded toe first makes its appearance, the opposing dress receives a careless little toss; gradually growing bolder, the whole foot comes forth, peeps about for a moment, beats two or three emphatic little pats on the soft carpet, and then as if startled at having seen so much daylight, like a frightened mouse it hastily retreats into the darkness of its hiding-place. It is all the merest chance—so artless, so by the way, that it is quite bewitching; not the softest glances of the eye, not the sweetest smiles could be more captivating than that graceful manœuvre of the pretty foot.

Feet are historical. Madame de Pompadour is said to have had feet fair enough to kiss. "That which especially astonished the King," says her biographer, "was a pair of pretty bare feet,—worthy of marble and the sculptor—in a pair of the most rustic-looking wooden shoes. By a coquetry that was almost artless, the pretty milk-maid placed one of her feet on the outside of the wooden shoe. The King recognized the marchioness, and confessed to her that for the first time in his life, he felt the desire to kiss a pretty foot." Few are the individuals of this day who could boast of such a mark of beauty.

In this wonderful age, capricious Fashion,—who has no care for any one's particular feelings, and has not the least idea of comfort—regulates the shape and even size of our pedal extremities, and as little as possible is Nature allowed to have her own way. For what, with cramping, ill-shaped boots, and narrow gaiters with high-arched soles and pointed heels, the poor foot is twisted and tortured, only, after all, to be really unbecoming in appearance. The loose, light sandal of the ancient Greeks gave an opportunity for the development of a natural, beautiful, well-proportioned foot—one which, unfortunately, is only preserved in sculpture and the ideal of the artist. But the ever-changing shapeless boot worn in this day, affords an opportunity for nothing either graceful or natural, unless it be the bestowal of a right good kick on some deserving object.

Although various persons have become famous for painting, firing off pistols with the feet, and other accomplishments equally foolish and wonderful, their first and most important use is supposed to be that they should afford their owner a sure, cheap, and convenient mode of transportation; and anything in the shape of shoe-leather that takes away from this, so as in any way to deprive a man of this first use for his feet, is barbarous. However, a foot is a foot; and whether three pigs' feet make a yard of pork, is a question which is still open for debate.

Pope's "Essay on Criticism."

Nearly everybody has read Pope's works. There is a sort of fascination about them, which especially charms young readers; and the style is so pleasant, that when we once take them up, we are loath to lay them aside. But it is in this artificial and polished style that the charm consists; for Pope's special aim was to produce an exterior so bright that we should at the same time be dazzled, and yet pleased with its splendor:—for no one, surely, who has carefully looked beneath the surface of words and rhyme, can say that either the thoughts are beautiful, or the imagination vivid. This artificial character marks all his works, and in most of them he has aimed at form, rather than cared for substance. But there is one in which he seems to have combined both form and substance, and that one is his "Essay on Criticism."

This was written in 1709, when the author was twenty years old; and although he was so young, yet the works which he produced in this period of his life, stand forth as the greatest memorials of his fame. Although the "Essay on Criticism" is rightly placed by critics, inferior to the "Rape of the Lock," yet its many beauties and its great merits will ever render it a great favorite with those who read Pope.

Admitting that it does depart from the province of poetry, in that it instructs, yet after one has been reading some of Pope's other works, it is always with a feeling of pleasure that he turns to the "Essay on Criticism," for there he knows he will find something besides mere style.

The first thing we notice in reading the Essay is, that the style is just the same as in his other works—just as elegant, just as polished and artistic. Every line has exactly the number of syllables that the metre requires, and the rhymes are always perfect. In reading it, we become so accustomed to his correctness—Pope expresses it excellently in the following lines:

"If crystal streams with pleasing murmurs creep,
The reader's threatened, not in-vain, with sleep."

Yes, this exactness of rhyme and metre, becomes so impressed upon us, that we are considerably startled when we find a line which has an extra syllable, or a word that does not exactly rhyme. It is a true saying that "The greatest art is to conceal art." Pope has by no means attained this end; he has not even aimed at it. This we see in all his works; even in the "Essay on Criticism," the first thing that attracts our attention is art.

But in this Essay there is something besides art, and in reading we cannot fail to see it; it is the clear reasoning, good common sense, and strong argument, which we find in nearly every line. The precepts which he lays down are nearly all excellent, and though he has not gone so deep into the art of criticism as some more modern writers, yet he has advanced it far beyond the position it occupied at the time when he wrote. All the directions and admonitions which he gives to critics, are expressed in a brief, terse and forcible manner, and his arguments nearly always carry conviction with them. He generally lays down a proposition in two or three lines, and then follows it up with a simile or comparison which adds much to the beauty of style, and also greatly increases the weight of the argument.

The proper use of every simile is, that while it beautifies, it shall at the same time explain and strengthen what has

gone before, and Pope seems to have understood this use, and to have put it to the best advantage. Very seldom do we find a simile out of place and used only for effect; where they appear, and we see them frequently, there is nothing superfluous about them; they are brief and to the point, and oftentimes very beautiful. One of the best he uses, is that in reference to the Alps, which ends:

"The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes—
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

This simile presents such a beautiful picture in itself, and so fully explains and ennobles the subject which he has in hand, that we cannot help admiring its use, even when we know it was not original. Throughout the whole Essay, we meet simile after simile, and all of these strengthen and confirm as well as beautify the style.

Another striking characteristic of the Essay is the satire directed against the numerous critics of the day. It runs through the whole Essay, but in some places becomes very sharp and cutting, holding up to ridicule,

"Those half-learned wittlings, numerous in our isle
As half-formed insects on the banks of Nile."

When the satire becomes very pointed, as is many times the case, and as we read and relish it, we can't help thinking that it must have had great force when it was written.

In the "Essay on Criticism," as well as in Pope's other works, we see the use of the antithesis, a powerful figure of speech when used rightly. Dryden, Pope's predecessor and master, understood perfectly its use; he uses it sparingly, but when it does occur, it seems like a sledge-hammer, coming down with such a force as to impress and strengthen the whole subject. But here, as in everything, we see how easy it is to pass from the use of a thing to its abuse. Even the most powerful form of argument becomes wearisome and ineffective, when used to excess. Pope may have learned a great deal from Dryden; but certainly he did not learn the judicious use of antithesis; it occurs so frequently in the Essay, and we become so accustomed to it, that we expect every period to end with it. So, from a strong and weighty form of argument which it might be, Pope has turned it almost into a conceit. Still, many times his use of antithesis is most forcible, elegant and beautiful. They certainly give an extra charm to the style, and this is what Pope cared for more than anything else.

The "Essay on Criticism" has been highly praised by Dr. Johnson, who says,— "Pope produced this piece at the age of twenty, and never afterwards excelled it." This judgment may not be true, but the Essay is certainly deserving of great praise, and in fact has been praised by many, both in Pope's time and in our own. It may be marred by some defects, yet its great merits, joined with a style which no one denies to be pleasant, render it quite an entertaining and profitable work to read. AL.

A Yale Soph. recently visited South Hadley Female Seminary. While being shown around the Library, he noticed across the room two of "the fair" seated at a table reading, a vacant seat being between them. Soph. was at once drawn to that side of the room. Teacher followed. Taking down a book from the alcove, Soph. asked—"Ahem! would there be any objection to my sitting down here (pointing to the vacant seat,) and examining the book for a few moments?" Teacher at once formed the opinion that *that* Soph. would bear watching.—*Trinity Tablet.*

A Spoiled Day.

Out into the day we look
 And wish it fair;
 Another day, a gift from God,
 Left to our care.

We want it happy, stainless, pure,
 A day of light;
 A little life, begun at morn,
 Ended at night.

But troubles come, or trifling cares;
 Impatient we;
 Till, disheartened, self-upbraiding,
 Failure we see.

At first the sun's own hopeful beam,—
 A cloudy end;
 This can we never live again,
 Never amend.

To God we take again His gift—
 One more spoiled day;
 But patient, sure, He leads us on
 In His own way. —*Vassar Miscellany.*

Winter.

Here I have been casting about for half an hour, like Christian in the slough of despond, trying to rack something out of my brain upon which I shall be able to express two ideas; or rather, I should say, that amongst the supermultiplicity of objects, I have been trying to find one worthy to be irradiated by the transforming pen of genius. Now, it has just struck me that in such a case, it is best to put down for the title of what you are about to write, the first subject that comes into your head. It serves as a thread stretched through the liquid matter of your brain, around which your ideas may crystalize. This is, as you see, a very beautiful *simile*, for it is comparing your production (or mine) to a piece of alum or rock-candy, both of which are very useful in their way. I, myself, prefer peppermint-candy, still clinging to my childish tastes; for it is a singular and heretofore unexplained psychological fact, that the infantile intellect always yearns for peppermint. It may be that the alternate stripes of red and white have some mysterious connection with what always was to my young mind the oppressive and inexplicable mystery of a barber-pole; or, perhaps, the reason is found in the simple, defined, and at the same time soothing taste of the peppermint-stick. The taste is there, and it requires no undue and premature shooting of the young idea to appreciate it. Now, I affirm that it requires a more fully developed mind, an intellect with greater power of discrimination, to appreciate the merits of lemon-candy. Therefore it is, that children from six to nine prefer lemon, while juveniles from two-and-a-half to five, invariably call for peppermint. If I were to write up *my* recollections of a happy childhood, two of the most prominent and most sweet would be peppermint-candy, and a piece of bread with sugar on it.

"Oh, the happy days of childhood,
 I never shall forget."

I hope not. They were the days of short lessons and lots of play; the days of barefootedness and "stubbed" toes; for I lived in the country when I was a boy. How I pity those boys who were born in town! who never went barefooted and bare-headed; who never had "stubbed" toes, and never went after black-berries and got their feet scratched, or after chestnuts and got their hands "all stuck up"; who never learnt their A, B, C's or their "twice-one-is-two," at the district school; who never said "pieces" on exhibition day about

"The lark is up to meet the sun,"

Or,

"I'll never chew tobacco, no,"

and then went off and chewed tobacco and got sick, bad; who never fairly "skeeted" through the roads after dark, in momentary expectation of seeing "something white." Oh, I pity those boys from the depths of my heart.

Tom Hood wrote a little piece once, called "I remember"; but he must have had a very short memory—for he left a great many things out. He remembers "the house where he was born," but he doesn't recall those back steps where he used to roll down and bump his head. He remembers his brother, but he don't recollect how that brother used to scratch him and make faces at him. He remembers how the sun used to come "peeping in at noon," but he seems to have forgotten how his mother used to come and spank him for yelling when he was sent to bed in the dark. He distinctly recalls the "box of mignonnette" but he don't recall the box upon the ear, or how he used to get whaled at school. The piece is very good, as far as it goes, but you forgot two or three things, didn't you, Tom?

Perhaps, however, he was right in remembering only the nice things of his childhood—for only let us appeal to our own remembrances of the past. There's a magic, misty veil of loveliness that time throws over and around those years; and our feelings, as we look back upon them, are only the tenderest, and we forget all else and think how happy we have been. I might make allusion to my subject here:—it's like forgetting all about the snows when the grass is up again.

TYCHO.

Thoroughness.

"Take the young men who come to you of all sizes of intellect and with all manner of mental habits, and demand of them—first, second, third and last, that they shall spell *through*, when they talk of going through college, as our forefathers spelled it, with another *o*. Our colleges are expanding and putting forth their energies in every direction, but what sign is there that the young man who goes here or there, shall be so held by the iron grip of an uncompromising education, that all his flimsiness and indecision, and half knowledge and uncertain aims and incomplete execution, shall be exchanged for *thoroughness*? Plan systems as you may, yet demand of the young men who come to you that they shall do their college work thoroughly. A little less haste, gentlemen, for University style, a little more modesty of purpose. A school is not a bad thing, and college men, as I see them now, do not appear to me very much older than school-boys. The higher education, the highest, is to be attained by no extraordinary means, but by the thorough mastery of successive steps and when I leave this dinner and all these college-bred people, and go back to my work in clothes that will not last the winter out, because ill-made, and lose my temper and something of my health, picking my way through dirty streets, which inefficient, unthorough officers oversee; write with ink that deposits a thick sediment, because the ink-maker had not mastered his materials; handle books which worry the eye with typographic blunders, because carelessly set up and examined, and hold my hand like a vice if I wish to keep the place in them, because viciously bound; when I take note of my own blunders and slips because I have failed to get to the bottom of my business and bring it up out of the mud into light and air,—I shall remember more keenly than ever how imperfectly I have impressed upon you who educate and make educators, the prime necessity that American young men should be rooted and grounded in Thoroughness.—*Era.*

The College Mercury.

"VIGEAT RADIX"

RACINE COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 19, 1874.

EDITORS:

C. E. CARLISLE. G. B. McDOWELL. GEO. F. W. SMALL.

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

TERMS:

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

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

A limited number of advertisements inserted on liberal terms

Contributions from other Colleges solicited.

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

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

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

Are we to have a Reading-Room?

It is now about three months since the Addisonian Society passed a resolution to establish and furnish a Reading-Room in the College, and still we are able to ask whether we are to have one. Either the Society has given up the idea, or else the committees appointed have been remarkably slow in carrying it out; for all that has been accomplished in the whole time, is the purchase of a carpet, the removal of a table, part of a book-case and some chairs, and the hanging of a few pictures. If the aim of the Society's resolution was to provide a better furnished room for the History recitations, it has certainly been well realized; but in that case, it would seem fitting for the Society to retire from further action, and allow other members of the institution to carry out the idea which the resolution seemed to convey to them—*i. e.*, the idea of a Reading-Room.

It is impossible for the Society to give any excuse for their conduct in the matter, unless they take the one we have just given, for they have had all the assistance they have asked for. The College partly furnished the room, money was given as liberally as was thought necessary, the MERCURY offered its whole exchange list, and various periodicals were contributed by individual students. The MERCURY *did* reserve the privilege of keeping its exchanges until the room should be formally opened, but made the reservation only in self-defense, remembering last year's experience. The Society made this an excuse for not opening the room before the holidays, and for all we know are harping about it still. At least, the room is not yet opened, and is not likely to be, unless there is a new departure somewhere.

It seems to us that the simplest way of settling the matter is for the Society to open the room, or not to open it, and declare that to be their intention. There could be no more said if the room were once opened, and if they abandoned the plan, it could be taken up by the College. It would not be very difficult for a part of the Glee Club and some of our good readers, to give an entertainment which would be remunerative enough to stock the room with all the papers necessary, and engage a person to take charge of them. In such a movement they might be sure of our hearty co-operation and assistance. But whatever is done, 't were well 't were done before next summer, for by that time general interest in the affair will be a thing of the past.

An Inter-Collegiate Literary Convention.

Athletic contests between the different Colleges of this country have been quite common of late years, and they have demonstrated quite conclusively that the supremacy in all such pursuits has been and is likely to be confined to three great Colleges Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. The reason of this is, that boating, base ball, and gymnastics, when they take the form of matches, are very expensive amusements, and only Colleges with a large number of students are able to raise the funds necessary to carry them on successfully. This being the case, the only contest left for the younger and smaller Colleges must be of a literary character. We were therefore much gratified to learn that a plan has been set on foot which, leaving the field open for athletic contests, seems to promise a series of literary contests in which all the Colleges can take part. A circular has been issued by Princeton and Williams, calling upon all the Colleges to send delegates to an Inter-Collegiate Literary Convention to be held at Hartford on the 19th of February: The circular says "it has long been a subject of reproach, that students of different institutions never meet as contestants, except to display their physical powers, and it is thought that contests in scholarship, essay writing, and oratory, may be both pleasant and profitable." * *

* * "Correspondence with distinguished educators and professional men, has elicited the fact that President McCosh, Porter, Chadbourne, and Stearns, Chancellor Crosby, Col. Higginson, Jas. T. Fields and others, are in cordial sympathy with us." * * "We hope that post-graduate study and examination will be one of the ultimate results." * * Then follow communications from several distinguished men, one of which, from Chancellor Crosby, particularly pleases us: "Such an institution (Inter-Collegiate,) will greatly increase the efficiency of our Colleges, acting as a spur both to students and instructors. Colleges, moreover, will then take rank according to a just scale, not according to numbers,—a most fallacious criterion—but according to work turned out."

If the Convention shall adopt a feasible plan, we shall have an arena where all the Colleges can meet as equals; ability will be the only criterion, and it will then be seen whether our Western institutions can justly be called Colleges, or whether they deserve the name "High Schools," so often applied to them by their sisters of the East.

But in addition to these advantages, there is one of equal importance which we believe would follow from successful inter-collegiate contests, viz.: a greater interest in literary societies. We do not think that this advantage can be over-estimated; for a good literary society is of more value to any student than the best literary course of any College. But from all we can learn, there is very little interest taken in literary societies, in any of our Colleges, and any plan which is likely to improve the character of our literary societies, should meet with favor from all who are interested in raising the educational standard of our country.

So we wish the Convention all success, and shall look anxiously for the result.

— A member of the Senior class renders our new part-song thusly: "I love her smile, her *bony* smile." He uses the new pronunciation.

"Collegiate Egotists" Again.

The ghost of the "College Egotist," has again been summoned up. The cause of his appearance is, the universal waking up of College faculties through the country to the fact that something must be done to raise the tone of the professions; but what imparts liveliness to the scene is the howls from many quarters against "College Egotists," prompted in many instances, no doubt, by that American notion of picking up a livelihood, and a reputation in the shortest time.

The different faculties, that of Ann Arbor especially, propose to raise the grade of admission to the Law and Medical school, so that there shall be a class of graduates of greater literary attainments and more thorough discipline; with this preparation, it is believed that the course of subsequent study will be more beneficial.

This, in a word, is the whole object of the faculties; and besides this, it is a generally admitted truth. By *generally* admitted, we do not mean admitted by student alone, but by men of the world—"practical" men.

To say that many "who know nothing of Sophocles, and never heard of an asymptote," can out-argue, &c., those who have been through a College course, is not at all to the point; for it is possible to bring up cases of men whose early education at College was the starting-point of greater usefulness, greater fame, greater "dollar" prosperity even, than any one of those who did not, some way, make up the deficiencies of their early life. The truth seems to be, that character is supposed by some to be gained at College, or ability. All that a sane man claims is, that College discipline and study will help and does help, any one who has character and perseverance, and will bring before the world a true man, whose only stay is not the Almighty dollar, nor even the concerns of every-day life. The trouble seems to be, that some who are at College suppose that ability and character will not succeed, unless their much-lauded Curriculum has been added. Success in many ways they must eventually obtain, and they who do not admit this, are the true "College Egotists."

It may be that we shall be forced to unlearn much that we learn at College when we go out in the world. What persons mean when they harp on this phrase of "unlearning what we have learnt," is true, if they refer to the pet theories we form, &c. But to allow this objection to prevail over all the benefits of College training previous to taking a profession, is sheer romance.

Uneasy Americans, with their desire of wealth and position, are given to disregarding that there is such a thing as reserve power—a thing too, which does not come from mere professional toil, but from a far more liberal course of study. It is cheering for us here, who are taught this, if anything, that "a diploma is not the passport to fame," to see that the faculties of the great Colleges do yet recognize the necessity of liberalizing and purifying the professions. Of course, first attempts in that direction, must be distasteful to some, but the general results must be some day duly appreciated. Until they are so appreciated, it is folly to expect the professions to regain their old position which gave them the proud title of "Liberal." H. H.

— "Examinations make us pale," is the melancholy refrain of the lower classes.

Missionary Exercises.

The Missionary exercises held in the Library, last Sunday evening, were unusually interesting, though there was but a small audience present to listen to them. There seems to be a growing lack of interest in the College work of the Society, especially in the Saturday services, and in the public meetings. The Saturday services ought to be the main stay of the Society, and every member who can possibly do so, ought to feel it his duty and privilege to attend them. We have sometimes thought that, with the other changes which the Society have in consideration, it might be well to hold these services in connection with the other exercises, so that every one who desired to attend them, might have the opportunity of doing so. The present system was instituted at a time when there were services every noon, and that hour was more convenient than any other; but since these services have been omitted, it would be more convenient, and in our opinion more fitting, to hold the Missionary services at the time of the public meeting.

The exercises of Sunday evening consisted of a short sketch of the "Founding of Nashotah House," read by Mr. Hills; a report on the condition of Mt. Pleasant Mission, by Mr. Smythe, and an essay on "Missionary Work," by Mr. Morrall. Mr. Dillon, of St. Stephen's Mission, being present, was called upon to give the Society some news from that quarter, and responded with a few eloquent words on the far-reaching influence of our missionary system, and a very interesting account of his own work at St. Stephen's. The exercises closed with the singing of the Missionary Hymn.

Washington's Birthday.

As we announced in our last issue, preparations have been made this year for the proper observance of Washington's birthday. The exercises will take place in the Refectory, on the evening of the 21st, and will consist of the programme which we give below. All friends of the College are cordially invited to be present.

PROGRAMME.

MARCH.

1. President's Address—J. R. McDowell, '74.
2. Napoleon and Washington.—Machir T. January, '77.

MUSIC.

3. Washington as President—Frank P. Hills, '76.

MUSIC.

4. Party and Party Spirit—Horace H. Martin, '75.

MUSIC.

5. Hopes and Fears of Washington—A. S. Caldwell, '74.
6. Poem—C. E. Carlisle, '74.

MUSIC.

7. Reading of Washington's Farewell Address—A. B. Eldredge, '75.
8. Singing of "America," by the whole audience.

MARCH.

— The congregation of Holy Innocent's Chapel, held a very pleasant sociable at the residence of Rev. Dr. Falk, on the evening of the 14th. The programme was music and reading, refreshments, and a general good time. A generous offering was collected for the poor.

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS;

CHICAGO AND N. W.	Going South.	Going North.
Mail and Express	8 03 A. M.	10.41 A. M.
Express	1.54 P. M.	11.48 A. M.
Express	4.48 P. M.	7.22 P. M.
Night Passenger	12.30 A. M.	3.40 A. M.
WESTERN UNION.	Going West.	Going East
*Day Passenger	8.00 A. M.	7.50 P. M.
Accommodation ..	8.50 P. M.	6.40 A. M.
Night Passenger.....	5.50 P. M.	6.45 P. M.

*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

— The girl of '76—Anna Lytics.

— The latest by-word—Gwoffrumdah!

— The rage for dancing is at fever heat.

— Pillow-fights are all the rage in the Grammar-School.

— Norton Strong, '73, formerly of the MERCURY, is on his way to Europe; his brother Marshall, of Grammar-School fame, is with him.

— The Saturday afternoon secular music practices have at last begun, and will probably be continued without interruption, until commencement time.

— Everhart, '73, spent Sunday with us. He is still occupied with his duties at Kemper Hall, Kenosha, but goes to the School of Mines next year.

— The American Sardine Co.'s Boneless Sardines are much better, and less than half the cost of imported sardines.

— Immanuel Church is to have a stained window, the gift of Mrs. Park in memory of her husband, who was the founder of the mission.

— Several Freshmen have been heard enquiring for a "Cicero's Livy." The old philosopher published a good many works, almost 100 many in fact, but he didn't get out the one in question.

— Semi-annual examinations for all, except the Seniors, began Tuesday, the 17th inst. They were put off four days, on account of the necessary absence of all the Professors last week.

— The new arrangement in the refectory, having a number of short tables for the three long ones, makes it appear as if there were a great many more boys in that part of the room than formerly.

— Holidays, as a general thing, are found to be most demoralizing; but those of last week seem an exception to the rule; they afforded an excellent time of preparation for the semi-annual examinations, and were no doubt put to the best advantage.

— Some Freshman of the third floor, without the least consideration for others' feelings, has of late been generating Phosporetted hydrogen in the building to such an extent as to fill the halls, and make some people believe that the gas pipes were in an imperfect condition. Although the experiment is a very beautiful one, it is a little dangerous to try in the house, and to any one of at all sensitive olfactory nerve, the stench attending it is unendurable.

— Some one wanted to know why all the choir-boys had their books marked cents and pence? We will state for his edification, that the various figures are for the numbers of the boy's places in the choir, and the *c. d.* are in each case for Cantoris and Decani.

— The fine sleighing, which has lasted for four weeks straight, is fast wearing out; the immense snow-drifts already show unmistakable signs of slipping away, and unless we have a change from the maple-sugar kind of weather of the past few days, we may before long expect a young flood.

— The cold wind of Sunday night, turned the numerous ponds around the buildings into ice; and the skating which has been so long wished for, was greatly enjoyed by the Grammar-School boys, on Monday morning last. It was quite a treat for them, after being shut up in the Gymnasium for so many weeks, to have some out-door exercise once more.

— Some of the Juniors who were cramming for the semi-annual, got after that "organ man" the other day and dragged him away from his music-box, locked it up, and pocketed the key. He says he will "have his r-r-revenge for this disgraceful violence, and if the man who locked his instrument *aims* to keep him from playing, he is mightily mistaken."

— Woodchucks, of Racine and the vicinity, crept anxiously out of their holes, on the second of February, and watched all day long for sun enough to cast their shadow; but as the sun was obstinate that day, and would not once show itself, they crept sorrowfully back again. Prognosticators predict an early spring.

— There is a bulletin board in the hall of this building; it holds the list of orations for the year, the hours of the day, and a few other notices that nearly every one knows by heart. But if anything new is put up, no one knows it, as it is rarely ever consulted. What there ought to be, is some arrangement in the refectory (everybody goes to dinner,) by which all notices, advertisements, etc., could be placed in plain sight.

— If it is not asking too much, will not the man who first comes across the campus, after a fresh snow-storm, take pains to beat a straight path. But if he is not able to follow a bee-line, he had better come around by the Grammar School; for there seems to be no good reason why those who are obliged to cross the Campus these cold days should be compelled to follow the meanderings of a regular cow-path.

— A most enjoyable "sing" was held the other evening in one of the North End rooms. It was rather accidental, and yet was not quite unpremeditated, for it was only "one of a series" which are held at the same place somewhat irregularly. The "programme" consisted of songs too numerous to mention, with exception of the Glee Club's "Old Bell," which was well rendered and received—cigars and pipes, and an unexpected *finale* in the shape of a "spread" given by Mr. Sturges, '77. Every one present stands in readiness to attend another sing, just as soon as any one will set up the "grub."

— Recitation in Political Economy. Class reciting on "Currency in the United States."

Prof.—You say the right was granted to this man to make ten shillings out of a pound of pinchbeck; what was this pinchbeck?

1st Student—Well, it is what is commonly called brass.

Prof.—Yes, it was rather a mixture of zinc and copper.

2d Student, (voluntarily)—Why, I thought that is just what makes brass.

Prof., (apparently overlooking the remark)—Of course the colonists rejected it, and—

2d Student, (again interrupting)—But doesn't a mixture of zinc and copper make brass?

Prof.—Really, Mr. B., you're a mixture, and you most certainly possess the product of the compound.

Here the inquisitive student, quite satisfied, subsided.

— The last party before Lent, was given at the residence of the Hon. Robert H. Baker, Monday evening last, and to depart a little from the usual custom, it was determined that it should be a phantom party. Have you ever attended a phantom party? Oh! what a ghostly sight it is. Every one is as white as the driven snow, and all as much alike as two peas. The spacious parlors were filled with these denizens of the grave-yard; but when the band struck up the Grand March, one could easily see that the dignity of the company was beginning to relax; and when the inspiring strains of the "Blue Danube" floated through the halls, the ghosts forgot their characters and whirled away in the giddy mazes, just like men and women. As the costume was rather suffocating, the time for unmasking was set at an early hour, and at ten o'clock the "spirit dance" had ceased.

The party was a delightful affair, and every one declared that it was a most appropriate way of closing the season of festivities. At one o'clock the last dance was called, and all joined hands in a merry quadrille. The last strains died on our ears, the curtain fell, and now, for forty days, "*non gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor (?) ter pede terram.*"

The College Press.

From the recently published catalogue of Ripon College, it appears that the total number of students during the year has been 336, of whom 75 are college students. Of the 47 alumni, 18 are teachers, 7 have entered the ministry and 7 the law. The endowment subscription has reached nearly \$48,000.—*Univ. Press.*

One of our students lately, in explaining to a class of young ladies the theory according to which the body is entirely renewed every seven years, said: "Thus, Miss B., in seven years you will in reality be no longer Miss B." "I sincerely hope I shan't," demurely responded the girl, casting down her eyes.—*Acta Columbiana.*

Two Sophomores were standing in the book-store, quietly smoking, when in came Prex. In an instant, their cigars were in their pockets, but not quite soon enough. Prex started a conversation with them, and good humoredly continued it, till the smoke began to stream forth from their pockets. "Why! you are on fire," said he, in an excited manner, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, passed out the door.—*Vidette.*

We clip the following from the London *Musical Times*:

RACINE, WIS.—The students of Racine College gave their second annual concert in the large new refectory of the institution, on Monday evening, the 7th July. The first part of the programme was devoted to Locke's *Macbeth* music, and the second part, which was miscellaneous, comprised several choruses, part-songs and glees. The choir consisted of 90 picked voices from the total number of students, 240. C. Bach's orchestra, from Milwaukee, accompanied the *Macbeth* music, (Hatton's Orchestral arrangement being used,) and Prof. Heyer, of Racine, presided at the piano-forte in the second part. Mrs. James Bosustow, (better known in West Cornwall as Miss Ellery,) and Mrs. R. G. Hinsdale of Racine, sang the soprano solos. Mr. G. J. Rowe conducted.

The *Bates Student* is not especially interesting. The "Summer at the old Homestead" is continued, but increases in length rather than in attractiveness. The essays and editorials are fair, and will doubtless improve after the new management gets more thoroughly into its work.

The *Hamilton Lit.* is very much improved typographically, and keeps quite up to its standard in its literary make-up. The prize oration on "Representative Orators" is attractively written, and the Florentine letter is also quite readable. A satirical sketch of "Sir William Hamilton" compares that worthy philosopher to Mark Twain and Josh Billings:—"As a humorist he (Sir William) falls below Billings; as a practical joker he rises to the highest eminence. His book will not repay a person for the time spent in its perusal, but will be read by many to satisfy their morbid curiosity."

The *University Herald* has been paying indirect compliments to the *High School Budget*,—a spicy little paper issued by the Syracuse High School—and is getting back about as good as it sends. As far as editorial management is concerned, the *Budget* is fully equal to the *Herald*; at least, we do not remember seeing in it any allusions to its own excellencies and its successes "scarcely paralleled in the annals of College journalism."

We have received from Carlisle, Pa., a Quarterly Magazine published by the secret order of Chi Phi. Its literary department gives it something of a claim to a place on our exchange list, but, naturally, the chief interest is confined of the members of the brotherhood. The opening article to this number (the first,) is on "The College vs. The Fraternity," in favor of the latter. Then comes an historical sketch of the Order, followed by a convention oration on "System in its Relations to Government and Individuals." A lengthy *critique* on "Shelley" begins the literary department proper, followed by a sketch of the progress of "The Study of Languages" and a laudation of "The Poetry of Joaquin Miller," which takes for its ground-work the declaration of the poet himself—

"The passionate sun and the resolute sea—
These were my masters, and only these."

The number concludes with the editorial notes, which are entirely devoted to the fraternity, and we may say of it as a whole, that it is very good, except the poetry.

The faculty of Princeton denied the students the privilege of listening to Mrs. Scott Siddons, because she had once been an actress, also Gerald Massey, upon the ground that he was "heterodox."—*Chronicle*.

The last muddle made by an Oxford man in the agonies of examination is, we hear on the best authority, the following: The question asked was, "Who was Joab?" The instantaneous reply was, "Joab is my wash-pot."—*Argus*.

A spectator standing by the college pump, and looking up at the imposing stern of University Hall, might have seen, one day last week, a window open and a little piece of white paper come fluttering down towards a section of juniors that stood below in eager expectation of "its" arrival. Just before it got half way down, a gust of wind took it and whisked it round the corner of the Hall, and shot it over the south building. The juniors, in full pursuit, rushed through the hall, alarming the freshmen and bewildering tutors. Again they caught sight of the coveted sheet, soaring over the campus evergreens. It was now on the descent, however, and with the whole section recklessly plunging over walks and fences, it came down in the middle of State street, and went rollicking off down this thoroughfare, a long-legged junior in hot pursuit. Soon the game was bagged. And now what was it? Simply the questions of a written review which the first section copied off and threw out the window for their classmates, who were to recite on the same questions the next hour. Such is life.—*Chronicle*.

Editors Table.

The numbers of *The Living Age* for Jan. 31st and Feb. 7th, are remarkably rich in their contents. The following articles are particularly noteworthy: Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning on Literary and General Topics, from the *Contemporary Review*; a very readable and appreciative article on Sir Edwin Landseer, from the pen of Miss Thackeray, *Cornhill Magazine*; Spanish life and Character in the Interior, during the Summer of 1873, part III, *Macmillan's Magazine*; Mendelssohn, by Ferdinand Hiller, *Macmillan's Magazine*; Popular Songs of Tuscany, *Fortnightly Review*; Kew Gardens, *Edinburgh Review*; Universal Suffrage, *Spectator*; Ellis's Life of Count Rumford, *Nation*; House Martins as Builders, *Popular Science Review*, etc. These numbers also contain the conclusion of "The Parisians," by Lord Lytton; an instalment of a short story by Anthony Trollope, and parts I and II of a remarkable story, entitled "Far from the Madding Crowd," which is attributed by the London *Spectator*, to George Eliot.

Old and New, for February, is a sprightly and entertaining number, on the principle of being a popular and useful magazine, instead of being useful, and taking the chance of being popular. Mr. Trollope's novel grows readable and interesting. Mr. Perkin's novel contains some curious matters illustrating the interior of the book-agents' "dreadful trade;" and the Washington novelette fills the second of its three parts. Bishop Ferrette of the Syrian Church—a man of much curious Oriental learning, and who can read the "Arabian Nights," at sight, into good English from the Arabic—contributes a fanciful legend,

which might well be added to the famous Eastern story-book. Mr. Hale gives us a capital practical paper on "Exercise," a spirited introduction full of patriotic memories of the Revolutionary War, and a lively introduction to the Examiner, with suggestive thoughts about poetry, and magazine poetry too. In the "Record of Progress" there is a bitter epigram on Carlyle, and some seasonable information on money matters and on the American Social Science Association. There is a fervent and forcible article by one of the Old Guard of Kentucky Republicans, Mr. Berea, in favor of having all public schools open equally to black and white children. And Mr. Quincy, whose articles on the proper way of exempting public institutions from taxation, have attracted a great deal of attention, has another pungent paper on the subject.

The *Atlantic Monthly* seems to us better this year than ever before. The current number (February,) contains a regular literary feast. "Naples under the Old Regime," is another chapter of Robert Dale Owen's charming autobiography; "A Gambrel Roof," is a pleasant poem by Lucy Larcom, which tells how Dame Audrey out-witted her husband, the Colonel, in the old "tea" times. Mr. Aldrich contributes a second instalment of "Prudence Palfrey," his serial story; Mr. Warner is still rambling on to "Baddeck" through many provincial towns, and Theodore Lyman gives us some interesting "Recollections of Agassiz." The notes on Books, Music and Art, are excellent in both numbers of the *Atlantic* for this year. Musically inclined students who are on the look-out for new pieces, should read this department of the magazine; it is better than any descriptive catalogue. We refer our readers to the magazine itself, for a prospectus of the good things offered later in the year. We should be unable, on account of space, to enumerate them here if we began.

G. J. Moulton sends us a very useful work on the "Statistics of the World," by Prof. Alexander J. Schem. We have seen nothing yet which is its equal in compactness and apparent reliability, and we should recommend it as a most excellent book for students to possess. The *N. Y. Tribune* says of it: "The semi-annual issue of 'The Statistics of the World,' by Professor Alexander Schem, sustains the favorable reputation of that useful work. The compiler has brought his own high personal authority to the preparation of the work, combined with an intelligent use of the most recent sources of information, forming a series of reports concerning the government, population, and commerce of the different countries of the world, together with a variety of miscellaneous statistical facts, which can hardly be found elsewhere in so narrow a compass or with so little expense of time and money."

Littell's *Living Age*—\$8 per year, or with any American \$4 magazine, \$10. Littell & Gay, Boston, Mass.

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The *Atlantic Monthly*—\$4 per year; with *St. Nicholas*, \$6; with *Every Saturday*, \$8; with both, \$10. H. O. Houghton & Co., Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.

Schem's Statistics of the World, in oblong book-form, bound in neat boards, for handy reference, 50c.

G. J. Moulton, 103 Fulton St., N. Y.



"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XIV.

RACINE COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 28, 1874.

No. 8.

Mignon.

[From the German of Goethe.]

I.

Knows't thou the land where the citrons bloom,
And the gold orange glows 'mid the dark leaves' gloom,
From the heaven so blue a soft wind blows,
And the myrtle low with the proud laurel grows?
I pray dost thou know?

There! There!

With thee, my belov'd, would I go.

II.

Knows't thou the house many pillars upbear,
It's rooms are bright and it's halls ever fair,
Where the still statues stand and look on me
Saying "Poor child; what have they done to thee?"
I pray dost thou know?

There! There!

With thee, my belov'd, would I go.

III.

Know'st thou the mountain, the way 'mid the clouds
Where the patient mule his misty path plods?
In the dark caves dwell old dragons they say,
And over sharp rocks breaks the torrent's light spray?
I pray dost thou know?

There! There?

Lies our way! Father, let us go!

ASSUA.

"Party and Party spirit."

Some one, I believe Carlyle, has said that "the history of a nation is the history of its great men: and that the history of great men is the account of their deeds, but more especially of their words."

And so I could not help thinking that nothing could be more appropriate for us who wish to commemorate the birth of a great and wise man, than to turn aside and allow the crowd of speculators and novelty-seekers to hurry by, while we pause a moment for some friendly admonition of his to fall upon our ear with that dignity, that air of wisdom and of truth which distinguished all he said.

That parting keepsake, "The Farewell Address" contains so much food for reflection that we cannot better employ our time than in considering some warning, which may seem applicable to the present state of the Nation.

Hence I am irresistibly drawn to speak of an evil which is so strongly deprecated, and which has been the plague-spot of disease throughout the whole extent of this land.

I refer to "Political parties and party spirit," as unduly developed among us.

Most earnest are those entreaties of his that we have since disregarded. Look at the history of America for the last fifty years and more, and what is the unmistakable spirit that has manifested itself and caused so great a porportion of our disasters; then see if it is not necessary to listen again to warnings.

The distraction in our national councils, the alienation of one district from another, sectional prejudice, the instability, the injustice, the confusion in governmental acts, all these have marked our course, till the Monarchist rails at us and classes us with the squabbling confederacies of ancient Greece: confederacies, whose destruction is due to the petty intrigues arising from the spirit of faction.

Hence the common cry has been that justice decides nothing among us: that devotion to one's party is the passport to office.

Look, too, at the avenues for the corrupting influences of foreign nations which we have left unguarded. Consider for a moment that private morality is the only safe-guard of government; will then private morality be able to stand when it is passed about as a common maxim that unswerving and often unreasonable and inconsistent adherence to party is justifiable?

I shall not dwell upon that list of evils flowing from party spirit which are so numerous as to be tedious for one to recount.

Those of which I have spoken are daily before our eyes; those more terrible results, riots, insurrections, civil wars, political assassinations, and finally that which history tells us inevitably comes, namely, the loss of liberty, because of the desire of the peace even of a slave, all these we ridicule in our self-satisfaction. But yet we can remember, if we would the late cries of Communists and Internationalists, now but half hushed in the din of labor, which seem to any reflecting mind a knell of sorrow, and not, as the the newspapers say, the jingling bell after which every needy workman follows.

But instinctively our thoughts are turned to the question of how we shall eradicate these evil effects of party.

Now first let us consider what a party is. Different sections of country must have different interests; interests too, adverse to other sections. Views concerning finance must differ. The West will cry "Free Trade," and the response come from the East "We will have none of it."

The South did demand its slaves, and its self-asserted rights; the north refused them. The Communists, the Committees of Public Safety in New York city, raise the Red Flag and clamour for the deification of the State. Again, the Grangers by consistency, however much they may deny it, tend inevitably towards a more or less Communized government.

Labor and Capital, the land owners and the merchants have also irreconcilable interests, or at least so much so that the wisest statesmanship can do little more than prevent outbreaks.

As long as we are a free people, we must be divided into parties, and we cannot surrender so many of our rights for the good of the whole, as shall prevent the formation of

parties; our interests must be regarded and legislated for as well as the interests of others. This is the just foundation of a party; but when we reflect on the passions, the prejudices, the self-love of men, then truth bursts upon us that it is impossible that there shall be no parties, so long as liberty endures.

Hence it becomes the duty of the practical politician, who indulge in no airy speculations and frames no imaginary commonwealths, to remedy the evil effects of that which it is impossible to prevent.

Hence it was that the founders of this country, gave us a representative instead of a democratic government; this it is, as well as our large extent of territory that modifies, though it cannot wholly eradicate, the effects of party spirit.

Our expanse of country is calculated to produce a diversity of interests and hence different parties, which by their mutual action effect an unstable equilibrium favorable to liberty.

Sectional prejudices, projects of Communists etc. are far less likely to become of national dimensions than in a democracy of small extent.

The representatives in Congress cannot be so few according to the Constitution that they can rule as they will, nor so many as to produce confusion. Hence as the Representatives come from extended districts, they are less likely to be governed by mere sectional feeling: nor on the other hand are these districts so extended that they will lose sight of the interest of their constituents.

These are the safeguards of our constitution against party spirit; full safeguards I cannot call them, for experience refutes the notion.

What then is the remedy? I say, that it lies only in ourselves; no amount of legislation, not even consummate wisdom and foresight can provide against this error, so terrible in its full extent.

The only remedy is one which affects the whole inner life of a man, which revolutionizes the purpose of his existence, which takes him out of the pale of self and any party, and enrolls him as a citizen of the United States. I refer to education and cultivation. A perfect development of all the faculties, that many sided culture, that ability to recognize good wherever it exists, this is for us, who are in an institution of learning, the hope to which we cling. This is our object here; the acquirement of the power to recognize truth everywhere, to give us strength to cling to principles, to enable us to penetrate beneath the crust of non-essentials with which everything in this world is enwrapped. Before this object is attained, what is the condition of ourselves?

Ah! we walk in gloomy caverns, bound by fetters of self and substitute the clanking of our chains for the harmony which would otherwise greet us! We are lost to all, save self. We never can rise to anything nobler than what we consider noble. Our condition is, I believe I may say, an intellectual death. The coming forth from the tomb must be effected by a power outside of ourselves; that power is education and culture.

Little by little the change will be accomplished. All the faculties are slowly prepared for the final triumph: little by little the chains are loosened.

But the final casting them off is, I believe, a sudden process: it may come some day in the silence of your chamber

or it may come in the busiest haunts of selfishness. Yes, like that maiden worshipper of Bacchus of whom the poet speaks, we shall be hurried from the scenes of Self. Upwards is she borne, conscious of nothing, till she rests on the topmost peak of the Thracian mountains; and when the morning breaks, in bewilderment she stands and gazes at last with joy on the magnificent prospect of Thrace, the sacred Hebrus winding in the distance, and the snow-clad hills of Rhodope. So it will be with us. We shall be hurried away through regions, vast and dreary, until our resting place shall be a mount, the mount of which Milton speaks, a "virtuous and noble education, laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."

After this triumph it is that all opinions of man are examined by us with candor and with charity. We shall sift all thoroughly, not by means of passion or self interest but with justice. Partisan feeling, that drawing aloof from others because of the imaginary bounds of party, will all leave us.

We shall loose ourselves from that pernicious notion of the absolute rights of majorities. Our aim will be to vouchsafe every man liberty to follow his ideal of good, as long as he leaves others the same privilege.

Then it will be that "Party" will become in our eyes only a means of greater good. We shall adhere to principles but not to mere carcasses. We shall work for principles but shall not hedge ourselves in with bigotry and prejudice.

We shall work for "unity in essentials, liberty in non-essentials, and especially charity in all things."

Our sense of obligations is now reversed. Heretofore we have begun to discharge our duties to ourselves first and then to our party, and then to the State.

Now we begin with our country and descend gradually to our party, and our last and slightest thought is for ourselves.

So it is that we hope to carry away with ourselves from this place, the power of following good wherever it is, a power which is taught us in every part of our daily life here and which is impressed upon us by the endearing associations of College life.

And it may be, that when we have worked and learned true patriotism, and have endeavoured to heed Washington's words, that a still greater triumph may be reserved for us all. It may happen that when we thoroughly believe we are citizens of the United States, not mere members of a Party, we shall gradually aspire to be citizens of the world. Ah, it is a sublime thought scarcely fitted even for our apprehension, that we are portions, particles rather, in the world's society. Now it is that our hopes and fears embrace the whole world. All politics, all opinions become sacred in our eye because stamped with the impress of human struggle. All literature becomes the banquet hall in which our imagination may revel without surfeit; every success of man is our success; every defeat of man is our defeat.

The mind halts; it is already burdened with the sublimity of its own conception; it may refuse to proceed; the final triumph may never come; but that final, crowning victory is perfect peace; the full truth bursts upon you,

that you are not merely a member of a party, nor alone of our country, nay, not even of the world simply, but you stand with Scipio at the Zenith of the heavens, and look, or rather believe you look, for sense has left you, over the commonwealth of which you begin to realize you are a citizen, the very universe; Party is gone; passion, and prejudice are gone; the exclamation bursts from your lips "I am a Citizen of Infinity itself." H. H.

Ex nihilo aliquid.

The desire to possess things without the honest exertion or effort necessary for their attainment is a characteristic of the American mind, and I suppose more or less of that of other civilized nations. The idea "labor truly to get mine own living" has been exploded along with most of the other musty precepts which our fathers used to think worth the learning and practicing. The question now is not so much "How can I make an honest living?" as "How can I make the most money?" the word "honest" being left out altogether if necessary. If an American cannot get money any other way he works for it; but if there are other means which the usage of society sanctions whereby he may attain the same end, those means are generally adopted.

It seems to be so much clearly gained if he can obtain something without having labored for it. Hence, Stock speculations, in which the benevolent originator of the enterprise seems to be doing you a great favor by giving you a share in a prospective haul of money; Gift Concerts, in which the impartial circular informs you that the philanthropic bosses intend to give—actually *give*—you (whoever you may be) a nice farm, or a row of brick houses, or a span of trotting horses, all for the very moderate investment of a dollar or two; and the news-paper agent, who, in addition to the best literary journal published, gives you a chromo which would be an ornament to any household.

And this spirit pervades all, from the oldest to the youngest, for, with shame be it said, in our so-called "church" fairs the dear mothers and sisters in Israel inveigle even the little child to risk his five or ten cents for the privilege of fishing in an imaginary pond, and hauling up a tin whistle or a two cent baby-doll.

Once in my early youth, when about ten or eleven summers had touched my curling locks, I remember to have walked down the street in company with a juvenile compatriot, being the happy owner of a twenty-five cent note. We had not proceeded far before we were confronted by the glaring sign: "Great lottery! Only 25 and 10 cts! Take a chance!" We paused and gazed. My young friend (who, by the way did not have any 25 cts.) advised me to go in and try. A benevolent-looking gentleman appeared at the door, and in I went. There were artistically arranged upon two long tables what seemed to me "heaps and heaps" of toys and other small articles most pleasing to the youthful eye. Each article was labelled, and there was a box of envelopes from which you drew and whatever number your envelope contained you might claim the article corresponding to it.

I decided first upon a ten cent venture; and upon seeing my number, the genial old philanthropist who presided over the orgies went *behind* the tables, and brought forth a beautifully variagated neck-tie which any respectable boot-black would have scorned to wear. Well, although my

luck had been so poor, I was sharp enough to see that the very next number to mine would have taken a splendid prize worth a dollar at the least. So I embarked another dime, feeling assured of better luck this time. The venerable gentleman trotted behind the tables again, and now produced a beautiful gutta-percha breast-pin, mounted in brass.

I had only five cents left, and I tried to persuade the manager to let me have a five cent try. But he could not see it. So I went out with my treasures, leaving the smiling old humanitarian to wait for the next customer. I tried, with the assistance of my sympathizing friend to put the necktie on, but, as it was evidently more for ornament than for use, we were unsuccessful in our efforts. Wearing the magnificent brooch was also out of the question, and, as I was young and unsophisticated and had no girl to give it to, that was a dead loss. A few days after I went by the place, and, "lo, he was gone!"

About the same period of my life I bought a book at a Gift Book Store for one dollar. The book was worth fifty cents; and I got as a gift a "prize" pen-knife worth about fifteen cents. Somebody was thirty-five cents out. Since then I have invested in Gift Enterprises no more.

These are simple, and childish little things, but they show a good deal. They show, without alluding to the common and well known Speculations, Lotteries, and other Swindles, to what extent this mingled feeling of indolence, avarice, and curiosity of the American people is worked upon by designing sharpers. That this spirit is bad and hurtful, who can doubt? Its ruinous effects upon many persons of all classes have never been fully estimated. Even suppose that any one person could profit by speculations so prompted, would it be beneficial to himself or any one else? The saying "lightly come, lightly go," is a true one. Acquisitions of any kind are valuable and valued only in proportion to the lowest effort required to attain them. The man who builds his fortune rapidly by speculations is as likely to lose again, and as rapidly, by similar speculations.

And the same idea holds true further. It is a very easy thing to acquire a slight veneering of learning, a surface coat of culture and refinement and to be able to look well, to talk well, and to act well; but the slightest scratch upon the surface will show the coarse material beneath. It is a very easy and pleasant thing for men to try and persuade themselves into the belief of the accommodating, conscience-soothing and easy-going religious theories of the day; but the question is whether they will stand the great tests of death and eternity. It was doubtless a very easy and pleasant thing for the man who built a house upon the sand to see its broad halls and lofty towers rise before him with so little trouble and expense; but he did not foresee the time when the storm, and rain, and the wind would sweep it away in one vast destruction. But there was builded, by another man, another house; "and the storm came, and the rains descended, and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell not, *for it was founded upon a rock!*" J. H.

— There is a movement on foot to have all the Seniors speak on commencement day. If the time was properly limited twelve orations could be delivered; but we should not care to hear that number more than one day in the year.

The College Mercury.

"VIGÉAT RADIX."

RACINE COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 28, 1874.

EDITORS:

C. E. CARLISLE. G. R. McDOWELL. GEO. F. W. SMALL.

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

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The One Hundred and Forty Second Anniversary of the Birth of Washington.

For the first time in the history of our College, said the President in his opening Address, we celebrate with becoming exercises the Anniversary of the Birth of Washington. It is a custom which we inaugurate with feelings of the highest pleasure, for we are sure that the proper observance of our National Holidays is one of our country's greatest safeguards. May it prove a custom which shall be dear to the heart of every student, and may it never be permitted to die out as long as there remains a true American at Racine.

It was really something to be proud of that the energy of a few of the students had aroused patriotism enough in the College to achieve so signal a success as that of Saturday evening. The exercises were not faultless, but they were good, and were appreciated, as the frequent applause testified. If the orations had been more perfectly committed, if the Refectory had been less difficult to speak in; if the programme had been just a little shorter, there would scarcely have been room for criticism. Taken as a whole it was one of the best entertainments the students have given, and, with the President, we hope that its happy results may lead to its establishment as a permanent custom.

As far as individual effort is concerned, Mr. January undoubtedly deserves the palm; for he was the most carefully prepared speaker of the evening. His oration was well written and well delivered. Mr. Hills, who came next on the programme, had an excellent speech, but was too much engaged in trying to remember it, to be able to deliver it with much force. Mr. Martin, also failed in memory, but his oration was considered much the best in a literary point of view, and we publish it in this number of the MERCURY by general request. Mr. Caldwell had the disadvantage of appearing in the latter part of the programme, and as he, too, was now and then at a loss for words, he did not command the attention he might have had otherwise. Mr. Carlisle's poem, "A Day of Peace," at least had the merit of brevity. Mr. Eldredge's reading of the "Farewell Address" was listened to with marked attention, and was applauded to the echo. The exercises closed with the singing of "America," by the entire audience, accompanied by Prof. Happ's Band, thus ending a very pleasant evening and our first demonstration of patriotism.

Inter-Collegiate Contests.

HARTFORD, CONN., Feb, 1874.

The delegates from the colleges interested in the formation of an Inter-collegiate Literary Convention met at the Allyn House, at 10 o'clock this morning. The meeting was called to order by Mr. McPherson, of Princeton; Mr. Edmonds, of Williams, was appointed temporary chairman and Mr. S. J. McPherson, of Princeton, secretary.

After the roll of delegates had been called, it was moved by Mr. Hubbell, of Williams, that the nomination of permanent officers of this convention be made by the delegates from Princeton, Rutgers, and Trinity. The following nominations were shortly reported and accepted:— President, C. B. Hubbell, of Williams; Vice-President, J. B. Lindley, of the University of New York; Secretary, G. H. Fitch of Cornell; Treasurer, E. Perrine, of Brown.

Col. Higginson being presented was requested to address the meeting. He said:

He was surprised that he had been called the father of this enterprise. Some time ago he had suggested the idea of intercollegiate literary meetings, and the idea had grown into favor, and expanded to its present shape. He thought the proposed contests would be of great advantage to the colleges. If the movement in favor of inter collegiate contests goes well this year, it will grow, and all the colleges will be glad to join it. At present the *esprit du corps* of the colleges is confined to athletic sports. No one hears of the smart men, the best orators, lawyers, writers and thinkers in our colleges. But if this movement succeeds, the better minds will be developed because there will be a strife to gain laurels for their respective colleges. We must show that oratory is not mere outside show. In some colleges oratory is made a matter of training; others believe it to be a thing that cannot be taught. So long as the present state of affairs lasts, so long will each college think its own system the best. But an immediate test that will bring graduates together in actual trial, will inevitably open up the matter and show which is the best method. Enthusiasm and earnestness must be shown in this movement.

Col. Higginson interspersed his remarks with interesting anecdotes, and at the close a vote of thanks for his address was passed.

Mr. McPherson, of Princeton moved that in the transactions of the convention, the voting be done by colleges, and that each college have one vote.

Mr. Halsted of Princeton, moved to appoint a committee to draw up a constitution, after much debate, the privilege of the floor having been voted to Mr. Higginson, he stated that though he was in favor of the appointment of the committee, yet in his opinion they should be called a business committee instead of a committee on constitution. The original motion to appoint the committee was then passed; The chair appointed Whitridge of Amherst, Roberts of Trinity, Lindsley of University of New York, Henney of Princeton, Enos of Hamilton.

A request was now made by Mr. Perrine of Brown for the status of the different delegations; Princeton, he said, came with full powers to act, but Amherst had none. A motion was now passed that this be an informal discussion of the business of the day. Col. Higginson thought that the more modestly the movement was started the better. A meeting for debate, or for prize elocution, would be best. Writing essays would be more difficult and should come last.

Mr. Wiles, of Cornell favored the opening of the movement by an oratorical contest as suggested by Col. Higginson, still, he regarded the true culture of colleges as the main object; of course, in due time written examinations in Greek, Latin, Literature, Mathematics and Science would take place. He opposed the introduction

of declamations, as they were school-boyish. If the contest were to be held at any other time and place than the Saratoga regatta, he did not think the audience would amount to a corporal's guard. The committee having failed to appear, the meeting was adjourned for two hours.

The afternoon session was called to order by the president at 2.15 P. M.. Col. Higginson introduced Charles Dudley Warner, who made a short speech expressing his approval of the scheme of literary contests.

The chairman of the committee on the plan for the convention now submitted their report, which was laid on the table. Col. Higginson then read the two following resolutions, which he said might form the basis of a constitution :

Resolved, That it is desirable to form an Association of American Colleges for the purpose of intercollegiate literary contests.

Resolved, That this convention proceed to adopt a provisional constitution for such an association, to be submitted to the colleges here represented and to such others as may be hereafter determined, and to take effect only on being adopted by five different colleges.

These resolutions were accepted by the convention and they now proceeded to the formation of a provisional constitution. After a protracted debate, which it is needless to particularize here, the following constitution of the convention was passed :

ARTICLE. I. This Association shall be entitled the Inter-Collegiate Literary Association of the United States, and shall consist of such Colleges as shall ratify this Constitution.

ART. II. The object of this Association shall be to hold annual competitive literary exercises and examinations, at such times and places as the Association itself may determine.

ART. III. The officers of this Association shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of one from each College of the Association.

ART. IV. The duties of these officers shall be those usually appertaining to their offices.

ART. V. These officers shall be elected at each annual meeting of the Association, and shall hold office until the election of their successors.

ART. VI. The annual meeting of the Association shall be held at the time and place of the annual exercises.

ART. VII. Each College belonging to the Association shall be authorized to send three delegates. Special meetings of the Association shall be called by the President, at the request of five Colleges belonging to the Association.

ART. VIII. The Standing Committee appointed by the preliminary meeting shall have charge of the affairs of the Association, until the first annual meeting.

ART. IX. This Constitution may be amended at any meeting of the Association, by a vote of two-thirds of the Colleges represented at said meeting.

ART. X. This Constitution shall go into effect on being ratified by five Colleges.

After several motions with reference to the decision of time and place, a motion to adjourn until 7 o'clock this evening was carried.

The evening session was called to order at quarter past seven. The chairman then introduced Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, better known as "Mark Twain," who delivered a characteristic speech. The chairman of the com-

mittee now submitted their report, which on motion of Mr. Wiles was accepted. The report of the committee was then read article by article, and as amended reads as follows ;

Resolved, That the Convention appoint a standing committee of five, who shall arrange for an Inter-collegiate Contest in Oratory, to be held on Thursday, January 7, 1875, at New York, in accordance with the following rules:

1. Two contestants shall be chosen by each College belonging to the Association; if, however, more than eight Colleges enter for competition, each shall be entitled to but one representative; and this term, college, be not understood as excluding members who have taken the degree of A. B., or any equivalent degree, within a year previous to that contest.

2. That three awards of honor shall be made by three judges, who shall be chosen by the Standing Committee, from men of literary or oratorical eminence; and that such judges shall not be professors or officers of any institution represented in the contest.

3. Each address shall be the speaker's own production, and shall not exceed ten minutes in delivery, and in making the awards, the judges shall have to regard to both matter and manner.

An amendment with reference to the judges was made by Mr. Vanderwater of Cornell.

A committee of one member from each delegation was appointed to nominate a standing committee of five. The standing committee are as follows:—Cobbé, of Columbia; Lindley, of the University of New York; Hubbell, of Williams, Halsted, of Princeton; and Lindsay, of Wesleyan. Mr. Hubbell, of Williams was appointed secretary of the standing committee.

Letters were read from Yale and McKendree University, Lebanon, Illinois, expressing regrets that they could not send delegates; the former thought it inadvisable on account of the little interest manifested at Yale; the latter because of their great distance from the place of meeting.

The Convention then adjourned.

This is the largest college convention that has ever been held; its success was due in a large measure to the presence and invaluable aid of Col. Higginson, as the democratic spirit of the larger portion of the delegates would not have brooked such suggestions coming from their own number.—*Cornell Era*.

The *Vassar Miscellany* announces its intention of curtailing its exchange list. We hope we shall not be among the unfortunate number who are cut off, for the visits of the *Miscellany* have so far proved most pleasant. In the Department of the Alumnae in the present number there is an article on "Premiums" which deserves to have even a wider circulation than the range of the *Miscellany* gives it. It is an *expose* of the usual newspaper advertising method, and it so exactly expresses our own sentiments on the subject that we are tempted to extract it bodily. Having room, however, for only one paragraph, we choose the following, which we have found to be true in more cases than one:

"In a given community many families take the same papers; and to find the same pictures staring at you from every wall is not pleasant. No chance is left to show different tastes. Where the means are limited, these chromos are the only pictures, or at least, there are few others. I know that therein lies an argument in their favor, viz.: that they are a means of culture where there can be few others. But a single picture of one's own selection, with the selecting of it, or one that was a gift, and has associated with it the love and taste of some friend, is at least as powerful an instrument for culture as two or three pictures, just like all the rest in the village."

College and Campus.

TRAINS FROM RACINE JUNCTION

RUN AS FOLLOWS:

CHICAGO AND N. W.		Going South.	Going North.
Mail and Express		8.03 A. M.	10.41 A. M.
Express		1.54 P. M.	11.48 A. M.
Express		4.48 P. M.	7.22 P. M.
Night Passenger		12.30 A. M.	3.40 A. M.
WESTERN UNION.		Going West.	Going East
*Day Passenger		8.00 A. M.	7.50 P. M.
Accommodation		8.50 P. M.	6.40 A. M.
Night Passenger.....		5.50 P. M.	6.45 P. M.

*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

TO THE BITTER END!

RAMBLES AMONG THE CONTESTANTS FOR THE ORTHOGRAPHICAL PRIZE.

QUITE AN EXCITING SPELL EVEN FOR THOSE WHO TOOK NO PART IN IT.

A wearied instructor gives up on the one thousand and nineteenth word and proposes an adjournment.

A SECOND CONTEST TO BE HELD ON SATURDAY EVENING. NEW SPELLING-BOOKS PURCHASED, AND FIVE HUNDRED MORE WORDS TO BE CONNED BY THE WINNING ELEVEN.

WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED.

(Special Correspondence of the Mercury.)

February 25, 1874.

A regular old-fashioned spelling-match took place in the Grammar School on Tuesday night, in which all the members of that department participated. It carried us back to the days of our youth, when we used to go to spelling-matches at log school-houses, where some rural "Squire Hawkins" mumbled sesquipedalian words through his false teeth for the trial of the assembled swains and maidens, and the edification of the lookers-on. Those were the days that tried men's souls. For who could think of missing with Mary Jane's blue eyes gazing reproachfully at him, or who could venture to hold his own when he and Mary Jane were the last ones up. But there were no Mary Jane's present last night to call forth the spirit or the gallantry of the youth of Racine, and the contest went on in the usual way, many dropping from the ranks in every round, until at last eleven out of the one hundred and ninety who began were left alone. This eleven proved quite too much for the pronouncer and the Spelling-Book. They had fully

equipped themselves for the fight, and completely routed the enemy, who at last was obliged to give up and cry quarter. Considerable excitement was manifested toward the latter part of the evening, and when it was announced that there would be another contest, every one was exceedingly anxious to know who was going to "win." Accordingly your reporter made a pilgrimage among some of the combatants, and by dint of much questioning is able to inform you somewhat of the prospects.

Mr. Clay, the gentlemanly Head of the Grammar School, was the first person whom we visited, and from him we obtained much valuable information. Mr. Clay had not survived the third round, but he did not seem at all disheartened thereby; on the contrary he looked quite cheerful. When we entered, he was perusing some work on Rhetoric.

Reporter—Mr. Clay can you tell me a few things about the Spelling-Match last evening?

Mr. Clay—I shall be very happy to do so, sir.

Reporter—Well then, how many words should you say were given out?

Mr. Clay—I should say about

ONE THOUSAND AND NINETEEN.

Reporter—How many are to be given for the next contest?

Mr. Clay—I believe about five hundred.

Reporter—I understand that the prizes which are to be given are almost worthless. Some one just told me that they were chromos which did not cost more than half a dollar. Is the statement correct?

Mr. Clay—I think not, sir. The prizes are given on Commencement Day, and are very well worth getting. At least they were last year.

Reporter—Who do you think will get the prize this time?

Mr. Clay—I don't know, sir. I think it stands between

BLANCHARD AND CLEVELAND,

they are both very good spellers. In my opinion there ought to be an extra prize given.

Reporter—Indeed, and who to?

Mr. Clay—A little first-former by the name of Munch who stood up for twelve rounds. He certainly deserves a credit mark.

Reporter—I think so too. But it is getting late, Mr. Clay, and as I have considerable work on hand I must bid you good afternoon. Mr. Clay bowed us out, and we went in search of some of the valiant eleven.

Wending our way to the Gymnasium, we first approached Mr. Brooke, who was at that moment depending by one arm from the horizontal bar. On perceiving us Mr. Brooke dropped gracefully into an upright position and met us with a winning smile. We introduced the subject of the contest by remarking that we understood he had been under a spell last night.

Mr. Brooke—Yes, sir-ee! We had a high old spell.

Reporter—You, I understand, were one of the successful eleven.

Mr. Brooke blushed and bowed assent.

Reporter—How do you think they will decide it?

Mr. Brooke—They say Mr. Luther has devised a plan which is sure to stick some of us.

Reporter—Do you think he will stick you?

Mr. Brooke—Well, I don't know. Blanchard, you see, has the Spelling-Book all by heart, and little Pardee is no slouch of a speller either. I've got

A NEW SPELLING BOOK

but I don't know whether it will do me any good or not.

We wished Mr. Brooke all success, and asked him if the boys who remained standing were the ones who had been expected to do so.

Mr. Brooke—Not exactly. Do you see that chap in the rings there? He offered to

BET FIFTY CENTS

that he would get the prize, and he went down at the third or fourth round.

We thanked Mr. Brooke for his information, and proceeded to interrogate the gentleman, who for this and the previous season has proved so thorough a master of his Spelling Book, Mr. J. W. Blanchard. He was very frank in giving us information in regard to the contest, but modestly declined to say much about his prospects, as he preferred to stand or fall on his own merits. Mr. Coxe was at this time discovered swinging back and forth on the parallel bars, and was our next victim. We broached the subject of the contest, and said we believed he was one of the fortunate eleven. "Yes," said he, "and here's another," and grabbing his neighbor by the arm he twisted it around two or three times as if he would break it off. His victim was Mr. C. M. Walker. We asked Mr. Coxe how matters stood in regard to the coming match on Saturday. Mr. Coxe was almost too busy defending himself to answer, but he finally said that it would be "pretty tough." As far as the winner was concerned, he was sure Mr. Walker would get the prize. Mr. Walker gallantly assured us that in his opinion Mr. Coxe would get it, but advised us to talk to D'Evers' they hadn't got no time.

Mr. D'Evers is the gentleman who asks "wie heist the Ten Commandments auf Deutsch?" at one of our missions. We conversed quite freely but seemed unwilling that his views should be given to the public. He agreed with Mr. Coxe that the coming contest would be a hard fought one, but at the same time he thought his chances were passably good. He was thoroughly conversant with the subject matter of the last contest, and during the week he fully expected to master the new task.

Mr. Cleveland refused to hold any conversation with us lest he should in some way injure his prospects. He said he would consult his counsel. We had no time to wait, and hunted up Mr. Pardee, who was the last man interviewed. We asked Mr. Pardee how many were left on each side at the end of the match. He said that there were eight on his own side, and three on the other.

Reporter—Then your side has the best chance.

Mr. Pardee—I don't know about that.

Reporter—Well, the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Mr. Pardee, who has the best show for the next match?

Mr. Pardee—I don't know.

Reporter—Who will get the prize?

Mr. Pardee—I don't know.

Reporter—How are your own chances?

Mr. Pardee—I don't know.

Reporter—Don't you think you have as good a show as any one?

Mr. Pardee—I don't know.

Reporter—Do you all intend to get new spelling books?

Mr. Pardee—I don't know.

Reporter—What do you know about this match, Mr. Pardee?

Mr. Pardee—Not much. I've got to go now. And he left us standing in the middle of the floor.

The out-look seems to be that the contestants will be pretty fairly matched and that the contest itself will be very interesting. We have been unable to find out what the plan is which was referred to by one of our victims (Mr. Brooke) as the inventor of it has sedulously avoided us; but if the boys do as well next time as they did last evening, they will not have much to fear from that or anything else.

—The Annual choir supper came off on Monday night the 16th inst. The members of the choir, together with the perfects of College and Grammar School. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Rowe, Mr. Mead, Mr. Piper and the Matrons of Park and Kemper halls assembled in the parlor at a little before eight o'clock, the time set for the supper. After the greetings and a few moments of conversation Mr. Spalding announced that, on account of sickness, the Warden was unable to be present and that we would proceed immediately to the supper room.

Many were the regrets felt and expressed at the Warden's absence; it detracted greatly from the enjoyment of the evening, and rendered a gathering which should be most sociable, stiff and uninteresting, that is if it is possible to make any thing uninteresting for boys when there is a bountifully supplied table awaiting them.

The repast was sumptuous, and better served than any we ever attended in the refectory. After the gormandizing was over, and we were in the parlor, a song was proposed; but it flatted out on the second verse. The principle alto could'nt strike b flat, he had taken one too many oysters; the trebles were tired, and enthusiasm generally low. A dance was then started, but soon came to an end. Every one seemed in a hurry to get away. The sole object of the evening having been to eat, it only remained for each one to retire as soon as the least show of propriety would permit.

The Choir supper having become an established thing now, coming every year just before Lent, an effort ought to be made to make the interest of the evening depend on something besides the mere question of how many oysters can be put away in the shortest possible time. At least that is our opinion—whatever it is worth.

—Holidays are over, steady work now until the next convention.

—We understand that Arthur Greenleaf who left at the end of last year will return at Easter time.

—In attempting to touch one of the cross-beams in the gymnasium Wednesday afternoon, Turner Rumsey received a very bad fall. When at the highest point of his swing he lost his hold on the rings and fell striking on his back and head. He was for some time insensible, but was able the next day to go home to Chicago to recover from the effects of the accident.

Addisonia Once More.

Cheering news comes to us from the society this week. The general disgust at the management of the Reading Room seems to have aroused the latent enthusiasm of Addisonia's supporters, and from the account of last Tuesday's meeting there appears to be every prospect of a vigorous reform. Instead of the regular debate, the question of the management of the Society was raised, and given to the house. The discussion which followed was conducted with a warmth which surprised the most credulous. The history of the Society was thoroughly gone over, and its prospects canvassed, until it was finally decided that there was no good in deserting the old ship which had weathered so many storms, but that the best thing to do was to repair her and go ahead again. The Moderator closed the debate with a brief speech on the true character of a Literary Society, and gave his experience—an extensive one—as to the best mode of conducting it. There were two objects, he said, which a Society might have in view, either one of which could be advantageously followed. One was to open its doors to the whole College, and admit all classes to its privileges; the other, to confine itself to the members of the upper classes, and let its meetings be for them alone. It was evident that he favored the latter view, although he did not urge the society to adopt it. After speaking of the general advantages to be derived from a Literary Society, he closed his remarks with an offer to give some Shakespearian Readings to the Society and its friends. This added another spark to the rapidly growing flame of enthusiasm, and a committee was at once appointed to arrange about time and place. Before the Society adjourned the Reading Room question was discussed and settled, and ere another week has passed it is pretty certain that the Room will be properly opened for occupancy. It is exceedingly refreshing to be able to make this announcement, and we trust that this time there will be no occasion for modifying it.

Several new names were proposed to the Society, and under a new management, and with a new impetus, there is no reason in the world why it should not prosper. We certainly wish it all success, and hope that this present enthusiasm may not prove a mere "flash in the pan," but a permanent, steady glow which shall serve to light Addisonia out of this year into the next, and guide her on a less precarious path than she has been treading heretofore.

The *Williams Vidette*, which is one of the very best of our exchanges, is decidedly in favor of the Saratoga course for the Regatta. In speaking of the question of "Evil," which Amherst has introduced, and various people have become frightened about, it says:—"The long and short of the matter is, there is evil everywhere, and you cannot have a Regatta without some evil attendant upon it. We do not propose to discuss the good or evil of a Regatta; but we do not intend to sit still and let these "high-moral-ground" men bluff us into a worse city, and to a worse course, just because it happens to be east of the Hudson. Any man who has been at Saratoga, and seen the lake and the course, and the accommodations for crews, and the general adaptiveness of the place for a Regatta, cannot hesitate between Troy or Springfield, as compared to it."

Editors Table.

TO CHRISTINE NILSSON.

Winter has come, the birds have fled,
Their leaves the red-lipped roses shed;
But in thy liquid throat Christine,
Perpetual summer lurks unseen:
And lurks therein in shine or hail,
The perfect throated nightingale;
While on thy lips the roses lie,
That live when all their sisters die.

John Fraser in Scribner's for March.

FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

Wan, wind-racked month, of all the months most bare
Of outward beauty or of inward grace,
Reserved of ancient custom to efface
In sacrificial offering, what'er
Of taint fell to the gladsomer season's share—
Still, one glad day, your cold gray arms embrace,
That serves to set a dimple in your face,
And by its fairness make the rest more fair;
The happy day when birds begin to woo
And win fond mates to bless the tiny nest—
Already modelled in the tinier breast—
The happy day on which sweet heart, for you
A rosier tint o'erspreads this breast of mine,
Telling its message through St. Valentine!

Mary B. Dodge, in Hearth and Home.

WONDERINGS.

I wonder if ever the hawk,
Sailing the depths of blue
In graceful motion at rest,
Longs to be tender and true
Like the sparrow guarding her nest?
Does the tuneless bird e'er long
For the lark's rare gift of song?
Does he ever grieve at his lot,
Or quarrel in vain with his fate,
If others are what he be not?
Does he ever deem it a wrong
To swoop on the sparrow's mate?

I wonder if I shall find
The task for my hands and mind,
That for me is fittest and best—
In the doing of which is rest,
And weariness in *not* doing?
Oh! happy will be the day
When my toil will seem like play,
And, whatever I am pursuing,
I shall see with as clear an eye,
And sieze with as keen a zest,
As the hawk that drops from the sky
To pounce on the sparrow's nest.

A. L. Carlton, in Atlantic for March.

POPPIES IN THE WHEAT.

Along Ancona's hills the shimmering heat,
A tropic tide of air with ebb and flow,
Bathes all the fields of wheat until they glow
Like flashing seas of green which toss and beat
Around the vines. The poppies lithe and fleet
Seem running, fire torchmen, to and fro
To mark the shore. The farmer does not know
That they are there. He works with heavy feet
Counting the bread and wine by autumn's gain,
But I—I smile to think that days remain
Perhaps to me in which, though bread be sweet
No more, and red wine warm my blood in vain,
I shall be glad, remembering how the fleet
Lithe poppies ran like torchmen with the wheat.

H. H. Book Notices in Atlantic Monthly.

College Mercury.

“HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.”

VOL. XV.

RACINE COLLEGE, APRIL 11, 1874.

No. 2.

THE STRUGGLE.

Mid slumbers uneasy, in dreams of the night,
I witnessed a strange and significant sight,
Still vivid on memory's scroll;—
A combat of forces,
Arrayed in their courses,
The demons of darkness, and spirits of light,
Both struggling for conquest, the wrong and the right,
And the stake was a prodigal soul.

In youthful simplicity forth he had come,
From the shelter of love, and the quiet of home,
To enter the broad stage of life;
All heedless of warning,
All influence scorning,
Determined, henceforth, independent to roam,
Disdaining the dictates of heaven's holy tome,
Unheeding the heart's hidden strife.

I saw, then, those spirits, the evil and good,
Advancing to meet him, as aimless he stood,
And striving to make him their own;
With blandest seductions,—
With purest instructions,—
Each seeking to win his unsatisfied mood,
Each watching intensely the objects he wooed,
While shaping his journey alone.

Oh come, said the spirit of pleasure, and taste
The cup of delight which my minions have placed,
To solace thy tedious way:
Heed not the dim morrow,
But laugh at all sorrow;
All study and toil are but life's wanton waste,
Then come at my call, and to joy let us haste,
Before the decline of the day.

Beware, cried the spirit of wisdom, beware!
Avoid her enchantments, so false and so fair.
And flee from the sorcerer's art,
Her cup, although pleasant
It seems for the present,
Is brimming with poison, and demons are there,
Who wait to escape from their Cyrcean lair,
And fasten their fangs in thy heart!

The young man was pliant, the syren was near;
She smiled in his eye, and she sang in his ear,
And lured him with ravishing charms,
So dazzling his senses
With specious pretences,
That, seizing the cup, without prudence or fear,
He drank the full draught, both the dregs and the clear,
Then stupidly sank in her arms.

There, powerless and pallid, he lay in distress,
Unheeding her proffered but loathesome caress,
Deserted by Wisdom's bright train;
While goblins around him,
With potent spells bound him.
And guilt's heavy incubus on him did press,
And no friend was near him to aid or to bless;
For reason had pleaded in vain.

I thought he was lost, and I wept at his woe,
When erst as my tears were beginning to flow,
Mine ear caught a mother's fond prayer;
As, mournful and tender,
For him the offender,
She plead with her Saviour, in tones sad and low,
'Till tortured with anguish, and crushed by the blow,
She silently sank in despair.

Then came a bright angel, and graciously said,
“Awake, thou that sleepest; arise from the dead;
Christ deigneth to quicken thy breath;
Escape from pollution,
From sin's retribution,
And hasten for life, lest the thunder so dread
Of God's awful vengeance shall burst on thy head,
And hurl thee to ruin and death!”

The young man awoke with a pitiful sigh,
Beheld the fair spirit, then uttered a cry,
And dashed from his hand the vile bowl;
Then fled to the mountain,
Where truth's crystal fountain
Assuaged his hot thirst, as it gently flowed by;
While minist'ring angels attended him nigh,
And guarded the penitent soul.

RACINE, Dec. 21, 1856. R. P.

OUR HEROES.

“I say that great men are still admirable; I say there is, at bottom, nothing else admirable! No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself, dwells in the breast of men. It is to this hour, and at all hours the vivifying influence in man's life.”

So wrote Carlyle who worshipped only nature and great men. But he calls worship “transcendent wonder; wonder for which there is no limit or measure.” And in this sense have we not all worshipped great men. Who has never give up his heart to Wallace and to Bruce, so completely that he shouted with joy at every triumph they achieved, and mourned as he could only mourn for one he loved, when Wallace died. Who does not remember the resolves he made, that when his country was oppressed and needed a strong arm to shield her, he would furnish that arm; he would die, if need be, on the scaffold to save his country. Those were noble feelings, and the boy who has not experienced feelings akin to them has, I fear, missed half the pleasure, half the nobleness of boyhood.

Napoleon is my greatest hero. Though I know that he was wickedly ambitious, was cruel and false, was all and more than all his enemies claimed; I know too, that he was so much greater than his rivals, so infinitely superior to all the great men of his day, that I can only bow in humble wonder, and worship his greatness, worship even his faults. I remember how, when I read his life, I threw the book from me because I could not bear to see him

wearing his years away at St. Helena. I have another hero concerning whom I cannot decide whether most to admire his greatness, or look with wonder, not with Carlyle's, but with vulgar wonder, at his littleness. Yes, I can decide! Look at Prussia to day and the little Kingdom of Brandenburg, a hundred and thirty years ago, and can one doubt but that Frederick the Great won his title by merit, and merit only? But we all no doubt have our heroes and worship them truly. It is a necessity of our nature. We have, perhaps, noticed how boys make heroes of their equals. One boy, and an able fellow too, will give his heart up to a companion so completely, that there is no sacrifice that he will not gladly make for his friend. He endows his hero with every good quality, with genius of every description. He builds castles in the air. His friend is to be a great statesman, the great man of a great age. Then with a modesty which is not quite modest he makes himself a great man also, second only to his friend. His friend shall be an Augustus, he will be Agrippa. His friend shall plan and he will execute, and together they will raise their country to a pitch of greatness, which no country has yet attained. We call this friendship, but is it not also hero-worship. Does he not put his friend upon a pedestal and worship him not with the worship we give to divinity, but with an attribute of divine worship—admiration, wonder. Take from man the power of worshipping greatness, real or ideal and, unless you replace the loss by boundless egotism, you take from him a great part of what constitutes his earthly happiness. You take from him what is perhaps the corner-stone even of his religion. As Carlyle says "let me close as I began with the words of one who thought he believed little, yet had boundless tolerance for all beliefs and found good in all" Religions I find stand upon it; not Paganism only, but far higher and truer religions, all religions hitherto known. Hero-worship, heartfelt prostrate admiration, submission burning, boundless for a nobler Godlike form of man. Is not that the germ of Christianity itself. The greatest of all Heroes is One whom we do not name here.

SENEX.

SPRING.

O Spring! Spring! sweet gentle Spring!
How the sportive cow smiles as the little birds sing.

That is the way it is done I fancy, but I don't intend to bother you with a poem on Spring, that is too common; any body can write a poem. If any one doubts the fact let him once get under the influence of the true poetic fervor, and a good cold in the head, and he will doubt no longer; will be able to wield the pen with only less freedom than he does his pocket-handkerchief. Yes, Spring is here, that glorious indescribable season of beautiful sunny days, and damp rheumatism-inspiring nights, that season fruitful in joyous anticipations, influenza and wet feet. The time when the Granger, only true representative of the 'lords of creation,' laying aside for a while, the burden of politics, and the transportation, betakes himself to his farm, to pass the time in contemplation and mud, and to prepare the ground for receiving the seed of the lordly turnips, the lovely maize and the waving squash.

In this connection one can't help thinking what a blessed thing it is, for him, and for everybody else, that

there is something to afford the Granger a slight relaxation from the mental strain induced by attendance upon Grange meetings, and the consideration of affairs of state. O Spring! we don't half appreciate thy blessings, but grant that we may obtain a fuller sense of the benefits which you bestow with each return of your benign influence.

Even the disasters which occur in the Spring, have an attraction of their own; for example, a freshet. There is genuine excitement in a freshet. How the heart bounds as we watch the furious current. How we feel the blood made torpid by a long winter's inactivity circulate with new freedom, as fascinated we gaze at the rushing stream, and listen to its sullen roar. With what intense amusement, if we have no interest in real estate, we watch the efforts of bands of workmen trying to restrain the rising water. Oh! the whole scene is magnificent.

One of the chief pleasures of this season, to those in the Spring time of *life*, is the evening strolls under the first vernal moon. It is by no means a rare occurrence to see a young man with a young lady on his arm, who would seem, from appearances, to be his sister, but who upon inquiry will usually be found to be some one else's sister, strolling along, both having an unconsciousness of the effects of summer clothes and thin shoes in connection with the dampness in the air and under foot which is truly touching and almost pitiable, when one considers the inevitable result, for each of these happy young people will fall to wondering the next morning, 'where they *could* have taken such a cold.' Truly manifold are the delights of Spring.

S. S.

AMERICA'S PROBLEM.

It cannot but have occurred to the careful student of history, that intertwined with the development of every nation of which we have any record, there has been some one especial problem, upon the proper solution of which much of its material prosperity depended. The internal struggles of Rome, were caused by the lack of a fixed definition of the true relation between the patricians and plebians. Statesmen have been continually seeking to perfect that unification of the petty states of which Germany was composed, which could alone give strength; England has been gradually approving a solution of the problem concerning the rights of classes; and the fact that is true of these three, is true of all the nations history speaks of. With the example of the world before us, it would be folly to suppose that the American nation could escape facing and settling its own great problem of how to preserve its Americanism.

The statement that we are in any danger of losing that peculiar nationality of which we are so proud, may strike some with surprise; but the thoughtful mind must perceive that there is far more in this question than appears on the surface. To those who have come to regard this country as the birthright of the Anglo-saxon, the truth of this assertion must come as the discovery of new data which will invalidate the conclusions derived from years of study. But nevertheless the fact remains. True the danger is now only in its incipiency. At present the number of adults of American extraction predominates over that of other nationalities, but if the past rates of change may be taken as a just criterion of the future, we cannot rea-

sonably expect this to continue so. We have only to glance at the crowded condition of the population in many of the countries of Europe, where the number of inhabitants to be supported, follows on the capacity of the soil, to afford subsistence, to assure ourselves that relief will be sought by the aid of the readiest possible means; and this means is emigration.

At present the capacity of America to receive immigration as compared with the ability of the world to supply it, is almost boundless. The world has been gradually awakening to a realization of this fact, until now there are landed upon our shores, hundreds of thousands of foreigners who propose to make America their home.

When we recollect the great rapidity with which our foreign element is increasing, the importance of the problem begins to dawn upon our minds; but it is only when we remember that the majority of these emigrants have no sympathy with us in language or traditions, when we bear in mind the fact that an admixture of their blood with ours must necessarily follow their residence here; when we think of the improbability of our party warfare allowing this immense political force to remain latent, and that gaining the right to vote, means gaining the rights of citizenship, and the protection of destructive customs, that the necessity of solving this problem before it becomes too great for us to grasp, strikes us with the fullest force.

The government of this country is already too much influenced by the prejudice of race, and something must speedily be done to bring the elements of our population to a common American basis. Not to attempt to violently eradicate national characteristics, such a course would be worse than foolish; but to temper them so that there shall be no harsh discordances among the component parts of the nation.

It is argued by some wise philosophers that foreign immigration should be heavily taxed, for, say they, by this means the annual influx would be greatly decreased, the number of Americans in the ratio of population would be proportionately larger, and the foreigners who did come in would more rapidly acquire a knowledge of our distinctive institutions.

But this is a species of that surface wisdom which is "penny wise and pound foolish." We do not wish to solve this problem by plunging ourselves into a worse difficulty. We do not intend to cripple our material prosperity. Mother earth holds shut up in this country such a vastness of mineral resources as is scarcely conceivable, and which only waits the magic touch of man's hand to come forth and be the instrument for accomplishing his desire.

The boundless fertility of the West needs only man's labor to yield such abundance of fruits as would make this country the grainery of the world. Yet these know-nothings wish us to yield up these advantages

But even if the consent of the government could be gained, I doubt if the working of this plan would be effective; for there is a demand for this foreign labor, and where there has been a demand for an article, legislation has been powerless to prevent the supply.

In view of all the difficulties to be met and overcome in solving this problem, there seems to me to be but one plan whereby the desired result can be approached, and

that through making it less easy for foreigners to obtain the rights of franchise. At present any man may become a citizen of this country by taking the oath of allegiance after a residence of three years; but this is not enough. With the certainty before us of an immense influx of foreigners, there should be added to what is already demanded from candidates for naturalization, the requirement that they should have a knowledge of our institutions, and that they submit to an educational list, which should not be less than an ability to fluently speak, read, and write our language. It is true the public schools throughout the country are doing a noble work in helping to educate the masses, but they do not reach far enough. The state has not the right to force education, and if it had the law could not be made to extend to adults; but under the present plan, government, without overstepping the bounds of its authority, could ensure the education of at least a majority of its subjects. At any rate something must be done unless we would see a foreign element engrafted on our institutions, and as it is a fact established by experience that education is the greatest equalizer of race distinctions that we know, it seems to me to be the most effectual means of approaching the desired result.

—Some startling revelations concerning the scientific knowledge of the Juniors came to light at the recent examinations. We give below a quotation from a *bona fide* paper which has been handed us:

"2. What is Granite?—Gneiss? Name the principal varieties.

"Ans.—Granite is a rock; so is Gneiss. They are both so devoid of principle and variety as to be unworthy of further mention.

"2. What is Basalt?—Trachyte?—Amygdaloid?

"Basalt is a peculiar variety of salt found in large bays.—Trachyte I at first thought was a small animal some times found in pork, but I am now convinced that it is a rock.—Amygdaloid is a conglomeration of pebbles and mud.

"2. Divide the animal kingdom into its types, classes and orders.

"Ans.—The types of the animal kingdom are the 'orse, the hostrich and the wale. The classes of animals are wild and tame. Of wild animals the highest example is an irate Doctor at an ecclesiastical council. The highest example of a tame animal can also be found at the same place. The biggest example of a fish now extant is our present Secretary of State. As for order, there is very little in the animal kingdom, except in man—and very little in him.

"2. Divide the vegetable kingdom into its classes and sub classes.

"Ans.—The vegetable kingdom is divided into plants and trees. Plants are sub-divided into vegetables and herbs; the former being good for food, the latter for medicine. Trees are generally divided for fire-wood.

"2. What are the Palæontological characteristics of the Tertiary period, and where are the principal Tertiary deposits in North America?

"Ans.—The Palæontological characteristics of the "Tertiary," are altogether hypothetical and theoretical, and therefore I refuse to say anything about them. The principal Tertiary deposits will never be known until the Day of Judgement

"2. What is Electricity?

"Ans.—A force, the force of which is never fully realized until one is struck by lightning."

The force of this paper was probably realized when its author saw what his mark was.

The College Mercury.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
BY THE STUDENTS OF
RACINE COLLEGE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT RITTMAN'S, OR BY THE EDITORS.

TERMS:

College Year, - - - - \$2.00 | Single Copies, - - - - 15 cents.
Original Contributions are solicited from all members of the College, but no notice will be taken of articles unaccompanied by the true name of the writer. All Communications should be addressed to

THE COLLEGE MERCURY, Racine, W. is

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE RACINE JUNCTION AS FOLLOWS:

C. & N.-W. R.R.		G. North		W. U. R.R.	
Going South.				Going West. Go. East.	
Mail and Express,	8.03 A.M.	10.41 A.M.		*Day Passenger,	8.00 A.M. 7.50 P.M.
Express, - - -	1.54 P.M.	11.48 A.M.		Accommodation,	8.50 P.M. 6.40 A.M.
Express, - - -	4.48 P.M.	7.22 P.M.		Night Passenger,	5.50 P.M. 6.45 P.M.
Night Passenger,	12.30 A.M.	3.40 A.M.			

*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

VOL. XV. April 11, 1874. No. 2.

The time for beginning the games again draws near. The clubs have been arranged, and once more the question whether under any circumstances a man of one nine or eleven should be permitted to play in a lower division presents itself with more force than ever. Than ever, because if possible it would be well to avoid those long miserable squabbles of last year, which for the most part turned on this one point. Last season, as we all know, was a continual round of fights, arbitrations, and unhappy decisions, which though they afforded a deal of amusement for small boys and other uninterested parties were the occasion of what is always to be deplored, a dead loss of time and practice.

This has always been a vexed question, and has caused more unhappiness and ill feeling than almost anything else advocated with ball matters. But it has never been thoroughly investigated, nothing definite has ever been decided one way or the other; and to this owing for the most part the difficulties which so often arise. If the question was only once and forever settled by the arbitrators, and the decision incorporated with the articles of the constitution we would have a rest. But how shall rest be found? Of course there are difficulties connected with any action whatever on the subject; but they must be met sometime, that is, if our present Club system continues, and why put off the evil day? It is a fact that a partial and temporary decision in a particular case was made last year; but a similar case is liable to come up again any future day, and cause another season of petty quarrels and strifes, which are anything but favorable to unity and brotherly love.

It seems to us, looking at the question from every point, that a man of a higher club should never be permitted to play in the matches of a lower one. It is unjust to those who have to lose their places, it is unfair for those who take them. A man always plays best in the place where he has practiced for a year, so a number of men who have been together for any length of time, come to understand

one another's every motion and action; their plays are in unison, they act as one man, a good game is insured. But if new, and very often inexperienced players, generally the sticks and offcasts of upper clubs, are forced to take part in matches with younger players, and very likely are not sent in to practice until the last few days, it must nearly always prove disastrous. A protracted and uninteresting match is the least evil that can be expected. A club thus reinforced may be victorious, but it does them no good; they feel that the laurels are not all their own, they soon lose all ambition to work by themselves, and learn to trust that the weight and size of their few large men will carry them through. And in many ways it works ill all around, indeed we have yet to see any good come from it.

Of the plan adopted by the First elevens and nines, allowing a man to play in any lower division provided he has played in but one match, we can only say it is most base and wretched, and gives opportunity for a number of small tricks and frauds.

The whole idea of putting men down to play in lower clubs than they have practiced in is wrong in principle, and we sincerely hope that something will be done to prevent it this coming season. It has been often remarked within the past few years, how dreadfully dull and tiresome the matches of some of the lower elevens are, and it is certainly owing to nothing more than the fact that they are over-run, and run into the ground by men from the upper elevens. Notwithstanding all its disadvantages we are sorry to see that it is a practice which is fast gaining favor, and which unless it is immediately and permanently checked, will eventually take away all interest and pleasure connected with the matches among the younger players of the institution.

"I suppose the very name of _____ is forgotten," writes an old Racine cricketer, very famous in his day; possibly a look of regret flits across his face as he writes it. Certain it is that most on graduating, do not wish their sheepskins to be the only links between themselves and Alma-mater and her yet apron-string-tied children. Hence class day is kept, ivies planted, windows put in the Refectory etc. So every class has to choose its memorial, and thoughts are being expressed again on the subject. Why not leave something more permanent and useful than ordinary? Because it costs too much, is the plain English of the answer, at least in small Colleges like our own. A thousand things are needed here; no better gift can be thought of than a contribution to the Library. There are things too, more expensive, which a class of energetic men, willing to work could do. Do not of course venture on impracticabilities, but a committee from such a class by economy, safe investment, and patience could do wonders, and the class which inaugurated the custom here, would leave a memorial more lasting than all the stones which could be packed in the Chapel walls. As the subject has been a little discussed lately, it is not too much to hope that hereafter the twaddle of class day, twaddle only because it ends in itself be supplemented by something more substantial. *Exegi monumentum aere perennius.*

The College Nine has received a rather fear-inspiring challenge from a Chicago club to play a game of ball on the first fair day the nine may be pleased to name. There

is not the slightest possibility of its being accepted. The nine's muscle is not large enough yet to warrant them in attacking such a prodigy as this club seems to be. However, thinking that the description of the players which accompanied the challenge may prove of interest to some of our readers, we give an extract :

"In order to keep up the reputation of Base Ball in this city, I have organized a club of which Chicago may well be proud. My pitcher for the summer of 1874 has been practicing for several weeks outside of the city limits, and, though not in the best of spirits, can now throw a ball with such swiftness that it cannot be seen unless covered with phosphorus, and often the friction caused by its passing through the air produces sufficient heat to burn the ball to ashes, so that the astonished catcher finds nothing but a mass of cinders in his hands. The catcher has been for six months engaged in breaking up pig-iron at the Joliet rolling mills, and to still farther toughen his hands he allowed two-hundred-ton trip-hammers to drop on them twelve hours each day. They are now about the size of a windmill, and if a ball gets by them it will be by traversing the atmosphere of an adjoining county.

My first-baseman is trying the diet system to steady his nerves, and can let a government mule kick him in the abdomen all day without writhing. He will never move his foot from a sand-bag unless in the way of duty, and a runner for first may light on him like a night-hawk on a June-bug, but still he stands immovable as a rock. My second-baseman has developed himself more especially for miscellaneous and active service. He can stand on his head, catch a ball with his feet, reverse his position, knock a grasshopper off from a mullen stock, or any other stock. The third-baseman has been making sour-crust and riding a velocipede to develop the muscles of his lower limbs, which are immense, and give him the appearance of being troubled with Elephantiasis. Short-stop is probably the best man for his position that can be found this side of the Suez Canal. He is short himself, and has lived on pie-crust for the past two years. My three fielders have been frisking about in the country all the past winter, drinking angle-worm oil, to give suppleness to their limbs. They go on all fours faster than Dexter or Goldsmith can trot, and are so limber that circus men die off like sheep after seeing them perform once.

In fact I may well be proud of my nine, and if there is any organization in the country that thinks it can compete with it, let it draw on me through the Union Nat. Bank at six month's sight. I have selected the champion whittler of the United States as scorer, have purchased a new jack-knife and fifty thousand shingles. The notches will be kept on the double entry plan, i. e., two scores for my side and one for every opponent's."

We give it as our opinion, moderately of course, that the director of that Base Ball club *eget Archigene.*

—Scene—Recitation room.

Prof.—"By what name was chemistry known before the time of Bacon?"

Student—"Astrology."

Considerable surprise on the part of the Prof., and no little disorder in the class.

PLANK WALKS.

On University I stand,
And cast a longing eye,
On Matthews' massive pile of bricks,
Where my possessions lie.

Between us rolls a mighty flood
Of muddy slush and snow;
Until I trust me to its waves
My rooms I must forego.

The heads of struggling sinners bob
Upon each tossing crest;
Some sink exhausted in the strife,—
The waves they cannot breast.

Some reach at last the promised shore,
But sink exhausted down;
The breakers' harsh and deafening roar
Their shouts of triumph drown.

I knew a youth whose valiant heart
Urged him to brave the flood.
Right proudly on the granite steps
The youthful hero stood.

He glanced towards the distant shore,
And fire was in his eye.
I knew too well that he was bent
To conquer or to die.

Next day, when dawn's bright smile looked down,
It saw a bit of plank
Which Jones had placed to mark the spot
Where that brave student sank.

ARE WE TO HAVE A SIDEWALK.?

With spring, the usual blockade of mud and rain, has come. Only those whom business calls dare venture through the slush to town. With the campus too wet for any game, the gymnasium scarcely in condition for anything but enforced exercise, our situation is hardly enviable, and unless something can be done in regard to a side-walk, we are likely to be situated in the same manner every spring and fall. About a year and a half ago the students exerted their influence (we believe there were seven or eight voters) to elect an alderman pledged to secure the side-walk. He was elected, but nothing has been done.

Since then the franchise has been taken from us, and we can expect relief no longer through political channels. The laws of Racine require property holders to build side-walks, but their need on College Avenue is felt only by the students and it is therefore quite certain that the city will not take any action in the matter. The College is now within the city limits and will probably soon be called upon to build walks on its own property. So aid from home is out of the question. We must therefore rely on ourselves. Now we have examined the matter, and have two plans to propose, either of which will accomplish the desired end.

By application to the treasurer, or some other city officer, a contract for building this side-walk can be obtained. The contractor can then collect the cash of the job with 25 per cent. addition from the owner of the property. Here is a splendid chance for a speculation. Any gentleman having a couple of hundred dollars for which he has no immediate use, can be of infinite service to his fellow students, and receive a very respectable compensation for his trouble. We would not advise any one to adopt this

plan, for, though it reads nicely, we greatly fear that the interest will decrease from 25 per cent. a month to 6 per cent. a year and both principal and interest be swallowed up in endless litigation.

Two of the gentlemen whom the laws of Racine require to build our walk did, with unparalleled generosity, make the following proposition in our hearing: "If the students will build a side-walk in front of our lots, why, b^y George we will help the boys, we will give *five* dollars apiece." Now we ought to assist men who are willing to do so much for us. Every student ought to be willing to give two dollars, and this with the assistance of those members of the faculty who live in town, would build a walk which would answer our purpose. We do not for an instant suppose that the gentlemen who made the above mentioned proposition will fulfill their promises; but we can build the walk ourselves and if at any time we should wish to remove it, they will probably serve an injunction upon us. Let some one take hold of the matter. We can have the walk before the bad weather has gone.

K. L. M.

EASTER DAY.

No Sun danced this Easter morning. We were up sufficiently early to know that the disagreeable snow-storm, which ushered in the day, gather its forces before he ventured to show his face at all. It continued to snow and bluster until about the middle of the afternoon, when it came off comparatively pleasant, though the walking was anything but desirable. The state of affairs outside did not materially affect in-door enjoyment, however, and it was to most of us a very delightful Sunday. Those to whom it was the *last* Easter at Racine, had perhaps, a fuller appreciation of the festivities than others could have.

Early service was held in the Chapel at seven o'clock. The decorations were very simple, but unusually beautiful and appropriate. The font was filled with a profusion of lovely flowers, and surmounted by an elegant flower-cross, the gift of Mrs. Crosby, of Milwaukee. The altar was adorned with a handsome white and gilt cloth, and on the super-altar were two beautiful designs, one of which, an anchor, was presented by Mrs. Sanderson. In the place of the usual altar-cross stood a splendid cross of calla lilies and just behind this was a shield wreathed with flowers, on which were displayed the words "Christ is Risen." Above the apex of the shield was a magnificent crown of flowers, and on either side, stretching in graceful curves across the Chapel, were the words "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Brilliantly lighted as the Chapel was, this design had a charming effect, and we have rarely seen a Church decorated more tastefully. The Chapel-cross and Banner were wreathed with flowers, and the clergy and the choir wore small bunches of white violets on their surplices.

The music at the early service was remarkably good, considering that no one had yet breakfasted, and began with the Processional "Welcome, Happy Morning, Age to Age shall say." The Processional was more imposing than usual, because the choir was made to walk very much slower: a suggestion for other occasions. During the service Gounod's "Benedictus que venit" was sung together with several hymns from the Hymnal. The Recessional

was "Come, ye Faithful raise the strain; both this hymn and the Processional were by Sullivan, and were taken from Barnby's Hymnary.

Breakfast, which is always a jolly meal on Easter Day, took place soon after eight o'clock and was heartily enjoyed by every one. The egg-cracking was delayed a little by some daring individuals who were trying to see how many eggs they could eat. They had not, however, made calculations on the *two thousand* which were served up, and when they found that the supply was really inexhaustible, the "smallest boy" was permitted to accept the Warden's challenge to "crack"—"P--p," the hero of ancient breakfasts, being no longer present to begin the tournament, several calls were made for F. P. Hills, who at present rejoices in the sobriquet of *Pater*; but they proved so ineffectual that finally the real "smallest boy" had to lead off the van. Then a merry din arose from all sides, and the cracking went on amid great fun and laughter, much to the amusement of the guests, many of whom were witnessing the scene for the first time.

Out-of-door enjoyment after breakfast was out of the question on account of the snow-storm. The only thing to be done under the circumstances was to stay quietly in the house and wait for the second service.

This began at eleven o'clock, with the old Processional "Jesus Christ is risen to-day." The anthem was, "Christ is risen from the dead," by Elvey, and was well rendered both at this service and in the evening, especially at the sentence "In that He died, He died unto sin once." At the Offertory Master Pont Parker, who is again in the choir, sang in a very praise-worthy manner the solo, "But Thou didst not leave His soul in Hell." The Responses and Sanctus were by Elvey, and the Creed was chanted. There was the usual sermon at this service, the Warden preaching from St. Luke xxiv. 5. 6. The Recessional was "The Day of Resurrection" to a new tune from the Hymnary.

"In accordance with an old and well-established custom" the students who usually go a-missionarying after dinner, staid at home. There were no Sunday Schools, we believe, except at Emmanuel Church in Canada, though there was afternoon service at St. Stephen's and morning service at both places. Both churches were tastefully trimmed, and the services were well attended. Prettily colored Easter eggs were distributed to the Sunday School children at Emmanuel Church, together with flowers and a sprig of the Easter green.

The evening service at the Chapel was pleasant and restful, and closed with the Recessional "Jesus lives" which was as heartily sung as it ever was in the days of old. At the Reception, which was one of the enjoyable features of the day, those who had "tasks" on hand eagerly waited for the closing words of the evening hymn from Keble's "Christian Year"—"and *turn* all tasks to charity." Any one who had seen the look of disappointment run over the upturned faces of the assembly when the Warden read the line "and *do* all tasks in Charity," would have supposed that some dire calamity had taken place. It was quite too much for the Warden, and after enjoying the general chagrin for a moment, he re-read the line "just for this once," and all accounts were squared.

So ended one of the happiest days of Racine's whole year.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

—The College clock has several times of late come to the end of its rope.

—The beginning of the Easter term was not marked by a holiday this year, a most monstrous mistake.

—Down near the cross-roads the hunting is excellent, *i. e.* you may hunt all day and not find any game.

—The American Sardine Co.'s Boneless Sardines are much better, and less than half the cost of imported sardines.

—A Senior gives as a reason for not wearing his College Cap, that he is keeping it to sell to some freshman next year.

—The American Sardine Co.'s Boneless Sardines are much better, and less than half the cost of imported sardines. tf

—There were five hundred dozen eggs demolished here in Easter week. Think of the poor chickens that had to lay all those.

—A Freshman thus apostrophizes the return of the birds: "Hail happy harbingers of congenial spring! Ye welcome warblers hail!"

—We learn from the *Volante* that the University of Chicago has organized a ball nine. Some effort should be made by our nine to arrange a series of games with them.

—The Soph. who threw his coat over his spittoon and deliberately spit on the sofa, wonders because his friends call him *absent minded*.

—Subscribers who are in arrears to the MERCURY should pay up immediately, and henceforth rejoice in the comfort of a quiet conscience.

—Walter Greenleaf, formerly of '75 is in business in Mobile, he also holds the position of organist at the Trinity church of that city. Well done Ba-be.

—We publish in this issue a poem which has been handed us by a friend; it was written by the Rev. Dr. Park, the founder and first President of our College.

—Seniors will probably elect class-day officers sometime next week. They only await the decision of the Faculty, with reference to the commencement speeches.

—The new students who have come in since the last equalization of the Ball clubs were chosen last Friday. The Nines and Elevens are already arranged, and it is only necessary to await fair weather before beginning the regular practices.

—The promenade concert prepared by the students to obtain a holiday was unsuccessful. Neither cheers, flattery nor the debilitating effects of spring fever could prevail on the hard hearts of the Faculty.

—The Reading room is quite well patronized, and it is a very pleasant place to spend an hour after tea. A few extra chairs in place of those abominable straight-backed settees would make it still more inviting.

—Park and Landon of '72 spent Easter at the College, They wore a professional air, but looked withal as if the world did not use them very ill. Geo. Rumsey who left the college in '66, Hempstead formerly of '76, Easter, and Ally Helfenstein, were also here for Sunday.

—Arthur Greenleaf has returned. He reports his brother well, but tells us that the "original Ba-be of '75" could not be induced to leave the sunny South. Babe always was a rebel.

—A fire brigade has been organized under the management of the Seniors. The extinguisher has twice been used with great success, and the brigade is preparing a testimonial for the Babcock Co.

—A Senior thinks the Wedding March a very fair production, and that it shows a composer of considerable ability. "But there are some parts," says he, "I don't exactly like, there are rather too many discords as it were."

—A grammar school boy asks when we are to have another one of *them shows*? We give it up, but supposing he has reference to the Histrionic entertainments, advise him to interrogate the Directors of the H. S. It might have a salutary effect.

—A Freshman perpetrated the following: "The Juniors are an ecclesiastical class. They have a Dean and an Arch Bishop, moreover they should have no difficulty as pedestrians since they have Rhodes and a Walker." The effort was too much for him, he left College next day.

—Sid. Ormsby whose powers as a gymnast are quite well known, last week, accomplished the very pretty feat of the Giant's Swing five times in succession. It is a masterly performance, and one that requires not only heaps of nerve and muscle, but long and untiring practice.

—It may rain some day next summer; and if it does no doubt we will be glad to find the gymnasium in good order. But, at this late day, when everything is inviting to out door exercise, it really seems useless to make repairs which have been needed all winter long. However there is nothing like having an eye to the future.

—Bernard has returned to us after a long absence. Unfortunately he has turned his attention to gardening, thus depriving us of his efficient aid as a "Dutch pony." As bell-ringer he was unequalled, as a story teller matchless, as a wit had few superiors, and doubtless will make a gardener *par excellence*.

—A Junior comments as follows on the Giaour: "True it has not the stateliness and grandeur of Macbeth nor the tenderness and pathos of Romeo and Juliet; but, striking a happy medium between the two, combines the virtues of both with the faults of neither." This is only equalled by another Junior who compared the "Danbury Man" with Dickens and Thackeray.

—Chas. R. Doe, of '70 writes us from Calusa Ill. Many happy days at Racine, with its glorious games of Cricket and Base Ball, are still fresh in his memory, and he wants the MERCURY. Excellent idea; we think if many more of our Alumni and old students wanted the MERCURY, it would be just as well for them, and much better for us. For his kind letter and subscription, Mr. Doe has our thanks.

—Two Freshmen went down to the Lake to take a swim one day last week. They found the ice not yet melted from the piers; but not to be deterred by such an insignificant matter as a little ice, they plunged into the refreshing waters with a coolness and firmness that was wonderful to behold. They were afterwards exhibiting themselves as the boldest and coldest fellows that had been seen this year.

COLLEGE PRESS.

Foot Ball is in full blast at Michigan University.

The *University Herald* says "Let's have an Inter-Collegiate Rush—"

A Junior says that the Christian religion is the best religion out.—*Vidette*.

An exchange informs us that the Agassiz Memorial Fund has reached the sum of \$84,000.

Parodies seem to be quite the thing just at present. Almost every recent exchange has one or two.

Wood cuts adorn (?) the pages of two or three western papers. We believe the *Palladium* has the honor of originating this new departure.

According to the *Magenta*, Memorial Dining Hall exceeds the dining-hall of King's College, the largest in England, by sixty feet in length, twenty feet in breadth, and from five to fifteen feet in height.

Of the first Inter-Collegiate contest at Galesburg the *Vo'ante* says: "It was a grand success." Mr. Egbert of Chicago University carried off the first prize of one hundred dollars, and Mr. Geo. Foster of Beloit the second, seventy-five dollars.

Scene—Yard by moonlight. *First Student* (to second).—Why, what are you about?

Second Student (with halter in his hand, looking for a convenient *branch*).—Well, the fact is, I'm getting the rag on the Faculty, and am going to anticipate my suspension.—*Advocate*.

Harvard will play a Foot Ball match with McGill University about the first of May. There will be two games, both played in Cambridge, on two successive days, one played according to the Rugby rules, and the other according to the rules of Harvard.

Some New York ladies are said to be preparing a class of twenty or more young women for admission to Columbia College in that city. It is said there is nothing in the charter which confines the privileges of the institution to males, and the young women in training rely on the negative recognition which is obtained in this omission.—*Ex*.

Occasion—Class debate. *Dramatis Personæ*—Excited debater, and classmate in the audience half asleep. *Debater*—Gentlemen; you think this town an example of the efficacy of the prohibitory law, but I tell you, that within sight of these college buildings, *beer* can be bought. *Classmate*—(in audible whisper, starting up)—Where?—*Vidette*.

An ambitious young lady was talking very loudly about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust, she answered that she cared little about what she ate, compared with knowledge.—*Ex*.

A Freshman addicted to wandering among grave stones, reports having found the following lines in Grove Street Cemetery:

"As precious gains are not for common fire,
They but perfume the Temple, and expire,
So she was soon exhaled, and vanished hence,
A short sweet odor at a vast expense.

Aged 20 years and 2 mos."

—*Courant*.

At one of the clubs the death of Charles Sumner was the topic of conversation. An admirer of the deceased statesman had dwelt quite pathetically upon his nobility of heart and purpose, and closed with quoting his last words: "Tell Emerson I love him and revere him." The silence which succeeded was at length broken by one further down the table. "Emerson," said he, "was that blood-thirsty South Carolinian who assaulted him, wasn't he? Such a spirit of forgiveness is divine."—*Chronicle*.

One of the laboratory assistants, who by the way is quite ample in corporeal proportions, has a class in higher reactions. One day, in recitation, he said: "Mr. A., I was recently in Chicago, and while there went through a sulphuric acid manufactory. I had occasion to pass over a round vat of the acid, upon a plank. Now Mr. A., if I had slipped off that plank, what would have been the result?" "The result would have been a big tub of soap, sir," responded Mr. A., with alacrity.—*Chronicle*.

The following may be of interest to the classical Freshmen or even to the Glee Club:

MACARONIC.

Fuit homo in oppido,
Et sapientissimus fuit;
Immisit se in bramble-bush,
Et oculos erasit.

Et quum videt his eyes were out,
With all his vi et pondo,
He jumped into an alterum,
And scratched them in secundo.

—*Acta Columbiana*.

The students of Princeton have long desired to publish a weekly or monthly college newspaper, and have made repeated requests to the Faculty for permission, but have been met with a peremptory refusal in every case.—*Courant*.

ADDISONIAN SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1871.

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College Mercury.

“HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.”

VOL. XV.

RACINE COLLEGE, APRIL 25, 1874.

No. 3.

HORATIAN LYRICS.

ODE III. OF BOOK II.

In which the poet suggests a pic-nic.

“*Aequam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem.*”

Keep a stout heart when times are bad, my boy,
And don't forget when things are looking better,
To guard against extravagance in joy,
For Death *will* come—a foe no man can fetter.

Whether your life has passed in cheerless gloom,
Or 'midst the song and dance and mirth and revel;
Unmindful that forever gapes the tomb,
Where every man at last will find his level.

Then,—to a nook where aged trees entwine
Their mingling arms, and cast a grateful shadow;
And crystal streams leap forth to cool your wine,
Then run, exulting towards the sunny meadow—
Bring wine and olives, and too short-lived flowers,
And every choice invention of kind pleasure;
While young and rich, and while the Sister-powers
Leave still unclipped your life's uncertain measure.

For you must quit your country-house and club,
River and park, and well-beloved plantations;
And all you die possessed of—there's the rub—
When you are gone, must go to your relations.

Art thou a millionaire? Canst trace thy blood
Right upwards to the conquest?—'T is no matter;
Still you must die and cross death's sable flood,
Just like a pauper, or a common “hatter.”

Our lines in one great Central Station meet;
From out the dread urn each one's ticket's shaken
Sooner or later; and our final seat
In the Down Train must certainly be taken
When the bell tolls.

BLACKWOOD.

HERO-IDOLATRY.

So much has been said, and is being said about heroes and hero-worship that you can hardly lay finger on any article on great men that is not tainted with Carlylism. But it may repay us to find out what is the common-sense of that hero-worship on which Carlyle and the Carlylites have written so many pages. The idea is simply and entirely a Pagan idea: it has, to be sure, greatly influenced Christianity, but it arose in the heathen worship of strength, and the deification of strength. The idea is monstrous in itself: “transcendental wonder,” whatever that means, the love of greatness simply as greatness, the consequent effect on self, certainly is not the spirit of a reasonable man. For the only admiration a rational man can have, is for what is good or true, or for what approximates truth or goodness: greatness with such a man must be simply a means: pardon, perhaps respect, he may extend to all whom he believes sincere. But the only real ground for “transcendental wonder,” is worth of principle, the amount of the

truth a man attains. So one's judgment of a man, to be just, must always be a mixed one. There is an impassable barrier between a judgment which upon the whole is favorable, and hero-worship, nor is any good obtained by attempting to break it over.

It is a childish objection to say that we cannot gauge the great: that to attempt to do so is unconscionable egotism: that we should overlook faults, that we should not be mere logic-grinders in the presence of greatness, that we should aspire to it. As for judging great men, one would like to know, how we ever get the small grains of truth we do, except by becoming a criterion of all things, by worshipping at no shrine save that of Truth, by looking after the truth everywhere, and by never yielding essentials. Theatrical, rose-colored tints about a man's life, and character, in which you can include all that hero-worshippers clamour after, should never affect neutrality of judgment. I *must* be skeptical, and a distinguisher, when judging of men as of all things, nor should I go into ecstasies over power, simply as power.

But the general cry of all hero-idolaters is “Let us hate self: let us get above egotism:” a very good maxim, like all general statements, but the reply is ready. The tendency of hero-worship, unmistakably is to destroy individuality, to substitute for it an imperceptible imitation of others, for the full education of that which is in every man. Do not imagine for a moment that I mean to uphold *egotistical* development. But the gulf between the two sorts of development, clearly marked, each man must find for himself. We must bring out our own nature; the fettering of our individuality is the despoliation of the life, whose God-given impress can be improved by modelling it after no man's, that ever walked this earth. It is indeed this hero-worship, which has made history a record of such atrocious deeds. It is this which led to the whole system of heathen politics, which is at the base of the infamous maxim of the supreme rights of majorities, which is the backbone of established churches, of persecutions, of any thing where the tendency is to respect power and form, rather than the end sought and principle.

That there is a charm, a spell, in great men, is most undeniably true. But the only thing which makes them great is their great ideas: as far as they have *them*, they are great; their faults, their littlenesses are dross, and no man can admire *them* without confessing weakness.

There is no such thing as unquestioning loyalty to a man or an institution, which can be justified. We can only yield loyalty to that which we believe is true and good, and in such a measure as we think it true and good. Any further yielding of homage is derogatory to our own deep love for the absolute, the unchangeable. The whole path-way of history has been crowded with men, with labels tacked on

their backs, "A Great man," "A Hero," "Worship us", but the skeptical will always answer, "Show us the good you did, and let us give you the credit for that and that only." And it is no wonder that many of the labels have been torn off, and Carlyle and the Carlylians will have their hands full putting them on again. The persons who can fall down and worship Napoleon, whose occupation is kalsomining the characters of so-called heroes, will find that occupation gone, as the love of the absolute truth advances chivalry, personal loyalty, pagan hero-worship, must eventually go. Charity, respect even for others' sincerity must indeed prevail, but they must not alter in one whit the uncompromising hostility to wrong, though tinted with all the colours which accompany greatness and strength.

H. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, }
New York City, April 18, 1874. }

It has long been the honest intention of your correspondent to wake up and let you hear from him. Even before leaving the great metropolis of the West for this hardly smaller or less important city of the East, he had made up his mind to send you a speedy communication with some account of the seminary for which he was bound. That he has not done so before is the fault of the General Theological Seminary itself. For besides the claims this institution makes for his time, is the fact that after giving some description of the seminary buildings, and telling you their location, there is not much more to be said which most imaginations might not supply.

Our location is in the square between Twentieth and Twenty-first Streets, and Ninth and Tenth avenues. The seminary buildings, two in number, stand alone in this square, and are about the same distance apart as your Park and Kemper Halls. They are somewhat box-like in appearance, and stand as rigid champions of that principle of architecture which condemns ornament not founded on utility. What influence they have had during the past fifty years on the history of architecture might be an interesting question for the student of art. A western eye, however, finds much to compensate for plainness of their architecture in air of something like antiquity which they owe perhaps to the gray stone of which they are built, and the English ivy climbing in many places on their walls. The ample enclosure, too, raised some three or four feet above the level of the street is, with its green turf and numerous shade trees, a pleasant place withal, and quite oasis-like in contrast with the stone pavements and closely built houses that surround it.

Seminary life in its main features is not different from what most of us have previously known at college. We get up in the morning, attend chapel, go to meals, study, recite, and go to bed, much as is the custom at Racine. Games, as you might suppose, are at a discount here. Base ball and cricket at least are no rivals for popular favor. When the weather will permit, a few theologues may be seen upon the lawn with mallets in hand, practising that clerical game whose mild regulations are to form a part of their harmless amusement during their future career. Except in the case of a few vigorous pitchers of quoits the theological muscle is relaxed to that gentle amount of ex-

ertion which renders it unnecessary to take off the coat. In a city like this, however, there is abundant means of finding recreation and pleasure without calling for aid on games of any kind, and I doubt if the seminary grounds will present, even in warm weather, a very animated appearance.

With this much of seminary life it is my purpose, my dear MERCURY, to give you a vacation, and ask you to accompany me on a short trip up the Hudson to West Point. It was such an excursion that I took with a classmate last week during our Easter recess. We had been up the river as far as Poughkeepsie where we made a short but very pleasant visit at Vassar. We were kindly shown about the buildings and grounds, and with the exception of that famous "griddle machine" our exchanges used to tell us about, saw, I suppose, all that was to be seen.

Taking the train for New York which leaves Poughkeepsie at three in the afternoon, we had reached Garrisons, a station just opposite West Point, when it occurred to us that by waiting over a train we might take the ferry boat which was just about to cross, and spend a few hours at the academy. The proposition had no sooner suggested itself than the question was settled by our getting out of the car and stepping aboard the boat. At this narrow part of the river we were not long in reaching the opposite side. Any one who has sailed up or down the Hudson will scarcely need to be reminded of the magnificence of the scenery here in the narrows, where the river is thrown into a graceful curve around the rocky bluffs of the point, and the wild beauty of the shore, with the academy buildings and glimpses of the level campus may be seen against a background of mountains still beyond and above.

Reaching the shore we began the ascent of the road which, graded through the rock on the river side, leads from the ferry landing to the high plain on which stand the academy buildings.

At the end of the ascent we took the walk which passes the various buildings of the academy, and soon found ourselves on the border of a plain, in comparison with which our campus at Racine sinks into insignificance. From the place where we stood a carriage drive running north to the hotel at the extremity of the point divided this level space into a cavalry plain on the right, and on the left, still more smooth and green, the camp ground.

As we walked slowly along to the hotel we passed a group of cadets in their gray uniform, the foremost of whom with a signal flag in his hand was signalling to another party on the opposite side of the plain. This I suppose amounted to nothing else than a regular military recitation in which the cadet with the flag was the student "called up." What had first attracted our attention, however, was the great stir on the cavalry plain where some distance ahead and near the drive on which we were walking, many of the cadets on horses or artillery wagons were going through some sort of artillery drill, the chief feature of which seemed to be a continual wheeling about. The artillery wagons, (or *Cassions* and *Limbers*, according to the military term,) drawn by four horses were arranged in double line. These would advance a certain distance when the different officers shouting their commands in as loud a voice as excited base ball players, a cadet bearing a small flag would gallop his horse about the line, and both lines of horses and wagons

wheeling about all would proceed together in an opposite direction.

Further off to the right was a line of field guns where other cadets were going through the motions of loading and firing. Looking from the hotel the view of the surrounding mountains and of the broad river with its many sails as it stretches away beneath one's feet, make a picture one delights to recall.

While at the hotel we heard the report of several discharges which I at first supposed came from the field guns. We discovered, however, that the firing was in another part of the point where one of the classes were having a mortar practice.

The mortars, four in number, were bedded behind an embankment on the west side of the point, and the cadets were here carrying on a bombardment against the mountain just across the bay which is formed by the point and the river bank. This was to me a very interesting sight. The shells were about the size of a small foot-ball. We saw them gently lowered into the mortars and watched the cadets as they sighted the upturned muzzles.

When all was in readiness one mortar after another was ordered to fire. A tremendous report as the string was pulled, and in the next second we descried the shell soaring upward high in the air. As it slowly revolved on its rapid flight even the burning fuse, which appeared as a small spot of glowing red was for a time plainly visible. Still higher sailed the iron ball until it seemed at the highest point hardly more than a cherry. Then with difficulty we traced it as it sank in its downward curve, until a cloud of white smoke on the opposite mountain, and some seconds later another report echoing across the water told us of the explosion.

It being a cold, disagreeable afternoon there was to-day no parade, which was something of a disappointment to us; but from the reception room window we saw all the two hundred and forty cadets in a body as they were drawn up in line in the court yard to hear certain orders.

My friend had two acquaintances among the cadets, with whom we had a pleasant conversation. They represented cadet life to be a great deal of work and not very much play. There is a period during the first year when all the cadets are ready to resign. Indeed, the class which this next summer will graduate, forty-one, entered the academy one hundred and thirty.

We returned to the hotel for tea. In lieu of the crowded tables one may find here in the summer months, we sat down to supper alone, and not long after we again took the ferry.

To the mere visitor the romance of this place is unalloyed. In the beauty and grandeur of the natural scenery, the stately dignity of the buildings and grounds, and last, and perhaps not least, the bewitching charm which most things military exert over most mortals, there is a romance which even the weary monotony of a relentless routine is some few months in wearing off. E. A. L.

DEAR MERCURY:—You are generally so cautious in your editorial remarks, and steer so nearly to the "golden mean" that I was doubly shocked at a certain portion of the leader in your last issue. You say that it has been six months since an original poem from any student of the

College has appeared in your columns, and after this statement you appeal—actually appeal—to the students to write poems for you.

You say that as in this season of the year, in which a young man's fancy is popularly supposed to turn lightly to thoughts of love, therefore every young man in this institution whose fancy has either just turned, or is in the act of turning, or is just about to turn into that interesting condition, should forthwith pen down his feelings, according to the state of his barometer, for your benefit.

O MERCURY! When you penned those lines in careless mood, you little thought what you were doing. If you repent not e'er long, and sadly, too, why then the writer is mistaken.

To estimate the effect which your evil-prompted words will have, let us put ourselves in the place of any one member of the College, a Freshman for instance; not that there is any reason why they should affect a Freshie more than a man of any other class, but merely for the sake of illustration. We will suppose ourselves in the place of Freshie X. Freshie X. has at home, a "girl," Angelina by name. Angelina, like most girls, is fickle; being sometimes remarkably sweet, and sometimes remarkably otherwise. Now suppose Freshie writes down all the conflicting feelings that rend his bosom, and sends them, as in duty bound, to be published in the MERCURY for the delectation of its readers, and the instruction of the ages. Suppose he gets off, at this soft season of the year, three streaks of inspiration a week. Now, let us make a moderate estimate. We may be safe in asserting that twenty other collegians, Freshies and others, would get off the same amount at this particular time. Behold the result: $3 \times 20 = 60$. O MERCURY! my unfortunate friend, if the boys were to take you at your word, you would have to read, and of course accept, sixty "poems," addressed to Angelina, Seraphina, Dulcinea or Susan Jane; ranging from three to twenty stanzas each, and all treating more or less of "sparkling eyes," "rent heart-strings," "lacerated bosoms," "eternal devotion," "turtle doves," "sugar and molasses," "moonlit glades," "breezy zephyrs," etc., etc. *ad infinitum*.

Oh, rash appeal! if what I have described should come to pass, as it most undoubtedly will, unless by some special intervention of Providence it is turned aside, what then would be your fate? I dare not conjecture. I would merely suggest to you that possibly there may be a vacant apartment in the asylum at Joliet.

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Oh! that unfortunate, and but too true quotation. In the course of my variegated career I have seen some sad exemplifications of it. Even as I write there comes before my mind a youth whom I once knew, by the name of Jeems Thomas. It was Spring, and J. T. was in love. He had, strange to say, doubts of his Angelina's reciprocity. In some of his fits of doubting he fell into poetry, and I found one day upon the stable floor a soiled and crumpled copy of some stanzas of which the following is a specimen:

"But so long as you air true to me
I shall verry joyful bee;
But O my dear, I greatly fear
That for Will Wilkins you do care."

Would you give room to sixty such inspirations as that, per week? Doubtless as we read, *poeta nascitur not fit fit*, meaning in this case that most of the effusions handed in would be of this character. From the centre of my circulation I pity you, and I trust such a dire calamity may not befall you. But be warned in time, and make no more appeals like the above. Thine, my MERCURY, TYCHO.

There must have been some special intervention of Providence, for we have not been in the slightest danger so far.

Eds.

The College Mercury.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
BY THE STUDENTS OF

RACINE COLLEGE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT RITTMAN'S, OR BY THE EDITORS.

TERMS:

College Year, - - - - \$2.00 | Single Copies, - - - - 15 cents.
Original Contributions are solicited from all members of the College, but no notice will be taken of articles unaccompanied by the true name of the writer. All Communications should be addressed to

THE COLLEGE MERCURY, Racine, Wis

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE RACINE JUNCTION AS FOLLOWS:

C. & N.-W. R. R.		G. North		W. U. R. R.	
Going South.				Going West.	
Mail and Express,	8.03 A.M.	10.41 A.M.		Go. East.	
Express, - - -	1.54 P.M.	11.48 A.M.		*Day Passenger,	8.00 A.M. 7.50 P.M.
Express, - - -	4.48 P.M.	7.22 P.M.		Accommodation,	8.50 P.M. 6.40 A.M.
Night Passenger,	12.30 A.M.	3.40 A.M.		Night Passenger,	5.50 P.M. 6.45 P.M.

*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

VOL. XV.

April 25, 1874.

No. 3.

It has been proposed by the president of the Clarksons, that the men from the various clubs who make up the College Nine and Eleven, play together on practice days during the present year; the Nine taking Fridays, and the Eleven Tuesdays and Thursdays. This proposition the Badgers have rejected without giving it a very careful consideration. Their chief reason, and indeed about the only one of any importance being, that it will necessitate the removal of men who are captains of lower clubs and whose places it will be impossible to fill in any satisfactory manner. But this objection can certainly be gotten over. The idea seems to us one of the best that has been advanced for many years, and nothing should be left undone to carry it through and make it a success. We think the Badgers were hasty in their judgment and should reconsider the matter. Every one who has given it the least thought, knows that the Nine and especially the Eleven have never practiced enough together; and there is a consequent lack of unity which cannot be made up under the present order of things. It is a lamentable fact that in the past few years the College Eleven has run down; and the interest and pride which were once taken in it are fast waning. If the Eleven is to be maintained and kept up to its former famous standard something must be done to revive its latent powers. There is as good material for excellent cricketers in the college as ever, it only needs to be wrought up. That according to the present division of the College year we get a shorter time to practice than formerly, is the only real obstacle in the way of as good a College Eleven as has ever honored Racine. Now the present proposed plan will serve to counterbalance this difficulty more than anything else possibly could. It will give strength in a way that has never before been felt. It will make the practices more pleasant and will give the much to be desired unity. About depriving the lower clubs of their Captains. This need not fall more heavily on one side than the other; it is fair for all parties, and would not necessarily prove injurious to

the younger players. At most it would not take more than two Captains from each side and surely four men can be found among all the Clarksons and Badgers who if not at first able could soon learn to take charge of the lower clubs, and we fail to see any objections in the change. At least it should have a trial.

"On the Second of August the people of Iceland will generally celebrate the Thousandth Anniversary of their existence as a nation, and, at the same time, will commemorate the recent grant of a liberal constitution to their country. It is proposed that those Americans, who may feel an interest in this remote land, which, through all its history, has shown so great a love of liberty and of letters, shall unite in these notable festivities by sending a gift of books to the National Library at Reykjavik, the Icelandic capital. Cases will accordingly be transmitted from Harvard College, Yale College, Lafayette College, the University of Wisconsin, the State Library at Albany, the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, the American Geographical Society at New York and from other institutions. In a fortnight or so I shall forward a case from Cornell University, and I am anxious that it shall be as large and as full as those which go from other localities. I shall be very glad, therefore, to receive one or more volumes from any professor, student or citizen of Ithaca. Text-books, maps, engravings and photographs will be acceptable."

This note, which we clip from the *Cornell Era*, is signed by Willard Fiske, Professor of the North European Languages at Cornell University. It seems to us that so good an object should not be unnoticed by us here at Racine. If, as is stated by Mr. Fiske, books are to be sent from the University of Wisconsin, it would be well for us to contribute to the list as far as we are able. It would be a most excellent thing if the Addisonian Society would take the matter in hand, and send whatever they might be able to collect as their contribution. At least we hope that some notice will be taken of this really Inter-National event, and that it will not be allowed to fall to the ground with this passing comment at our hands. As to the usefulness of the gift, we subjoin the following, also taken from the *Era*:

"The Icelanders are known to be voracious readers. One of the native scholars of the island, in a private note, says: "The Americans can send no better gift to Iceland than a collection of books; the appetite for reading among my countrymen is far beyond their means of gratifying it." They will not infrequently copy a book for the sake of possessing it, and it this custom which has made so many of them beautiful scribes. The handwriting of Icelandic manuscripts often equals the regularity and clearness of copperplate engraving. The comparatively few volumes which are annually published in Icelandic by no means satisfy the literary cravings of the people. Hence great numbers of them learn Danish, and not a few have acquired the English and other languages. The English is, in fact, yearly becoming of more and more importance in this northern island, in the consequence of the rapid increase of its trade with Great Britain."

In regard to the Icelandic literature we quote the closing paragraph of this sketch:

"Those who are unable to read the striking saga literature of Iceland in the original, may gain some slight idea

of its character from the few translations which exist in English. In 1861, Mr. George Webbe Dasent, editor of the London *Times*, gave to the world a very fair version of the Njáls saga, one of the classics of the saga age, under the title of "The Story of Burnt Njál." He has since rendered the Gísli saga, a less famous work, into our tongue. In 1865, Sir Edmund Head, whose death was a loss to the school of Icelandic learning in England, published a translation of the *Viga-Glúms* saga. Mr. Eirík Magnússon, an Icelander, who holds a position in the University Library at Cambridge, England, has issued in English the saga of Gunnlaug Ormtunga, as well as one or two others, chiefly as serials in the London magazines. Earlier than all these (in 1844) was the translation in three volumes of Snorri Sturlusson's "Heimskringla," or sagas of the Norwegian Kings, made by Mr. Samuel Laing, father of the late finance minister of India. It is rendered, however, not from the Icelandic, but from a Norwegian version, and to say the least loses very much in its English dress. Now that the great Icelandic-English dictionary, completed at such expense by the University of Oxford, is accessible to scholars, our language will soon possess far more and far better translations of these unique and priceless historical works."

The illustrated papers of some years ago always used to give at this season a picture showing in a comical light the evils attendant on house cleaning or changing one's house, moves which were popularly supposed to be made about May-Day. If we were to follow the example of some of our western exchanges and illustrate the *MERCURY*, we fear there would be no comical side to the picture, but only a sad delineation of some lamentable facts. Scarcely a room in the institution which is used in common by the students could be shown in the coloring of reality, without revealing in itself or in its furniture the effects of carelessness and rough usage. If it were possible to find nothing broken, it would not be difficult to discover "Shylock, the Jew" delicately executed with a pen-knife on some table, or a crayoned portrait of a Professor hastily sketched on the wall, or names innumerable scratched and cut in every conceivable design in all sorts of places. It would seem as if there had been no possible way in which students could employ their hands, except in the dis-ornamentation of the walls and furniture with knife, or pencil, or chalk.

The picture would not be a very attractive one, and we do not intend to adorn our paper with it further than this little flourish in pen and ink; but we would suggest it as a subject of reflection to those of our number who are occasionally heard to wish an "endowment" for the College, or that "some man would leave it a small fortune." We would place under it as a motto, some homely proverb of our wise old ancestors, as "a penny saved is a penny earned" or "take care of the fi'-penny bits and the dollars will take care of themselves." For we have not the slightest doubt but that if the money now annually spent in repairs by the College, were saved in carefulness and consideration by the students, there would be enough in *time* to endow all the Professorships and build a Memorial Hall. In all seriousness, however, after one glance at the present state of the library, we would ask if it were not about time for the inauguration of a new era. We will not enter into a des-

cription, for any one who has occasion to use the room can take in the existing state of affairs for himself. But it seems to us that if there is not less scuffling in-doors, and less carving and sketching, the College will have to move in self defence this first of May and leave the students with the bare walls—or what may be more effectual, move the students.

Quite a number of the students go to the reading room after supper, and there are some who always make it a point to smoke there. This of course is all right—is in accordance with the regulations of the room; but there is one thing that is all wrong and not in accordance with any thing which is proper or gentlemanly, that is, spitting on the floor and leaving the ends of cigars there to be tramped upon and rubbed into the carpet. This difficulty is still in its infancy, but with feelings of righteous indignation we have seen it gradually growing and think something should be done to obviate it while there is yet time, else the room will soon become so offensive that all pleasure and comfort in reading there will be taken away, and we shall be disagreeably deprived of what is at present one of our greatest privileges. When it unpleasantly comes before their notice the Society will be obliged to pass some stringent rules on these offenders, and if necessary exclude them from the room, which would in no wise be desirable. But the easiest, and at the same time the surest way of accomplishing the desired result will be for every one to consider himself personally responsible for the neatness and general good order of the room. Then those in charge will be spared much trouble, no one will find any great cause of complaint, and the appearance of the place will be 'as't should be.'

CLASS DAY.

Within a week or two at the most, the order of exercises for Class Day must be determined upon and it behooves the Senior Class to give the matter careful consideration. No day of Commencement Week is so much enjoyed by visitors and no day can be made so pleasant. It will be a pity if Seventy Four allows its exercises to be inferior to those of preceeding years. The Prophecy and History have gradually been dropped from the programme and, although Seventy Three substituted a class play the blank was felt. It is evident that neither the "Hat" nor the "Rattle" Oration can take their place. The Prophecy has always seemed very enjoyable. On one or two occasions, however, we have known the Prophet to abuse his position and, forgetting that it was no place to show private malice, foretell what he wished the future to bring forth in preference to what was probable. This is perhaps the only objection to the prophecy; but if a man can be found whose college life has not been marred by strife; who is neither jealous, envious, nor disappointed; who has sense enough to know that he represents his whole class and not some clique or other; who loves his Alma Mater well enough to avoid speaking disrespectfully of the authorities; if such an one can be obtained he would make a prophet *par excellence*, and it would be well to revive the custom.

It must be evident to all that something should be done to relieve the dullness of our Class Days. However if this improvement is to be purchased at the expense of good will

and friendship in the class; if there is to be strife and petty bickerings about class officers, it would be better to abolish Class day entirely, allow each senior, or, at least a few of them, to speak their little speeches, grasp the coveted *dip*, and part in peace.

S. E. N.

If the seniors have a Class Day, what will they do for a class song? It is an absolute necessity. Class Day exercises would not be complete without it. Neither of our present songs would be at all proper. They were written for especial occasions, and are now to all intents and purposes dead. A new one must be procured. We need not feel obliged to look for a very exalted theme, as some one suggested, but it must be appropriate. But the question how are we to get a song at all is not so easily answered.

Some one has very wisely remarked that the class will probably survive if they have no song; very likely, yet it seems to us they ought to have one if possible, and should use every effort to secure a good production. A very simple plan, and about the best for accomplishing the desired end, would be for the class to offer a prize, large enough to make it an object worth striving for, open to all, for the best class song to be handed to the judges before a set time. No doubt there are several embryo poets among the seniors, or, others whose undeveloped genius, with such an incentive before them, would immediately shine forth and display itself most brilliantly in numerous fitting poems from which with little difficulty the best could be selected. Had not '74 better try this plan? At all events it can do no harm.

THE MOTHER'S PLAINT BEFORE KING SOLOMON.

I, sleeping on my couch, she stole
And tore my babe from my embrace;
And I, awakening, caressed
The mockery of her dead child's face;
My babe, my cherub, crowing stretched
Its creasy, chubby arms to me,
And with a pretty petulance
Strove from her clutches to get free
In vain—like tigress on her prey
She seized and bore my babe, my life away!

△

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

—Barnum, '76 is at school in Paris.

—Guilliaem Aertsen, '75 is in business in Philadelphia.

—Perin '74 has returned from Europe and is in business in Cincinnati.

—Shall we have a class day, is the question that is agitating the seniors.

—Will Kimball and Hodson, old Grammar school boys, spent Sunday at the College.

—Will McKey '75 starts for Europe shortly, he intends, to be abroad for two years.

—The Reading room is being improved every day. The efforts made by the Society to establish this long needed institution should be assisted by the rest of the College.

—Joke by the Prof. of English. "Twenty years hence a collection of the *Nast-y* caricatures published in Harper's Weekly would be very interesting."

—Harry Evans formerly of '77 writes us from San Diego Cal. He seems to be flourishing.

—The American Sardine Co.'s Boneless Sardines are much better, and less than half the cost of imported sardines.

tf

—The Addisonian Society has just received a valuable gift of books for its library from J. V. Lingle, lately of the Class of '77.

—Juniors have been excused from *spouting* on Saturdays for the remainder of the year, and are rejoicing at the same.

—A Freshman, declaiming from Julius Caesar, represents that distinguished gentleman as saying: "Give me some more drinks, Titinius."

—The College Nine will probably be chosen from the following eleven: Hudson, Richmond, F. Martin, H. Martin, Doe, Resor, Pond, Kershaw, January and Cleveland.

—The attendance at the lectures given by the Addisonian Society has scarcely been flattering. Perhaps had they not been "free shows," they would have been more attractive.

—A Fifth Former, hailing from Texas, when asked if he had seen any thing of the riots, said that, although he knew nearly every one in Galveston, he did not know the Riots but guessed his uncle did.

—Dr. Falk is just finishing a new porch about the east side of his house which adds greatly to the good appearance of the place and will prove quite a protection from the winter storms.

—We learn from the catalogue of Columbia School of Mines that Ed. A. Wetmore at one time a member of '74, won the first prize of \$50.00 for the best Chemical Analysis.

—The new plan of tasking the grammar school boys seems to work excellently. Writing lines was fun, but learning them is not such a funny business especially when one mistake for the unfortunate increases his whole task fifty per cent.

—The "Inter Collegiate Contest" found many able supporters last Tuesday evening. Had they used their eloquence when the matter was laid before the College the result might have been different. Is it too late now?

—The *Racine Journal*, a paper published in this town, occasionally indulges in little pleasantries about the College Students and the *MERCURY*. We are glad to see this—it shows a brotherly spirit,—but we *do* wish that the *Journal* would be more circumspect in the use of the English language.

—The College prefects have been talking of challenging the Faculty to play a match game of Cricket for fun, or for the suppers. We remember one or two games of the kind in former years as about the most interesting matches on record, and sincerely hope arrangements can be made for another.

—A fourth form boy says he would not object so seriously to the new task system if they were only permitted to learn Shakespeare, Milton, or something else that would improve the mind and at the same time be interesting. But learning a great lot of dry prose about the proper way of dividing sermons etc. is worse than monotonous.

—A communication from Beloit College, with reference to the western Inter-Collegiate State contest has been received, considered, and rejected. A letter to that effect with some of the reasons for our action has been, or will shortly be sent to Beloit. Without entering into a discussion of the subject here, we cannot but feel that the decision of the students was for the best, at least for the present.

—We have received two or three contributions, from young friends in the grammar school, which show promising marks of genius, but are quite too crude for publication. By no means would we wish to discourage our youthful contributors from writing, it will prove excellent practice for them to keep trying; but they must not be too confident of the merit of their productions.

—A careless Fresh. threw a lighted match into the waste paper basket, hurriedly left the room and let the flames roll on. His indignant room-mate, who arrived just in time so save their household property, brought in a bill against the rash youth for one paper basket, two towels, and five yards of carpet, with an admonition that the next time he wanted to set the building on fire he had better begin on his own side of the room.

—Arrangements have been made with Ely, by which the seniors can procure class photographs, cards at \$2.00 and cabinets at \$5.00 per doz., and the sooner they are done the better. Do not follow the example of the last class, and wait until the last minute, rush the business through at lightning speed, and then expect careful and satisfactory work. Take the first fair opportunity; give Ely time, and he will be certain to please.

—At the last business meeting of the Missionary Society, the necessary alterations were made in the Constitution for the proper union of the Society and the Chapter. That this union was greatly needed was evident to everyone who had fully considered the matter, and it is hoped that the Society will now go on with increased interest and vigor. Steps were also taken to make the public meetings of the Society more attractive, and to induce better attendance if possible.

—A stained window, the gift of Mrs. Park, was placed in Emmanuel Church on Easter Even. It is very appropriate in design, is neatly executed, and adds greatly to the appearance of the Church. In the apex of the window is an anchor; in the central part an open Bible on which rests a Cross; and above this the sentence "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward," and below "In Memory of the Rev. Roswell Park, D. D."

We understand that this Church is also soon to have a bell, the gift of a lady friend of the Mission

—At a special meeting of the Addisonian Society, held Tuesday morning, the Secretary asked the Society's opinion on a letter which had been handed him, inviting the Society to send delegates to Madison for the purpose of organizing a State Oratorical Association. A Convention is to be held for this purpose on the eighth of May, at which all matters pertaining to such organization will be considered. The Society after considerable discussion decided not to send delegates to the Convention, and instructed the Secretary that the letter be answered accordingly.

—We have heard it whispered that there was a probability the Students Coconcert appointed for Monday in Commencement week would have to be given up. It seems the music classes have lost all interest in their work and by neglect and carelessness promise to defeat all the Choir Master's plans, and deprive us of one the most enjoyable affairs of the season. We can hardly believe that this is done with any intention, but rather think it thoughtlessness on the part of the Classes and that they certainly have not considered the result. However it is about time they laid aside nonsense and seriously turned their attention to the matter, if they have any desire not to see the Concert a failure.

—The dates of the Match games for the coming season, are as follows:

Thursday, May 28th,	First Nines.
Monday, June 1st,	Second Nines.
Thursday, June 4th,	First Elevens.
(SECOND MATCH.)	
Monday, June 8th,	Third Elevens.
Thursday, June 11th,	Third Nines.
Monday, June 15,	Second Nines.
Thursday, June 18th,	Fourth Nines.
Monday, June 22,	Fourth Elevens.
Thursday, June 25th,	Fifth Nines.
Monday, June 29th,	Fifth Elevens.
Thursday, July 2d,	First Elevens.
(THIRD MATCH.)	

—It may be of interest to know where the members of '73 are and what they are doing. George Ball is attending to his father's estate. Benton is studying law in Covington. Bennett, when last heard from, was cracking eggs at home. Bump is in business in Chicago. Edwards is book-keeper in an extensive flouring mill in Hagerstown, Md. Everhart is professor of "things in general" at Kemper Hall, Kenosha. Ellis who spent Sunday with us is engaged in settling up accounts at second Nat. Bank Chicago. Fox is in the office of the St. Paul Rail Road Co., Milwaukee. Gault is in his father's office Milwaukee. Hudson is tutoring at Shattuck School Faribault. Jones is studying law in Indianapolis. Larrabee is at the Gen. Theol. Seminary, New York. Steel is devoting himself to theology at Nashotah. Strong is traveling in Europe. Weeks is at the Columbia School of Mines. Woodle is studying law in Waukesha, Wis.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

Among the many good things in the *Magenta* for April 10th, there is a little sketch which tells how they do things "Behind the Scenes." It seems that some of the "boys" responded to a call for supers at the "Boston" and took part in both Italian and English Opera. They had a rather funny experience, saw numberless "strange sights" and developed a real *esprit de corps*, as is shown by the following; "A report that Booth had died was greeted with 'Another one of us gone!'" Space does not permit us to tell how they "narrowly escaped a *douche* from 'Waterfall No. 2,'" and took refuge in the "Cottage Scene" at the "Left Wing," nor how they were reminded of the "palmy days of the Inquisition" down stairs, among the trap doors and pulleys, nor what a time they had "coming down the mountain side." We can only give this brief insight which

the super gets into the characteristics of the prominent artists. "So amusing to hear Nillson, fresh from the Tower scene, ask in our prosaic English for some pins for her sash. Another, too, lamenting in heart-rending tones the fate of Radames and then with her back to the audience pouting at us in the wings in regular school girl fashion, because she had soiled her hands on the dusty scenery. And then the rage of a Signor who was driven from the stage to give room for an *encore*."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Among the many good things in *Scribner's* for May, we find a description of the University of the South" which may not be uninteresting to those of our readers who have seen Bishop Quintard or have known of his work. The description is found in one of Mr. Edward King's papers on the "Great South," called "Southern Mountain Rambles."

"Sixty two miles from Chattanooga, on the spur of the Cumberland, at Sewanee, in Tennessee, is situated the "University of the South." This remarkable institution owes its origin to the late Bishop Leonidas Polk of Louisiana. He desired to concentrate the interests of the several Southern dioceses of the Episcopal church upon one school where religious education might be given in a thorough manner; and in 1836 he issued an address to the bishops of the various other States of the South, proposing to establish a Christian University. The result was a large assembly of bishops and lay delegates at a meeting on Lookout Mountain's summit, in 1837, at which the general principles of union were discussed; and the city Sewanee was chosen sometime thereafter. The Tennessee Legislature granted a liberal charter, and a domain of ten thousand acres of land had been secured, five hundred thousand dollars obtained toward an endowment, and the corner stone of the central building laid, when the war began. In 1866, very little remained save the domain; but in 1868, after some aid from England, the University was definitely established, and the more important of the schools are now well organized, with able professors at their head. It is under the perpetual control of a board of trustees composed of the bishops of the various Southern States, the senior bishop being *ex officio* Chancellor of the University.

The location is charming. The University was started in the midst of an almost unbroken forest, but has now grouped around it a pleasant and refined community. It is about nine miles from the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, and the great tunnel on that road passes under its lands. From Cowen, on the line to Sewanee, the local Coal Mining Co. has built a good railroad. The Sewanee plateau is two thousand feet above the sea level, in a richly varied country, abounding in cascades, ravines, groves, and uplands. There is abundance of building material in the quarries of gray, blue, dove colored and brown limestone, which lie beside the Sewanee Company's railroad, and as soon as the present insufficient endowment is enlarged, the erection of permanent buildings will be begun. There are chalybeate springs in the vicinity, and the slopes of the Cumberland here are admirably adapted for grape culture. Nearly three hundred students are gathered into the various schools. Bishop Quintard of Tennessee, has done the University great service in collecting money in England for its

establishment, and he and others are now anxiously trying to secure five hundred thousand dollars as an enlargement fund."

The *Vox Humana* for May is a very good number. Besides the customary musical reviews, there are articles on "Originality in Music," "A Wagner Concert at Munich," "The Manufacture of Musical Instruments, Fourth Paper," and a description of the "Conservatory of Music at Leipsic." The Music in this number is a "Drinking Song" written for and sung by the Temple Quartette, a quaint old melody by Paesiello (1791) from "Die schöne Müllerin," and a Te Deum by the organist of Calvary Church, Albany N. Y. The latter composition is not concluded in this number, so we cannot yet pass judgement on it.

All who have read "A week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," that lovely American prose Idyl, will be amply repaid for a glance at an account of its author, Henry Thoreau, in Littell for March 14. The story of "Valentine and his brother," continues and has a very touching scene between Lady Eskside and a little child. "The French Press" treats of Louis XVI's reign, and is especially interesting in its account of Linguet, the notorious Journalist. Hiller continues his fascinating personal reminiscences of Mendelssohn; the letters of the great Composer afford a vivid idea of his intimacy with Hiller. "Three days in Sark," "Visits to Ashstiel and Abbotsford" etc., complete the number. The number for March 21st, is equally acceptable. The chief article is an elaborate one on Wincklemann's life, with an estimate of that wonderful Pagan and founder of modern historical art criticism. The details of his career are very valuable. There is a very charming and enthusiastic sketch of "A Christmas in India." "The Philosopher's Baby," is an amusing hit at "Order of Universe" philosophers. Gladstone's ministry is touched upon in an article from the "Economist."

ADDISONIAN SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1871.

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College Mercury.

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XV.

RACINE COLLEGE, MAY 9, 1874.

No. 4.

HORATIAN LYRICS.

ODE III. OF BOOK I.
HORACE TO VIRGIL.

"*Sic te Diva, potens Cypri.*"

MAY that lovable Goddess, the Cyprian Queen,
And the brothers of Helen, that bright constellation;
And from every foul wind may old Æolus screen
Thy bark, for he rules all the winds in creation.
And O ship—that art trusted e'en now to convey
My Virgil to Athens, the land of the stranger—
Bring thy passenger home in all safety, I pray,
And save the best half of my Being from danger.
That man must have had a thrice-fortified heart
Of oak or of brass, who first tried navigation;
From the shelter of port who had courage to part,
And to face a sou'-wester without consternation.
A wind that, when met by his foe the nor'-east,
Lays about in a way that is perfectly frantic;
Lashes Adria's waves till they're foaming like yeast,
And rouses or soothes the uncertain Atlantic.
What manner of death could that mariner dread,
Who could look the sea-snake in the face without winking;
Who could gaze on the breakers, with foam-shivered head,
As they rose all around him, and dreamt not of shrinking?
In vain a wise Providence severed the lands
And girdled them round with the streams of old Ocean;
Since to shipbuilding men turned their impious hands,
And would find, if they could, the Perpetual Motion.
Mankind are in mischief a go-ahead race,
Forever inventing and hunting for evil;
Prometheus—I cite him in proof of my case—
Brought fire down to mortals, in league with the Devil.
And ever since fire was brought down from the skies,
Consumption and fevers have worried the nations;
Man's life has grown short since the baking of pies,—
He has ruined his stomach by cooking his rations.
Then Dædalus tried to make way through the air
Upon wings—a device not conceded to mortals;
There is nothing too hard for a bold man to dare,
Since Hercules burst e'en through Acheron's portals.
In our folly we try feats of daring and dread,
In aerial cars through the firmament driven;
We call down the lightnings of Jove on our head,
For our crimes try too sorely the patience of Heaven.

—Blackwood's.

THE FAUSTUS OF MARLOWE.

A man to whom respect for anything was unknown, a scorner of all restraint, a scoffer at all religion, a denier of God's very existence, and one whose life was the exact reflection of his faith, such was Marlowe. His whole life physically, mentally, and morally, was a continual season of riot, and a fitting close was his death in a drunken

brawl. His genius was in full accord with the rest of the man, uncontrolled, extravagant in its conceptions, craving excitement, stamped with his wild life.

All he wrote is marked by his excess of energy, but especially is this true of one of his last works, "The tragical history of Dr. Faustus." So splendid is the Faust of Marlowe, so much grander than that of Goethe, and so much food for reflection will it furnish, that we must confine ourselves to an attempt to comprehend that startling creation of the poet.

There is no such thing possible as stating, in explicit terms, the sum total of a character. There is an ebb and flow, a restless motion in the spiritual and inner life, imperceptible additions, subtractions, and modifications, which render the tracing out a character the only means by which to gain any just idea of it.

Faust, as introduced in the first scene, is a scholar with an insatiable thirst for a kind of knowledge and power, discontented with divinity and physic, who turns to magic for aid. His ruling thought is

"Oh, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
Is promis'd to the studious artizan."

His longings are for the merely earthly, not for wisdom or knowledge, or truth of *themselves*, but merely as adjuncts to the selfish.

Thus driven on, he consults his friends as to how he can be a magician. He cannot listen to the Angel as he tells him, "Lay that damned book aside, lest it tempt thy soul." The Evil Angel stands near with the whisper "Be thou on earth as God is in the sky." The introduction of the two Angels at the crises in Faustus' deeds, and their words, which are in the mouths of both so fitted to affect the man at the particular time, form an unerring record of the progress of ruin to his soul. It is so in the present instance: their words are a summary of all reasons which could affect Faustus; his reply is of the power-lover, "How am I glutted with conceit of this?"

By his friends' aid, he receives the full power of a magician; when received, there is an unearthly energy, a devilish pride and contempt, a desperate ardor about him, which elevates his bestiality, which renders even the lowest part of our nature less an object of our disgust.

Faustus' next appearance is one of the finest scenes in the whole drama.

He enters; a struggle for fixed resolve is going on, there is a slight wavering; he summons Mephistopheles, but cannot endure him at first; again he sends for the devil's minister, and opens negotiations for the giving away of his soul. A more perfect fiend was never imagined than Mephistopheles. He is not the "jeering and malignant" devil

of Goethe; he is the personification of the gloomy, devoid of hope, earnest to ruin men's souls, yet with the conviction that all he can accomplish for himself is to gain companions in misery. But what is it that renders the character so fascinating? I know not, unless a weird and terrible melancholy, as when he cries,

"Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.
Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being thus deprived of everlasting bliss?"

It is this melancholy which marks him at all times, which softens even his exultation in spiritual death, which throws about him a certain indescribable and awful tenderness.

Through the whole conference of Faustus with Mephistopheles, there is such a gradual change in the former, a hardening of the noble in him, an increase of pride and love of unrighteousness, very slowly developed, and so very like to the lesser movements that disturb every human soul.

There is, too, such an impatient waiting in Faustus for the return of the fiend Lucifer with the latter's promises; for Faustus agrees to place his soul in Lucifer's power, if the latter will please,

"To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will."

While the fiend is away there is a momentary remorse. Again the Angels appear, with their two arguments, but the picture of wealth by the Evil angel prevails upon the sensual in Faustus.

The fiend re-appears, with Lucifer's consent to Faustus' conditions; there is a hesitation, a toying with his soul, but Faustus cuts his arm and signs the blood-written deed.

When all is done there is such a tone of mockery, an attempt to disguise from himself his ruin; then the insatiable curiosity, it is little more, of the man, prompts questions as to Hell; and when the gloomy fiend repeats that he himself is in hell while in Faustus' study, there is such a world of thought in the assumed disbelief of the latter and his words of mockery.

Spirits and magic are at the scholar's command; but the infinite within him will yet assert itself, it cannot be appeased by toys. Possibly that it is that predisposes him for repentance; angels again appear: they promise nothing, the poet knew human nature too well. "Faustus, repent" the Good cries, and the answer from the Evil, "But he never shall repent, God cannot pity him."

Now a new element has been introduced: the conflict with Despair begins: he asks relief in his magic, but what a truth is it that Mephistopheles tells him, when he says, "I cannot tell thee, what is against our kingdom." Faust finds himself limited, he makes a final effort for repentance, the angels appear, he determines to be penitent. Is it not a grand and true thought that the Prince of Hell and his hosts, should collect all their energies, enter his room, and charge him with infidelity to them? The cowardly nature of the man is so finely brought out, his desire of the merely sensual is so well represented as satisfied with a sight of the deadly sins. Lucifer promises a visit to hell, and goes away, while Faustus is lost. The lull in the battle comes,

indifference settles upon him; nothing can be more pathetic than the chorus words at the opening of the next scene, with the news that Faustus has gone to Rome. Indeed through the whole of the next act there is no sign of penitence; the fiend is more of a companion, there is in Faustus an infernal merriment, an unearthly pride and mockery, a desperate attempt to console himself by his art.

But the final time to repent comes; in the old man's warning come the words so beautiful,

"Break heart, drop blood and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness;"

What can be more terrible than the whole of the final scene? He will not repent; there is a prelude to the awful close; there is such a gradual development of all that can startle. He obtains Helen as his paramour, his address to her is the sum total of the merely sensually beautiful, and forms an interlude between the terrible before and still more terrible after.

But the day of his doom has come: the most terrible struggle comes between his good and evil: yet, the scene shows that his good is of a low sort, he longs for the joys of heaven, he fears the pain of hell; but his remorse is so mysterious, a calm so unearthly gradually envelopes him, there is such a pathos in his leave-taking of friends.

Then the soliloquy of Faustus during his last hour comes. There is such a gradual heightening of his sorrows, such a terrible image of despair, such a taking note of the moments.

Read the soliloquy: it is the only way to gain any idea of it. As the clock strikes he cries:

"It strikes, it strikes, now body turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
Oh soul, be changed to little water drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found.
My God, my God, look not so fierce on me,
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile.
Ugly hell, gape not; come not Lucifer,
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistopheles!"

There is a feeling of dissatisfied longing in our hearts, as we finish the drama.

The words of the chorus are still so soothing, so relieving, so acceptable, after the unearthly scene. They dwell in our memory always:

Cut is the branch, that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits,
To practice more than heavenly power permits.

These words give the character of Faust: a character, which did not recognize the limit of human effort, which did not submit to the doom of man, which perished because its pride urged it on when conscience and reason were unavailing as restraints. It is a character which suggests a world of thought, because of its very incompleteness: it is not finished like the Faust of Goethe. There may be those who prefer the latter: it is a difficult question to enter upon the merits of each. It may be enough to add that the two characters are creations of Pagans. But the Paganism of the German was far different from Marlowe's.

Goethe's Faust is a far more artistic, more fully developed, more satisfying character, than the gloomy, suggestive and more terrible creation of Marlowe. Those with classic taste, who cannot endure the terrific but to play with, whose culture is Grecian, will reject the English Poet with scorn; but the descendants in feeling of the old Normans, can never despise him. Neither character could have been sketched by any other than a Pagan: there is the same unhallowed spirit traceable in both: the same eager love and zealous pursuit of the devilish. Goethe is by far the greater artist, but I hope I shall not be misunderstood in saying that Marlowe is the greater genius, and had life been spared him, would to-day rank very high, possibly with Shakespeare. But I believe that the last thought we have of the "Faust" of Marlowe is that we have been among the Giants who attacked Olympus, with all their unholy energy, their desperate resolves, their unavailing efforts and their doom to Tartarus.

H. H.

CLASS DAY AGAIN.

MESSRS EDITORS:—Allow me through the medium of your valuable paper (I believe that is the regulation formula) to make a few remarks concerning the much talked of question of Class Day.

Much has been said, and I notice that in your last issue you have two articles one on each side, concerning this question; but yet the only argument that I have heard advanced in favor of continuing the custom of setting a day apart for what we might call the funeral of the graduating class, are first that it *is* an old established custom, and, secondly, that it is a means of filling up one day of Commencement Week; both of which are as it seems to me very weak reasons indeed.

Until within a few years past no one has thought of abolishing this time-honored custom; but latterly, with the growth of liberal ideas, the question has come up before the graduating class for grave discussion. But, indeed, there is a reason for this. Formerly Class Day meant something besides a day set apart for a certain number of seniors to stand upon a stage and declaim before a much enduring audience an equal number of "speeches," with a few miserably sickly attempts at wit, at which the audience good-naturedly make an equal number of abortive endeavors to laugh, and then sit back and yawn behind fans and newspapers. When Class Day was first instituted it was intended to be the day of Commencement week set apart for the graduating class to entertain their friends, not to bore them. In pursuance of this idea the day was usually occupied by an afternoon exercise which consisted of a very short welcoming address, and then the presentation in the name of the class of some very inappropriate present to each member of the graduating body. The evening was generally given up to a promenade Concert or a reception. But gradually, and especially in Western Colleges, this sensible idea was given up, and the senseless one of devoting the afternoon to the delivery of the above mentioned orations was adopted.

With us, however, the last mentioned form is the only kind of Class Day that has ever prevailed; the fact that the evening of the Commencement Day was devoted to a Reception operating to prevent the former method of spending the day from coming into favor.

Our Class Days formerly, then, consisted of a President's Address, usually very dull; a Cradle or Spoon "oration" always very silly; a History or Prophecy, generally the only redeeming feature of the list, but still objectionable on account of the indecent terms in which it frequently spoke of those against whom the writer bore any dislike; an Ivy "oration," invariably prosy, though last year less so than

usual; and, lastly, a poem, which was of the sort generally found in country newspapers. This constituted the part of the exercises in which the class took part. Yet stop, I believe there generally was a *thing* that was termed a class song, but which was so miserable both in itself and in its rendering, with again the doubtful exception of '73, that it is no wonder it slipped my memory, and now that I do remember it, is hardly worth mentioning.

A year or two ago, the authorities decided to prohibit for the future both the History and Prophecy, thus leaving nothing at all interesting in the literary exercises. But, as I heard it remarked a day or two since, if Class Day depended on either of these things it had better be abolished at once.

This being the case, and I think my statement has been a fair one, I appeal to the common sense of those with whom the decision of the matter rests, to know if it would not be better to at once, and probably forever, get rid of the senseless practice of boring the guests at Commencement time by a parcel of good-for-nothing, stilted orations. To listen to one lot on Commencement Day itself is surely all that we can decently ask.—And, by the way, Messrs Editors to ask an irrelevant question suggested by the mention of Commencement Day; is it true that the graduating class have been idiotic enough to petition the faculty to allow them twelve speakers instead of six on Commencement day, and that the faculty have granted the petition?

Instead of these customary exercises why not adopt some such plan as this. Let awnings, such as were had a year or two ago, be erected, and under this place the band leaving room enough for two hundred guests. Then let the afternoon be filled by music, a *short* welcoming address from some member chosen by the class, and the presentation of a memorial to each member of the class; this, of course, being done by some other man.

In this manner two very enjoyable hours could be passed and taken in conjunction with the evening concert would be quite as much as is at all necessary to make the day pass pleasantly.

THETA.

SMILING.

The Roman poet says "*Ride, si sapiis.*" If one does not interpret too literally, he means that in laughing one betrays a certain amount of wisdom. For our purpose, leaving out sarcastic and angry laughter as misnomers, we will divide our way of expressing merriment into two kinds—the hearty laugh, or the laugh *par excellence* which Mr. Goldsmith erroneously takes to indicate the "vacant mind," and the gentler and more subdued manifestation which merely ripples out on the face and vanishes as soon. Smiling, this latter way is called, and this we briefly will consider. We have in the first place the smile recognitive, which like the grunt of an Indian warrior may be interpreted to suit the circumstances. It is such a smile as passes over the features of a Senior as he condescendingly gives a Freshie a nod. Next we have the radiant, beaming, sunshiny smile with which Junior meets brother Junior. It is a smile that tells of spreads and bums and jolly times generally. The Sophomoric smile it is impossible to describe. It is a most ludicrous mixture of superciliousness, conceit, and fun. The Freshman smile is full of patience and hope, and looks to a bright future beyond these present woes. Besides these, there is the happy smile so full of peace and tranquil joy with which a man goes to his Friday's dinner, and the quiet, inward smile which shows itself outwardly by a very gentle cachinnation like the "shaking of good spirits in a bottle." There is also a smile which is not a smile—the broad grin. It is comfortable, sometimes, to tell a joke to the man who wears it, but one wouldn't care to room with him. Finally there is a kind of smile which originates with certain persons (mostly young and feminine), which is described by others (mostly young and masculine) as the *angelic* smile. It is one which we are not familiar with. There is said to be another kind, of which we are likewise ignorant, called in the common parlance "taking a smile." TYCHO.

The College Mercury.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
BY THE STUDENTS OF

RACINE COLLEGE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT RITTMAN'S. OR BY THE EDITORS.

TERMS:

College Year, - - - - \$5.00 | Single Copies, - - - - 15 cents.
Original Contributions are solicited from all members of the College, but no notice will be taken of articles unaccompanied by the true name of the writer
All Communications should be addressed to

THE COLLEGE MERCURY, Racine, Wis

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE RACINE JUNCTION AS FOLLOWS:

C. & N.-W. R.R.		G. North		W. U. R.R.	
Going South.				Going West.	
Mail and Express,	8.03 A.M.	10.41 A.M.			
Express, - - -	1.54 P.M.	11.48 A.M.	*Day Passenger,	8.00 A.M.	7.50 P.M.
Express, - - -	4.48 P.M.	7.22 P.M.	Accommodation,	8.50 P.M.	6.40 A.M.
Night Passenger,	12.30 A.M.	3.40 A.M.	Night Passenger,	5.50 P.M.	6.45 P.M.

*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

VOL. XV. May 9, 1874. No. 4.

BASE BALL.

COLLEGE, VS. GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

A match game of ball between the College and Grammar school was played on Wednesday the 6th. To the surprise of every one the latter were successful. This result was partly due to the pitching, or rather throwing of Mr. Eddy. This gentleman has a peculiar manner of delivering the ball which bothered the College greatly. His delivery is by no means in accordance with the rules, being in reality a round arm throw. He was allowed to pitch however, and the result was very disastrous to the College. To much praise can not be given to the Grammar School Nine. They excelled both at the bat and in the field. In the second and third innings they completely demoralized their opponents and left their score, at the end of their third innings, sixteen to one in their favor. Turner Rumsey did especially well, being credited with three first base hits and three flies in right field, on one of which he made a very pretty double play. Mr. Hudson also played excellently. Mr. Luther was spared his usual leather hunting, his trips down the hill being few and far between. We could but pity him when we saw the balls going straight into his hands, for we know that the slope between first base and the grove has numerous attractions for him; besides he needs exercise. Kershaw had a very bad hand, but played nicely. While the Grammar School can furnish such players we need not fear for the College nine. The game on the part of the College was simply wretched. Muffs and wild throws were the order of the day. At this all excelled. The Martins each missed a fly, a thing more noticable as we have come to consider a ball in their direction as caught even while in the air. Third, short, and home were especially weak. January however redeemed himself by a difficult one hand catch. Tuell and Resor relieved the monotony of the poor batting by each making a third base hit.

On the whole the game was very enjoyable and we

look for an exciting contest on Monday when the return match will be played. We append the score:

COLLEGE.	O. R.	GRAMMAR SCHOOL.	O. R.
Talbott.....	4 0	Hudson.....	0 5
Martin, F.,.....	3 2	Fulforth.....	4 2
January.....	4 0	Eddy.....	4 1
Martin, H.,.....	2 0	Rumsey.....	3 3
Richmond, E.,.....	3 0	Johnson.....	3 2
Doe.....	3 1	Luther.....	4 1
Pond.....	3 1	Cleveland.....	3 2
Tuell.....	3 2	Kershaw.....	4 1
Resor, C.,.....	2 3	Cobb.....	2 3
Total.....	27 9	Total.....	27 20
	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9		
College.....	1 0 0 3 2 0 0 0 3-9		
Grammar School...	1 6 9 0 0 0 2 2 0-20		

Here comes the old complaint again, "Why can't we have a better place to declaim in than the Library?" Every student who has spoken in it knows that his voice is but little practised; indeed, one must think that the habit of continuous speaking in the Library is a detriment to a good use of his voice in a larger hall. Who can doubt but that this is a principal cause of the general unsatisfactory character of our commencement addresses, which are listened to in a much larger hall? We do not mean unsatisfactory in any sense except as regards delivery, and in that only as far as ability to make a skillful use of the voice so as to be heard by the whole audience; this is a defect which does not lie in the natural voice so much as is generally supposed. The speakers have been so accustomed to the Library, understand so well how to pitch the voice so as to be heard in it, that when they enter a hall which is far more of a public hall, they are forgetful, or else it requires too much of a strain to speak entirely differently from their former custom. Perhaps the full remedy for all this will not come until we see the new building on the premises. But still, temporarily, it seems to us that there is a relief, which perhaps might be adopted, though it has some features of impracticability. The relief we would propose, is that the declamations be held in the Refectory Saturday evenings, that the number of speakers be increased, for each occasion, so that the exercises would be held but once in three or four weeks. Such a course would be very practicable just at present as the Juniors and Seniors are both excused for the remainder of the year from declamations. A hundred objections will of course be raised; it will be said that the work of putting the Refectory in order would be troublesome, and that the time of Professors and students, would be too heavily taxed. The above and other similar objections would modify the proposal, but it seems to us that they could not do away with it, if we have any desire to improve particularly in public declamation. There would be no need of removing tables or seats. They need only be changed a little; the objection as to time is trivial. As long as we speak in the present small Library, on a box three feet square and a foot high, off from which we are in danger of stepping with every movement, as did an impassioned Junior recently, filled with mortal dread of the book-cases behind us, that great defect in all our oratory, lack of ease, will remain, nor will we be blessed with carefully trained and skillful voices. That the present plan would lead to renewed interest in oratory cannot be doubted.

There are some men who grumble more about an essay than any other one thing, unless it be their dinner, which has to be gone through with. Essay writing seems to be their *bete noir*, the plague of their college life.

They see no benefit from the exercise; it is merely an evil that cannot be cured and must be endured with as little trouble as possible. They can never find a subject to their taste or one on which they can write freely and easily. They hunt up long lists of subjects of all kinds, spend an hour or more in carefully reading and balancing them and then are as much at sea as ever. It is even so; we can't imagine a much worse place to seek a theme for an essay than those miscellaneous lists of subjects; as a general thing it is a dead loss of time and thought to consult them, and no one who constantly uses them will make much progress in an original method. If one is nearly always at a loss for a subject and has no thoughts of his own which he is able to express, let him give attention to the questions which continually arise and are discussed in the lecture room. They are ever interesting, are often well debated, and the professor of English in commenting frequently gives some excellent hints, which, if taken, may be turned to the best advantage. The professor's side remarks are already the fruitful germs of quite a number of essays, and if the grumblers would let Parker's Aids and "such like" alone and take what is given them, to say the least they would have an easier time.

The sixth form are receiving a practice for which they may heartily thank their Rector. Debates take place among them at stated times before the whole class on a variety of topics. Generally three speakers on a side participate, led by one whose duty is summing the argument, after his colleagues have spoken. The Moderator, the Rector of the School, then delivers his own opinion and a vote is taken indicative of the opinion of the class. All the former Grammar School students now in the College will wish that such had been the course adopted with themselves, for it is the best of all preparations to entering a regular debating society, with all the benefits which undoubtedly attend it. It is to be hoped however that our over-the-way friends will not be afflicted by the chronic "burden of proof" difficulty, or any other of the society ails, such as periodically break out in such a body. The old Eulexian of which some of the present College students were members, was hardly a benefit to the Grammar School, except so far as annually well-filled stomachs go. "Literary," it could hardly be by courtesy, as all will testify who ever were let into the secrets of its existence, which was simply an easy device to get out of study-hour. It is needless to add that the present method would very effectually squelch any such object.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Not long ago while looking over our Addisonian Library, I was struck with the remarkably small proportion of really first-class literature which it possessed. The feeling seems to have been that it was quite sufficient to comply with the letter of the rule about the presentation of books, and dodge its spirit. The members evidently have thought that the cheaper and poorer the book handed in, the better it was for them, never for a moment considering that the Society had any claims upon

them. This is exemplified by the fact that the writer recently heard a student anxiously inquiring for "a cheap book to give to the Society"; he didn't care what it was so long as the committee would accept it; the only condition he would enforce was that the volume should not cost more than fifty cents.

This is decidedly not the spirit which should be shown in this matter. Students should be willing and glad to help the library to the best of their ability: indeed, by the very fact of their being members of the Society, they have promised to do so, and they should consider that the giving of a poor book simply for the sake of sparing their purses is not the best possible way in which to fulfil that promise.

It seems rather inconsistent that the Society should bear the name of Addison, and yet not even have a copy of his essays. As the time of Presentation again draws near, why could not each member contribute money enough to purchase a volume of his works, and so make a really valuable and much needed addition to the library? If this is impracticable at least let each member try to do his duty to the Society by presenting *some* good and useful book, and let the committee further the good work by refusing anything that is poor and trashy. If this could be done in every Presentation it would not be long before we should have a very fair Library, or at least one of which we should not be ashamed. JUNIUS.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

—Will. Lee formerly of '71, but at present conducting a mine in Salt Lake City, spent Sunday at the College.

—The American Sardine Co.'s Boneless Sardines are much better, and less than half the cost of imported sardines. tf

—Dr. Seymour of the General Theological Seminary New York will be invited to preach the Baccalaureate sermon.

—Exclamation of a Senior who on coming to dinner on Wednesday finds veal set before him for the fourth time that week: "*ach das ist zu viel.*"

—The preliminary contest of the Junior Class will take place before a committee of the faculty on evening of the 17th of June.

—Cal. Wagner's Minstrels gave us one of the most pleasant entertainments of the kind we have ever attended in Racine.

—The Games began regularly last week but the cold north wind that prevailed most of the time made the practice any thing but pleasant.

—Where is the Grammar school nine? Surely with the material among them, our over the way friends are not going to let the nine of '72 keep the reputation of the best of all Grammar school nines.

—Quite a number of new trees have been set out this spring and boxes have been placed around them to keep the boys from carrying off or injuring them, and to give them a chance to *leave* of their own accord if they will.

—Efforts are being made to induce Dr. Elmendorf to give another course of lectures. The last were so excellent and so thoroughly enjoyable that we can but hope that the effort will be successful.

—The Class invitations will probably be ordered from Gavit and will be perfectly plain, but elegant. '74 will not try to surpass any class in loudness and extravagance of design.

—On Tuesday the 5th inst. the Grammar School boys celebrated Prof. Hall's birthday by a game of ball between Park and Kemper Halls, in which the latter were demolished.

—The reading room has been furnished with magazine and newspaper binders, which are in every respect a great improvement on the old files which were not quite so good as nothing. The binders not only look well but are a great protection to the papers.

—If you want some excitement and are not afraid of a little moisture, go down to the beach and take a race with the waves up round the point towards the ravine. Do not attempt it however unless you can stand a defeat, for you will be pretty certain to be beaten.

—A shooting club has been formed in the College. Gophers are the game, pistols, or rather one pistol, the weapons. Four boxes of cartridges have already been consumed by the club: but not one gopher has yet bitten the dust.

—Williams of the Freshman class while exercising in the gymnasium last week put his wrist out of joint and broke one of the bones of his fore-arm. A rather painful experience, but one that almost every venturesome boy has to go through with some day.

—Students who have sent papers or magazines to the mail which have been detained for insufficient postage, should bear in mind that the law requires one cent for every two ounces; and that anything going under paper-weight and not fully prepaid, is not returned, but goes to light the Post-office fires.

—In answer to Theta's query we would say that the Faculty have decided to allow twelve speeches on Commencement Day on certain conditions. At their last Class meeting '74 abolished Class Day, and will probably substitute for it a quiet spread some time in Commencement Week. The Class Concert will doubtless be given as usual.

—Mrs. Chas. Fountaine desires to call the attention of the public to her new and choice stock of house and garden plants. Students wishing plants for their rooms or cut flowers for bouquets can be sure of finding them at reasonable prices at the North Side Greenhouses, N. Erie St., or at H. T. Taylor's, Cor. Sixth St. and Market Square.

—The playing of the nine last Monday augured well for the season, at least as far as the batting goes; if matches, the only means of keeping up the interest in the games, are forthcoming, we shall not have to keep up the usual mourning over what the nine *used* to be. Let Evanston and Chicago University give us a chance: indeed, we are certain that our friendly contests with the former will not be abandoned, judging from rumors.

—The College nine held its semi-annual meeting three weeks ago, and elected the following corps of officers for ensuing term. President S. M. Hudson; Vice Pres't E. G. Richmond; Sec. & Treas F. S. Martin; Captain C. H. Resor. The nine has been filled up and positions determined, viz:

Hudson, c; Martin, F. C. f; January, s s; Martin, H.,

l f; Richmond, p; Doe, 2d b; Kershaw, 3d b; Tuell r f; Resor 1st b; The batting order will be as above printed.

—The Addisonian society has appointed a committee to report on a celebration at the close of the year. The plan is not yet decided. Possibly there will be a debate between two members, a miscellany to relieve the rest, an extempore speech, and to mark the day, an address by some distinguished gentleman. The only objection to the project, is that it may turn out, unless pains are taken, a heavy and dull way of spending Class Day morning.

—The Clarksons will have the ground of complaint now. Mr. Rowe, at the request of one of his pupils, has written a Badger chant, that is, he has taken the letters which spell the word, Badger, substituted, by poetical, musical, or some other kind of license, *a* or *ah* for *r*, and placed them in order on the musical staff and this was the foundation for his chant. It proved so good that he intends shortly to set some appropriate words, and have the choir sing it. What can the Clarksons bring forth in this line?

—A member of the Addisonia argues thus against cremation; "should the *problematic probability* of danger from graveyards be allowed to have weight when opposed to the laceration of the human heart? No! Gentlemen, other nations have tried to introduce cremation and have failed. Joseph the Second attempted to introduce it into Austria and there were *resurrections* throughout the whole country." This last statement, if true, certainly gives a new phase to the question.

—In looking over a volume of last years MERCURY's we learned from the date of May 31st 1873, that we were soon to have singing at Sunday evening receptions again. Nearly a year has elapsed, and we have not heard a note at the receptions except a hymn at the close of the Missionary meeting a month or more ago. We have heard the Warden and several others speak of this subject of late and think that all would like some good music for Sunday evenings and if another trial were made no doubt it would be better appreciated than before.

—Old Raciners in Chicago have organized a cricket club at last. Among the members we have heard the names of Milton Lightner, J. A. Bowen, Ira Bowen and Julian Rumsey. Mr. Ira Bowen is President. Of course Re-union Day ought to witness a game between the College and the Chicagoans. This would be doing something towards reviving the old feeling which many of us will recollect used to exist when the Badger and Clarkson old boys spent part of their Re-union day at the bat in Holborn's field.

—The thanks of the College are due to Prof. LaBombarie for a copy of the best Japanese Grammar by Rosny, presented to the Library. While speaking of additions to our Library, we may renew the suggestions as to a single way of assisting the College. Among those old books of every character lying about every garret chest or closet, are often many of no use whatever to the owner, but invaluable in forming such a Library as we expect here. Perhaps our enterprising friends and especially students, will take the trouble to hunt up such works around their own home, and be generous enough to present them to our Library.

—The Freshmen have organized a Literary society from the classical department. Meetings are held every Saturday evening. The President acts as moderator, and the exercises are as usual, debate, extempore speech, miscellany, extracts and oration. A livelier scene than the first meeting presented can hardly be imagined, all being full of Freshman enthusiasm in pursuit of knowledge; an enthusiasm which the Junior or Senior smilingly recollects *he* used to feel. But the society has started so favorably that it probably will not run the same course as most of the Freshman societies do.

—The new cricket ground will undoubtedly soon be ready for use. Two crops of oats not bringing about the desired result, young maple trees are being set out in various places this year which surely will be very efficacious in causing the grass to grow, and a good sod and a little draining is all that is necessary to put the field in an excellent condition. If young saplings will prove of any use in this way, then the more that are put out, the better. But if they are planted with a hope that they will some day give a cool refreshing shade to the wearied players, then we say let us first have a place to play and afterward we will think about the shade.

COLLEGE PRESS.

The COLLEGE MERCURY rehashes an article which appeared in the Chicago papers some months ago, on a certain "nine," and has the *cheek* to claim it as its own.—*Tripod*.

The three-legged Oracle of Evanston hits as far away from the truth as ever. We scarcely need disclaim originality for an article in *quotation-marks*, nor are we responsible if a correspondent sends us an article which has appeared elsewhere, if we are ignorant of the fact. We have learned since the publication of the sketch in question that it first appeared in a Cleveland paper, to which the critical *Tripod* might have referred it instead of taking it second-hand.

We have received the first issue of *The Crescent*, published at Hillsdale College, Mich.

German professor: "Give the principal parts of the verb, to think." Student: "Tinken, tiakte, getinkt." Great laughter.—*Univ. Herald*.

The students of Syracuse University have a new College cap. The *Herald* describes it as a "skull-cap" slightly modified, and made of gray material.

"Why do you set your cup of coffee on the chair, Mr. —?" said a worthy land-lady, at breakfast, one morning. "It is so very weak, madam, I thought I would let it rest."—*Tablet*.

We learn from the *Cornell Times* that the gift of books to the Icelandic Library, referred to in the editorial columns of our last issue will be conveyed to Iceland by Isaac J. Hayes, the distinguished arctic explorer.

A certain Senior of our acquaintance came home from "down town" rather late. Wishing to rise early the next morning, he left a note on the table for his chum to call him early, and in order that it might not blow off, placed two dictionaries upon it. He then went to bed with his stove pipe hat and boots on, and woke up next morning

wanting to know who had been playing tricks on him.—*Yale Record*.

The Seniors are converting into the language of Schiller and Goethe such little episodes as, "The girl has dresses and rings; the girl's brother has a horse and a little dog."—*Chronicle*.

The current number of the *Palladium* has a pleasant description of the Easter festivities at St. Mary's School (Knoxville, Ill.) Not least among these was the celebration of the Sixth Anniversary of the foundation of the School, and the illumination of the buildings in honor of it. The *Palladium* is a very bright and cheerful little paper.

At a well-known Roman Catholic Church in Liverpool lately, it had been arranged by the choir to perform Haydn's Mass No. 1, but owing to an unforeseen occurrence Haydn's service No. 4 was substituted. Afterwards the blower of the organ, who has held the situation for many years, remarked to one of the singers—"I say, miss, that there service went very bad, did'nt it? They never told me they were going to sing Haydn No 4, and I was blowing Haydn No. 1 all the time!"

The *Bowdoin Orient* says that the efforts to secure Miss Kellogg for their Commencement exercises have not been successful, owing to the fact that she spends the summer on the Hudson, for the purpose of getting a little rest and acquiring strength for the labors of the fall and winter. The committee are in correspondence with Miss Cary, and others, with indications of better success. Other music will be furnished by the Germania Band and the Temple Quartette.

We notice in the COLLEGE MERCURY a poem which we were about to compliment for its excellence; but on second thought remembered it appeared in an early number of the *Magenta*. The MERCURY gives no intimation but that the poem is its own.—*Harvard Advocate*.

We regret that the *Advocate* has been obliged to call our attention to an oversight which we ourselves should have noticed. The poem referred to is the one on "Plank Walks" in the MERCURY for April 11th, Vol XV. It should have been credited to the *Magenta*, for March 27th. That issue of our paper was very hurriedly put out, owing to several disadvantages under which we were then laboring, and its apparent plagiarism was not its only imperfection. We are glad to say to the *Advocate* that such is *not* our "usual rule of action."

The Yale Glee Club seem to have had excellent success in their Western trip. The *Courant* says that in Cincinnati alone the net profits in their concert were \$650. "Hardly a piece," says one of the local papers, "escaped without an encore, and when the programme was finished the audience was entirely unwilling to depart, and the proposal of the Glee Club to sing, by way of parting, one of its old familiar songs, was received with hearty applause." In Chicago also the Club met with an enthusiastic reception. At Poughkeepsie they sang "to an audience of about 500 mostly composed of young ladies. This was of course the pleasantest audience of the trip, and was the correct thing with which to end up what had been a very enjoyable journey to the Club."

In recitation recently, the professor, in describing an illumination of the castle of Heidelberg, said: "Thous-

ands of different colored candles were lighted in a moment. It was the most illumination I ever saw, or ever expect to see in *this* world." (*Class begins to smile.*) Professor—"What's the joke?" *Louder smiles, in which the Professor joins.*) Professor—"That's good." (*All roar.*) Professor "I don't remember what the composition of those candles was." (*Great explosion of laughter all 'round.*)—*Vidette.*

The current number of the *Brunonian* gives a history of the Class of '57, and the letter which prefaces it contains such an excellent suggestion to those who are desirous of keeping some record of their class mates and other College friends, that we re-produce it for our readers :

OFFICE OF THE COLLEGE REVIEW, }
NEW YORK CITY, March 7, 1874. }

Ed. of the Brunonian: When I was in college I procured a blank-book and had all the members of my class write their names on a leaf, leaving two pages vacant after each of each one for the purpose of jotting down, from time to time, as I should hear from them, the incidents in their various lives. Sometimes this was done by hearing from my class mates indirectly, and at others by writing periodically to them and soliciting replies. The result, after eighteen years, I now enclose, with this note, thinking its publication may not only be of great personal interest to many, but also may induce students now in college to follow my example.

When I was at Brown the office of "Historian" was not then in vogue; but even if it had been, it is well for each member of a class to take an interest in the future of the other. Thus the chances of obtaining a complete history of the class are greatly enhanced. I, also, for my own amusement, and to see how far his future career would verify my judgement, wrote after each name the *character* and personal traits of the writer. These observations are for obvious reasons, here omitted.

We learn from several of our exchanges that a new collection of American songs is being made by the editor of the "*Carmina Collegensia.*" It is his desire to obtain the songs of all colleges not represented in former works of this kind, and also any new ones which may have been added to the collection of other colleges, together with a compendium of the history of colleges not represented in the edition of 1868. Any college which desires a representation in the work is requested to send its songs, with the music if original, if not with the name of the air to which they are written. In contributing to the department of history, it will be necessary to send the catalogues of the college, a short account of its origin and foundation, a general view of the buildings in the form of a photograph, and the name of the college colors. The editor, in order to secure new songs, offers for four of the highest merit four equal prizes, each prize being a copy of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" bound in Roman vellum and illustrated with photographs collected in Rome. These songs are to be sent in before July; must be suitable for use in any college; and accompanied by music, which, if not original, must be some air not in general use. Contributions may be sent to H. R. Waite, care of Ditson & Co., Boston.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

In some respects the May number of the *Atlantic* even surpasses some of those preceding it. It is a number of solid worth and interest. "Prudence Palfrey" still occupies the opening pages, and the story goes on with increasing pleasure to the reader at each instalment. Mr. Baker's story "Mose Evans" has reached the third chapter of the third part, and has some very fine character-painting in

this number, Mr. Warner is coming home from "Baddeck" and in the most amusing way presents to the public one of those very annoying families one now and then meets in traveling. Jane G. Austin contributes what every one who reads it will feel it to be a faithful account of convent life in Montreal in an article entitled "Behind the Convent Grille." Perhaps the most valuable paper of this number is Thomas S. Perry's sketch of Ivan Turgéniéff and his writings. The leading poem is James Russell Lowell's "Ode to Agassiz," which is a worthy tribute to the memory of the great naturalist. We venture to quote the closing lines:

"The shape erect is prone; forever stilled
The winning tongue; the forehead's high-piled heap,
A cairn which every science helped to build,
Unvalued will its golden secrets keep:
He knows at last if Life or Death be best:
Wherever he be flown, whatever vest
The being hath put on which lately here
So many friended was, so full of cheer
To make men feel the Seeker's noble zest,
We have not lost him all; he is not gone
To the dumb herd of them that wholly die;
The beauty of his better self lives on
In minds he touched with fire, in many an eye
He trained to Truth's exact severity;
He was a Teacher; why be grieved for him
Whose living word still stimulates the air?
In endless file shall loving scholars come
The glow of his transmitted touch to share,
And trace his features with an eye less dim
Than ours whose sense familiar wont makes numb."

The first issue of the *Hearth and Home* for May contains the conclusion of Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis' story "John Andross." As a whole we think this story somewhat inferior to the shorter one, "Earthen Pitchers," which recently appeared in *Scribner's*, but it has been intensely interesting, and has been distinctly marked by Mrs. Davis' peculiar genius. The character of John Andross is drawn with remarkable accuracy and skill, as are some of the others in the story, showing the thorough knowledge which Mrs. Davis seems to have of human nature and of the minor peculiarities and shades of character which distinguish her personages. This story is just issued in book form by the publishers of the *Hearth and Home*.

An attractive feature of this issue is a "May-Day Drama" by Mary B. Dodge, written expressly for children to act and speak. There are also several sound and able editorials, and many other articles of merit which want of time and space obliges us to pass over. The *Hearth and Home* still remains our ideal family paper.

It would hardly be fair to say that the best thing in *May Old and New* was the story of Miss Green and her cows in the poem entitled the "Lifting of the Kine," but it is a good story to take after dinner, and will well repay any one for a perusal. Dr. Martineau's paper on the "Church and its Pretensions" is the most important one in this number, and next come the editorials, especially Mr. Hale's consideration of the "Geneva Oyster." The two serials are still continued, and there is also part of a new story by Ivan Turgéniéff, and a sketch of Hungarian life by Moritz Jakai, a Hungarian writer of considerable note. Several short papers in the "Examiner" and elsewhere discuss interesting questions of sociology and other topics of the time, and help to make the *May Old and New* entertaining and profitable.



"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XV.

RACINE COLLEGE, MAY 23, 1874.

No. 5.

ARISTON METRON.

HORACE—ODES I. CARMEN X.
TO LICINIUS MURENA.

(Sapphics.)

You will live best, Licinius, by neither
Launching at all times out into the deep sea,
Nor, while you cautious dread the storms, by hugging
Too close to the bleak shore.

Whoever loves the Golden Mean is safe from
Some wretched hovel's squalor, and too prudent,
Feels not the want of some ancestral hall, the
Object of envy.

More oft, by winds the mighty pine is shaken,
And lofty towers fall with heavier ruin,
And 'tis the summits of the hills are stricken
By the red lightnings

That breast prepared for either change of fortune
Hopes in things adverse, feareth in successes.
'Tis the same Jove that brings the rugged winters
And that removes them.

If thou art now unfortunate, hereafter
'Twill not be so. Apollo with the lyre
Rouses sometimes the silent Muse, nor always
Stands with his bow bent!

In adverse fortunes spirited and manly
Show thyself; and with wisdom you will also
Slacken your sails inflated by a breeze too
Much in your favor!

THE PROSPECT FOR AMERICAN TAINES.

"We have at least this crumb of comfort to console us for the vices of our political system, that they cannot touch the *edita templa*, the safe seats of the Gods, the quiet seats, which are not shaken by the mind of faction, nor drenched by the showers and snows of political calumny." So wrote the aristocratic, elegant scholar, Charles Astor Bristed, when with a judicious enthusiasm he was predicting a better day for America in criticism, in spite of those obstacles, half-understood or at best half-considered, to the deep and lasting foundation of American judgment and taste. That he was undoubtedly right in his hopes is true, but that time is required to fulfill them no one more earnestly contended than himself. We can find no better way to bring home to ourselves what remains for us to do, than to dwell for a moment on a few of the disadvantages with which we have hitherto struggled and their causes, which Charles Bristed once so ably noticed. Why is it that American critical efforts have availed so little? For passing by a very few critics, among whom we might place the refined scholar from whom we quoted, our general view of criticism has been altogether English, and perhaps

French, with but few attempts at originality, and they by no means successful. The reasons for this state of affairs are many and closely connected, and some of them are very apparent, and continually harped upon, while others lie deeper, and busy, speculating Americans do not find time to give them a thorough examination, especially as we are all likely to believe too thoroughly in civilization to place much confidence in culture. To speak of a few of those detached reasons without generalizing them at all under the head of spirit of our age, people, age, national peculiarities, etc., the only very obvious one is our American good-temper and easiness regarding almost everything. The remarkable way in which we endure all the discomforts and veritable iron rule of hackmen, tourists' guides, and servants, has even managed to penetrate into the "*edita templa*," and from the fact that we have had but few professedly critical journals of high character enough to neutralize the evil, to be praised or at least to be endured, has become true of every literary pretender with his duodecimo of trashy verses. Hence we are willing to suffer a kind of literature which indiscriminate praise and absence of anything like critical accuracy are all that make it palatable to us. For a long time it was that the professedly review articles would furnish no more satisfaction and instruction to those consulting them, than news-paper puffs, and we may venture to say that the change in this respect only came within the last ten or twenty years. We know well enough that there never was any damage to a young author in America, similar to what befell Keats: and indeed, the defense of our very leniency is that thus we avoid any such culpability as attaches to the Edinburgh reviewer. We are continually reminded that during our present growth, which is material, we should further by any and every possible means, all attempts to show that there is something worth living for besides dollars and cents and business; in short any attempts in a literary direction. But while the upholders of this system of encouragement are always setting forth its advantages, they never consider its evils. Nor, perhaps could a more curious, and certainly not any more convincing refutation of the idea that great good results, be given, than the reliable assertion that the famous American authors have been rendered so, by no American white washing but by the discriminating, considerate judgment of foreign critics and this especially applies to Longfellow, Emerson and Hamerton. So that our laudatory judgments have exalted a host of men, literary scum, by the side of talents, real worth and lasting power. That there have been exceptions to this is true, but these have far oftener resulted from anything except that which is alone should be their spring, viz, a sound body of men, with whom local prejudices, sham patriotism, personal feelings and love of the dime are surrendered to the endeavour to

establish taste. A second danger to us has heretofore been the belief that American literature ought to differ from any other literature very essentially, nor if one may judge from a recent extended notice of John Hays, has this idea wholly disappeared. From this arises all the talk about inspiration of American scenery, life, manners and character, and the expectation that from this inspiration will, or ought to result something peculiarly grand or strange. Hence we shall be willing to admit, there have arisen those various and palpable attempts at breaking over all literary canons as if purely arbitrary, which attempts require the complacency of easy Americans. But that there is a grain of truth in all this, is undeniable. Indeed, we ought to avoid anything like European peculiarities, nor represent our American life with its distinctive traits, as a mere reproduction of Europe. Originality should be an aim, but this fact would by no means justify the excesses which have marked some of the writers in our realistic school of fiction and poetry. That which has especially been the cause of our inferiority to England and France, in any critical time, apart from any national idiosyncrasy, is our lack of men, educated as critics, and adopting one of the most ennobling and certainly one of the most useful professions in which trained and elegant scholarship can exert itself. The demand for such men, never felt in an early period of civilization, begins to make itself heard so soon as national culture commences. And we may expect to hear and continually do hear his profession of study decried as low and as unworthy of the thought of a real man and worker. But it is needless to add that these and similar strictures are always the words of those, whom perhaps convenient politeness will allow us to call by no harsher name than the unreflecting, whose inclinations are hardly to be taken into account in judging on such a subject. Now what is the ideal critic. He must be educated in all the liberal studies, acquainted in some form or other with as much of foreign literature as is practicable, many-sided in culture, and especially exact in his own tongue and its idiom. He must be at home in the progress of literature, and able to throw himself into other's modes of thought. Nor should we forget that no *material* development alone, can be the home of a critic. Such, perhaps, are a few of the required qualifications, but we shall not stop to consider the character of mind acquired in him who is to be a critic, for we are only concerned with what are the means which our country affords for one to obtain the necessary qualifications. Such are three of the reasons which prevent us or rather have hitherto prevented us and still do in some degree, from possessing any critics of as recognized standing as Arnold, Taine, and Hamerton, and so very few really critical journals. Possibly we need only consider what are the prospects as regards the third trouble. In a word, we have most reasonable ground for hope, especially because of the progress in our schemes of University and Collegiate education, to which such an impetus has been given of the last ten or twenty years. Nothing can be truer than the assertion that men of the highest and most methodical training are capable of being critics in a high sense, for general culture, got hap-hazard, may be found, but the possessors are not likely to be of *substantial* merit. Hence any progress in College work advances criticism. If we look at the steps forward which have been taken, in the East especially, we shall be much encouraged. The as-

simulating Yale and Harvard to the English idea of a band of co-workers in the fields of learning and investigation, the developments and modified idea of fellowship, the elective system after the Sophomore year, the past-graduate course, are subjects for American self-congratulation. Indeed, with the raising of the grade of Yale, Harvard, Columbia, etc., it is no exaggeration to say that, as far as real training goes, the graduate of thirty years ago is inferior to the Sophomore of to-day; and this is due among other things to the fact that we are slowly beginning to rest from counting our money and to appreciate what is the real end towards which our material prosperity is tending. Gradually also we are coming to realize the dignity of this profession and its claim to the guardianship of taste. We may also safely add that the effect of this has been to lessen materially our indifference on the subject.

Such are a very few thoughts on the reproach which once was heard all over England; "Who reads an *American* criticism?" a reproach well deserved then but which a host of reflections will induce us to believe is gradually being effaced, mostly by the efforts of our institutions of learning. But let us regard the sanitary caution that much remains to be done, or rather that only the ground has been broken and it remains for us, for all who believe in beauty, to sow the seed. Our reckless American life, its energy, speculation and hurry, and especially the drain upon our time, are sources of danger. We must do away with impatience to comprehend criticism, to listen to its *considerate* words. That nicety of taste, that delicate equilibrium of judgment, that hesitancy in decision, occasioning much argumentation and careful thought, must be all cultivated. Unless time will be sacrificed to such an end we *must* be superficial. For criticism is complex and demands lengthy discussion. Should it be our success to gain this wonderful art in even a small degree, we may rest assured that there is no nobler employment of our discerning faculties, none more worthy of a liberal mind, none more exactly accordant with the "Humanitates" of the Universities; and any effort in thus direction must be blessed as an endeavor to elevate our nation by raising its sense of all that is beautiful in the boundless realms of literature. H. H.

NOTE.—For "Longfellow, Emerson and Hamerton" in the above article, read "and Hawthorne."

MANNER.

"What thou wilt
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to 't with thy sword."

Courtesy is too little valued in this day. Kindness, consideration, and those gentle manners which speak to the heart and are more powerful than the sword, are at a discount in an age of bustling activity, independence, and self assertion like the present. If not natural, we often see an air of roughness carefully cultivated, and a short, blunt man is rather looked upon as an object of admiration. Men go rushing along, looking out for number one, often neglecting common politeness; and any very attentive consideration for the feelings of others is quite out of the question. While not unfrequently an unnatural carelessness of manner is affected as if it were something to be proud of, and practiced as if it were in some way to be of great advantage.

We ought especially to bear in mind that there is nothing so important for the people of a democracy as good manners. When persons of every kind and character are constantly and almost promiscuously thrown together it is most necessary that even if their society is not the most pleasant at least their presence should be endurable. Men who think that they will ever gain great favor by affecting careless habits of dress, talk, or manner generally, are sadly mistaken. True in some unenlightened parts it was once thought a necessary requisite for a good democrat and successful politician, that he affect the vulgar; but this idea, if it remain yet at all, is we believe fast fading away. A rough exterior is never pleasant.

We care not much for the rarest gem until after great labor all its unsightliness has been polished off, and its true beauty shines forth with pure and spotless light. We would not wish to pluck a thorny rose however beautiful the flower, however sweet the perfume. Yet men naturally of excellent disposition will cover themselves with an ill-becoming cloak of eccentricities and oddities, assume an habitual harsh manner, and go about like a thunder cloud for no one knows what reason, and then wonder that they are misunderstood, and think it strange they are not always cordially received. It certainly can add nothing to their own happiness, it is anything but pleasant to friends, it makes them less firm, and if it does not in the end entirely alienate, still greatly estranges them. The very best of men can ill afford to long neglect gentle manners or use them at his convenience. It does not pay.

Some one has said, manners marketh man; and true it is that nothing is such a sure index to his character as the way a man carries himself; nothing oftener sets him on the right way and leads to his success in life than his winning ways, his affable manners, his general bearing toward his companions.

It is not so much what a man says as the way he says it which makes him agreeable or not; and very often it is not what he does but the way he does it which we either criticise or are pleased with. One may be ever so poor a logician, a very feeble rhetorician, and yet if he have a good manner he may become a pleasant and powerful speaker.

A very offensive duty may be rendered pleasant by the way in which it is performed; a pleasant smile, a gentle manner, will overcome more obstacles than great compulsion or art or strategy.

The little word *no*, is hard to say, is harder to hear said, yet there have been men from whom a refusal and a *no* was more acceptable than a *yes* from many others. One of these was the Duke of Marlborough who owed his fortune and greatness to nothing more than his ready address, his fascinating manner, and winning tongue.

A good manner not only greatly adds to natural beauty, but it serves to hide many a defect, and there is hardly any one who can withstand it. Enemies are made friends and friends are the more closely cemented, personal happiness and pleasure are increased, and all by a very slight effort if one only thinks so. Cyrus the Great conquered many more enemies through his gracious bearing than by his sword; and many are the examples to show that the smile conquers where the sword hath no avail.

It is the little things we value, the compliments of speech and action that come with easy and natural

grace; not those which are overdrawn and overdone, for they often prove offensive. So it is not one great point of attraction which often makes a man peculiarly pleasant, but it is the many little points, which like the goodly settings of costly gems, blaze with one light which lightens the whole man.

The power of pleasing is an art which some possess naturally, others cultivate and perfect, and which all might practise to some degree to their own advantage and to the gratification and good of their fellows. ASSUIA.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

—Racine seems to be the favored resort of Negro Minstrels. Five troupes have visited it in as many weeks.

—A Poster down town announces "The Hosts of Heaven and the Hosts of Satan at Belle City Hall on Friday evening next." Who's going?

—Will D. Whitmore, formerly of '74, is to be married very soon at Quincy, Ill. "Quill" Jones is to be best man on the happy occasion.

—An audacious Grammar School youth at Cricket practice the other day yelled out to a stout member of '75 to "*Land on that ball.*" Oh!!

—If the weather permits reception will be held on the Lawn on the evening of July 5th, and, as the choir will furnish music, a very pleasant time is anticipated.

—The Addisonian Society have invited the Hon. Matt. H. Carpenter to deliver an address before them on Tuesday, July 7th. At its last meeting the Society adjourned for the remainder of the year unless called together for the transaction of necessary business.

—The meeting of the Missionary Society which should have taken place last Sunday evening has been postponed until next month. We had hoped that the Society might be able this commencement to get some one to make an address, but as they have so often tried and failed perhaps they think it a useless endeavor.

—A Senior expatiating to an admiring group of friends on what he was going to do about Commencement got off the following: "And I'll tell you what, I ain't a going to be as awkward as some fellows I've seen in swallow-tail coats. I'm going to put it on every morning and go down in the parlor before the big mirror, and I'm going to have my little sister come in and—" He could'nt think for a minute what they were all laughing at.

—A diminutive but not less learned Sunday School Superintendent recently told a class in his charge that "there were many facts in the New Testament which could have been disproved by contemporary writers had they not been true, such as St. Paul being stricken with blindness on his way to *Rome*," etc., etc. What a warning for High Churchmen!

—As we go to press we understand that the College Nine have received a challenge from Evanston University to play a series of games. The Evanstons stipulate that the College Nine be chosen from the College classes only, and that Messrs. Hudson and Kershaw do not play. The Nine have just held a meeting and have written to the Evanstons, giving their reasons, why the present method of selection is the proper one. If the Evanstons do not refuse to play, the game will take place as announced on Saturday afternoon next on the campus. We sincerely hope that the matter will be satisfactorily arranged, for the monotony of practise needs to be relieved by something which will freshen our interest.

The College Mercury.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
BY THE STUDENTS OF

RACINE COLLEGE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT RITTMAN'S, OR BY THE EDITORS.

TERMS:

College Year, - - - - \$2.00 | Single Copies, - - - - 15 cents.
Original Contributions are solicited from all members of the College, but no notice will be taken of articles unaccompanied by the true name of the writer
All Communications should be addressed to

THE COLLEGE MERCURY, Racine, Wis

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE RACINE JUNCTION AS FOLLOWS:

C. & N.-W. R.R.		G. North		W. U. R.R.	
Going South.				Going West.	
Mail and Express,	8.03 A.M.	10.41 A.M.		Go. East.	
Express, - - -	1.54 P.M.	11.48 A.M.	*Day Passenger,	8.00 A.M.	7.50 P.M.
Express, - - -	4.48 P.M.	7.22 P.M.	Accommodation,	8.50 P.M.	6.40 A.M.
Night Passenger,	12.30 A.M.	3.40 A.M.	Night Passenger,	5.50 P.M.	6.45 P.M.

*Connecteds at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

VOL. XV. May 23, 1874. No. 5.

We had intended to give an editorial opinion in this issue on the question of Commencement and Class Day, but the matter has been so thoroughly discussed on all sides that it is scarcely necessary, and with the two communications which appear in another column the discussion is, we trust, finally closed.

One thing the Juniors do not seem to have provided against, regarding their exhibition, possibly because it always has been so and hence, it may go as it is. We refer to the fact that the *trial* exhibition consists entirely of a contest in oratory, while the final exhibition depends just as much upon proficiency in reading as in declaiming. This limiting the first trial to oratory is obviously not carrying out the spirit of the donor's conditions. How this may be remedied ought to be discussed. Perhaps it might not meet the approval of the whole class to petition the Faculty that the gentlemen who offered the prize should be requested to confine it to declamations alone. Still the exercise in reading seems to be a sort of primeval institution which possibly could now be done away with. If however the prize is still granted for both, and the Faculty will acknowledge the real injustice of having the *trial* simply for speaking, before the six are chosen, all the class would be obliged to *read* also at the preliminary exhibition. If such were the case, it would be a sorry task for the Faculty committee to decide on the best six out of the twelve with any show of justice. For the fact is, the mingling of the reading and speaking at all, has always confused and must confuse the decision of the judges. Why cannot the class take some steps towards dispensing with the double test? We are not in any doubt that the occasionally unsatisfactory bestowal of the medal, has been more or less due to the mixture. The omission of the reading exercise would allow the orations be of greater length: and a majority of students would say that this would be removing one of their greatest drawbacks in preparing their speeches. The five minute plan is less a guarantee of a fair chance to show one's abilities, than a pleasure to an audience.

The improptu Concert given in the Dining Hall on the evening of Ascension Day was one of the best College entertainments we have had this year. As an effort on the part of a few students, willing to take the trouble, to give a pleasant ending to the holiday, it was in every respect a decided success; and it is to be hoped that it will not prove the first and last attempt of this kind. Nothing will more surely tend to keep up a lively interest in holiday doings generally than like pleasant gatherings of the College family and friends to "close the day with music and mirth," and the custom thus instituted by the Glee Club ought to be zealously preserved. Of course much of the success of this Concert was due to the presence of Mr. McLean of '71 who has been with us for some weeks, and to the kind assistance of Mr Rowe. Still the "Arions" did remarkably well considering their small amount of practice, and Keene and Tolhurst of the Grammar School deserve especial commendation for the rendering of their respective parts of the programme. Perhaps the gem of the evening was the reading of "Paddy the Piper" by Mr. J. B. Doe of '74. He kept the audience convulsed with laughter from the beginning to the end of the piece, and received their heartiest applause. We are unable to particularize further, but we append the programme in order that those who were not present may see what they missed, stating for their benefit that the Glee Club consisted of Messrs. Rowe, McLean, McDowell and Carlisle, and the "Arions" were Messrs McDowell, Carlisle, Smythe and Pond.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Piano Solo F. B. Keene.
2. Rhine Wine Song "Arions"
3. Quartet, "Beware" Glee Club.
4. Solo "Farewell ye forest Glades" C. H. Tolhurst.
5. Reading, "Widow Bedott" C. E. Carlisle.
6. Solo, "The Old Sexton" T. W. McLean.
7. Solo, "Good-bye Susan Jane" C. E. Carlisle.
8. "How can I leave Thee" "Arions"

PART 2.

1. Quartet, "Stars of the Summer Night" Glee Club.
2. Solo, "Mygel Schneider's Barty" A. W. Pond.
3. Come where my love lies dreaming" "Arions."
4. Solo, "The Rose-Bush" G. R. McDowell.
5. Reading, "Paddy the Piper" J. B. Doe Jr.
6. Trio, "Mynheer Van Dunck" Glee Club.
7. Solo, "Marguerite G. R. McDowell.
8. Serenade "Arions"
9. The Tar's Song Glee Club.

The *Magenta* for May 8th is an exceedingly good number in every department. The opening editorials on "Sumner's Library," "The English and American University Systems," and "Sympathy between Professors and students," have an interest which is not by any means confined to Harvard. In speaking of the grounds on which Professors and students might meet in something of the old-time way in which "teacher and pupils were inseparable friends and associates," the *Magenta* makes a suggestion well worth our consideration. It says: "There is one ground which should be common to both parties, now occupied almost entirely by the students; we refer to the

College press. That this idea is not a new one is proved by the occasional contributions we receive from members of the Faculty, one of which we are glad to publish in another column: but that such an idea ever occurs to the large majority of the instructors is not the fact. Now, with all due allowance for the trivial character of a College paper, and the unavoidable demands on the time and labor of an instructor, we still think that this medium of communication should be used. That the College papers are not better than they are, is as much the fault of the instructors as of the students. Nor let them think that there are no appropriate subjects on which to contribute. Advice and information on electives, text-books, and methods of study, now given only to a few, and in a desultory manner, would be gratefully received by the editors, and we are sure acceptable to their subscribers. A published list of the best text and reference books on various subjects, and a notice from time to time of new works with their peculiar merits, would be invaluable, and would greatly assist students in their book purchases. Nor would there be wanting lighter topics, if the custom of contributing were once begun.

The natural result of such a system might possibly be the foundation of a University magazine which should adequately express the literary ability of the institution. Here might appear in conjunction with the best efforts of the students, the latest discoveries of the Professors in their peculiar fields of study; for with so many eminent men in our midst, whose influence is felt in the outside world, it is surprising how little we know of what they are doing. We never know them for what they are except through a medium external to the College. A direct knowledge of their attainments—for they are, or should be, nothing but more advanced students—would incite us to greater exertion, and give occasion to higher thought."

Such an enterprise as this latter would, as the *Magenta* says "take time;" but whether the College press could not be used with much advantage by our Professors is a question more speedily answered, and we sincerely hope that the suggestion which we have taken the liberty to copy will receive their favorable attention.

That new building with its capacious and convenient commencement hall, which has been so long looked for, has not yet arrived, and it is still necessary to use the refectory for the exercises of Commencement day. By far better than the gymnasium in its best days and with its most perfect arrangements ever was, this room has many defects; passing over the question of size, that which appears the greatest could easily be remedied. Nearly every one knows that with the way in which the room has generally been arranged for the occasion, there are very few who get any thing like the whole benefit of the exercises. It is impossible for those who happen to have seats farther back than the middle of the hall to see much else than the backs and heads of the individuals immediately in front of them; while if they hear the speeches from the stage at all, they soon tire of listening to a speaker who cannot at most be more than half seen. For the best part of the charm is in watching the man's expression and action. Farther the younger members of the Grammar School be-

ing placed far back behind all others, and having nothing to hold their attention, have occasioned no little disturbance, which was natural enough, but quite annoying.

This whole difficulty could be obviated, every one could see and hear, and there would thus be no cause for restlessness on the part of children by adopting a very simple plan, which is briefly this: immediately after breakfast let the hall be cleared. Supper is necessarily taken in the gymnasium, and dinner also might just as well be. Let a temporary but firm stage, broad enough for convenience and reaching across the room, be erected in the lower end and the seats then arranged in reverse order from that which has been customary. This will make three elevations so that any one in the back of the room will be able to see the whole stage and hear what is said equally as well as those in front.

The plan is certainly practicable. Indeed we believe the advantages gained by such an arrangement will far overbalance all objections and can hardly be fully estimated until it has been tried. There is no doubt but that the authorities would give their approval if the seniors only present the idea in its strongest light, and it should commend itself to the class as well worth their attention.

BASE BALL MATTERS.

Since our last issue base ball has flourished greatly. The College nine has played nearly every day and is fast getting into excellent practice.

We notice great improvement on the part of second base, and, if he can learn to keep his feet on the ground when catching balls fielded to him, will doubtless play his position finely. Mr. Hudson as catcher plays excellently.

The nine is somewhat weakened by the absence of Tuell but Resor's swift underhand throwing will more than make up the loss. Short is still weak, but as January played the same position splendidly last year we hope soon to see him in his old form.

The second game between the College and the Grammar School was won by the College with the following score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
College	0	4	3	1	3	1	0	4	7
Grammar School	2	1	1	0	2	1	0	4	0

The third and deciding game was won by the College by a score of 35 to 11 in five innings.

On Monday the 18th the College nine with two substitutes played a picked nine from the College and Grammar School, the latter assisted by Messrs Resor and Hudson. We give the score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
College Nine	0	0	2	4	2	8	1	0	0
Picked Nine	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	2

On Saturday, the 16th, a match game was played between the Fourth Form Nine and a junior club from Kenosha. The Kenosha club were short handed but played a very pretty game.

The Fourth Form indulged in considerable miffing but managed to win by a score of 19 to 15. The return game will be played in Kenosha and we warn the Fourth Form to prepare for a defeat. We are unable to obtain the particulars of this game, and we take this opportunity of re-

questing all scorers to hand us a copy of their scores. We wish to make our base ball news as complete as possible.

Some steps, we understand, have been taken to arrange games with the Chicago University and the Evanston Nines.

Since writing the above we clip from the *Chicago Tribune* the following piece of news:

"The White Stockings have agreed to play a practice game with the Evanston University Nine within a few days. The latter nine will play the social club at Evanston tomorrow, and the Chicago University Nine Saturday. One week from that day they will go to Racine to play the College Nine there."

One week from that day will be May 30. We had not before heard of such an arrangement but hope that it is true. It will be pleasant to see the University Nine again, and there seems to be no objection, to next Saturday for the day.

COMMUNICATIONS

MESSRS EDITORS:—"Theta," a frequent contributor to your paper, asks an "irrelevant question" in your last issue. He says, "is it true that the graduating class have been idiotic enough to petition the faculty to allow them twelve speakers instead of six on Commencement-day, and that the faculty have granted the petition?"

It is evident, Messrs Editors, that your contributor is a member of the "graduating class"—and by his *lofty, bombastic, Latinized* style one would not suppose him to be a Scientific student. Yet we, who have heard his wordy and *un-tiring* debates on the society-room, know full well who "Theta" is. We see the "Ego" sticking out all through the article. Whatever does not agree with "Theta's" notions is immediately condemned as absurd, foolish and "idiotic" in the extreme. It might be well for "Theta" to remember, although he so seldom considers anything beyond the "Ego," that he is "not all in all." We don't doubt but that the visitors on Commencement-day would be entirely satiated after listening to "Theta's" brilliant effusion. Yet we, who know somewhat of the abilities of the "graduating class" would be willing to listen to some others who might show forth the advantage of a *full* course over a *partial* one. We are not at all surprised to see that "Theta" considers himself superior to the Faculty in discretion and wisdom. How badly the Faculty must feel after the criticism passed upon them, as a body, by "Theta!" A criticism which was, to say the least, far from respectful. The answer to "Theta's" question can be given in a very few words. The Faculty have seen fit to appoint twelve speakers for Commencement-day limiting the time for each speech. The "much-enduring visitors" need not fear to attend the Exercises, as "Theta's" "miserably sickly attempts" at eloquence will only weary them to the length of five minutes.

JUNIOR.

MESSRS EDITORS:—On reading an article in your last paper by "Theta," I was so struck with its manifest injustice and evident one-sidedness, if one may use such a word, that I feel bound, in a measure, to reply.

The article I refer to was on Class Day, and opens with a sentence which would be very surprising were it not for what comes after. The writer says he has only heard *one*

argument in favor of Class Day. He then cites *two* very good arguments which he dismisses with the crushing refutation that they seem to *him* very weak ones.

Thus with irresistible logic he proves that we had better have *no* Class Day. At the end of the article he brings forward his own plan for the day and urges the adoption of that. This piece of inconsistency is in accordance with the whole tone of the article.

"Theta" goes into the history of Class Day somewhat, and says that the day was intended as an occasion for the graduating class to entertain their friends and not to bore them. Now whether the plan which he proposes would be any less likely to "bore" the audience than the one commonly in use I leave any one who read has his article to determine. "Theta" says "Our Class Day formerly consisted of a President's address, usually very dull, a Cradle or Spoon oration, always very silly, an Ivy oration, invariably prosy, and lastly a poem which was of the sort generally found in country newspapers."

I omit his slurring mention of the Class song. That criticism, to use a word of his own, is too "silly" to be referred to. He says, Cradle or Spoon orations are "always very silly." Now I don't mean to imitate the dogmatic style of "Theta" and say that Cradle orations are *always* very funny, but if he places the last Cradle oration, which was delivered (by Mr. McCreery of '71) in that Category, we must either infer that he did not hear it or draw an inference in regard to his power of appreciating wit, not very complimentary to himself, as a very large portion of the audience, at least on that occasion, thought the oration very witty and appropriate.

In regard to the Ivy oration. "Theta" says that the one delivered last year was only less prosy than usual. Now I leave it to the good sense of any one who heard the oration of Mr. Ball last Class Day, to determine whether "prosy" is an epithet to be applied to such an admirable effort as his. It was acknowledged at the time that this oration was one of the most polished and able ever delivered at the College and I do not think all have forgotten it, though "Theta" evidently has. Now further if such poems as were composed by Mr. McLean of '71 and by Mr. Strong of '73 are to be found in country newspapers I would advise him to begin reading such newspapers for the cultivation of his mind. It seems to me his efforts in the literary line show the need of it, if the article under consideration is a fair specimen. Towards the end of his article "Theta" makes this inquiry: "By the way, Messrs Editors, it is true that the graduating class have been idiotic enough to petition the faculty to allow them twelve speakers instead of six on Commencement Day, and that the faculty have granted the petition?" How innocently he asks the question, just as if he had not known all about the matter before hand and done all he could to defeat the measure.

Then the way in which he accuses the Board of Fellows, (for it was before them that the petition was laid) of a lack of sense, is laughable. For this petition which "Theta" describes as "idiotic," the Board of Fellows thought to be so sensible and proper, that they granted it. So that the inference seems that the Board of Fellows is, as a whole, very much lacking in sense and "Theta" is the impersonation of wisdom, or else that the epithet which he uses in reference to the Seniors in general, would be more applicable to himself.

Now about Class Day I don't care to argue, but if any one does, he should present the subject fairly and not make such an exhibition of himself as "Theta" has done.

"AEQUUS."

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

—Bach's Orchestra will furnish the music for Commencement week.

—Of the three dozen cues which belong to the billiard room just one remains and that is headless.

—Prof. Hinsdale is said to be rapidly recovering and we hope will soon be able to resume his duties.

—The American Sardine Co.'s Boneless Sardines are much better, and less than half the cost of imported sardines.

—The gophers still thrive notwithstanding persecution. There are more this Spring than we ever remember to have seen before.

—The Rt. Rev. Henry C. Lay D.D., L.L.D., Bishop of Easton, will preach the Baccalaureate sermon before the Senior class, on Sunday, July 5th.

—A Junior has demonstrated his belief in prayers for the dead by copying his notes on English Literature so as to read: ORARE Ben Jonson.

—The arrangements for Commencement week are fast being perfected and all indications promise that the exercises will be as successful and pleasant as ever.

—Mrs. Benedict has kindly promised to provide an ivy for the Seniors, such a one as shall be worthy of the class and sure to flourish. She has their hearty thanks.

—The old stile at the end of the path leading into College avenue has been removed and quite a unique arrangement of posts substituted, which some consider an improvement.

—A most wonderful structure of stones and dirt adorns the campus in front of the Dining Hall. It looks as if somebody had been trying to build up a mountain and had only succeeded in producing a *ridiculus mus*.

—Sometime ago we heard it intimated that the College would make no great efforts to have the usual profusion of flowers this year. But considering the preparations that are going on, the display promises to be as elaborate as ever.

—The optical illusion commonly called a mirage has occurred quite frequently on the lake this spring, and the one of Thursday morning when the vessels on the horizon were reflected and seemed to be sailing in the clouds, was particularly fine.

—Spring came on with a rush, summer is doing the same, won't our delinquent subscribers please follow suit and let us hear from them immediately? Money just at present is an absolute necessity, and a rush of this kind would be most opportune.

—On a short visit to Milwaukee we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. A. T. Fox of '73; he could not understand why delegates were not sent to the Inter-Collegiate Association, and thought it a great mistake that Racine should be the only college in the state not represented.

—Not long ago a Senior was enquiring concerning the meaning of the Hebrew word *Mizpah*. A junior, who thought no doubt, that he was propounding historical conundrums, suggested, that if he was not mistaken *Mizpah* was prime minister after Richelieu.

—Some funny fellow locked the north east door Taylor Hall thereby causing a great deal of annoyance to persons accustomed to come in that way. It is bad enough to find the west entrance closed half the time, and it is to be hoped that we will not be subjected to such inconvenience again.

—The match game of Cricket between the First Elevens will be played a week from Wednesday next and not on Thursday as was first stated. It is the second one of the series, and if the Badgers are victors it will be decisive; but if the Clarksons win, another game will be played.

—The prettiest button-hole bouquet we have seen for some time was composed of a sprig of heliotrope, Grand Duke jessamine, white violets and a small rose-bud, bordered with geranium leaves and fuchsias. We presume it was procured at the North Side Greenhouse. At least that is the place to look for such things, and also to procure the best plants for house and garden at the most reasonable prices.

—We wish to call attention to the advertisement of Mr. George Thomas, which appears on the second page of this issue. Mr. Thomas has recently returned to Racine and is about starting in business here, after having had several years experience in the best studios of New York. His apparatus is entirely new and comprises all the latest improvements in his line of business.

Of his work we need say nothing; it speaks for itself; and we advise the members of the College to give Mr. Thomas a trial.

COLLEGE PRESS.

There is not much news worth gleaning just at present.

Harvard was engaged in "kicking" McGill University when the *Advocate* appeared. The first match was played according to Harvard rules, and was very easily won by that institution. A harder fight was looked for in the next day's match, which was to be played according to the rules of the "Kanucks." Base-ball matches with Brown and Princeton were to be played on the 16th and 22nd respectively.

The Cornell Navy Regatta will take place, says the *Era*, on the 6th or 13th of June; if the weather should be stormy it can be postponed one week. The entire day has been given to the programme which is as follows: Boat-races at 9 A. M. Athletic exercises at 2½ P. M., consisting of the usual running races, jumping and throwing. In the evening there will be a gymnasium exhibition, probably, and the day will end with the distribution of the prizes.

Twenty-four names appear on the Dartmouth Commencement programme, and there will be sixteen speakers. The seniors at that College have no vacation before Commencement.

The *Chronicle* is rather hazy on account of its eighty-one suspended Sophmores and Freshmen, and gives full and apparently impartial accounts of the affair. There is

some talk of establishing another paper or magazine at the University. A writer in the *Chronicle* wants it to be "independent of Faculty control, direct or indirect, and its contributors to be unknown unless their statements prove false." That plan carries somewhat suspicious look on its face. We would like to see a copy of the paper.

"We would advise the *Irving Union* to die."—*Record*. "So we say all of us; and we would stand for its funeral expenses, if we had't another corpse—the *Indiana Student*—on our hands."—*Courant*. "Nothing could be more charitable than the above; therefore we agree with the *Record* and *Courant*, and ourselves offer to pay for the respectable burial—laurels included—of the *Niagarensis* which, in the style of its articles, and its sooty appearance looks as though all who manage it, from the leading editor to the printer's devil, might be chimney sweeps in the height of their business."—*Harvard Advocate*. We would not be behind our Eastern friends in this glorious work, and if the *Iowa Classic* will lie down amid its flowers of rhetoric and peacefully expire, we will stand the expenses of a grand wake, and thus be saved the trouble of monthly experiments in cremation."—*Chronicle*.

We commend the laudable undertaking of our brethren, and suggest as a fit subject for their kind offices the *University Press*. We have worn out so many pairs of magnifying glasses in trying to read it that we are scarcely able to volunteer the cost of a funeral, but if the *Press* will consent to be cremated, we will gladly procure a suitable urn in which to let its ashes R. I. P.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The German element of our American life is beginning to make a prominent feature in our *genre* story-painting. Both *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic* have stories this month in which Germans prominently figure. The mere name of Saxe Holm under "A Four-Leaved Clover" in *Scribner's* is a sufficient recommendation of that story, and "Larcom's Little Chap" by James McKay in the *Atlantic* is not a whit inferior, though somewhat different in character. The figure of that simple German woman with her baby in her arms, resting by the spring at Finchley prison, after having traveled a thousand miles without money or friends to find her "Chon" has an element of the truly heroic in it, and would awaken the sympathy of those least often moved by story-telling. The *Atlantic* is a first-rate number, and fully sustains the position it has taken under the new management.

Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Baker both conclude their serials this month, and in both the interest is fully sustained to the end. A writer sketching Mr. Aldrich in *Scribner's* says that in "Prudence Palfrey" he has employed some of his finest powers. In delicacy of humor, purity of atmosphere and absolute truthfulness, it far excels any previous work by the same pen. Two or three of the characters, notably the heroine and the Rev. Wibird Hawkins, are types which are perfect in their kind. The plot as a plot, good as it is, has no especial ingenuity, but the color and motive of the story are without stain or flaw.

From the same writer we learn that Mr. Aldrich has a good many good working years before him yet, for he is only about thirty-eight years old. We had supposed him to be

much older. He wrote that sweet and touching little life of "Baby Bell" when he was in a New York banking house at the age of nineteen.

The poetry of the *Atlantic* is worthy of notice, especially "Crowned and Discrowned," the "Ravens of Odin," and "Morgan Stanwood." "Naples: Her Volcano, her People, and her King," is another chapter of Robert Dale Owen's charming autobiography. There is also a paper on the "Growth of the Novel" by G. P. Lathrop, another on "Morphine" by J. C. Layard, and one on "Modern Cats" by J. W. DeForest which is as amusing as it is ingenious. The funniest thing in *Scribner's* is "Diogenes in America" which would make an admirable reading for some Addisonian meeting. Mr. Stedman's criticism of Tennyson is concluded in this number; Mr. King takes us to South Carolina in his southern rambles; there is a sketch of "Au Sable Chasm," and another of "An Elephant Hunt in Siam." B. F. Taylor gives us a second strain of his "Old Time Music" in a poem called "The Brook and the Mill."

In *Littell's Living Age*, "Far from the Madding Crowd" still holds a prominent place, and increases in power and interest with each chapter. Hiller's Letters and Recollections of Mendelssohn have reached the fourth part, and are very delightful reading, which is faint praise. One must really read them to find out what they are. Other papers of general interest are the ones on "Wordsworth," "David Livingstone" "Chateaubriand" (Part II,) "Chinese Domestic Life" "The Philology of Slang," and "Ancient and Modern Libraries." Miss Thackeray has a charming story in the last number, and the poetry is as excellent as usual.

THE LONG DAYS.

Yes! they are here again, the long, long days,
After the days of winter, pinched and white:
Soon, with a thousand minstrels comes the light,
Late, the sweet robin-haunted dusk delays.

But the long days that bring us back the flowers,
The sunshine and the quiet dripping rain,
And all the things we knew of spring, again,
The long days bring not the long-lost long hours.

The hours that now seem to have been each one
A summer in itself, a whole life's bound,
Filled full of deathless joy—where, in his round,
Have these forever faded from the sun?

The fret, the fever, the unrest endures,
But the time flies—Oh, try, my little lad,
Coming so hot and play-worn, to be glad.
And patient of the long hours that are yours.

W. D. Howells in *Atlantic Monthly*.

BEFORE THE RAIN.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst,

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind.—and the lightning now
Is tangled in the tremulous skeins of rain!

T. B. Aldrich, from *Scribner's Monthly*.



"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XV.

RACINE COLLEGE, JUNE 10, 1874.

No. 6.

SYMBOLS.

NO I. THE VINE AND THE CUP.

A vine springs up by a staunch old oak
And grows, and clothes it with beauty rare;
And the old oak laughs in his staunch old heart,
And is proud as a king of his mantle fair.

And the years glide by with their noiseless tread,
And the vine is still growing, green and strong;
But it grows o'er the trunk of an oak-tree dead—
It is dead, and will crumble to dust e'er long,
And the tale be told.

A passion springs up in the heart of man
And grows, and clothes him with pleasures fair;
And he laughs as he drinks from its golden cup,
And rejoices to find it growing there.

And the years glide by with their noiseless tread,
And the cup is still golden, though covered with rust;
But 'tis clenched in the hands of a man who is dead—
Ah! would, like the oak, he could crumble to dust,
And the tale be told. —T. C.

THE BEGINNING OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY.

The beginnings of eras in thought are always peculiarly interesting. When after making some progress in civilization, men begin to look around and try to explain what they see without them and within them, the special characteristics of the race to which they belong are often clearly portrayed by their speculations and theories, crude and arbitrary as they may be.

In studying the Greek philosophy, the philosophy of the most gifted people of antiquity, a philosophy which has given the whole world two matchless teachers in Plato and Aristotle, we might expect to find in its very dawnings much to interest and instruct.

It is to be observed how the two divisions of the Hellenic race which play the most prominent part in its history are distinguished by different types of thought and casts of character. The Ionians, a race, it is true, capable of better things being full of genius and originality made life a bright, outward, sensual thing; living as they did by a sparkling sea, under a glorious sunny sky, with all nature speaking to their cheerful, pleasure-loving souls of Zeus and Poseidon, of Aphrodite and the Graces, they were not driven inwards for reflection. On the contrary they lived in what they saw and felt. Finished harmony, something within the grasp of their senses, was their ideal of beauty; a glorious, sensuous enjoyment their highest conception of happiness. And though this cast of character and thought belonged rather to the Greek people as a whole, it seems most prominent and clear in the Ionic race. More-

over, if it be again objected that some of the most spiritual teaching the world has ever known came from Socrates and Plato, Attic Ionians both of them, it should be remembered that we are speaking more particularly of the Ionians of the islands and of Asia Minor, from whom the Athenians differed in representing the full maturity of *all* Greek art and culture.

The Dorians were very different. Possessing none of the genius and liveliness of their Ionic brethren, more simple and serious in their life and ways, they did not partake so largely of Greek sensuousness. When they became luxurious they sank into Sybaritic effeminacy. In their highest development they were severe and stern.

Such being then the two chief races of historic Greece we could naturally expect to find Philosophy in each influenced by the characteristics to which we have referred. And in point of fact we find this to be the case. The whole history of the Ionian School from Thales to Democritus is one of empiricism and materialism. The explanation of the outside material universe by hypotheses derived from the experience of the senses was the work it took for itself. The most spiritual conception of a first condition of things at which they could arrive was that of air, or fire, or boundless indefinite extension. Anaxagoras gives us some notion of a *nous* or Intelligence, but the notion is obscure and faint. Finally in Democritus, who though not an Ionian may be considered as completing the school, we find a consistent materialism. With the Dorian thinkers we find on the contrary a very different state of things. Less sensuous and more serious than the Ionians but deficient in genius and originality, they found in the spiritual thought of other lands the germs of a philosophy which better suited their natures, and which they developed into a system. We find in Pythagoras, probably the first Doric thinker of any importance, a lofty moral teaching and mystical symbolism under which was, so far as we can judge, a spiritual idealism, and an un-sensuous habit of regarding the universe, is manifest in the rest of the Italic philosophers. Finally in Zeno of Elea we find a complete pantheism.

It would be an interesting task to trace the correspondence between a nation's character and circumstances and its philosophy, in other races besides the ancient Greeks; to examine whether the Englishman is naturally, empiricist-an or the German an idealist, or the Scotchman a "common sense" philosopher, and why. And it were much to be wished that some of the historians of thought would write with this side of their subject in view. Surely Greek thought thus considered is doubly instructive and interesting, and to the faithful appreciative student of the "Juventus Mundi" reveals at every turn some fresh fact or principle worthy of preservation.

ALPHA.

SOME MEDIEVAL CHOIR RULES.

Although the chapel music has so greatly improved during the last year or two, there still remain several small faults which mar its effect. A writer in these columns called attention to some of them just a year ago this time, and in some degree they have been corrected; but they never have been quite thrown aside, and whenever it has been forgotten that "these little matters require a loving earnest attention which can only come from the hearts of the singers," they have always been especially prominent. Perhaps the daily routine of services, where "weariness may come to the best of us," may never allow our singing to be perfect, but care and attention will greatly improve it, and it is with this thought that we copy from the *Musical Times* some of the ancient rules which used to govern choirs. If every choir boy, Tenor and Bass as well as Alto and Treble, would carefully read them and treasure them up, more often doubtless would the "heart be in unison with the voice" when we sing in the "House of the Lord." They elevate the singing to a higher plane than the one on which we generally place it.

"In the MSS. Statutes of St. David's (which were consulted in that far-distant cathedral,) in 1368 the complaint is made that "certain Vicars," who do not hold the office of Cantors according to custom, in the Hours sing before their fellows, begin by themselves, and at the ends of the verses drawl them out after the rest, and at the pointing do not agree together, but deform the choir and throw it out of all order; every man doing his own pleasure, takes his own disorderly way, anticipating words in an incongruous manner, utterly regardless of punctuation, right pronunciation, and correct reading, and moreover whisper in low murmurs.

At St. Paul's the 14th century Statutes speak with even greater precision: "The heart should be in unison with the voice, when we sing in the "House of the Lord" 1. Cor. xiv. 15; Ps. ii. 11, xlvi. 8, cxxxii. 2.)

"We should consider that in psalmody we are in the sight of God and angels; we believe that He is everywhere present, for the eyes of the Lord are in every place (Prov. xv. 3); but especially He is near when His praises are sung, and ministering angels and citizens of heaven are joined with men when we lift up pure hands before God. (Ps. cxxxvii. 2. Heb. i. 14.)"

How earnest then should we be in Church, both in singing the office of the Hours and of Holy Communion, to do such a work with fear and reverence, least (which God forbid) we should do it negligently or lazily, or in an uncomely and lukewarm manner; and so we should fall into that condemnation, "Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully" (Jer. xlvi. 10.) To guard against such a wretched fall, how careful should we be to provide that in the Church of God there should be nothing frivolous, indecent, or perverse in thought, word and deed; so that the Lord when He cometh may find not that which He will punish, but that He will reward. Let the singers humbly offer praise to God without any pride; let them please those who understand the art of song, by the sweetness of their melody profit the unlearned, and, whilst chanting, seek rather to edify the people than to covet popularity and empty adulation.

In singing Psalms, at the pause between the verses and at the pointing all should end and begin anew together. None from affectation or desire of prominence should lengthen out words that ought not to be dwelt upon, nor with unseemly haste take the lead of their fellows. The service should be solemnly sung with due deliberation, and those who frequently offend this rule ought to be sharply reprimanded.

At Lincoln, another century later (1439), the Statutes say, "In psalmody distinctness and devotion should be observed in keeping the measure and pointing; without dragging or clipping the voice; the end of each verse should be sung crisply and shortly by all as one. The notes should be taken without delay, quickly; there should be frequent pauses, and the nature of the season should influence the time. None should lag after another, none begin before others, all should end as if there was but a single voice; then, taking breath, all should begin together, each side following its leader, as the apostle says "All with one mind and one mouth honouring God," and imitating our fellow citizens, the angels, of whom it is written, "They all sing with one voice." Every chant, and psalmody as well should be kept up to the true pitch with earnestness of mind and voice, for sinking to flatness is a proof of indolence, and rising to over-sharpness, which is the cause of discord, is an evident mark of a light mind and love of ostentation. Let each mark this line. "Mind what is to be heard; begin together; end plainly!"

THE POPULAR PRIZE.

The *Cornell Era* not long ago spoke in a rather amusing manner of the number of prizes at Princeton, and how the tendency was to make the prizes a very prominent incentive, if not the chief one to hard study. The writer of the article would have had no opportunity to pick flaws in Racine on that score, but one of our prizes would have caused him, and many others outside of the College, much surprise, and doubt as to its utility in any sense. We refer to the "Popular Prize," given to that student, whose marks are above seventy, who is in a Collegiate class, to be elected by a combined vote of the College and Grammar School. The prize has been bestowed only once, but the defects of it have become very noticeable, though the *MERCURY* has never yet ventilated the subject. But the "caucus" of students to elect nominees is not far distant, and there is time left to petition the Faculty to reconsider the prize, and to convert it to more just and more pleasant purposes. A prize for popularity means, *generally speaking*, a prize for pleasant manners, a genial disposition, excellence in the qualities which attract and general easiness of character. That there are exceptions, we are perfectly well aware. But in the course of years, great risk is run of the prize's becoming merely an inducement to cultivate a bland smile for everybody, and deception, and stooping to electioneering in various ways. But even allowing, which we do not, that in the long run, more good than evil would result if the prize could be justly given, (whatever "justly" means) the system of this college necessitates poor choices. For College students, with whom Grammar School boys have little connection, and *that*, not such as would justify any vote they might cast, are alone eligible to the money. Should our over-the-way friends thus unite on a man, be-

cause of some qualities which would attract them, but which would not by any means impress the Taylor Hall students the Grammar school would have it all their own way by a vote of about one hundred and fifty to fifty. We all know that a principle often insisted upon by the authorities here, is to keep the Grammar School and the College separate. Thus comes prohibiting, except *very rarely*, Grammar School boys from entering Taylor Hall rooms and also the disfavor with which the teachers look upon much intimacy between the members of the different departments. Whatever be the object of such separation, it certainly prevents any thing like a *general* acquaintance between the two Halls; so that chance and little outside circumstances would often decide the matter. Then again the condition of having a certain number of marks, is rather a poor contrivance for shutting out those whose popularity among the boys is supposed to be in proportion to their ability to disgust their teachers. Another objection is that the whole thing stirs up ill-feeling, except when (as last year) some one has a *very large* majority. Suppose, however, that many names were proposed with almost equal support, can you not draw the conclusion? Imagine the case (which has happened) of a boy's having two friends, equally liked by him: you could hardly tell him to make a preference between them, which would certainly result in coolness to one or the other. His only safety is not to cast any vote. Doubtless, among the older students this course will generally be adopted, and last year the decision of the whole matter rested with Park and Kemper Halls. Such are a few of the objections to the prize. The only thing to be said on the other side is a trivial defence: "it is a real boy's prize, they can enter into it heartily, it is something to keep up boy's interest." It is needless to answer that this "real boy interest" would soon become real boy-fighting. There is a scarcity of prizes for many things besides popularity. Let the money be given for excellence in Mathematics, Latin, Greek, English Literature, Philosophy, or anything else besides its present purpose. The students should take some immediate action on the subject, for the "caucus" will soon be held. The donor of the prize can probably be easily induced to offer the amount for some other purpose. We would only add that if nothing else could be thought of, the games of the Fourth of July are now getting to be quite an institution, and permanent prizes might be well provided for by the winners.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Copied from the Indiana Churchman.

A common sense listener thus describes the performance of some of our popular church music, and the effect produced upon his mind:

"The solemn worship of God was introduced by a solo 'Consider the lilies' performed by the leading singer of the choir, and gracefully accompanied on the organ. So far as the music was concerned it was beautifully and faultlessly rendered. The effect upon my own mind, however, was anything but devotional. The singer commenced 'Consider the lilies of the field' etc. and when she came to the application, it ran thus: 'And yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed [interlude upon the organ] was not arrayed [interlude upon the organ] like one of these. And then she went back again,

and asseverated in the most emphatic manner 'I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed—was not arrayed—was not arrayed—was not arrayed (pause)—until I began to despair for poor Solomon, lest he should never get the first of his garments on.

"There was yet another piece of Church, not sacred, music, in which the soprano led off with the announcement 'I will wash,' and then the tenor 'I will wash' and then the contralto 'I will wash,' and then from the profoundest depths comes up the guttural of the basso 'I will wash,' and last of all they strike in all together, crying out in concert 'I will wash.' No one would imagine that this singular and oft repeated announcement of an intended ablution was the rendering in a sacred song, for the spiritual edification of a christian congregation, of those solemn words of the Psalmist. 'I will wash mine hands in innocency, O Lord:' and so will I go to thine altar.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

—The greater part of the College Library has been returned. The Seniors have finished their speeches.

—The new and substantial steps down the lake bank are a decided improvement and a great convenience.

—The American Sardine Co.'s Boneless Sardines are much better, and less than half the cost of imported sardines. tf

—Will Whitmore with his bride made us a flying visit Monday morning. The wedding tour is around the Great Lakes. Will is the same good fellow as before, only happier.

—Just this side of the ravine we notice the largest slide of dirt that has occurred for several years. On the top it will measure thirty yards in length and average two in breadth. It has already gone down about three or four feet and will soon lie in the lake.

—Dr. and Mrs. Falk held a reception for the Senior Class on the Monday evening before examinations. Quite a number of the friends of the class were present, and the evening passed very pleasantly for all. Dr. and Mrs. Elmendorf receive the Class on Saturday evening of this week.

—The Warden will give a breakfast to the Senior Class on Thursday morning at 9 o'clock, in the Dining Hall. The Class will not be through their examinations until Thursday afternoon, but they will probably stop cramming long enough to attend the breakfast.

—Mr. Ely has just finished a fine collection of stereoscopic and other views of the college and other objects of interest in Racine, and those who expect to leave the college at the end of this year will do well to purchase a set of them as a memento of their course. Of his other work we need say nothing it speaks for itself, and every one who sees it is immediately seized with a desire to have pictures taken of the same kind.

—The MERCURY and the College in general are indebted to the enterprising foreman of the ADVOCATE OFFICE, Mr. A. C. Arveson, for the news of the Base Ball Match on Saturday last. Mr. Arveson, by dint of incessant telegraphing, received the earliest intelligence concerning the game, and at once embodied it in the Extra which caused such excitement about Chapel time. This is the first extra, we believe, which has ever been put out in connection with the games and Mr. Arveson has our thanks for his thoughtfulness.

The College Mercury.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
BY THE STUDENTS OF

RACINE COLLEGE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT RITTMAN'S, OR BY THE EDITORS.

TERMS:

College Year, - - - - \$2.00 | Single Copies, - - - - 15 cents.
Original Contributions are solicited from all members of the College, but no notice will be taken of articles unaccompanied by the true name of the writer. All Communications should be addressed to

THE COLLEGE MERCURY, Racine, Wis.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE RACINE JUNCTION AS FOLLOWS:

C. & N.-W. R.R.		W. U. R.R.	
Going South.	G. North	Going West.	Go. East.
Mail and Express, 8.03 A.M.	10.41 A.M.		
Express, - - - 1.54 P.M.	11.48 A.M.	*Day Passenger, 8.00 A.M.	7.50 P.M.
Express, - - - 4.48 P.M.	7.22 P.M.	Accommodation, 8.50 P.M.	6.40 A.M.
Night Passenger, 12.30 A.M.	3.40 A.M.	Night Passenger, 5.50 P.M.	6.45 P.M.

*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

VOL. XV. June 10, 1874. No. 6.

EVANSTON vs. RACINE.

A SERIES OF MATCHES FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF
NORTHWESTERN COLLEGES.

FIRST CONTEST FOR THE SILVER BALL.

AN UNUSUALLY EXCITING AND INTERESTING GAME.

THE BLUE VICTORIOUS THIS TIME.

SCORE, 3 TO 4 IN FAVOR OF NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

THE BIRD OF RACINE GOES TO ROOST WITH DROOPING
PLUMAGE.

If not altogether the most gratifying in its result, by far the prettiest, most interesting and in many respects the best game of ball ever played on this campus was the one of Saturday the 30th inst. The University boys arrived on the second train and were met at the junction by the committee of arrangements. Dinner was at 12.30 and the game was called an hour afterwards. The afternoon was perfect. It had been oppressively warm in the morning but about dinner time a fresh breeze sprang up and the clouds partially concealing the sun made the day all that could be desired. The grounds presented quite a holiday appearance; the ladies' new refreshment tent was an attractive feature, and the gay awning for the scorers stand, the two nines in their uniforms, and the crowd of excited boys and sympathizing ladies made a very pretty picture. Every one expected a close and exciting game and they were by no means disappointed. A small score was also looked for, but one so very low and thoroughly professional was hardly dreamed of.

Our men won the toss and took the field. To the end of the fifth innings they secured only one run and that on an error, while the Evanstons had not made any. Richmond's pitching though slow was peculiar, and seemed to

trouble them seriously. It was entirely different from what they had been used to. In the sixth however they began to get hold of it. Three runs were already brought in, when Ressor took the ball to throw under-hand. This seemed to please the University gentlemen, it was "just what they wanted." It was effective, however, as they made no more scores that innings and only one the rest of the game. The sixth was badly played all around. The other three innings were excellent. Throughout the game the batting was feeble, the fielding, quick, cautious and almost perfect. January at short played beautifully, Doe at second took several difficult flies, Pond at third held three flies, Richmond pitcher one, January short two, Martin F. at center one, Hudson catcher two foul flies and three foul bounds. Of the Evanston's Hamline short took one fly, Paul at second four, Scott pitcher one, Kinman left one, Thiers four foul flies, one foul bound.

Mr. Robinson of Evanston filled the position of Umpire and performed his difficult duty to the satisfaction of all parties. The game throughout was conducted with the greatest courtesy and good feeling. Our boys were beaten for the first time by an amateur club since '68, and of course they feel it, but they have the satisfaction of having played a splendid game and of being conquered by a gentlemanly and courteous club. We are not so sure but that it is the best thing in the world for them. They will probably go to work harder than ever now and will not in the future be over-confident of success. The second game of the nines will be played at Evanston on Saturday June 6th, and no doubt they will make an effort to redeem themselves.

Below is the game by innings:

FIRST INNINGS.

N. W. UNIVERSITY—Hamline leads off the game with a fly to third which Pond captures without much difficulty. Paul comes next and takes first on a hit to center. Martin makes a base hit, Paul who in the meantime has got around to third tries to come home, but short fields the ball home. Paul is put out. Thiers puts an easy fly to second which Doe fastens on. Side out. Score, 0.

RACINE—Hudson is the first striker and comes in swinging a new bat ordered for the occasion. The young telegraph pole moves, the ball flies high up in the direction of right and drops into Evans' hands, drops out again, and a little relieved Hudson takes his first. Martin F. hits a grounder to left, takes first; Hudson having with some little trouble crept round to third, comes home. January strikes out. Richmond takes the bat but does not leave home for Martin F. in a good effort to make second is decided out. Three out. Score, 1.

SECOND INNINGS.

N. W. U.—Wheeler strikes out. Casseday pounds a high fly to center, Martin takes it in his usual style, Casseday out. Kinman fails to connect on first. Score, 0.

RACINE—January three strikes out, Martin H. makes a base hit to right, Richmond puts a fly to second, out. Martin holds fast to first, but while Doe is striking out manages to get around to third where he is left. Scored 0.

THIRD INNINGS.

N. W. U.—Evans hits a foul which is beautifully taken by Hudson. Hamline makes first by error of short. Paul strikes three times and is put out on first. Scott hits a foul

which Hudson very nicely judges and captures after quite a little run. Hamline left on third. Another o.

RACINE—Kershaw hits to second and dies on first. Pond stretches himself, and breaks his bat with a first base hit. Resor is rash enough to try Thiers with a foul and goes out. Hudson subsides on first, Pond left. Again, o.

FOURTH INNINGS.

N. W. U.—Martin does not reach first. Thiers puts one over Pond's head; January runs past third and takes it on fly. Wheeler goes out on fly to Richmond. Scored o.

RACINE—Martin F. foul out. January safe base hit. Martin H. follows with the same. Richmond strikes a foul, Martin not hearing it called has gained second, and makes a vain effort to get back to first. Then Richmond goes out on fly to short. January left. Scored o.

FIFTH INNINGS.

N. W. U.—Casseday puts a grounder to short, January sends it spinning to first and Casseday retires. Kinman dies on a foul fly to Pond, Evans pounds a hot liner to short and Machir takes it with ease and grace. Scored o. Total at end of Fifth Innings, o.

RACINE—Doe bats high up in air, taken by second. Kershaw makes a very feeble hit to pitcher and goes out on first. Pond strikes a foul which is beautifully taken by Thiers on the full run and he is obliged to jump the line to save his balance, loud cheers from the spectators. Scored o. Total at end of Fifth Innings 1.

SIXTH INNINGS.

N. W. U.—Hamline leads with a base hit, Paul takes the bat and makes first on a hit to right. Scott pounds and Hamline comes home. Martin makes his base, and Paul brings in a run. Martin goes out on second and Thiers on a fly to Doe. Wheeler pounds a hot one to third, Pond arrests it but Scott comes home. Cessation of hostilities for a moment. Richmond goes to right, Kershaw to first and Resor begins to throw. Casseday after some delay gets first on a hit. Kinman pounds into January's hands, he puts it to third where Wheeler is forced out. Scored 3.

RACINE—Resor goes to first on a good hit to center; second on a passed ball, Hudson makes first, Resor comes in. Martin F. bats a fly which center drops, Hudson gets to second successfully and tries third but is put out. January goes out on fly to pitcher. Martin H. hits a high fly which is muffed by center, takes first. Fred comes home, Hod takes second and third. Dead Ball so he is obliged to go back to second. Richmond after scattering fouls for some time puts a feeble one to pitcher and goes out on first. Scored 2.

SEVENTH INNINGS.

N. W. U.—Casseday with two wides and strike goes out on fly to Doe. Kinman hits a feeble one, gets second, error by third—in his excitement Pond throws for the crowd instead of first base. Evans expires on first. Kinman comes home. Hamline foul out. Scored 1.

RACINE—Doe tempts second with a fly and is put out. Kershaw strikes a feeble one to third, don't half run and drops on first. Pond comes in with a haughty air and makes a base hit. Resor follows with a base hit, Pond goes to third, Resor to second. Hudson stands ready to knock the stuffing out of the ball and bring two men in, but subsides on first. Pond left on third, Resor on second. Scored o.

N. W. U.—Paul tries third with a fly, Pond takes it with characteristic composure. Scott does not reach first. Martin makes a foul tip, it strikes Hudson in the breast and he coolly picks it up on the first bound. Scored o.

RACINE—Martin F. knocks a foul fly which is dropped by third and happy Fred takes another trial. Puts one to short who sends it to first and Martin is extinguished. January strikes out. Martin H. foul out. Scored o.

NINTH INNINGS.

N. W. U.—Thiers gets first by error of Kershaw. Wheeler is about to put his foot on first when Kershaw takes a difficult pick-up quite redeeming his former error. Thiers makes second and third, Casseday goes out on foul tip, Kinman puts a red hot one to second which Doe takes on the full run about knee high. Prolonged cheers. Thiers left on third. Scored o.

RACINE—Last chance. One to tie, two to beat. Richmond out on fly to second. Doe puts a liner to second who takes it running. Kershaw is the last man, makes a good effort but is extinguished on first. Scored o.

Total for Nine Innings, Evanstons 4. Racine 3. Earned runs, Evanstons 1. Racine 1. Time of game 1 hr. 40 min. For further particulars see score.

RACINE.		O.	R.	EVANSTON.		O.	R.
Hudson, c.,	- - -	3	1	Hamline, s. s.,	- - -	2	1
Martin, F. c. f.,	- - -	3	1	Paul, 2. b.,	- - - -	3	1
January s. s.,	- - -	4	0	Scott, p.,	- - - -	2	1
Martin H. l. f.,	- - -	3	0	Martin, 3. b.,	- - -	3	0
Richmond p.,	- - -	4	0	Thiers, c.,	- - -	3	0
Doe 2 b.,	- - - -	4	0	Wheeler, c. f.,	- - -	4	0
Kershaw r. f.,	- - -	4	0	Casseday, 1. b.,	- - -	4	0
Pond 3. b.,	- - - -	1	0	Kinman, l. f.,	- - -	3	1
Resor 1. b.	- - - -	1	1	Evans, r. f.,	- - -	3	0
Total		27	3	Total.		27	4

	Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
RACINE	- - - -	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0-3
EVANSTON	- - - -	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	0-4

EVANSTON vs. RACINE.

SECOND GAME.

A GOOD TIME AT EVANSTON AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A MORE SATISFACTORY GAME IF NOT SO WELL PLAYED.

THE PURPLE AHEAD.

THE FIRST MERCURY EXTRA BEARS A ROOSTER CROWING JUBILANTLY FOR THE COLLEGE.

OVATION AT THE JUNCTION, AND A GENERAL JOLLIFICATION

SCORE, 7 TO 19 IN FAVOR OF THE COLLEGE NINE.

About forty students went to Evanston on Saturday, June 6th, to witness the second game of the series. They were met at the depot by a committee, and during their stay were very hospitably entertained by the members of the University. The time before dinner, which took place about half past twelve, was spent in inspecting the University buildings and other places of interest, and after dinner

the Nine immediately donned their uniforms and proceeded to the field. There had been a heavy fog in the morning, but as it had cleared away about eleven o'clock the grounds were quite dry and in fair condition for play. The game was called at ten minutes past two.

FIRST INNINGS.

Their usual good luck won the toss for the College boys, and the University went to bat. Hamline, the first batter, knocked a foul fly only to be caught by Hudson. Paul retired on three strikes, but a wild throw of Hudson's gave Robinson his first after having three strikes, and a similar one of Resor's allowed him to reach second, and he finally touched third by a passed ball. Scott followed by three strikes, which by another wild throw landed him safely on first, bringing Paul home. But "three strikes, out!" on Thiers, completed the innings. Hudson on the Racine side went to first on a base hit, stole second and third, while Paul's error gained Martin F. his first. January's base hit secured both men their score. Martin H. by a safe hit to left earned his base, sending January to second, but Rich's grounder to short intercepted him at third. Martin H. and Rich. stole their bases, and Doe's long hit to center brought Martin H. home, while Rich. was destined to stay on third, and Kershaw expired at first. Score 3 to 1.

SECOND INNINGS.

The N.W.U.'s did little at the bat, Wheeler going out on a fly to Jesse, Casseday touching his base by Resor's error, by being left at second, as Evans had trouble in handling the pitching, going out on three strikes, and though Resor dropped Martin E.'s swift liner, he picked it up in time to throw it to "Kirk." The Raciners batted beautifully on coming in. Resor's grounder was too much for third, and wild throws finally put him on that base. Hudson's new bat sent a beautiful second base hit to center, bringing Resor in, and he himself traveled to third on Martin F.'s long knock to right. Bidy then began that stealing second base, which the nine generally did very well, and a passed ball brought Hudson home. Scott did not want Jesse's swift grounder, which gave Fred his home. Short stop put Martin H.'s grounder to second to cut off January, who however was safe on the base. Rich's good hit to center took Jesse and Martin H. all around, and Doe's splendid ground hit to right secured him a base. Pond brought Doe and Rich one base nearer home by a fair foul hit which skewed out of the 3d base line. Kershaw forced Doe on second, but yet added Rich's tally to the score. The center failed to get Resor's high one, and he went to second while Pond went home. But the next two men, Hudson and Martin F. finished the innings, the first by a foul fly to third base and Bidy by a little knock to pitcher, which he threw to first, Resor being left at second. Score 1 to 11.

THIRD INNINGS.

The N.W.U.'s went out in one two three order. Hamline's fly to left being grabbed by Martin H., Paul's grounder to Jesse being handsomely picked up and put over to Kirk, and Robinson died on first by Resor's assistance. Not a man touched first base. The Purple also was whitewashed, January and Martin H. both forgetting that Thiers's badly bruised hands did not injure his catching fouls, and Rich being much astonished to see Wheeler put his hands on his long hit, making what up to this time was the best play of the game. Score still standing 1 to 11.

FOURTH INNINGS.

Scott opened the innings by a ground hit to Jessie, who checked him at first. But Thiers put a safe one over Short's head and stole his second, and though Wheeler went out on three strikes, he crept stealthily to third, tallying on a passed ball just in time, for Casseday's hit to left was captured by Martin H. The College coming in, Doe got to first and traveled to third on a wild throw. Martin E. took in Pond's little fly, but Kirk in the rush between Scott and Casseday for his hit, touched his first. Resor's daisy cutter past Short earned him his first, and Kirk touched the plate on Hudson's beautiful grounder to center, which gave him second. There, by a passed ball and Bidy No. 2's low one to second, Resor and Hudson tallied. Jessie died at first, but Bidy did some base stealing, stopping at third till a passed ball secured his home. An error of Short allowed Martin H. his first, but he was left at third by Rich's grounder to Short being finely sent over to Casseday. Score 2 to 16.

FIFTH INNINGS.

Doe put his hands on Evan's little fly, but Martin E.'s base hit between second and third took him to first. Hamline went out on a running fly to center, but the latter lost the opportunity to make a double play by putting the ball to first, before Martin E. had retouched his first. Hudson's wild throw and a balk sent Martin to third. Paul took his base on called balls and went to third on Robinson's good hit between first and second, which also added Martin's tally to the N.W.U.'s. But Scott's foul fly to Hudson made third hand out, leaving Robinson and Paul on bases. Racine took a kalsomining coat at the bat, for Doe's little fly to pitcher was doomed, and though Pond by error got his first and crept around to third, Paul proved too much for Kirk's fly, and Wheeler finely handled Resor's high fly which seemed at first about to go over his head. Score 3 to 16.

SIXTH INNINGS.

Resor treated Thiers swift hit well, snatching him at first. Wheeler on three balls, took first and a passed and wide ball landed him all safe at third, Casseday meanwhile dying on first by assistance of Resor. A passed ball added Wheeler's tally to the N.W.U.'s Evans was left at third, though rather poor fielding had allowed him to begin his base-running, for Resor put Martin E. out on a fly. An error of Short's gave Hudson his base, and he stole second, halting there on a passed ball. Martin F. knocked a fly which second base of course captured. But Jesse made a safe hit between Short and third bringing Hudson in, and earn his own base. A high fly of Martin H's to Right was caught; Rice put a grounder to Short, who put it to second to force Jesse, but the ball was poorly muffed. But January soon was caught napping on second and made the third out by a throw of Scott to the base. Score, 4 to 17.

SEVENTH INNINGS.

Richmond went to pitching, Resor to first and Kershaw to right. Hamline dropped a little one to Richmond, who threw it to Resor. Paul did not do better, sending Doe a grounder and dying at first, and Hudson closed the innings by catching Robinson's foul bound. The Northwesterns also imitated the drop pitching with fair success. Martin came to pitcher, while Scott went over to third. A muffed grounder of Martin H's by Scott secured him first base, and he stole 2d. But Richmond and Doe both went out, the first on first

Paul assisting, and the latter on a fly to pitcher. Pond after trying hard to disturb the ladies by foul hits among them, went to first on wides, and stole second. Biddy scored on Phil's safe one to left, but Resor closed the innings by a foul fly which Theirs took in his usual way. The drops seemed too much for the boys.

EIGHTH INNINGS.

Scott put a good liner to center; Jesse tried his hand at strategem with Their's fly, which he caught and threw on the ground, as if muffed, so as to force Scott on second, but he was not unperceived by the umpire who decided the ball to be caught to the amusement of the spectators. Doe threw the ball over first's head, and Scott tallied. Wheeler's little fly did not escape Resor, but Casseday's warm liner passed between Pond's hand, and January fumbled Evans' grounder. A passed ball gave Casseday his third, but there he stayed, for Pond made a fine throw of Martin's grounder, checking him at first. The Purple played very poorly in the field. Hudson went out on a fly to Scott, and Fred on a foul pick up of Theirs.

NINTH INNINGS.

The N.W.U.'s went in for their last chance at the bat; Hamline's fly gave him first in spite of the three fielders who ran for it, and a passed ball gave him second, but Paul was stopped by Resor. Robinson put a good one to left, gaining first and helping Hamline home, but Scott retired on a fly to January. A bad overthrow of Pond's to first allowed Robinson to run in and Thiers to trot around to third, but Martin closed the innings by grabbing Wheeler's fly. The Racines seemed to be laying off for long hits too much. Rich. barely was prevented from being credited with a second base hit by a very excusable error of Paul's. Doe also tempted left with a long one which was muffed, and a similar one by Pond to center was fielded in like manner. Rich scored by a poor throw to their second, Doe coming to third, after that the boys went out in quick succession—Kershaw on a fly to Scott, Resor by another to short, and Hudson by a foul to Thiers. The game closed by a score of 7 to 19, which was quickly dispatched to the College.

As a general thing the Racine Nine batted excellently and their opponents the reverse. Mr. Thiers deserved, and received on all sides, very great praise; for his hands were so badly bruised that every ball was misery to him to catch, but the decline in his play since the last game was scarcely perceptible. Scott fielded finely with few exceptions. Wheeler redeemed his errors in the first game. But it is needless to say that it was strong batting which won, and that the weak point of the Evanston Nine is undoubtedly their batting.

The greatest excitement prevailed at Evanston at the close of the game, especially among the boys, who left on 5.30 train cheering Evanston and the Nine, being very sensible of the hearty courtesy with which they had been received and entertained. Shouting, singing, and talking about the game made the ride very short, and no better surprise ever greeted any club than the cheers of nearly the whole School, who were assembled at the Junction to meet the train. And the best feature of the day was talking it over at College. Everybody had to tell three or four times at least how despondent they all were because they thought the College Nine was beaten, and how, just at Chapel time a messenger came up from the AVDUCATE office bearing compli-

mentary extras to the MERCURY with an immense cock crowing at the top to show that "the Purple was ahead," and what shouting there was in the Dining Hall at supper time—but it would take too long to go over it all. The day ended with a splendid supper prepared by Mrs. Franklin, and the evening spent in recounting, as we have said, the events of the game.

EVANSTON.		O.	R.	RACINE.		O.	R.
Hamline, s. s.,	- -	4	1	Hudson, c.,	- - -	3	4
Paul, z. b.,	- - -	4	0	Martin, F. c. f.,	- -	3	3
Robinson, c. f.,	- -	2	2	January s. s.,	- - -	4	1
Scott, p.,	- - -	3	1	Martin H. l. f.,	- -	3	3
Thiers, c.,	- - -	3	1	Richmond r. f.,	- -	3	2
Wheeler, l. f.,	- - -	4	1	Doe z. b.,	- - -	3	1
Casseday, i. b.,	- -	2	0	Pond z. b.,	- - -	2	1
Evans, r. f.,	- - -	2	0	Kershaw i. b.,	- -	3	2
Martin, z. b.,	- - -	3	1	Resor p.,	- -	3	2
Total.		27	7	Total		27	19

Base hits—Racine, 19. Evanston, 6.
Earned runs—Racine, 2. Evanston, 0.

BLUE vs RED.

Monday, June 1st, was too windy to expect much of a display on the ball field between the First nines of the Badgers and Clarksons. The Badgers took the field first, and the Clarksons scored one, which score the Badgers also obtained on coming to the bat. But the prospects for anything like a close game were dissipated when the Clarksons added six to their score the next innings. The remainder of the game was characterized by rather weak fielding, especially on the Badger side, which was redeemed by several good plays. Mr. Resor behind the bat, made a fine one-hand pick-up, and Mr. Kershaw played well at Short Stop, notwithstanding occasional errors; but fumbling grounders was rather the order of the day. On the Clarkson side, Mr. Richmond's pitching was almost as trying to the strikers as in the Evanston match, judging at least from the Badger's disappointed looks as they would "lay off" for a home run and strike the ball on the handle of their bat. Mr. Doe threw underhand very well, redeeming his errors at 2d Base; but there were very many errors, as, for instance, the two grounders which passed through one fielder's legs, and his wild throws. The batting was not very heavy until, in the last innings, the Clarksons punished Mr. Eddy very fairly adding eleven to their score. The game closed with a score of 37 to 17, in favor of the Clarksons. This decides the winner of the Armitage cup as the last game also fell to the lot of the Clarksons. But it is noticeable that the Badgers are improving greatly in Base Ball and perhaps may expect next year to hold the cup for the first time. We can only append the score, adding that considerable dissatisfaction was expressed by the Badgers at the umpiring.

CLARKSONS.		O.	R.	BADGERS.		O.	R.
Martin, H.	- - -	2	5	Pond,	- - -	3	2
January,	- - -	4	2	Resor,	- - -	3	2
Talbot,	- - -	4	3	Kershaw,	- - -	5	1
Richmond,	- - -	3	4	Cleveland,	- - -	4	0
Hudson,	- - -	3	4	Weeks,	- - -	3	1
Morrall,	- - -	2	4	Gailor,	- - -	4	1
Luther,	- - -	5	3	Eddy,	- - -	2	3
Rhodes,	- - -	2	6	Quigly,	- - -	2	3
Doe,	- - -	2	4	Martin, F.	- - -	1	4
Total		27	37	Total,		27	17

COLLEGE PRESS.

We acknowledge with pleasure our first number of the *Owl*.

The editors of the *College Journal* must have failed to connect this month. We received for our portion the issue of their paper for November, 1873.

The Harvard and McGill University Foot-ball match, mentioned in our last issue, resulted at the second trial in a "draw."

A student, asked to give the names of the different clouds, said that there were Culumus, Stratus, Nimbus, and one kind he did not remember the name of, but it looked like a *mare's tail* going round a *circus ring*.—*Dickinsonian*.

A. D. 1900. Scene before a cremation undertaker's shop: *Small boy*—"I say, is dad done yet? If he is, put his ashes in this ere tin kettle."—*Spectator*.

REV. DR. O. J. PECK of Chicago Centenary M. E. Church has been engaged to deliver the annual commencement address before the literary societies at Lawrence University.

A French instructor read to his class, the other day "a very interesting," as he said, "and highly instructive article on immigration from France." Afterwards he modestly told them he was the writer. Is there no law against cruelty to animals?—*Chronicle*.

Prof. W.—"Mr. D., will you give us a description of the telescopic appearance of the moon? After a moments reflection, Mr. D. replies: "The moon when seen through the telescope, appears to be a dead body surrounded by a dense atmosphere." Loud applause.—*Chronicle*.

Owing to a little mistake on the part of one of the Profs. a Soph. was called to recite the review lesson when no review was customary. With praiseworthy candor he exclaimed, "Why, Professor, I fizzled on that yesterday."—*Ex*.

Calliope struck a Junior over the head with a club, the other day, and knocked the following out of him;

"Jackus, cum Jilla
Formosa ancilla,
Aquam habituras collem ascendit
Prolabitur Jackus,
Caput misere fractus,
Et Jilla desparata in factum ruebat.

Chronicle.

Our townsman, the *Cambridge Press*, in speaking of a concert for the Fremont Base Ball Club says, "Miss L— rendered 'Ave Maria,' otherwise known as the 'Bird of the Sea,' in a very agreeable manner."—*Magenta*.

A certain student at a dissenting College, in a sermon before a rustic audience, quoted *Propria quæ maribus*, as "the heart stirring-words of St. Chrysostom to which no translation could do justice;" and immediately afterwards found he had his tutor for a hearer.—*Church Times*

Scene in recitation room. *Prof.*: "What can you say of Dr. Sam. Johnson?" *Student*: "He was obliged to walk the streets of London all night in order to obtain a sufficient amount of sleep."—*Annalist*.

Latest importation in College slang:—"Better swim out, you are over your depth." To be used when a man is telling a story somewhat *fishy*. *Courant*.

"Yale Club students are expected to study one hour per day, pull a boat three, box two, and talk about athletic matters the rest of the twenty four.—*St. Louis Democrat*.

We are not evilly disposed toward the writer, but we would like to have him here about a week.—*Courant*.

A senior of a diminutive character went to the new livery stable to engage a horse and buggy for the Tuesday picnic, when the following conversation took place:

Senior.—Have you a fine rig you can let me have to go to the picnic on Tuesday?

Liveryman, (looking at him a few minutes). I thought there were none but seniors going out on Tuesday.

Senior, (raising himself to his full stature and assuming a great deal of dignity).—I am not very large, but nevertheless I am a *Senior*.—*Western Collegian*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TWO AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

The excellence of AMERICAN MAGAZINES has become so well recognized abroad, that one of the leading English Papers, the LONDON WEEKLY REGISTER, in a recent issue, thus speaks of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

"We are constrained to own that SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY carries off the prize against all our shilling monthly serials for brilliancy of illustrations and variety of contents. It is simply a wonderful shilling's worth. Nothing can be more charming than the cuts, full of force and vigor; the light and shade are managed with a truly artistic power. Out of its one and twenty original articles, we really do not know which to choose as the best, for each and all are excellent."

Not only is it true that SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY excels the English Magazines, but it is "*The Best of American Monthlies*."

In the extent, variety and artistic excellence of its illustration of American themes, it has never been even approached, much less excelled. It has a larger page, and gives a greater variety in its contents than any other of the Standard American Monthlies.

In literary character, and in brilliancy and ability of Editorial Departments, it enjoys an equal pre-eminence.

Its conductors started with the definite aim of making it *the best magazine in the world*, of which they have never for a moment lost sight, and they point with pride and pleasure to the May and June numbers, recently issued, and ask for a candid examination and a careful comparison of their merits with those of other magazines; and they renew their pledge to the public, to strive for still higher excellence in future.

A considerable demand has recently arisen in England for ST. NICHOLAS, SCRIBNER'S NEW MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, one publisher desiring to secure an edition of three thousand of the first bound volume (when completed), with his imprint.

The success of ST. NICHOLAS in this country has been even more remarkable than that of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. It is pronounced to be "*an ideally perfect Magazine for children*," and, as is the case with the best literature for children, it has been found to possess surpassing interest for grown up readers, as well.

The influence of the periodicals of the day can scarcely be estimated, especially upon the rising generation. Parents and teachers cannot afford to be indifferent to this influence, or careless in relation to all the character of the literature furnished to the children outside of their school lessons. In ST. NICHOLAS not only are History, Natural Philosophy, Literature, Fine Arts, and Manufactures presented in an attractive way to the young but the children are stimulated to seek information for themselves.

The publishers will send to any address a specimen number of *St. Nicholas*, postage pre-paid, on receipt of ten cents, the bare cost of paper and printing. The magazines are sold by all first-class *Booksellers and Newsdealers*, everywhere.

Scribner's Monthly,	- - -	\$4 a year; 35c. a number.
St Nicholas	- - -	3 " 25c. "

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"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XV.

RACINE COLLEGE, JUNE 27, 1874.

No. 7.

GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye, it is the sweetest blessing
That falls from mortal lips on mortal ear,
The weakness of our human love confessing,
The promise that a love more strong is near—
May God be with you!

Why do we say it when the tears are starting?
Why must a word so sweet bring only pain?
Our love seems all-sufficient till the parting,
And then we feel it impotent and vain—
May God be with you!

Oh, may He guide and bless and keep you ever,
He who is strong to battle with your foes;
Whoever fails, His love can fail you never,
And all your need He in His wisdom knows—
May God be with you!

Better than earthly presence, e'en the dearest,
Is the great blessing that our partings bring;
For in the loneliest moments God is nearest,
And from our sorrows heavenly comforts spring,
If God be with us.

Good-bye, good-bye, with latest breath we say it,
A legacy of hope, and faith, and love;
Parting must come, we cannot long delay it,
But, one in Him, we hope to meet above,
If God be with us.

Good-bye—'tis all we have for one another,
Our love, more strong than death, is helpless still,
For none can take the burden from his brother,
Or shield, except by prayer, from any ill—
May God be with you!

—*Living Age.*

THE FIRST GAME WITH THE BELOITS.

Friday afternoon, the 12th inst., was most unfavorable for a good game of ball. A cold, north-east wind swept across the campus making overcoats more desirable than ball uniforms, and quite blowing away all prospect for an interesting match. Notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the day, there was a large crowd assembled to witness the game, but as the hours wore on and there was not excitement enough to keep them warm the spectators began to withdraw; and at the end of the sixth innings, by general consent, the game was closed, the score then being 29 to 6 in our favor.

The wind was in the striker's favor and directly against the pitcher and the fielders; and to this fact more than anything else must be attributed the protracted and generally tedious character of the game. As might have been expected the batting was very heavy, indeed it was the heaviest we remember to have seen on this campus since the dead ball came into use; still there were some very good plays in the

field and no one deserves, or obtained more praise, for his sharp quick plays, than Mr. Stocking the second baseman of the Beloit Club. His catching and throwing were remarkable and particularly so when we remember that though very large he is only sixteen years old. Indeed all the Club are quite young, not averaging over eighteen years to a man. With two exceptions they are all wonderfully long and slim.

Of the College Nine, Resor made one and Hudson two home runs; and there would have been one or two more brought in, but the Beloit fielders stood way down by the road and the baseman where left and center generally are, and as they were all excellent throwers the home runs were cut short, though three in six innings is pretty good.

A nine from the College went to Beloit on the 16th, to play a return match, and to meet and tackle a club from Milton Junction. All the members of the College Nine were not able to go, so it was thought safe to try a picked nine and if they win we shall enjoy all the more glory; and if beaten it will not be so bad.

THE BELOIT MATCH.

(Special correspondence of the MERCURY.)

MESSRS EDITORS:—The second game of the series between the Beloit nine and the College nine, was played on a meadow near Beloit, on Tuesday June 16. The College nine on their arrival at Beloit were very cordially received and were entertained in a most friendly and gentlemanly manner. The game, however, was the worst one which they have ever played.

Considering that there were four substitutes and that no man, except January, played in his regular position, a defeat might have been anticipated. But after all this had nothing to do with the result; the substitutes all played well. Truesdell at left field gathered three difficult flies, and Rhodes secured the best score. Of the regular nine, Resor, moved from first to catch, did very well, and Doe proved a swift underhand thrower; his balls would doubtless have been more effective if the umpire had paid less attention to his new plug hat and more to the game.

The rain which ought to have stopped the game according to all rule and precedent, seriously interfered with Racine's chances. The ball was soaked and wholly unmanageable. Beloit being at the bat secured seventeen runs, making the score at the end of the second innings, 24 to 1.

In this innings a palpable error was made by the Umpire, which very greatly increased the score. Several of this gentleman's blunders were simply abominable, and

showed a complete lack of knowledge, judgment and nerve. He gave as a reason for calling a foul catch not out that he "didn't see it," standing not five feet from the catcher, and no "flight of stairs and a deal door" interfering, he still needed "a pair o' patent double million magnifying gas microscopes of hextra power," though Sam Weller would doubtless have discovered it with his pair of eyes. He was also unable to distinguish the difference between a called ball and a wide, and even sometimes confounded strikes with them. The pitchers were afraid to pitch straight as they were sure of having balls called on them if they did, but chose to hit the batsman as that generally resulted in a strike being called.

Nine balls were pitched in succession without there being a strike, called ball, a wide, or called strike; an event truly remarkable in the annals of base ball and which would lead us to infer that the gentleman's umpiring had been chiefly confined to "barn ball."

The score 41 to 40 in favor of Beloit was such as might have been anticipated, under the circumstances.

In conclusion it is only just to the "Senior Prep." who tried to umpire, to say that he meant well, and that he was ignorant not malicious.

L. F.

EVANSTON vs. RACINE.

THIRD GAME.

FINAL CONTEST FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE SILVER BALL STILL REMAINS ON ITS VELVET
CUSHION IN PARK HALL.

A CLOSE AND EXCITING GAME.

THE BIRD OF RACINE THE COCK OF THE WALK, AFTER ALL.

SCORE 9 TO 10 IN FAVOUR OF RACINE.

Saturday the 13th of June the largest crowd that was ever seen on the campus witnessed the last and deciding game with the Evanstons for the silver ball. Friday the College nine were playing a match with a Beloit club when a telegram came stating that the University nine would certainly be here the next day. This was happy news, especially as nothing had been heard from them since the previous game. True to their word they arrived Saturday morning bringing quite a good crowd with them to howl when they should win the game, and carry the silver prize in triumph to the University Museum. But there was no need of howlers; and the Evanston Curiosity shop will have to wait at least another season before it sees the ball again.

Play was called at 1.55 P. M. and the last man on the ninth innings was exterminated at just 3.40 P. M. The College with their usual abominably good luck won the toss. The Evanstons had made one change which we think was much for the better; Martin W. of the old University nine played short in Hamline's place. Mr. Hamline was chosen Umpire and though he gave two decisions against us his intentions were evidently good and against his umpiring as a whole we would not complain. Scott went to work as though he was wrathful and he probably never pitched better.

His fielding too was extraordinarily sharp so that it was very hard to run a base on him.

January's playing at short stop drew forth remarks of general admiration and astonishment from all sides. Scott even asserted that he had never seen a better short, outside of a professional nine, and several of their club seemed to think that if Jesse was removed they would have no difficulty in waxing us. Suffice it to say that January never played better, never covered more ground. In the eighth innings Resor began underhand throwing, Richmond having pitched excellently up to that time.

THE FIRST INNINGS

Opened with Thiers at the bat. He took his stand in a cool deliberate manner as if prepared to pound, and he did pound right into Fred Martin's hands, and retired. Martin W. knocked a short fly which Richmond grabbed on, and Scott went out on first. White-wash. Hudson goes to bat on our side and puts a fly to Caseday, it is held of course. Martin F. breaks a bat short off at the handle and hits a fly to pitcher. January goes out on first. So ends the first innings. Short and promising.

SECOND INNINGS.

Paul makes a base hit and goes down to second. Kinman gets first. Wheeler comes to bat. Kinman slips down to second. Wheeler retires on a fly to Martin H. and Pond comes home. Caseday foul out, and Evans is corked on first. Score 1. Martin H. leads and gets first by a wild throw of short stop and second on passed ball Richmond hits for his first. Bidy takes third by error of Martin E. and Rich goes to second. While Doe is waiting for his ball, before going out on a fly to Martin E., Bidy comes home and Rich takes third on a passed ball. Pond goes out on first and Rich tallies. Kershaw is the last man, he does not connect on first. Score 2.

THIRD INNINGS.

Martin E. much to his dissatisfaction goes out on a little easy foul. Thiers evidently intended to make a run this time, for he hit a fine grounder, took first and second on a wild throw; while Martin also makes his first, Thiers goes to third and then home on a passed ball, Martin going to second. As Scott gets his first Martin goes to third. Paul takes the bat. Scott attempts to make second and almost succeeds; in falling to reach the base however his foot misses it by some six inches, Doe touches him, but the umpire not seeing it decided it not out; and while Martin comes home on a hit by Paul, Scott goes to third. Paul creeps down to second. Kinman hits a high foul down over the hill, Pond manages to snarl on it, and Wheeler is out on a fly to Resor. The most provoking thing about that strike of Paul's was that the ball hit Resors foot and flew up so high that Paul was able to pass first before the ball came down. Two runs this time, making the score 3. Resor takes the bat, and after two unsuccessful strikes makes a safe base hit. While Hudson is making up his mind how far he'll pound and just before he fouls out, Resor goes to second on passed ball. Martin F. has two strikes called while Resor is getting down to third then makes a base hit which brings Karl in. January goes to first on a safe base hit. Fred takes second and third and Jesse second while Martin H. is fooling away time at the bat. Fred finally comes home and Jesse just touches third when Bidy makes a base hit which brings him in. Hor-

ace takes second on error by third. Rich hits a very fair one to center but it is grabbed. Doe makes a base hit bringing Bidy to third. Pond takes the stick and Joe goes down to second. Pond makes another base hit carrying Doe to third and Bidy home. Kershaw finally dies on a fly to Paul; but while he was waiting for a good ball Pond went to second; Doe tallied on a quick close run and Ally was left on third. So five runs were brought in making the score 7.

FOURTH INNINGS.

Casseday astonishes his friends by a base hit, goes to second on a passed ball. Evans pounds a high fly to center which Fred just barely keeps from striking the ground at his feet. Martin E. is put out on first. Casseday who for some unaccountable reason has been hugging second base all this time attempts to run down to third but is caught there by Resor's sharp throw from first. Double play number one. No one got around this time; score still 3. Resor rather carelessly gives Thiers a foul fly. Hudson gets first and then second. Fred Martin strikes foul, Thiers drops it at first but picks it up about two inches from the ground. Hudson goes to third on first base hit by January. Martin H. seizes the stick but after Jesse has gone to second retires on a fly to Paul. Score still 7.

FIFTH INNINGS.

Evans leads off with a base hit. Martin E. comes to bat Evans succeeds in reaching second on wild throw by Hudson. Martin expires on a fly to Bidy. Thiers makes first; Evans third. Thiers goes to second, Evans home on passed ball and Thiers is at last settled on third when Martin too makes a second base hit which brings Thiers home. Scott takes the bat, and hits two long fouls past third both of which are nearly captured by Bidy, he then hits a high fly left; Bidy was hardly ready for it, but after running backwards for about fifteen feet he snatched it, and sent it to Hudson like a streak of lightning, being such a throw as is not seen more than once a year; it caught Martin on home he being so foolish as to try coming in between times, thus making a most beautiful double play. Two more runs added to the Evanston's score which makes it 5. Richmond takes first on a muff by left. Doe hits right down to second but manages to get to first though Rich is forced on second. Pond gives Paul a fly. Doe in meantime has made second. Kershaw makes a base hit, and Joe who is now on third comes home. Resor gets base on three strikes Kirk takes second and third in succession where he is left as Hudson goes out on foul to Thiers. The score increased one making it 8.

SIXTH INNINGS.

Scott tries the foul business again off past third and Bidy dishes him up. Paul makes a base hit. Kinman hits to right of center, Fred drops it. Paul brings in a run. Kinman gets second and third before Wheeler goes out on fly to left and then comes home. Casseday hits a high fly to left Bidy had put out the other two men for this innings and could not think of letting a chance of getting all out escape, so notwithstanding Scott's prediction that he would muff he fastened on it and the side went out with three flies credited to Martin H. The score now stood 7 to 8 in our favor on uneven innings and the excitement was intense. Fred Martin lead with a base hit and took second. January follows with the same and Fred comes home. Martin makes a second base hit bringing Jesse to third. Doe makes a beautiful drive to center nearly to the road Evans runs for all he is worth and distinguishes himself by a very pretty catch. Pond hits for his first and January comes home. The first earned run. As Horace and Ally take third and second Kirk goes out on first. Two runs secured. Score now being 10 to 7 in favor of Racine.

SEVENTH INNINGS.

Evans hits for first. Martin E. comes to bat. Evans goes to second on passed ball. Martin gets first on error by Resor. Evans gets third, Martin second and Thiers dies on a fly to Kershaw. Evans comes home, Martin E. to third. Martin W. makes a base hit and E.

comes home. Scott after some delay in hopes the man on first will run down says he is not going to wait for him any longer he wants to hit the ball, but he throws himself away without touching it. He then hits an easy fly to Doe on second. Doe merely stopped it with his hands put his foot on the base and sent it flying to first thus making the third double play of the day, and the prettiest one, because it was so unexpected. Two more runs the score being 9 to 10 in our favor where it stayed for the remainder of the game. In the last half of this innings, Resor only takes the bat to put a fly to center's hands. Hudson gets first through fumbling and wild throwing. And second by a wild throw. Martin F. dies on fly to Martin W. and January subsides on first. White-wash.

EIGHTH INNINGS.

Paul goes to bat. Resor begins to throw underhand; there is some grumbling about it, and they are about to rule him out; but it is not possible to come to an agreement so Karl tries again and succeeds in pleasing them so far as conforming to the rules is concerned. Kinman comes to to the bat and we have another row about Karl's throwing. It is said that about every third ball he puts in a regular round arm throw. Scott wants them all ruled out. He is willing to be ruled out himself and is honest enough to admit that he does the same kind of throwing every now and then; he purposes to put in drops for the rest of the game but his friends advise him to sit down and take a rest, and allow the Captain to have a word to say. Scott gets cool and takes another turn but swears he'll not play another innings unless that man is ruled out. It is very plain that if Resor is ruled out, Scott must be, and the Evanstons will never consent to that, so the game goes on. Kinman dies on a fly to center, Wheeler on a fly to Doe. White-wash. Martin H. takes the bat. Scott with characteristic good humor and with the greatest desire for fairness don't try to throw underhand but purposely puts every one in with a true round arm throw. He knew he would not be ruled out and being a most equitable fellow he was going to give as good as he got. Richmond pounds one however to left—it is dropped. Doe retires on a foul tip and Pond on a Foul fly. Another o.

NINTH INNINGS.

Casseday breaking the bat goes out on first. Evans puts a fly towards right which Rich takes in a graceful manner after quite a long run. Martin knocks a foul fly half way between third and home, and Pond for the second time in his life just more than exerted himself and was rewarded by making a beautiful catch. Another o. Total for Nine innings, 9. Kershaw makes a base hit, Resor follows with a foul fly to Martin E., who takes it in running in the direction of the ball. Kirk is forced out as Hudson gets first on a wild throw by second. Martin F. makes a base hit. Hudson goes to third where he is left and Fred on second as January retires on a foul. Total for nine innings 10. Thus closed the series of games for the silver ball. Not so well played as the first, the third was far ahead of the second and in many ways a very excellent game.

The following is the score:

RACINE.	R.	B.	P. O.	A.	E.	EVANSTONS.	R.	B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Hudson, c.....	0	1	3	0	3	Thiers, c.....	2	1	6	0	1
Martin F., c. f.,...	2	2	3	0	1	Martin W., s. s.,...	1	3	1	1	2
January, s. s.....	2	3	0	1	0	Scott, p.,.....	0	0	1	0	2
Martin H., l. f.,...	2	1	6	1	0	Paul, 2 b.,.....	2	2	5	2	0
Richmond, p., ...	1	1	2	1	1	Kinman, l f.....	1	0	0	3	0
Doe, 2 b.....	2	1	2	3	1	Wheeler, c. f.,...	0	0	2	0	2
Pond, 3 b.,.....	0	2	3	0	0	Casseday, 1 b.,...	0	1	7	0	0
Kershaw, r. f.,...	0	2	3	0	1	Evans, r. f.,.....	2	2	2	0	0
Resor, 1 b.,.....	1	1	5	1	2	Martin E., 2 b.,...	1	0	3	0	1
Total.	10	14	27	7	9	Total.	9	9	27	6	8

Innings,	-	-	-	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
EVANSTON	-	-	0	1	2	0	2	2	2	0	0	9
RACINE	-	-	0	2	5	0	1	2	0	0	0	10

Earned runs—Racine, 1. Evanston, 0.
 Passed balls - Racine, 7. Evanston, 9.
 Umpire—J. Hamline.

The College Mercury.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
BY THE STUDENTS OF
RACINE COLLEGE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT RITTMAN'S. OR BY THE EDITORS.

TERMS:

College Year, - - - - \$2.00 | Single Copies, - - - - 15 cents.
Original Contributions are solicited from all members of the College, but no notice will be taken of articles unaccompanied by the true name of the writer. All Communications should be addressed to

THE COLLEGE MERCURY, Racine, Wis.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE RACINE JUNCTION AS FOLLOWS:			
C. & N.-W. R.R.		W. U. R.R.	
Going South.	G. North	Going West.	Go. East.
Mail and Express, 8.03 A.M.	10.41 A.M.	*Day Passenger, 8.00 A.M.	7.50 P.M.
Express, - - - 1.54 P.M.	11.48 A.M.	Accommodation, 8.50 P.M.	6.40 A.M.
Express, - - - 4.48 P.M.	7.22 P.M.	Night Passenger, 5.50 P.M.	6.45 P.M.
Night Passenger, 12.30 A.M.	3.40 A.M.		

*Connects at Western Union Junction with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

VOL. XV. June 27, 1874. No. 6.

SEVENTY FOUR.

A CLASS WHICH HAS GROWN UP WITH THE COLLEGE.

THE AGE, WEIGHT AND STATURE OF THE MEN WHO ARE TO
BE HURLED INTO THE ARENA OF LIFE
ON THE 8TH OF JULY.

TWELVE PHILOSOPHERS AND WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED OF THEM.

A PAGE OR TWO OF HISTORY.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY.

There exists a legend in the archives of our College History that one of the members of the class of Seventy Four, clad in the garb of infancy, was placed upon the corner-stone of Park Hall at the founding of that venerable structure, and that he has been a permanent fixture of the institution ever since. Whether there is any truth in the story, or whether it is one of the many mythical tales which are wont to spring out of the dim past, we do not know. It is a fact, however, that Seventy Four boasts the honor of graduating a man who has been through the entire curriculum of both Grammar School and College. He first set his feet upon Racine's campus in 1864, and from that time, ten years, Racine has been, for the most part, his home. Perhaps this statement is the most remarkable one we shall be able to make of Seventy Four. They have been a remarkable class, but the thing that is to be especially remarked is the extreme quietness and *nonchalance* with which they have gone through everything. There has been no aggressiveness on the part of Seventy Four. If privileges were denied, they grumbled and endured. If lessons were to irksome, they bolted, and were silent. If a study was too hard, they quietly laid it to rest in the oblivion of the tomb—when they were done with it. Nothing has ever disturbed their equanimity. That most trying of all ordeals, the very last, Senior examinations were taken by them as an ordinary recitation would be, and there was no fuss, nor worry, nor complaint about marks on the part of Seventy Four.

But it must not be inferred from what we have said that the class in question were so passive and quiescent as to endure an invasion of their rights. All who remember the great Pillow Fight of '72 will bear witness to their intrepidity and valor.

Indeed, Seventy Four has been noted for doing those things "which ought not to be done," and applying its coolness and equanimity to taking the consequences.

In regard to numbers Seventy Four has been very unfortunate; about twice as many as graduate began the course, or else they would have sent out the largest class which has left the college. It is a comfort, however, to know that all the men who have left are doing well, and although they do not hear with their old-time classmates the once long wished for words "*Accipe hoc*" etc, we know that they are "all at one in heart with us though they be far away."

Whitmore and Simons are married and in business, and are apparently enjoying life to the fullest extent. De-Koven has been at College in the Queen's dominions, and is said to be about to tie with some fair maid the knot which binds most of his future. Edkin, Francis, and Lockwood have been swallowed up by the Courts—of law. Seventy Four will never need to go outside the class for litigation. Wetmore has been studying at Columbia and has carried off several prizes. Sharp is in business in Chicago. Bridgman has been down in New Mexico for four years, but will be here to see his class graduate. Ellwanger is still at Yale. Ponsonby is at La Porte, Indiana, and Perin has finished his foreign travels and is in business in Cincinnati. Not least among the things remembered at the last class supper will be the boys who do not answer to their names at roll-call.

Of Seventy Four's present status, there is nothing very new, nor perhaps very interesting to be said. It has not been seen since the last class graduated, or the one before that, or even '71, that the polar river has been touched by flame, and it is not likely that the present class will in this respect excel their predecessors. Seventy Four has been acknowledged during the College course to have been generally well-behaved, practical and diligent, calm and cool under adversity, and gentlemanly in all their bearings. In their Sophomore year the Trustees and Faculty thought so well of them that they ordered a New Dining Hall built, and the present fine building in which we take our meals and attend Concerts and Commencements was at that time erected. Shortly afterwards a commodious gallery was placed in the Chapel so that guests of the College could sit up there and behold the class from that point of view. Indeed the College has always looked out so well for the members of this class that on one occasion they sent some of them into the country for some weeks "on account of their health."

The sum total weight of the class is, in its own opinion, 20,000,000 tons, in round numbers; the actual weight, however, is only 1831 pounds; of which the average weight is 152 and a fraction, the heaviest man turning the scale at 170, and the lightest at 91. The days of their years are 253 years, 10 months and 23 days. The average age is 20 years, 1 month and 20 days. The oldest man is over 26 and the youngest three months past 19. As for height, if they were all laid down in a row like stringers, they would measure just about the length of the proposed

new sidewalk. The tallest measures 6.0¼ and the shortest 5.0½. The average height is considerably over five feet. In addition to these statements it has been gathered that the class carries in its mouth \$840.50 in solid gold, a good thing if they ever run out of funds. The man who has the largest amount carries over \$150, and the minimum is \$2.50. To the question "Are you engaged?" many and various answers were returned. Several had been, several never had been in love, and two incorrigible fellows acknowledged that they "had two or three apiece on hand now." One said he didn't know whether he was engaged or not; he asked a young lady if she would keep house for him and she said she would. Just half the class enjoy the taste of a good cigar. One uses tobacco to keep off moths. One "likes to smoke but it always makes him sick." One chews—liquorice-root. As for whiskers, the less we say about them the better. Two or three only sport moustaches, several have sparse and scanty sides. One says he would give fifty dollars if he could have a moustache by Commencement day. Here's a splendid chance for Hair-dealers and venders of patent nostrums. No one in the class can boast Schenactady whiskers this year, though one member's hair is inclined towards Auburn.

But it is probably not by the weight, height, or years of the class that the world will be agitated after next July. Their first and greatest feature is that they are all Philosophers. Each has a theory of his own, and intends to live by it. Putting aside all that may be said about the "pride of young philosophers," we think we may justly assert that so many hearts devoted to a single aim cannot fail to accomplish something. From several conversations with different persons, we have been able to ascertain that one of the most prominent members of the class is an Epicurean. He frankly told us what his conceptions of the agreeable and disagreeable were, and that his motto was "*Cyathos sorbilans paulatim hunc producam diem.*"

Our next friend proved himself a Christian mystic. He was calm, immovable, and fast approaching a state of absolute rest. It was with the greatest difficulty we could get anything out of him. He said his custom was to preserve a religious silence and that his motto was *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*, which being interpreted is, "Depart, depart, it is not my intention to arise."

A Christian pantheist then attracted our attention. His by-word was *panton chramaton metron anthropos* which in our vernacular is, What don't I know? He introduced us to a follower of the base philosophy of Hobbes and two disciples of Jeremy Bentham. The former had no motto, as it were, but waxed eloquent on the subject of civil liberty, man's natural state, the right to rule and such like; the other two flung their "*cui bono*" at us in such a disagreeable way and with such an overbearing manner that we were glad to leave them without ascertaining which favored Egoism and which Altruism.

Not being commonly conversant with the subject, the philosophy of our next victim has slipped our memory. His motto, however, we noted down: it is *Lucri bonus est odor ex re qualibet*. We met others whose mottoes and theories we could not ascertain as they were then busy with their examinations.

The last one we succeeded in thoroughly pumping was a skeptic. He afforded us amusement for some little time. He doubted everything; doubted whether he would answer

any of our impertinent questions, doubted whether we had any right to ask them; doubted himself, the world, all but his own popularity with the ladies. He got over the *Cogito ergo sum*, by saying he never thought (about it).

But whatever the theories and philosophies of the Class are, it is acknowledged by every one that they were sensible in regard to their Commencement exercises. They had considerable discussion before the final abolishment of Class Day, but they did abolish it at last, and for their own part will have nothing more than a quiet supper and re-union with any of the old boys who are here. The other exercises will be much the same as usual. The Rt. Rev. Henry Champlin Lay, D. D., Bishop of Easton, will preach the Baccalaureate at St. Luke's Church on July 5th. In the evening the customary reception will be held on the lawn if the weather is favorable, and the choir will furnish music. On Monday at 3 P. M. the Larrabee Prize exhibition will take place, and at 7.30 P. M. the Student's Concert. On Tuesday, Re-union Day begins at 12.30 P. M., and the dinner follows at 1.30. An hour later the presentation of Cricket and Base Ball prizes comes on, and at 4.15 the Hon. Matt. H. Carpenter will address the Addisonian Society. At 7.45 the usual Orchestral concert will be given at Belle City Hall under the auspices of the Class. Some attempt has been made to introduce vocal music at the Concert, but we believe it is as yet unsuccessful. At 8 P. M. Tuesday, the Trustees of the College have their meeting. On Wednesday, Commencement Day, there is an Early Communion in the Chapel at 7 A. M. At 10 o'clock the Grammar School Exhibition takes place, and at 2.30 P. M. the regular Commencement exercises. The Warden's reception and Class party begins at 8 in the evening. We had hoped in this issue to be able to announce the programmes more particularly, but find that we are unable to do so.

In concluding our little sketch of the Class and their exercises, we can only say that as Seventy Four leave us, they will leave a place which is not easily filled. They will take with them the good wishes of every member of the College, and we hope their future may be even more successful than their past. More than this is unnecessary. Our good-byes at best are but platitudes, for when it comes to the last, what can we say more than "good-bye." We give Seventy Four our cheeriest hand-grasp, and when we say good-bye we say it with a kindly heart.

THE FOURTH OF JULY TOURNAMENT.

The appended programme has been adopted by the authorities for the sports on the evening of the 4th of July. The prize money consists of the fifty dollars, which originally formed the Popular prize, but which has been converted to its present use, much to the satisfaction of all. The amount of prizes may be found on the Grammar school bulletin.

Swimming Race.—First Division, 12 to 17 years. Second Division, above 17 years.

Tub Race.—All ages.

These two races will take place at 10. A. M., the course from the first pier to the fourth. In the afternoon the College nine will play a picked amateur nine from Chicago. The evening programme is as follows:

Throwing Match.—First Division, 12 to 15 years. Second Division, 15 to 18 years. Third Division, over 18.

Foot-racing.—First Division, 12 to 15 years. Second Division, 15 to 18 years. Third division over 18 years.

Running Jump.—First Division, 12 to 16 years. Second over 16 years.

Standing Jump.—First Division, 12 to 16 years. Second Division, over 16 years.

Hop, Skip and Jump.—First Division 12 to 16 years. Second Division, over 16 years.

Casting Stone (or equivalent).—First Division, 12 to 16 years. Second Division, over 16 years.

Three Legged Race.—First Division, 12 to 16 years. Second Division, over 16 years.

Bag Race.—First Division, 12 to 16 years. Second Division, over 16 years.

Wheelbarrow Race.—First Division, 12 to 16 years. Second Division, over 16 years.

A first and second prize will be given to each of the above classes: the judges are the committee of arrangements. The games will begin immediately after tea; students, whether in College or Grammar school, who wish to compete, must hand their names to the chairman of the committee before Thursday evening; positively no names can be received later, as it is necessary to complete arrangements as soon as possible. Thursday Evening, July 2d, right after tea, the G. S. boys will meet and give their names to the committee. All are requested to pay attention to the directions which we print as they are officially given. The chairman of the committee is H. H. Martin. The other members will be shortly announced.

Rain, Base Ball, College Nine practice and other minor events conspired to delay the First Eleven match for the Clarkson cup. The first innings was played on Thursday the 3d. inst., but the second not until Monday, The Clarksons have much to rejoice at. They have not only a chance for the cup but have prevented the Badgers from putting down quite a number of good players to strengthen the lower elevens. The game was neither particularly good nor interesting. Poor batting lost the game for the Badgers. The general impression is that they have the better eleven and yet their total number of runs from batting is only fifty one. Mr. Hudson bowled very well and Doe's round arm, considering the short time he has practiced was excellent.

The Clarksons losing the toss sent Messrs. Hudson and Caldwell to the bat. The former had obtained five, by a nice three and two, and the latter four when Capt'n Resor made the finest catch of the game and of the season which retired the Clarkson's "heavy hitter" and put the first wicket down for ten. Taft next took the bat but almost immediately Caldwell was bowled out by Resor and the "boys in blue" had only ten to show for two men; Capt'n Doe however did something for his side and a two gave a total of twenty-one for three wickets. The laziest man in the laziest eleven in College then undertook to assist Taft, but as "Butcher" did'nt want any more runs Coxe concluded to imitate him and retired with a zero, bowled out on the first ball. Horace Martin then played base ball for seventeen, and with Hough's five, Morrall's

and Rhode's four, January's five, Levering's one, and four byes, increased the score to sixty one; Rhodes not out. The fielding of the Badgers was on the whole excellent, but at times rather loose; their bowling however was very weak. Campbell made a good one hand catch. Cobb also took a hard one.

Something was evidently the matter with the Badgers. They played in hard luck and although assisted by wretched fielding made only thirty one. Martin F. went out to Caldwell by another one hand catch beautifully taken; Hills was bowled out on a full pitch; Mr. Mead was run out, Campbell fell victim to Doe's round-arm with only three; Resor made but four; Fulforth and Cobb the same, the latter assisted to three by a wild throw and so on to the end. The Second innings was a repetition of the first; the Badgers gained a little but were unable to catch up. The game finally went to the Clarksons by the annexed score:

CLARKSONS.

Players.	First Innings.	Second Innings.
Hudson	cx Resor 5	bx Resor1 6
Caldwell.....	bx Resor 4	bx Resor1 6
Taft	cx Campbell 2	cx Resor4 6
Doe	cx Resor 10	bx Resor7 17
Coxe	bx Mead 0	bx Resor0 0
Martin, H	cx Cobb 17	run out8 25
Hough.....	cx Campbell 5	l.b.w.,bx Mead 0 5
Morrall.....	bx Mead 4	cx Martin, F....4 8
Levering	bx Resor 1	not out.....0 1
Rhodes.....	not out 4	run out1 5
January	bx Resor 5	bx Resor.....3 8
	57	29 86
Byes	410 14
Total.....	61	39 100

Runs at fall of Wickets . . . 1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—0—10
 FIRST INNINGS, 10 10 21 21 24 40 36 41 51 61
 SECOND INNINGS, 2 5 12 10 20 20 27 37 37 37

BADGERS.

Players.	First Innings.	Second Innings.
Mead	run out 0	bx Resor1 6
Resor.....	bx Hudson 4	not out.....2 6
Hills	bx Hudson 0	bx Hudson.....4 4
Martin, F.....	cx Caldwell 1	bx Hudson.....5 5
Campbell.....	bx Doe 3	bx Hudson.....1 4
Rowe.....	cx Morrall 3	bx Hudson.....9 12
Cobb	cx Hudson 4	bx Doe.....0 4
Eddy	bx Doe 0	l.b.w.,bx Doe...2 2
Fulforth	bx Hudson 5	cx Coxe.....0 4
Cleveland.....	not out 1	bx Doe.....0 1
Kershaw.....	bx Hudson 0	bx Doe.....1 0
	20	29 49
Byes.....	5	1 6
Leg Byes.....	1	0 1
Wides.....	5	10 15
		No balls 1 1
Total.....	31	41 72

Runs at fall of Wickets . . . 1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—0—10.
 FIRST INNINGS, 3 4 5 13 15 17 17 29 20 31.
 SECOND INNINGS, 8 14 24 33 30 38 41 41 41 41.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

—The only things in abundance this summer; rain, and pinching bugs.

—Mr. H. C. Dillon of '72 was admitted to the Wisconsin bar a short time ago, and has obtained a transfer to Colorado where he will begin his practice next year.

—Bishop at one time of '75 is in business in Chicago. He expects to run up for Commencement week.

—The American Sardine Co.'s Boneless Sardines are much better, and less than half the cost of imported sardines. tf

—The popular prize business has been abolished, and the money will be given in prizes for games and races on the Fourth of July.

—A Fresh. gives as a reason for diligently studying the column headed "Small Talk," in the *Courier Journal*, that he expects to go into society next year and wants to be prepared.

—We have learned since going to press that Hon. Matt. Carpenter will *not* address the Addisonian Society as we announced. There will, therefore, be no exercises at the time stated.

—After considerable trouble and delay the invitations for Commencement reached us by the 10th. Besides being generally unsatisfactory there were two errors in them so they were straight way sent back.

—We are extremely sorry that a lack of space forbids an extended notice of the Orpheus Club Concert given under the direction of Mr. Charles Heyer. It was one of the best things Racine has ever offered us.

—The Sophs. created a sensation by appropriating the new Taylor Hall flag staff and running up a sheet with '76 and other piratical characters conspicuously painted thereon. '76 always was an enterprising class.

—The trial contest for Junior speakers took place Tuesday evening June 23d, and the next morning the successful competitors were announced: Messrs. Martin H. Truesdell, Hough, Landon, Hendrickson and Eldredge.

—Bridgman an old '74 man who has been for the past two years in New Mexico is now in Chicago. Though rather foreign in appearance he is not much of a Mexican at heart, but says he can't get used to Christian ways just yet.

—Owing to unfavorable weather and the number of foreign games our own matches have been broken up and thrown out, so that none have come off on the appointed days. They will probably be made up before the end of the term.

—The second nines after considerable delay and trouble played their match, and it was decided on seven innings for the Badgers, the score being 24 to 30. The Badgers also carried off the fifth nine match; score 22 to 31.

—The match between the third nines was a very interesting one. At the end of the ninth innings the score was 20 to 20, but in the tenth the Badgers made 13 runs and the Clarksons only 4 thus the game went to the Reds by a score of 24 to 33.

—So the Reds have won three out of five base ball matches; the Clarksons winning the first by a score of 17 to 37 and the fourth by 16 to 24.

—A Senior who was suffering with an acute pain in a decayed molar remembered that Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup was good for teething and purchased a bottle. He

thinks it don't soothe worth a cent and Mrs. W. is a fraud. The youth evidently forgot he was not an infant.

—Two elegant flags wave over Park and Kemper Halls now on grand occasions; and efforts are being made to procure one for Taylor Hall. The design we understand is to be a white field, bordered, with purple, the College Motto and Maltese cross in purple in the center.

—A supplement to the *MERCURY* containing the programmes for Commencement week, and the Senior Class Song, will be issued and distributed on the morning of the Fourth of July. The last number of the *MERCURY* will be issued on Thursday morning, July 9th, and will contain a full account of all exercises up to that date.

—Nearly every one remembers the old dilapidated house which stands about a mile and a half south of the College road. Not long ago some of the Grammar School boys relieved the building of a few superfluous clapboards; the owner of the shanty brought in a bill of damages and obtained from the College enough money to almost build him a new dwelling. Other farmers who are expecting to repair or build are only waiting for the Grammarians to have some more fun.

—At the time of the first Beloit match a rather youthful looking Soph. was examining the long bats which our country friends were pounding with, when one of the nine, who measured a trifle less than seven feet, accosted him a tap on the shoulder and, "Here bubby run off the field and don't meddle with those." Soph. gazed on the man with glaring eyes and was almost wrathful enough to punish him on the spot; but as he was so *awfully* big thought it best to pardon and forgive.

COLLEGE PRESS.

Prof. in Mechanics.—If a body meet a body—
Interrupted by students.—"Coming thro' the rye."
No formula deduced.—*Ex.*

A Freshman the other day brought down the whole class by translating *tu levior cortice*, "you are happier than a cork." Another, in Charles XII., rendered "*le czar Peter*," "Cæsar Peter."—*Era.*

It has lately transpired that a Freshman, who was reproving some of his classmates for "caring so little for money as to spend it on a circus," manipulated a hand organ in the "side show" for an hour or so, in order to gain an entrance to the "big tent."—*Geyser.*

Thoreau is said to have refused to pay the usual fee for his diploma at Harvard, not considering the parchment worth the modest sum of \$1.50. We wonder whether any of our Seniors will emulate the poet-naturalist; the refusal in some instances may come from the other side.—*lira.*

The *Yale Courant* announces the publication in pamphlet form of the "Old Portfolio Rhymes." There are thirty-seven of them all together.

The following English-Latin sentence is going the rounds of the press. We give it for the benefit of our linguists: "*Mi datur du cum nex Mundi nite at ate tu ure papas tu te to etabitur pi an sum homine. Cum promptat time.*"
Geyser.

A Boston man was cursing an editor the other day when he fell dead. Several similar instances have lately been reported. Men should be careful in speaking of anything sacred.—*Ex.*

A professor was giving one of the boys a regular going over, a short time since, upon the folly and infamy of cutting recitations, and upon other derilections of duty; having lectured him for about ten minutes, he suddenly burst out with, "Oh! ah! excuse me, Mr. R., I have mistaken you for Mr. M." The indignant student is pacified.—*Volante.*

The "Christian at Work" is eclipsed by a pious youth in North University, who has posted on his door a conspicuous sign, reading; "Proverbs, XXV, 17." There has been a general overhauling of Bibles in that vicinity, and callers are remarkably scarce in the biblical student's room. The verse reads: "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house; lest he be weary of thee."—*Err.*

The *N. Y. Post* gives the following as a specimen of the advertisements likely to prevail at this season in future years:

LOST.—"In moving on the first of this month, a porcelain cinerary urn of classic design, containing the ashes of a beloved husband. The finder will receive a liberal reward and the thanks of a doubly afflicted widow on leaving it at the office of the New York Cremation Society."—*Courant.*

An alumnus who still keeps our games in mind, sends us the following;

EXRTAORDINARY SCORE OF MR. GRACE.—Messrs W. G. and G. F. Grace played their first cricket match since their return from Australia for Dr. E. M. Grace's Thornbury team, Gloucestershire, on Thursday, against the Clifton Cricket Club, of Bristol. Mr. W. G. Grace made 259 runs off his own bat, and showed tremendous hitting power, and his sixes and fours out of boundary were loudly cheered. Mr. G. F. Grace contributed 123, and their team had only four wickets down for 427 runs, when the match closed. Clifton's score was 112.

James Gordon Bennett has offered first and second prizes, the former of plate and the latter of gold medals, to the value of about \$2,000 to be competed for at Saratoga, Friday, July 17, the day following the rowing race.

The contests will be open to students of all colleges represented in the regatta. The races will be as follows; 1. A 100 yard running race. 2. A one mile running race. 3. A 3 mile running race. 4. A 7 mile walking race. 5. A race of 120 yards over 10 hurdles, each 3½ feet high. A Cornell man challenges "any student of American or Canadian colleges to a walking match of one mile on the Saratoga course," to take place immediately after the above contests.

"The latest invention in the college world is the project of a 'Sailing College,' to consist of a ship with first class college equipments, in which mental discipline, acquisition of knowledge and pleasure is to be combined in the most romantic manner. The time not devoted to sea-sickness will be spent in the most delightful kind of study. Virgil and Horace would be read beneath the sunny skies of Italy, the strains of Homer might be echoed back from the very shores of 'Chios' rocky isle;' geology might be

be studied in sight of the flames of Vesuvius, and natural philosophy beneath the spouting of the geysers. History and Ethnology would become mere child's play, while the poor student who has failed to pass on geography, would have his memory delightfully refreshed."—*Exchange.*

SUNDAY MORNING.

THOUGHTS DURING SERVICE.

Too early, of course! How provoking!
I told Ma just how it would be.
I might as well have on a wrapper,
For there's not a soul here yet to see.
There! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty,—
I declare if it isn't too bad!
I know my suit cost more than her's did,
And I wanted to see her look mad.
I do think that sexton's too stupid—
He's put some one else in our pew—
And the girl's dress just kills mine completely;
Now what am I going to do?
The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!
I don't care, I think it's a sin
For people to get late to service,
Just to make a great show coming in.
Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—
She said she'd a headache last night.
How mad she'll be after her fussing!
I declare it would serve her just right.
Oh, you've got here at last, my dear, have you?
Well, I don't think you need be so proud
Of that bonnet, if Virot did make it,
It's horrid fast-looking and loud.
What a dress!—for a girl in her senses
To go on the street in light blue!—
And those coat-sleeves—they wore them last Summer—
Don't doubt, though, that she thinks they're new.
Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—
So dreadful—a minister's wife,
And thinking so much about fashion!—
A pretty example of life!
The altar's dressed sweetly—I wonder
Who sent those white flowers for the font!—
Some girl who's gone on the assistant—
Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.
Just look at her now, little humbug!—
So devout—I suppose she don't know
That she's bending her head too far over
And the ends of her switches all show.
What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning!
That woman will kill me some day,
With her horrible lilacs and crimsons,
Why will these old things dress so gay?
And there's Jenny Welles with Fred Tracy—
She's engaged to him now—horrid thing!
Dear me! I'd keep on my glove sometimes,
If I did have a solitaire ring!
How can this girl next to me act so—
The way that she turns round and stares,
And then makes remarks about people;
She'd better be saying her prayers.
Oh dear, what a dreadful long sermon!
He must love to hear himself talk!
And it's after twelve now,—how provoking!
I wanted to have a nice walk.
Through at last. Well, it isn't so dreadful
After all, for we don't dine till one;
How can people say church is poky!—
So wicked!—I think it's real fun.

—Geo. A. Baker, Jr., in *Scribner's* for July,

College Mercury---Commencement Extra.

"IAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

RACINE COLLEGE, JULY 4, 1874.

A CLASS SONG FOR SEVENTY FOUR.

Air.—A THOUSAND YEARS.

Classmates, a song! We raise the chorus.
Welcome the day with hearty cheer.
Welcome the world that lies before us—
Farewell—our parting time is near.
Farewell! Farewell! dear Alma Mater.
Farewell the years so quickly o'er.
Long may these Halls resound the echo,
Farewell the Class of Seventy Four.

Home of our hearts! Our dearest Mother,
Long may thy sons thy glory be.
From the glad life which now we enter
Fondly our hearts shall turn to Thee.
Farewell! Farewell! dear Alma Mater.
Farewell the years so quickly o'er.
Long may these Halls resound the echo
Farewell the Class of Seventy-Four.

Lingers the past, and fain would hold us.
Joyous the future beckons on.
Clasp hand to hand, beloved brothers,
Farewell—our College days are done.
Farewell! Farewell! dear Alma Mater.
Farewell the years so quickly o'er.
Long may these halls resound the echo
Farewell the Class of Seventy-Four.

THE FOURTH OF JULY TOURNAMENT.

MORNING.

Swimming Race.—First Division, 12 to 17 years.
Second Division, above 17 years.
Tub Race.—All ages.

AFTERNOON.

Match Game of Base Ball between the College Nine,
and a picked Amateur Nine from Chicago, on the Campus
at two o'clock.

EVENING.

GAMES ON THE CAMPUS AT 7.00 O'CLOCK.

Throwing Match.—First Division, 12 to 15 years.
Second Division, 15 to 18 years. Third Division, over 18.

Foot-racing.—First Division, 12 to 15 years. Second
Division, 15 to 18 years. Third division over 18 years.

Running Jump.—First Division, 12 to 16 years. Sec-
ond over 16 years.

Standing Jump.—First Division, 12 to 16 years. Sec-
ond Division, over 16 years.

Hop, Skip and Jump.—First Division 12 to 16 years.
Second Division, over 16 years.

Casting Stone (or equivalent).—First Division, 12 to 16
years. Second Division, over 16 years.

Three Legged Race.—First Division, 12 to 16 years.
Second Division, over 16 years.

Bag Race.—First Division, 12 to 16 years. Second
Division, over 16 years.

Wheelbarrow Race.—First Division, 12 to 16 years.
Second Division, over 16 years.

Sunday, July 5th.

Baccalaureate Sermon, 11 A.M., by Rt. Rev. Henry C.
Lay, D.D., Bishop of Easton, at St. Luke's Church, City.

Monday, July 6th,

Jurabag Prize Exhibition, Class of '75,

AT 3.00 O'CLOCK, P.M.

PROGRAMME.

THE EXERCISE IN READING.

THE ORATIONS.

HALF-BELIEFS,	GEORGE G. HENDRICKSON
NATIONAL GROWTH,	CHARLES H. TRUESDELL
MEN AND AGES,	ARCH B. ELDRIDGE
PAGAN REVIVAL IN POLITICS,	HORACE H. MARTIN
ROBERT BURNS,	FRANK LONDON
STUDY OF MODERN LANGUAGES,	JAMES M. HOUGH

Students' Annual Concert,

AT 7.30 O'CLOCK, P.M.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

THE MACBETH MUSIC,	LOCKE.
PART SONG, "Glad May Day,"	NEITHART.
QUARTETTE, "The Hemlock Tree,"	MARTIN.
PART SONG, "All among the Barley,"	STIRLING.
TRIO, "Hark the Curfew,"	ATTWOOD.

PART II.

PART SONG, "Luna,"	BARNBY.
CATCH, "Celia's Charms,"	WEBBE.
MADRIGAL, "Soon as I careless strayed,"	FESTA.
QUINTETTE, "Blow Gentle Gales,"	BISHOP.
PART SONG, "O who will o'er the Downs,"	PEARSALL.
SONG, "Waiting,"	MILARD.
TRIO, "Vadasi via di qua,"	MARTINI.
GLEE, "Hail Smiling Morn,"	SPOFFORTH.

THE COLLEGE MERCURY.

Tuesday, July 7th.

RE-UNION DAY, CHAPEL SERVICE 12.30 P.M., DINNER 1.30.
PRESENTATION OF CRICKET AND BASE BALL PRIZES, 2.30 P.M.
CLASS CONCERT, 7.45. MEETING OF TRUSTEES, 8.00.

Class of '74, Orchestral Concert,

7.45 O'CLOCK, P.M.

AT BELLE CITY HALL, MAIN STREET.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE, Operetta Banditenstreich, . . . F. VON SUPPE.
2. WALTZ, Be always happy, CH. BACH.
3. CONCERT for Violin, BIRIOT.
EXECUTED BY MR. GUSTAV BACH, JR.
4. QUINTETTE, The Image of the Rose, . . . REICHARDT.
FOR BRASS INSTRUMENTS, WITH CHOIRS.
5. FINALE from the Opera Arielle, (by request), . . E. BACH.

PART II.

6. OVERTURE, Fra Diavolo, AUBER.
7. SERENADE, Duet for French horn and Flute, . . . TITL.
EXECUTED BY MESSRS. GEO. BACH AND PHILIP CLAUDER.
8. OVERTURE, Stradella, FLOTOW.
9. SOLO FOR CORNET, Love of the People. SUPPE.
- 10 GRAND FANTASIE, "Prophet," -Meyerbeer, . . . WIEPRECHT.

Wednesday, July 8th.

EARLY COMMUNION, 7.00 A.M. GRAMMAR SCHOOL EXHIBITION, 10.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, 2.30 P.M.

WARDEN'S RECEPTION AND CLASS PARTY, 8.00 P.M.

Grammar School Exhibition,

AT 10.00 O'CLOCK A.M.

PROGRAMME.

1. DECLAMATION W. I. ROLOSON.
2. DECLAMATION, GEO. CLAY.
4th Form.
3. ORATION,—*America as it is and was*, ARTHUR GREENLEAF.
4. ORIGINAL TRANSLATION FROM CICERO, W. PAULSEN.
5. ORATION,—"*An Appeal*," W. BROOKE
6. ORATION,—*Charles Sumner*, GUILBERT McCLURG.
7. ORIGINAL TRANSLATION FROM DEMOSTHENES, . . . M. COXE
8. ORATION,—*Four Centuries*, C. D. CLAY.
9. ORATION,—*The Aetces*, E. H. CLEVELAND.
6th Form.

AWARDING OF PRIZES.

Annual Commencement, Racine College,

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8th. 2.30 P.M.

Order of Exercises,

MARCH.

PRAYER.

ORATIO SALUTATORIA,—*Erroris Nebula*, ALBERT S. CALDWELL.

ORATION,—*Practical Charity*, HERMAN CANFIELD.

ORATION,—*A voice from the past*, CHAS. E. CARLISLE.

MUSIC.

ORATION,—*Utility in Education*. J. B. DOE, JR.

ORATION.—*Christianity and the Rights of Men*, . . . A. B. LIVERMORE.

ORATION,—*Progress and no Progress*, WILLIAM MORRALL.

MUSIC.

ORATION,—*America's Need*, D. INGALLS ODELL, JR.

ORATION,—*Successful Unsuccess*, EDWARD G. RICHMOND.

ORATION,—*A Question of the Day*, GEORGE F. W. SMALL.

MUSIC.

ORATION,—*Responsibility of Theorists*, H. M. TALBOTT.

ORATION,—*Our Chinese problem*, WILLIAM D. TILDEN.

READING OF ENGLISH PRIZE ESSAY.

MUSIC.

AWARDING OF HONORS AND PRESENTATION OF MEDALS.

Conferring of Degrees.

MUSIC.

VALEDICTORY ORATION, GERALD R. McDOWELL.

Awarding of Quintuple Medal.

BENEDICTION.

MARCH.

Thursday Morning, July 9th—Dulce Domum.

College Mercury.



"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

VOL. XV.

RACINE COLLEGE, JULY 11, 1874.

No. 8.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK EXERCISES.

SATURDAY, JULY 4TH.

The glorious Fourth was ushered in very quietly at the College. The morning was so extremely warm that no one felt equal to any unnecessary exertion, and the flags afloat on Park and Kemper Halls were the only things which distinguished the National holiday from any other. The swimming race was the event of the forenoon, but few spectators were sufficiently interested to witness it at the expense of half-an-hours "sunning" on the lake-bank. The race was an interesting one, and was hotly contested, though the water was too cold to allow swimming to any great distance. The points of departure were, therefore the first and third piers. The tub race which was announced to take place at the same time did not come off on account of the inability of the committee to procure tubs. We hope that next year this contest, which would doubtless be very amusing may not be omitted.

The Chicago nine having arrived on the noon train, it was announced at dinner that the programme for the afternoon would be base-ball. The game, which was witnessed by a large number of spectators, many of the guests for commencement week having already arrived, was called at half-past two. It had been thought in the morning that the College would stand a poor chance of victory as both Horace and Fred Martin were unable to play on account of illness. But Quill Jones happened to be present just in the nick of time, and was only too glad of an opportunity to handle a bat once more, so he took center-field once more, and Talbott took Fred's place at left, and things began to look up a little. The game though not especially exciting, was, for the most part quite interesting. The most unfortunate thing about it was being that it was played with a live ball, which occasioned not only some very heavy batting but also several errors which ordinarily would not have been made. In order to give time for the Chicago men to prepare for their homeward trip, the game was called in the first half of the eighth innings, at fifteen minutes past four. At the end of the seventh innings the score stood 22 to 10 in favor of the College.

The Chicago nine going to bat, Stearns lead-off the game with a home run, though not an earned one. Adams retired on first. Miles went round in good order but McCarty only reached first. Williard suffered the same fate on second by a lightning play of Doe's.

Hudson did well for our side being brought in 'by Quill's good bat. Miles then made a lively double play, and Quill and Jesse retired without laurals. Talbott and Rich each made a run, and Doe started off well with a second base hit, but was put out while running home by a fine

play by Stearns. Score at the end of the first innings 2 to 3 in favor of the College.

In the second innings Blake was stopped by a very pretty play of January's, on his way to second. Budd withered on first, and McCarty got no further. On our side Pond brought in the first run in this innings. Hudson made a first base hit, and Kershaw, who had brought in Pond, was caught between third and home, though he tried hard to save himself. Hudson, Jones and January came round with flying colors. Talbott was forced out on second on a bat of Richmond's. Score 7 to 2 in our favor.

In the third innings Stearns went out on a fly which Quill grabbed, Adams took his first on Doe's muff, and came in on Miles bat. Miles subsided on first. J. McCarty went to first, and then came round on a bad throw of Ponds. Williard also came round, but Budd again withered on first, leaving Blake on second.

Rich on our side struck out, Doe went out on first, and Pond followed. Whitewash.

C. McCarty was sorry he could not get any further than first in the fourth innings. Stearns took his first on a safe hit. Adams out on a foul after two successive strikes called. Miles out on first. Zero.

Kershaw takes second on a foul. Resor went out on first by a good throw of Williard. Hudson went down to first but came back again. Jones took his first on a good hit, but Kershaw was caught running between third and home, and the side went out with another zero.

J. McCarty started the fifth innings by a run. Williard skimmed around to third and came in on a hit by Blake. Blake did not wait for any one to bring him in, but came from first. Budd seemed destined to get no further than that, and he came back. Kershaw's good pick-up was two many for C. McCarty, and he likewise returned from first. The College were fated to receive a third zero. Resor went out on a foul to Stearn's. Jones could only get his first, and January suffered a like destiny. The score stood 7 to 7.

In the next next innings Stearns went out on a hit to first. Adams came home on a second base hit by Miles. Miles also came in, but Williard went out on a fly to Quill, and Blake subsided on first. On our side Talbott took his first on a misjudged fly by Budd. Rich also went to first on a poor hit to second. He was then forced on second by Doe, who went out on first—double play by Williard and Mills. Pond out on first, Talbott left on third. Score 8 to 7 in favor of Chicago.

Budd out on first, Kershaw making a fine catch. C. McCarty also out on first. Stearns took his first on a muff by Jesse, and Adams followed suit on a small hit. Stearn came in on Miles' hit to first. Adams out on third. Kirk

was given his base on wides. Resor took his first on a good hit to second. Hudson took his first on wides. Bases all full. Quill goes to bat and brings in Kershaw—a momentary relief. Talbott makes a safe hit and sends Hudson in, but still leaves the bases full. Rich relieves Quill, Jesse and Talbott by a pretty good second base hit, and comes in himself on Doe's bat. Pond brings in Doe and Kershaw does the agreeable in that line for Pond. He goes to third on Resor's first base hit. Hudson takes first on a muff by Blake. Quill pounds for two and brings in Kirk and Resor. Hudson and Quill come in on Jesse's third base hit. Jesse comes in. Rich is squelched on first, a good home run. Pond subsides on first. Score 22 to 10 in favor of the College.

The eighth innings was begun but as we have said, the game was called at that time and it was not finished. For our report of the game we are indebted to W.S. Roloson of the 4th Form.

After tea quite a party of ladies and gentlemen assembled on the lawn to witness the races and other sports, which have so long been a part of our Fourth of July exercises. Now that the \$50 prize has been devoted to the support of these games, it is to be hoped that they will become a permanent part of Commencement week programme, and that greater pains will be taken to insure their success. The principal fault to be found this time was that they were not sufficiently systematized, and were rather slow and wearisome on that account, still the chairman of the committee did all that could reasonably be expected of him, and as he had no assistance in keeping order or in superintending the games, perhaps we should not criticise too severely. The boys who kept coming over to the west side of the field effectually prevented the guests from seeing anything of the games, and in many cases the contest was over before the spectators knew it was to begin. We would suggest that in future the grounds be roped in, and that each game as it is to take place should be announced, as other contests for prizes are.

The games began with throwing a ball from home base. Mr. Doe, the winner of the first prize, threw from home base, over the road, a distance of 370 feet. Foot races took place next, and were quite well run. The distance was from home base to the road. In the second race there was some discussion about the start. McGill, the successful runner, was said to have started unfairly, and it was suggested that the race be run again. It was at last decided, however, to let it remain as it was. The Running Jump was next on the programme, and was followed by a Standing Jump, Payson took the 2d prize in the first contest but was ruled out on account of age, and the prize went to Turner Rumsey, the next on the list. The Bag Race next followed and was very funny. The boys became so intoxicated with fun that they seized one of the successful competitors who had come in victorious after many stumblings, and carried him in triumph on their shoulders. By the time the Wheelbarrow Race was reached it was eight o'clock and was beginning to grow dark and damp, and most of the guests began to withdraw. The three legged race did not come off at all. We hope that another year will see more careful management, that the games may be to all as interesting and attractive as they deserve to be.

There were no fire-works, so now and then a couple would wander away to look at the comet. Thus ended the Fourth.

LIST OF GAMES AND PRIZES.

Swimming Race, 1st Class.—1st Prize, \$2.00, M. H. McDowell; 2d Prize, \$1.00, St. C. Ormsby.

Swimming Race, 2d Class.—1st Prize, \$2.00, W. Brooke; 2d Prize, \$1.00, Will. Lyon.

Throwing Match, 1st Class.—1st Prize, \$1.50, Turner Rumsey; 2d Prize, \$0.75, J. K. Comstock.

Throwing Match, 2d Class.—1st Prize, \$1.50, C. S. Fulforth; 2d Prize, \$0.75, F. B. Keene.

Throwing Match, 3d Class.—1st Prize \$2.00, J. B. Doe, Jr.; 2d Prize, \$0.75, A. C. Johnson.

Foot Race, 1st Class.—1st Prize, \$1.50, J. S. Vilas; 2d Prize, \$0.75, St. C. Ormsby.

Foot Race, 2d Class.—1st Prize, \$1.50, A. W. McGill; 2d Prize, \$0.75, C. S. Fulforth.

Foot Race, 3d Class.—1st Prize, \$2.00, Dean Richmond; 2d Prize, \$1.00, Will. Lyon.

Running Jump, 1st Class.—1st Prize, \$1.50, M. H. McDowell; 2d Prize, \$0.75, Turner Rumsey.

Running Jump, 2d Class.—1st Prize, \$1.50, J. B. Doe, Jr.; 2d Prize, \$0.75, C. S. Fulforth.

Standing Jump, 1st Class.—1st Prize, \$1.50, W. de G. Rice; 2d Prize, \$0.75, Turner Rumsey.

Standing Jump, 2d Class.—1st Prize, \$1.50, W. Brooke; 2d Prize, C. S. Fulforth.

Bag Race, 1st Class.—1st Prize, \$0.75, St. C. Ormsby; 2d Prize, \$0.50, C. E. Swope.

Bag Race, 2d Class.—1st Prize, \$0.75, C. S. Fulforth; 2d Prize, \$0.50, W. S. Roloson.

Wheelbarrow Race.—1st Prize, \$1.00, J. K. Comstock; 2d Prize, \$0.50, Harlie Balou,

SUNDAY JULY 5TH.

An Early Celebration of the Holy Communion was held in the Chapel on Sunday morning at seven o'clock, and a more satisfactory and impressive service we have seldom seen. The choir sang as the Processional the 203rd Hymn, and the service was choral throughout. To say that it was beautiful is not enough. There is a feeling felt after witnessing a service like that, which cannot be portrayed in words, but which must ever remain in the memories of those who have been present at it. To those who knelt at the altar for the last time together it was a service of mingled sorrow and joy.

After breakfast it was announced that there would be no procession to St. Luke's Church, where the Baccalaureate Sermon was to be preached. This was a great relief, as it left every one to follow his sweet will, if only he was present at the Church on time. The day was pleasant and cool, and a fresh lake breeze was blowing, though the streets were very dusty and the walking was rather disagreeable on that account. The service at the church began

with the Processional "Jerusalem, high tower thy glorious walls," which was heartily sung by the choir. Instead of entering from the street as usual, a slight change was made this year, and the procession entered the north aisle, and came up the center one. In our way of thinking this is a great improvement.

Dr. DeKoven intoned Morning Prayer, and the Rev. Mr. Livermore of St. Peters read the lessons. Rev. Dr. Ashley of Milwaukee said the Collects preceding the Litany, and the Litany was sung by the Rev. Mr. Luther, of the College. The music in the service was Sullivan's Te Deum which was sung last year, the usual canticles, the creed and an anthem "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills," by Dr. Whitfield. All the music was unusually well rendered, and showed considerable care and attention on the part of the singers, as well as on that of the choir Master, in the preparation.

The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev Henry C. Lay D.D., Bishop of Easton, from the text, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." St. John. ii-5. It was a practical and concise exhortation to christian obedience, and was listened to by the large audience assembled to hear it, with the most careful attention. The earnest delivery, and expressive gestures added very much to what was pleasing in terse, clear sentences, and we may safely say that it was one of the best sermons of the kind we have ever heard. The Bishop gave as he proposed, something that the young men he was addressing "could carry away with them," and treasure in their hearts.

At half past seven in the evening on Sunday, the usual reception took place on the lawn west of the chapel. Very many of the guests and friends of the College were present, and the good music which the choir gave helped to make a pleasant time pass still more pleasantly. When the long twilight had almost faded into darkness, the choir led the way with a processional Hymn to the Library where the remainder of the evening was spent in genial conversation.

MONDAY JULY 6TH.

The Fifth Eleven Match was begun on Monday forenoon, but as it was not finished we will omit the report we took of it. In the afternoon, at three o'clock, a large audience of students and guests assembled in the Dining Hall to hear the Larrabee Prize speaking. The Warden introduced those members of the Junior Class who were to contend for the Prize, and announced that the exhibition would begin in reading. The selection he had chosen was two chapters from Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables." The contestants for the prize were six in number, and had been chosen by the Faculty for excellence in oratory at a preliminary contest before the close of the term. They were in order of speaking G. G. Hendrickson, C. H. Truesdell, A. B. Eldridge, H. H. Martin, F. Landon, and J. M. Hough.

The reading, taken as a whole was not very good. The delicate humor and fine description in the passages selected were apparently not appreciated by the readers, at least they were not well brought out. There was a tendency towards monotony, especially in the manner of beginning and ending sentences. Mr. Elderidge read two

rapidly to be always distinct, although his expression and manner were pleasing. Mr. Hough read quite well after he had somewhat lost himself in his subject, but Mr Landon although indistinct at times, succeeded in getting at the meaning of what he read better than almost any one else. Mr. Horace H. Martin vied with Mr. Landon in the point of clear expression, though he stumbled now and then through rapidity of utterance.

A slight change was made in the programme to accommodate Mr Martin, who had been ill for several days, and his oration came first on the list, and his reading after Mr. Hendrickson's oration. Mr. Martin showed great perseverance in appearing at all, and his oration which was a remarkably good one, received at all hands deserved applause. His subject was the "Pagan Revival in Politics." He spoke with few gestures and his manner throughout was somewhat constrained, but his articulation was very distinct, every word of his speech being clearly heard. His faults were mostly little mannerisms.

Mr. George G. Hendrickson followed Mr. Martin with an oration entitled "Half Beliefs." He spoke naturally and earnestly, but showed the same monotony in ending his sentences which had appeared in his reading.

Mr. Chas. H. Truesdell's oration on "Natural Growth," was also naturally delivered, and his position on the stage was good. There was great lack of gesture however, which somewhat marred the effect of the speech, and at times there was a little indistinctness.

Mr. Arch B. Eldridge came next on the list. His oration was entitled "Men and Ages." He spoke easily, enforced his words with graceful gestures and was quite distinctly heard in all parts of the room. He made a slight hesitation at one part of his speech, but taken as a whole his delivery to our mind, was the best of the day.

Mr. Frank Landon had a well written oration on "Robert Burns," and one which was just suited to his best style of speaking. His manner was somewhat nervous, apparently on account of a momentary forgetfulness, but his gestures were expressive, his enunciation clear, and the general effect of his speech was good.

Mr. James M. Hough spoke on "The study of Modern Languages." He delivered his oration in a clear, simple and pleasing style, and his gestures were usually very good. In popular opinion Mr. Hough divided the honors of the day with Mr. Eldridge, many thinking his oration to be the best.

The exhibition was a most creditable one for the Class of '75, both in regard to speaking and general arrangement. The audience were interested from the beginning to the end, and some remarked that it was the best Junior exhibition they had witnessed at Racine. However that may be it was certainly a very good one, and future classes will do exceedingly well if they do not fall below it.

The Students' Concert, which also takes place on Monday, was announced for eight o'clock, but on account of some hitch in the arrangements it did not begin at the time advertised. The audience waited very patiently, while seats were hammered into place, lamps brought, and *minutiae* settled, and were at last rewarded by hearing the first notes of the Overture "Macbeth" at exactly five minutes to nine. The concert, was not so good as the one given last year, although some parts of it were pleasingly

rendered. There has been great irregularity and carelessness in the music practices, for the most part occasioned by the students themselves, and several of the best pieces prepared or rather *un*prepared, had to be left out.

The "Macbeth Music" went very well, and was heartily received. "All among the Barley" was also well received. The Catch "Would you know my Celia's Charms" was rather funny, but not remarkably well done. "O Who will o'er the Downs so free" was one of the best pieces of the evening, and called forth loud applause, as did the Quintette "Blow Gentle Gales." Mrs. Hinsdale sang a solo called "Waiting," very sweetly, and was lustily encored. Many thanks are due to her and Mrs. Bosutow for the additional charm lent the concert by their presence. The singing of the ladies was greatly admired. The concert closed with "Hail, Smiling Morn" which was very well sung, and heartily appreciated.

Mr. Rowe deserves much credit for his energy in putting through the concert this year, and feeling sure that he has only gained additional laurels by its fair success, we hope that next year may bring him fewer difficulties to contend with.

TUESDAY, JULY 7TH.

This morning the new flag was discovered floating over Taylor Hall. It is not very pretty: a purple field on which a white cross is displayed, and the College monogram and motto on a red shield in the center. It seemed to wave a welcome to the old boys who were re-assembling for Re-union Day, and to remind all of our common hope for Racine—*Vigat Radix*.

The Re-union Service took place in the Chapel at half past twelve. The Rev. Mr. Luther intoned the Service, and the Rev. Geo. Wallace, of Janesville, read the lesson. The Choir sang even better than they did on Sunday and the anthem, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," was well worth having a second time. The Rev. George Vernor, an alumnus of Racine, made a short address of welcome to the old boys and encouragement to the present students which was thoroughly appreciated by all who heard it. Mr. Vernor said it was only about twelve years since the first Senior Class bade good-bye to Racine, and that in that time a generation of school-life had passed away. The old boy of '62 scarcely sees to-day a familiar face, and the Senior of to-day, coming back in '86, will be surprised to find how few he is acquainted with. But nevertheless, though he see not one, he will people the Chapel with old forms and faces, though land and sea be searched through to find them. He will bring them all back, and will live over once again the old school life. Precious indeed is the loving, living grasp of an old boy's hand, but infinitely more precious to annihilate time and space hold a re-union with all—both living and dead.

Re-union to an old boy is the dearest festival of Commencement Week. It brings him back to his old home, where one kindred tie binds him to old and new. In the name of the old boys who have gone out from us, it is a good thing to reach out the hand of fraternal greeting to the new, meeting on the common level of sons of Racine. Mr. Vernor sketched in a very pleasing way the life of the school as it was when he was a student. He said if there

ever was any revolt against rules, the boys were told they were necessary to establish a tradition of good behavior, he supposed, therefore, that he belonged to a traditionary period. He would not give those good old days for the best that have ever been seen since. Racine would always be the first of schools for him. Others might rank higher—others might be more popular—but Racine has advantages which when fully developed will make her the Queen of Schools. Her roll of alumni may be small, but none can excell it in spotlessness and true manliness. And to every alumnus he would say—We are the College. On us depends her welfare. Her increase is our common object. See to it then that the work is well carried out.

After the conclusion of the address, a collation was served in the Dining Hall, and by way of desert we had the usual presentation of Cricket and Base Ball prizes. The Warden said, in introducing the subject, that it was now proposed to present the silver cups to the winning Nines and Elevens. There are in the College two clubs, the Badgers and the Clarksons, which are subdivided into different elevens and nines. The games take place in the Autumn and Spring; and this year the contests have been unusually hearty, and each club has won an equal number of cups. The Clarksons have five and the Badgers five. The Captains of the different clubs were then called forward to receive their honors. J. B. Doe, Jr. of '74, in behalf of the Clarkson club, said that it was scarcely necessary to speak in their praise this year, the scores would speak for themselves. The Armitage Cup, which had been won by the Clarksons first nine was taken in the first game by a score of 60 to 24, and in the second by a score of 36 to 17. The Ingraham Cup, which was won by the score of 26 to 24, was held by the fourth nine. The Clarkson Cup had been won by the Badgers in the first game by a score of 100 to 90, and by the Clarksons in the second by a score of 100 to 72. On account of sickness in their eleven the Badgers had declined to play the third game, so the Clarksons held the cup. The Head Master's Cup was in the hands of the third Eleven by the modest score of 98 to 38 and it is to be borne in mind that the Clarksons made all their runs in *one innings*, while the Badgers could only get 38 in two. The Prefect's Cup was held to the tune of 135 to 80 by the Fourth Eleven.

W. D. Tilden, '74, stated for the Badgers that the Quintard Cup was won by the Badger 2d nine by a score of 30 to 24. The Ashely Cup was won by the 3d Nine by a score of 33 to 24. The 5th Nine held the Beers Cup by a score of 31 to 22. The Rector's Cup went to the 2 Eleven by a score 94 to 80. He wished to call attention to the fact that this was the first game in which the Clarksons had not been beaten in one innings. He thought they were probably improving, and with a few appropriate and gentlemanly words of congratulation and encouragement to both clubs, Mr. Tilden closed a neat speech, which won for him and the Badger side immense favor.

The Warden then called upon the aged and venerable Badger, the Rev Dr. Locke of Chicago, to present the Quintard Cup and the Rectors Cup. Dr. Locke was quite as brilliant and witty as ever, and kept the audience in a roar of laughter all the time he was speaking, though really we don't see how he could, for as he said, he and Bishop Tallbot had been obliged to make jokes here for fifteen years now, and it was getting about played out.

The Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Indiana, then presented the Armitage cup to the Clarkson Club, calling attention to the fact that whenever the Badgers had won a game it was by an extremely small score. Fifteen years of joking did not seem to have weakened his wit in the least, for he never was more successful in anecdotes and applications than to-day. The story of the "corpse's cousins" will be long remembered by every one who heard it.

And then, as if every one had not already split his sides with laughter, the Rev. Dr. Stocking, who presented the Ashley, Beers and the class of '70's cups, must needs be fully equal to his predecessors, and convulse the audience again. His derivation of "*Legete et vincite*" was one of the best things of the day

The Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Easton, then presented the Head Master's cup, the Ingraham cup and the Prefect's cup. He said he had never had the pleasure of witnessing a game of base Ball or Cricket, his early education had been neglected in that particular. He would like nothing better than to have seen the Warden with a bat in his hand, peering through his spectacles at the coming ball, and his reverend brother, the Bishop of Indiana, opening his episcopal soul in the heat of the contest. As it was he could not say that he belonged to either side, and so he gave it to the Clarksons and Badgers alike, first giving one club a hit and then the other. He concluded by saying a good word for muscular christianity, and hoped both Badgers and Clarksons would ever strive to make Racine a name of praise through all the land.

The Warden then announced the name of the student who had made the largest number of runs in Cricket as inscribed on the McCook silver bat. J. B. Doe Jr. was the fortunate youth, having made 27 runs. The Warden said that before the exercises concluded he had a delicate but peculiarly interesting ceremony to perform, which was to present a cup to a baby. The Rev. C. B. Champlin then brought forward his infant daughter to receive the class of '70's cup. The Warden made a speech to the little maiden in which he said that he was in a position in which he had frequently been before—that was, talking to a person who couldn't understand him. Only now he had the satisfaction of knowing that if he was not understood, there was no possibility of his being *misrepresented*. This speech was the most interesting of the afternoon, and every one enjoyed it thoroughly. The exercises as a whole were the best we have ever been present at, and all left the Dining Hall in extreme good humor with themselves, and with the gentlemen who had made the fun for them. We give the list of honors.

CRICKET AND BASE BALL FOR 1874.

THE CLARKSON CUP.

Won by the Clarkson First Eleven.
100 to 72.

THE RECTOR'S CUP.

Won by the Badger Second Eleven.
94 to 80.

THE HEAD MASTER'S CUP.

Won by the Clarkson Third Eleven.
98 to 31 in one innings.

THE PREFECT'S CUP.

Won by the Clarkson Fourth Eleven.
135 to 80.

THE BEERS CUP.

Won by the Badger Fifth Eleven.
68 to 59.

THE ARMITAGE CUP.

Won by the Clarkson First Nine.
60 to 24.

THE QUINTARD CUP.

Won by the Badger Second Nine.
30 to 24.

THE ASHLEY CUP.

Won by the Badger Third Nine.

At the end of the ninth innings the score stood 20 to 20.

The tenth innings made it 33 to 24.

THE INGRAHAM CUP.

Won by the Clarkson Fourth Nine.
26 to 24.

THE CLASS OF '70'S CUP.

Won by the Badger Fifth Nine.
31 to 22.

THE MCCOOK BAT.

Held by J. B. Doe, Jr.
Score 27.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Space will not permit us to give an account of the game of cricket played in the afternoon by the Chicago Club and the College Eleven, but the score was satisfactory as the College won, and the game was interesting to those who watched it. In the evening in spite of the heavy rain, quite a number of the College guests and town people assembled in Belle City Hall to listen to the Orchestral Concert. Financially the Concert was not a success, but musically it was all that could be desired. Bach's Orchestra is a synonym for good music, and notwithstanding, the audience was rather unenthusiastic, we think those present enjoyed the programme very much. The *Concerto for Violin* executed by Gustav Bach, Jr. was most gracefully given and well deserved an encore, but the audience were evidently afraid to applaud because they were so few in number. The Quintette, *Image of the Rose*, was tender and sweet, and the *Serenade* by Titl was also a soft, dreamy song charmingly rendered. The other pieces on the programme which suited us best were the Waltz *Be always happy*, by Ch. Bach, and the Overture to the *Operetta Banditentsriche* by Suppe.

WEDNESDAY JULY 8TH.

The exercises in this department on Wednesday morning, brought out a large number of ladies and a few gentlemen. The room was well filled, and from the first declamation until the final awarding of prizes, the interest of the exercises was very great. The grammar school marks a higher proficiency in oratory than many were led to believe, although theses were confined to the Sixth Form of the Department, which we understand is the highest one. The declamations came however from the pupils of the Fourth Form—W. L. Roloson and Geo. Clay. These were so good for pupils so young that we surmise an extraordinary training for the occasion. An interesting feature of the orations were two original translations from Latin and Greek writers, W. Paulsen giving and original from Cicero, and M. Coxe one from Demosthenes, the latter being well delivered. Further Greenleaf's oration on "America as it was and is." "An Appeal," by W. Brooke, was a beautiful piece, but marred by the speaker's hesitancy, showing a need of a more thorough commitment to memory. The oration "Charles Sumner," by Guilbert McClurg, was a glowing eulogy of that statesman, delivered in a quiet, undemonstrative manner. C. D. Clay gave a good oration on "Four Centuries," commencing his subject with the preparation of Christopher Columbus for the discovery of the island of Atlantis. E. H. Cleveland had a very interesting subject on "The Aztecs," he gave a short sketch of their existence so far as known at the present time, their extraordinary advancement in civilization, their degrading religion and the complete destruction of the race.

Following the orations came the distribution of prizes to the school. Here prizes were distributed for cultivation of flowers. The different classes in singing each received rewards. A prize was given to the best speller in the school, and also to the one who presented the best portfolio of maps. In general conduct and deportment, the first and second in each class were made the recipients of handsome volumes. "About Face," and the Warden introduced them to the audience as the young gentlemen who had received the honors of the school. During this interesting part of the exercises there seemed to be no end to pictures and well bound volumes. Each recipient being greeted with an uproarious clapping of hands by the pupils of the school.—*Advocate*

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

Wednesday afternoon was more favorable than last commencement day for the comfort of the spectators in the Refectory. Shortly after the exercises opened, quite a heavy rain fell, but only continued for a short time, and the showers during the remainder of the afternoon were sufficient to keep the atmosphere cool, without being disagreeable. The procession was formed at the chapel at 2:30 P. M., and entered the hall as the band played a march, the order being, Warden and Head Master, trustees and the distinguished visitors, followed by the graduating class and the students of the college. As the music ceased, the Right Reverend the Bishop of Illinois opened the exercises by a Collect, and a benediction was pronounced, after the repetition of the Lord's Prayer. Among the distinguished guests on the platform were the Bishops of Illinois, Indiana, and Easton, the Right Honorable and Reverend Lord

Charles A. Hervey, son of the Marquis of Bristol and Vicar of Great Chesterford, Essex; the Rev. Dr. Burroughs, the Chancellor, and the Rev. Dr. Moss, the President of the Chicago University, together with Professors Safford, Wheeler, Freeman, and others of that institution; ex Senator Doolittle; Rev. Dr. McMurdy; Rev. Dr. Stocking; Rev. Canon Knowles; Rev. Dr. Locke; Rev. Dr. Warren; Rev. Mr. Bonham; Rev. Mr. DeWolf; Rev. Mr. Livermore; Rev. Dr. Ashley; Rev. Mr. Dafter; Rev. Mr. Harrod; Rev. Mr. Mallory; Dr. Huson; Rev. Mr. Verner; Rev. Erastus Spaulding; Rev. L. C. Lance; Rev. Mr. Wallace; Rev. T. D. Pitts; Rev. E. C. Porter, and Rev. Prof. Hopson of St. Stephens College, Annandale; also, J. H. Vermilye, Col. McDowell, C. R. Larrabee, Mr. Dearborn, J. S. Rumsey, L. J. Morehouse, J. B. Doe, W. J. Tilden, and others.

The regular orations next followed, the Latin Salutatorian being Mr. A. S. Caldwell, of Indianapolis. The speech reflects great credit upon its writer, and was delivered in a very easy, graceful and impressive manner, and his delivery secured him a most attentive audience. The subject of his oration was "Erroris Nebula," and was a criticism on the province of philosophy, and the limitations of the intellect. He was followed by Mr. Hermon Canfield, the subject of whose effort was "Practical Charity." The speaker opened with a description of a nineteenth century merchant king in his office, who is accosted by one of those persons who make it their business to beg for charitable institutions. The oration was a protest against the refined and false charity of the day, and closed with a hope for the advent of the charity which "doth not behave itself unseemly." Had the gentleman used his voice better, and had he not been obliged to refer to his manuscript, his manner would have been excellent. Failure of memory, also, was the chief fault of Mr. C. E. Carlisle, whose oration was entitled, "A voice from the past." He spoke too slowly, and injured the effect of what would otherwise have been an excellent oration. Mr. J. B. Doe entered his protest against "Utility in Education:" the education of one idea, the lack of many-sided culture, and utilitarian tendencies, were the objects of his attack. His manner was fair and his voice distinct. "Christianity and the Rights of Men" was the subject of Mr. A. B. Livermore's oration, which was one of the best features of the exercises. We cannot help remarking upon the great improvement in manner over his former efforts. His gestures were forcible, his voice full and clear, and his whole delivery energetic and manly. This composition, too, was an eloquent defense of the relation of Christianity to politics and to the theories of political liberty, with which it has continually come into contact, and an attack upon those who hold that the great theories of civil rights were only accepted by Christianity on their appearance, because such a course was unavoidable, and not because they sprung from the spirit of Christian teaching. "Progress and no Progress," by Mr. William Morrall, was delivered in an animated manner and showed the careful preparation which the gentleman always gives to his orations, and which merits such commendation. He attempted to discriminate between real and apparent progress, and touched upon the foundation of progress. Our need of better politicians was treated by Dr. D. Ingalls Odell in "America's

Need." Though his voice was very good and his manner animated, he was occasionally too excitable, which detracted from the merits of his delivery. He tried to vindicate the claims of educated men to a fuller participation in politics. Mr. E. G. Richmond followed with "Successful Unsuccess," in which he dwelt upon the world's standard of merit and real success, which is not dependent upon results, but upon efforts. His manner was very forcible, the speech evidently came from his heart, and his voice seemed fuller than usual and was distinct, and his gesticulation was energetic, but easy. A phase of the labor question was discussed by Mr. G. F. W. Small. His voice was very indistinct and he could scarcely be heard half way down the hall, and the composition of his oration deserved a much more manly delivery than it received. The orations of the two scientific students came next. Mr. Henry M. Talbott had selected the "Responsibility of Theorists" as his subject, and he did it ample justice, calling attention to the extremes of theorizing and the evil effects which result from applying theories unreservedly to all subjects. He could be distinctly heard in the hall which is so difficult to speak in, and his gestures were generally good, though perhaps slightly stiff. But his oration was one of the best efforts of the day. "Our Chinese Problem" was discussed by Mr. William D. Tilden, who represented the dangers from the immigration of the "Heathen Chinese" rather alarmingly, and called for the provision of some educational test to restrain the new comers. Though but few will agree with him in the danger to be apprehended from the Chinese source, the style of his oration deserves commendation. His manner merits almost unqualified praise. His position on the rostrum was easy and dignified, his gestures varied and energetic, and, though his voice was slightly unnatural, his enunciation was very clear. The report of the committee on the English prize essay was next read, and we must note the significant fact that there were but two competitors. The prize was unanimously awarded to Mr. A. B. Livermore, who then read his twenty-one minute essay on "Tennyson and Longfellow, as representatives of English and American Poetry," much to the delight of the audience. The essay received on all hands its well-deserved commendation, for breadth of criticism, and thoughtfulness, though its effect was slightly marred by the reading, which was by no means equal to the gentleman's speaking. After a short musical intermission, the awarding of prizes and presentation of medals began. The Warden first called the names of the six students who stand highest in conduct and studies in the upper classes. The computation in the sophomore class was made on the freshman and sophomore years, and that in the junior class on the three years. The Sophomores rank as follows: Gailor, Smythe, Weeks, Hills, Ames, Halsey. The juniors stand: Martin H., Hendrickson, Landon, Reilay, Truesdell, Hough.

In the Grammar School, the incoming Sixth form stands as follows, reckoning the standing for two years: Tolhurst, Parker, Dearborn, D. Evens, Sullivant and Eddy. The incoming fifth form, reckoned for one year, rank as follows: Comstock, Payson, Robeson, Pardee, McDowell, and Walker. Then followed the presentation of medals and the appointment of the heads of G. S. and College.

The Warden instead of calling forward the recipient of each honor separately, called all together, and when

on the rostrum, announced each honor. The Greek Teegarden Medal was won by Alxeis Dv Povt Parker of the Fifth Form, the mathematical prize by H. R. Simmons of the Fourth Form, and the Grammar School Medal for the best student in conduct and studies by E. H. Cleveland of the Sixth Form. The Clarkson Medal fell to Mr. W. D. Tilden: and the Keene to Mr. J. B. Doe, both of the graduating class. The College Medal was warmly contested this year, as the fact that two members of the graduating class were exactly even in their marks will show. Both accordingly received the medal, Mr. Caldwell of the Senior Classical, and Mr. W. D. Tilden of the Senior Scientific. At the same time another medal was instituted, which will be given to that member of the scientific department whose marks are the highest for the year. The Medal is one which seems a necessity, as it is really the only prize which is confined to the scientific school. The appointment of the Head of the Grammar-school followed, the honor being awarded to Charles H. Tolhurst. The Head of the College next received his cross, Horace H. Martin. The Head of the Grammar School was chosen according to the standing in studies for the Fifth Form year, and the Head of the College, on the same general standing for the Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior years. While the recipients of the honors were standing before the Rector, he called upon the Rev. D. Ashley to read the report of the committee on the Larrabee Prize exhibition, of which he was Chairman. After stating the grounds of decision which were different from what they have been, the prize was awarded to Horace H. Martin. The decision of the committee was based upon the combined merits of composition, delivery and excellence in reading. The first honorable mention on all these grounds was made of Mr. Arch B. Eldredge and Mr. James M. Hough was highly commended.

Immediately after the honors had been announced, the conferring of degrees took place. All the graduating class received the degree of A.B.; Rev. Messrs. McLean and Osborne and Mr. J. B. Winslow of '71, took their A. M. in course. The degree of S.T.D. was conferred by Rt. Rev. Henry Whitehouse of Illinois, on Rev. J. B. Brown of Cohoes, N. Y., Rev. Edward Sullivan of Chicago and Rev. E. R. Welles D.D. the Bishop elect of Wisconsin, and D.D. on the Right Honorable Rev. Lord Charles A. Hervey of Eng and.

Music filled up the short intermission which followed, before the Valedictory Oration of Mr. Gerald R. McDowell, the Head of the College. Opening with well chosen thoughts on how change affected everything, and fittingly applying his remarks to the occasion, he passed to the farewell portion of his address, which was chaste and had none of the extravagance which is often the serious defect of such orations. In delivery, his speech was one of the best of the day, and the concluding portion during which the class rose to listen to his farewell words to them, was impressive.

The committee on the Quintard medal consisting of the Bishops of Illinois, Indiana and Easton now reported, and awarded the medal, which is bestowed on the best speaker in the Senior Class, to Mr. A. S. Caldwell. The decision gave very general satisfaction; indeed, the remark is common that the Latin Salutatory is the best which has been delivered for years. As the exercises were now concluded the large audience arose and the benediction was pronounced by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Illinois, and the audience began to disperse. The scene, which followed was very lively, congratulation, laughing, etc., until the bell summoned to Chapel for evening service. Immediately after Chapel, tea was served in the Gymnasium, to the students and many of the visitors. It seemed as if the rain which began to fall after tea would lessen the attendance and pleasure to be expected at the party, but a happy disappointment awaited our fears, for

THE PARTY

was one of the most enjoyable ever given since the institution of the custom. The spacious Refectory was slowly filled, until the opening dance when as brilliant an assemblage as has ever graced the gathering was collected on the floor. Some delay was at first occasioned by the tardiness of some of the graduating class, who failed to appear at the the class dance, and by the futile attempts of one of the class to find a partner. But with this short delay, the dancing passed off in a way very creditable to the floor managers, and continued until one o'clock. A sumptuous collation had been previously served in the Common Room, and the adieus to the Warden were said at one o'clock, all having the feeling that no pleasanter conclusion to the College course of '74 could have been contrived.

THURSDAY JULY 9TH.

The hurry and excitement of commencement day, and the hard work of a week of preparation came to an end this morning. The parties going west had an early breakfast, and took their departure before 8 o'clock. Those going either North or South, as well as the few who were to remain at the College for a day or two, breakfasted at a later hour, and shortly afterward assembled in chapel for the last service. "All People that on Earth do dwell," was heartily sung by the congregation, the prayers for the students, the absent, and for a prosperous journey were said, and all then adjourned to the front of Taylor Hall, the visitors going before and the students following in procession. The Ladies and visitors found places on the steps; the choir and students arranged themselves in two lines on the grass in front, and *Dulce Domum* was sung as usual. Not quite as usual, however, for at least four different pronunciations of the words were clearly distinguishable. This or something else proved so affecting as to call forth from the gathering rain clouds a few threatening drops. Three hasty, but hearty cheers for the College, the Warden, Head Master, Professors, and Ladies; A general rush for the library; excited grammar-school boys running across the fields, more cool and deliberate Collegians ordering carriages; tired visitors looking on with due appreciation and sympathetic feelings: a grand shaking of hands and shouting farewells was the scene that followed, and then all was over. The 2 P. M. train saw the last of the crowd off, and then sweet was the calm to those few who stayed behind. It was too much needed and too enjoyable to prove depressing at first. But it was not long before the quiet air and deserted appearance of the place began to have its effect, and we too became impatient to leave the campus where not even one companion could be found to pass a ball with.

FRIDAY JULY 10TH.

Another day of quiet and rest. Two Grammar School boys and a few Seniors who have spent the morning in jewing down the expressman, and squabbling with the second hand man about an extra quarter are all that are left. Chapel and meals are kept up, and regularly attended, but Monday will see the last of the students, though the duties will go regularly on for any who stay longer.

'74's brick in the chapel is considered the handsomest one yet. The monogram and the '74 are cut in relief, giving it a very attractive appearance. The two class windows in the refectory have also called forth many expres-

sions of admiration, and they are certainly second to none in design and coloring.

Benton, Larrabee, Jones and Evarhart of '73 were here for Commencement. Quill was so home-sick he could not stay through the week.

A number of the Seniors are still hanging around, we cannot say whether business or other engagements are detaining them.

The College nine defeated a picked nine from Chicago on the Fourth by a score of 22 to 11, in seven innings. Two of our nine were ill, and Quill Jones and H. M. Talbott were taken as substitutes. Quill looked most natural on the field again, and played excellently.

The Fifth Elevens played one innings of their annual match on Monday morning, and notwithstanding the Clarkson's had two Seniors to bowl for them and several other large men, the Badgers "Chawed them up."

TO THE EDITORS:—As the games for this year are finished it is perhaps the best thing to judge of the system under which they have been conducted. For the most part they have passed off pleasantly; but one disagreeable feature must have been noticed by nearly every one viz; in very game, there have been four captains (two on each side) in direct opposition to a time honored tradition founded probably, on the maxim that "too many cooks spoil the broth." In the younger days of the College the captaincy of one of the lower elevens was considered a position of honor, given to the best man in the club, but now the wonder is that any one can be found to accept the position since it has been made entirely subservient to the first eleven. The result as exemplified by this year's playing has been endless disputes, many quarrels and much ill feeling all around. The games have been delayed and spoiled by the bickering of the captains, as to the grounds, the substitutes, the rules, and, in short, every thing concerning which it was possible to contend. The only remedy for all this that we can see is to have this principal firmly established, that the duties of the captain of the first eleven ceases when the eleven once goes into field, that he has no more right to speak to the umpire than any other outsider, that the preliminaries shall be arranged by the captains of the contending elevens, that the captain of the eleven is the mouth piece of the eleven, and that the captain of the first eleven can assist him only as an advisor. It is a pity to have the games injured by an evil which can be so easily avoided, at least such is the opinion of

A. B. E.

CRICKET.

CHICAGO VS. RACINE COLLEGE.

On Tuesday last the cricket match of the season was played between the Chicago club and the Racine College club on the college grounds; but owing to a heavy rain storm the game could not be played out, and agreeably to previous arrangement between the captains of the two clubs the game was decided a draw. Continuous dry weather, and some lack of attention towards the grounds, left them in a somewhat unsatisfactory condition for a display of good cricket. In cricketing terms, the crease was considered decidedly "bumpy." Calling the roll of the Chicago players, it was found that two of the eleven were absent, and as they were expected on the next train, the Chicagoans decided to take the bat. At 12:30 o'clock four wickets had fallen, and thirty-seven runs scored when the bell rang for chapel. After service dinner was served, followed by the presentation of prizes to the successful contestants of the college cricket and base-ball players during the season, so that it was after 3 o'clock before play was resumed. The two missing players of the Chicago team failing to turn up, they were obliged to go out after eight wickets had fallen, having scored fifty-seven runs.

The College eleven immediately went to bat, and succeeded in scoring 63 runs. The rain that had been threatening to come down for an hour past, now swept across the field, and a rush was made to college quarters.