THE SONG OF THE CAMPS.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
While the hooted guns of the camps hailed
Grew weary of bombarding.

"Give us a song!" the guardsmen say,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.

They lay along the batteries' side,
Below the slumbering cannon,
Brave hearts from Severn and Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Who sang of "Annie Laurie.
In a noiseless whirl from the vault aloft,

Beneath their branches' crown of snow.

Methinks her blooming Is all undone,
In a noiseless whirl from the vault aloft,

The loving are the daring.

And Irish Norn. 's eyes are dim,
Dear girl! Her name he dared not speak,

The merchant Quien, in whose employ
Schliemann, at the age of nineteen, was engaged,
was so pleased with the young man's energy as to allow him time for study. Languages were the young clerk's passion. He believed that his fortune lay in their mastery, that with them he could storm the heavens. When he came across a man who promised to teach him English in six months, he seized upon the opportunity, and after many days succeeded in learning a hundred or more words, hired for the incredibly short period of six weeks.

The young clerk's salary amounted to 800 francs a year; one-half he paid for lessons, the other half he devoted to his physical necessities. He lived in one small room of a badly built house, half frozen in winter, roasted in summer, breakfasted on dry bread, and paid twopenny for his dinner. No suffering, however, could kill his energy, and quickly he turned his attention from English to French, and, in another six months found that he had mastered a second language. Then followed the study of Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and Dutch, a knowledge of each being acquired in the incredibly short period of six weeks.

At last Schliemann's employers became dissatisfied with the neglect of mechanical work, and the clerk was on the point of securing a position in Hamburg, when owing to a dispute between two employes of B. H. Schroeder & Co., Schliemann, through the influence of one, took the place of the other. His knowledge of languages was his recommendation. Twenty-two years old, with no more outdoor work and with an annual salary of 600 florins, Schliemann in 1844 began correspondence and book-keeping. In a few weeks his salary was voluntarily increased to 1,000 guilders, an enormous sum for those days, and the department of commission and banking was assigned to him. Then came to Amsterdam two Russian agents, bent upon buying that very dear commodity indigo. As they experienced great difficulty in making themselves understood, Schliemann thought he would show his gratitude to his employers by learning Russian and thus facilitating their trade. On seeking books he could only find a tolerable dictionnaire, an intolerable translation of "Telemachus," still in his possession, and a very bad grammar which he had studied during the incredibly short period of six weeks.

The study of Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and Dutch, a knowledge of each being acquired in the incredibly short period of six weeks.

At that time Schliemann understood and spoke English better than at present, for the
IAGO.

Iago! At the mere sound of this name, whenever and wherever heard, what memories of the basest malignity and deviltry rise before the reader of Shakespeare? Iago! That compound of jealousy, hypocrisy and villainy which has been so faithfully and grandly portrayed by the masterly hand of the immortal Schliemann. Yet is it not disinterested as he should be.

It is painful to observe the crafty manner in which the artful Iago works upon the unsuspicous nature of the Moor, at the same time protesting his love for him and the pain which it gives to make the disclosures he does. Othello, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, is with difficulty convinced of the scheme, and then it is Iago, with all his art, leaves him at first, not jealous, but yet in a state of profound disquisiude. By his villainy he at length so arouses him that he is easily convinced of the faithlessness of his young wife and is led to strangle her.

He late does he learn that his suspicions were ill-founded and that he has been duped by the treacherous Iago. In his remorse he endeavors to slay her traducer; then plunges the dagger into his own bosom and dies, in the throes of death, breathing words of love over one whom he had so foully wronged. Iago, severely wounded, is carried to prison, from which he is to be taken only to suffer the most horrible tortures.

A brief review of his actions will illustrate his character sufficiently without further comment. For his own aggrandizement and to avenge the fancied wrongs inflicted by Othello, he deliberately plots to ruin Cassio's reputation and escape the peace of mind of his superior officer. To accomplish this he first manages to have Cassio removed from his office, and then sets his first snare by inducing the Moor's bride Desdemona, who is an old friend of Cassio, to intercede that he may be reinstated.

Desdemona readily consents and beseeches her lord to take her friend again into his favor. Othello can refuse no request of his beloved and agrees to do so, after a little delay as punishment; but, after this interview, Iago seeks him and by his mysterious manner and sly insinuations arouses Othello's suspicion that Des emona is not so disinterested as she should be.

It is well nigh impossible to find words sufficiently without further comment to express the noble Moor, and, if successful, hopes to gain the coveted position, besides destroying the peace of mind of his superior officer. To accomplish this he first manages to have Cassio removed from his office, and then sets his first snare by inducing the Moor's bride Desdemona, who is an old friend of Cassio, to intercede that he may be reinstated.

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an unconquerable determination to succeed; and it must be, as night follows day, that we shall succeed.

If then we think for ourselves, act for ourselves, and live for the attainment of some special purpose, we will have no need to ask the question, Why are we not men?

**SCUFFLEBURG.**

**TWILIGHT.**

It is a beautiful summer evening. The sun sinks slowly and softly, to rest beyond the western horizon. The mountains cast their lengthening shadows across the vales beneath. At their base sleeps in the calm beauty of a summer eve a small village. The river sparkles in the last rays of the setting sun. Across the field is heard the lowing of the returning herd. The song of the bird has ceased. The solemn croaking of the frog has begun. All nature is preparing for rest, and ere the curtain of night closes around, seems to turn its gaze heavenward in one last look of devout and eloquent adoration to the Maker and Giver of all. Alone I sat at my window, absorbed in the beauties of the scene. I was lost in admiration and wonder. A magic spell seemed cast over my spirit. It was only when the deep shadows of night had crept over the scene, shutting out its view, that I was aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen. I know of nothing so impressive as such an evening. I know of no time so sweetly beautiful, so full of joy and excitement and the purest and noblest chords of the human heart. I know of no time so holy, so delightful, so entrancing in its influence upon the poetic soul as "This breathing moment on the bridge where time of light and darkness forms an arch sublime."

It sheds over us a kind of "sweet dejection." It saddens and rejoices. It soothes our agitations and calms the tumult of our feelings. For we are tempered to the hour. Beautifully has Byron asked:

"Who hath not shared a glorious sympathy with ones that set?"

All the poetry of the human soul is aroused under the soft shadows of summer twilight. Man is elevated above real and material things. He lives in a world of imagination. The pains and ills of life are forgotten. All his cares are hushed in the sweet lullaby that twilight sings to his spirit. Golden dreams spin before his entranced vision. Life is no longer a burden. Its hopes bud and blossom into fruition. Its dreams, under the fairy touch of imagination, becomes realities. Its clouds are dissipated. Its sun bursts forth in radiant splendor.

Thus does the soft, still hour of twilight affect us. Thus do our souls, responding in poetic sympathy to the beauty of the hour, create for themselves far-off fairy lands. The inspiration of such an hour is most potent in exciting the imagination. Under its gentle sway the soul images its most beautiful conceptions. Under its inspiration the imagination plans its boldest flights and soars to its grandest beauties. In the stillness of such an hour, the dull, coarse things of life are forgotten. The day with its vexatious cares is behind us. We pause a moment in life's great work, to breathe, to forget what we are, and where we are, to give ourselves up to the conduct of fancy, and to indulge in those dreams, which makes up such large part of youth's bright day. Our souls spring outward and upward. Ideals float before our mind. Our thoughts are imbued with the tenderness, the stillness, the sacredness of the hour. We live in dreams. The world is forgotten. Time no longer exists with us. All is poetry, love and beauty.

**OUR VISIT TO RANDOLPH MACON.**

Saturday, the 27th ult., was the day appointed for the second game of Base Ball between the Randolph Macon and Richmond College nines, the first having been played since our last issue, and resulting in a score of seventeen for our boys and ten for Randolph Macon, and played on our grounds.

At the end of the fourth inning the game stood in our favor thirteen to three, when Catcher Sands went to the Short Stop's place, and Pitcher Ellerson to second base; this of course left an easy task for our opponents, and resulted in a defeat of twenty-six to twenty-two. We confess that this looked much more as "sharp practice and advise our neighbors to look out!"

- The Randolph Macon students were exceedingly kind and hospitable, and there prevailed the utmost friendship between the representatives of the two institutions; we are hardly justified in making any discrimination, but the whole soul kindness and attention of Messrs. Emes, Mcaben, Albin and Bagwell deserve especial thanks, and among the citizens Messrs. Charles and Wortham Spillman.

Among the incidents of the day may be mentioned the following: Right Fielder Furey was exceedingly fortunate in receiving donations of confections during the entire game from the fair sex, who sat along the margin of his field, to the discomfiture of the other players, and, in the long run, we think, to himself! Thomas Centre Fielder, deserves especial praise for good playing, while Sands came out with a clean score. During the game a ball from the bat of Hudgins went whizzing down the Right Field, and on first bound struck a pretty young lady in the side, it was feared with serious result, until she was next seen responding to one of those irresistible jokes of "Our Ferrett," (who suggested it was a base ball), and in statua quo? We can't blame the ball, for we would have gone in the same direction. Altogether the day was charmingly spent, and many pleasant acquaintances formed; our boys, as usual, were in good spirits even in defeat, and when the Randolph Macon fellows come down they may expect a hearty welcome, and heartier if they will bring on the girls.

We would suggest that our neighbors might have a few more gymnasia, and—but hold on—

**OUR EXCHANGES.**

The Packer Quarterly is too well known to need our notice. It would be in vain to bring at issue.

The College Record can't tolerate Freemasonry, as almost every page informs us. In our opinion the Record had better deal with, subjects with which it is better acquainted.

The College Argus, from the "Wooden Nutmeg State," is one of our best exchanges, and we think reflects much credit on the institution.

The Institute Journal's visits are like those of angels—few and far between. This being only the second number received this college year, we mildly suggest a new mailing clerk.

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- It is now stated that a new way of fastening on ladies' hats is to bore the tops of their ears, put in gold hoops, and have the hat strings tied through them. Thus, step by step, we tread the pathway to perfection, and ere the darkness of death envelopes all the world, man will have utilized his nose in holding up his pants or pulling on his boots.

He had proposed to her, and now with fear and trembling, waited for her answer. "Only one answer," he said, "if but to keep alive the fires of hope within my bosom." She looked at him tenderly, nay, lovingly, and her lips moved in accents that went to the depth of his soul. She had asked him how much he earned a week.

"Doctor, my daughter seems to be going blind," he said, "and she's getting ready for the wedding, too! Oh, dear, what is to be done?" "Let her go right on with the wedding madame, by all means. If anything can open her eyes, marriage will.

A coaxing asked a winking barber boy: "Did you ever see a monkey?" "No sir," said the barber, "but if you will s-s-s sit down, I'll t-t-t try." An exchange tells how the joke was on him. "A bright little girl of our acquaintance asked us the following comical question: How many men are there in a postman's bag?" We gave it up, and she said there were three—b-a-g.

"Och," said a love-sick Hibernal, "what a recreation exciting the imagination. Under its gentle pleasantness in this hour of our being! The whole hour to the time of our being! He has our sympathy.

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With this issue our College paper—the organ of our two Literary Societies—has passed into new and unriviled hands. We shall, of course, do our best to keep it up to the standard raised by our predecessors, but feeling our inability to discharge the duties of our new position so faithfully, we hope to have the kind indulgence of all our readers, the hearty co-operation and support of the friends and students of the College.

INDEPENDENCE OF THOUGHT AND ACTION.

We would not be classed with those who plead for that independence which has for "its radical defect a preference of the creature to the Creator," or a mean contempt of the opinions of our fellow men. Such independence is criminal pride, or basely arrogant presumption. Some one has said "independence is the effort of infancy, the aim of childhood, the dream of youth, and the idol of mankind; nor does age itself, which chills the warmth of our blood, and abates the ardor of our pursuits, deprive us of the fond hope of being the centres of our little systems, where, though we may permit other lumina- ries to be dependent upon us, yet we hope to enjoy the privilege of being independent of them." As a matter of fact there can be no such thing as absolute independence; everywhere we turn we find convincing testimony to the fact that man is dependent, not only upon Nature and the God of Nature, but also upon his fellow men. As our proud spirits sometimes fail would lift us above our proper stations and above all else, we are chilled by the mortifying realization, that while we are encumbered with mortality we can no more be independent of each other than the several parts of some machine can do each its own work disjointed from the other. But while this is true, we would, nevertheless, array ourselves against that weakness of our nature by reason of which we are brought into subjection to the wills and dictates of others, and made to endure any ignoble servitude, intellectual thralldom and dependence of action, due deference for the opinions of others, kind appreciation of friendly suggestions commendable, but to fetter our minds or chain our hands with the ever strengthening coil of popular sentiment is criminal. To have a mind untrammelled by the decrees of public fancy, to make no such inquiry as "what saith the world?", to heed not the breadth of popular favor, to have one's own convictions of right, to think and act for one's self, is the part of wisdom, the distinguishing characteristic of him who would be a true man. How changing with every breath is the voice of the people! To-day it praises and exalts to the skies, to-morrow it condemns and dooms to infamy. How many in "sailing o'er life's stormy main" have been wrecked by listening to the cry of the multitude!

Shakspeare said:

"Blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's fnger
To sound what stop she please"

Some who loudest boast of their independence, and even, doubtless, convince themselves that they care nothing for what others may say or think, do, by their conduct, evince a spirit of dangerous impotency with regard to this very matter. Not meeting with anticipa-
ted success in their first efforts, they think to show their independence of the world by withdrawing from the field, while, in fact, they clearly show that they are dependent upon a little success for their willingness to make fur-
ther exertions. A man controlled in his every thought and action by a desire to know and a readiness to do the right, who faithfully discharges his every duty, turning a deaf ear to every comment made by the world, is one of the noblest specimens of God's noblest cre-
tures. On the other hand, scarcely anything presents a sadder spectacle than a man with mental and physical abilities equal to those of any other man, pinned on to the skirts of other men's creeds—directing his life by other men's ideas, and not daring to do what he knows to be his duty, simply because he dreads the remarks that may be made by those claim-
ing to be his friends.

Doubtless there are at this institution men who, because of some little disappointment or failure in their first attempts, are harshly ac-
cusing their best and truest friends, thinking themselves "badly treated" and retiring from the field to "show their independence." To all such we would say, be not so dependent upon an enthusiastic appreciation on the part of your fellows for the resolution to come forth and discharge your duty. Have a strong and abiding sense of right, and do the very best you can: nothing more is required of anyone by those whose opinions on such a subject are worthy to be noticed. Regardless of conse-
quences—for they will take care of them-
selves—do what you know to be your duty to yourself and to those about you.

Over six hundred negroes were recently baptized a short distance below Richmond. This is but a part of the outcome of a remark-
able "revival" now in progress among them. The whole city, from the centre throughout the suburbs, abounds in "seekers." The begin-
ing of conversion, if we may apply this word to what they call getting religion, takes on with them a rather disagreeable and incon-
venient form. They go about with heads hung down, and in a most obstinate, sullen silence; in reply to questions they only mumble and mutter. Often they are suddenly seized with uncontrollable excitement, and catch each other by the hand, embrace each other, and shout and laugh in hysterical frenzy. They go out alone at night to some hillside and pray their wild and incoherent prayers. This is a very prevailing custom among them, but we have yet to learn what they imagine to be the ef-
cacy of the hillside. Now all such actions as these are very foolish and uncaled for. If some of our New England Philanthropists would come down here and apply a preventa-
tive for this folly on the part of the "dear darkies," they would confer a lasting benefit upon the negroes themselves and on the country at large. A very benevolent gentleman, who, however, does not aspire to the name Philanthropist, told us that in the case of his own servants, if they should be taken this way, he would try what virtue there might be in the hickory. Though this would doubtless be a most effective remedy for these outbursts of superstition, yet in the present state of af-
fairs it is hardly practicable.

When the first vagaries of religious enthu-
siasm are over, the negro thinks his whole duty is done. He has "gone up in the char-
riot," he has seen "the Jordan roll," he is safe, and now by hook or crook the Devil get hold of him. His soul takes joyance infamy. How many in "sailing o'er life's own, an almost ostinate, sue en sience; into new and ... , do om· best to keep it up to the stand- to the cry .of the multitude! mutter. Often they are suddenly seized with
their misconception of religious matters is the more to be deplored. Religion powerfully excites them, but its effects are transient, and rather to be lamented than desired; the light, it seems, shines in on their darkened minds only to render "darkness visible," only to engender doubt and fear. This phæbile state of affairs is caused by the ignorance and superstition of the people and of their preachers. But surely the book is open and the truth not hard to be got at. The story is simple, and it is not too much to hope that the time is near at hand when it shall be told so simply and plainly that misconception itself cannot misconceive or superstition distort.

On a programme of one of the celebra-
brations, several sessions ago, was the inscrip-
tion, "Promenading on the lawn." That was a joke, or at least was so intended. With the diminutive campus of those days it might have been a joke to talk about promenading on the lawn, but since our bounds have been extend-

d so as to embrace double their ancient area, we see no reason why the above mentioned order of exercises should not be on all our Final Programmes, and that not for a joke but to be carried into effect. As soon as the speaking is over the people go home, the lights ly performing their duties, but when they need

is as gloomy and silent as ·· though 'it ·had not they certainly will!'not seek it in the office o( the

A part at least of the assemblages will be in­

those piles of brick, which so sadly disfigure the Ric;hmond College, we can very well afford to

done, let some of that old rubbish lying about vocabulary of' slang, but we are unwilling to

-Only to render " darkness visible," only to en­

measure 1 like footfalls; keeping time to beau­

proper steps are taken, our words move on in

let the axe be laid to the roots of that long line and of established reputation.

there are some trees that might be cut down; toriety by a s sailing that which is well known

" verge on . the poetical," but when we think

echoin g s w ee t music, will be so attractive that

balm th e re may be in happy converse and d e­

Final week, and also do much to ·permaneutly

W e .b e t'h'e is

W e som et im es see Da n . M a tth e vr s a nd Eel.0 hild s ,

L . E . B e ntl e y, who w ill b e r e m e lb e red a s t h e M e n dax

PERSONALS.

Professor Harris has received an honorary appointment as commissioner to the exhibition at Paris.

Henry Wortham and J. W. Snyder paid us a call some days ago, and made interesting speeches in the Hall of the Philological Society. Come again, won't you ?

H. H. George is at home preparing for a course at the University next year.

We sometimes see Dan. Matthews and Ed. Childs, of 767.

Our esteemed friend and college-mate, C. T. Herndon, of Fauquier, has been suddenly called home by the illness of his father. Let us hear from you anon, Charles.

L. E. Bentley, who will be remembered as the Mendax Maximum of '76, now holds forth at Lloyds, Essex Co.

We bet he is having a good time.

We miss N. C. Burnett, "chanticleer," '76.

Do these impudent (!) young lawyers expect the peace-loving, law-abiding occupants of main building to be found with kippers, drunksomeness or fraticide for? If not, why then are they loading our tables with their cards?

We would be glad to hear from J. E. Fitzgerald, of '76.

His friends will address him at Laurel Grove, Va.

We hear little of J. B. Washington now-a-days. Write him at Woodford, Va.

G. B. Moore, one of our best boys, and they were all best, '76-7, was, when last heard from, in Giles county.

R. H. Latanne, of King and Queen county, did us the honor to appear on our campus, a few days since. He is looking well.

ANTI-DSYPSECTIC DROPS.

The latest thing in ladies' shoes—ladies' feet.

A brilliant experiment—the electric light.

Two button kids—a young goat fight.

Dogs eat dentures—they inser natural teeth.

The way to find a girl out is to call when she is not.

"Didn't she return your love?" "Yes, she did; she said she didn't want it—that's what I'm killing me.

Professor of Rhetoric to Sophomore, "What is so-

"Sophomore."—Ex.

Professor—"Yesterday we were at the source of heat.

Sharp Student—"Did you feel comfortable?"

Why is a pair of skates like an apple? Because they have occasioned the fall of man.—Ex.

The man who would really like to see—this blind man.

An air that young ladies diligently strive to catch—a millionaire.

"What is the difference between a glass of water and one of which has been asked a buffoon. "Fifteen cts," was the ready reply.

A Western woman having been spoken of as "having one foot in the grave," a commentator remarks that there must be a big hole out there somewhere.

"What is Heaven's best gift to man?" asked a young lady; smiling sweetly on a pleasant-looking clerk.

A horse," replied the young man, with great prudence.

When Longfellow was presented to Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, the latter remarked, "There is no great difference in our names." "Yes," replied Longfellow, "but worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow."—Ex.

Student—(in discussion)—Professor, I rise to a point of information.

Professor—"You may state your point, sir."

Student—"May I be excused from class?"—Ex.

Scene—Old South Fair—Business like young lady: "Won't you take a share in this sewing machine?"

Cheeky Senior: "Have you one that will sew on bot­
tons?"

Young lady, blushing, "No, sir."

One of the preps, on examination in History, was started by the following inquiry by one of the Profs.—"How long did Henry VIII remain a widow after the death of Lady Jane Grey?" He gave it up.—Ex.

Prof. remarks that something seems to attract the nee­dle. "I am considered rather attractive," puts in a Soph., "Brass doesn't attract, Mr. L.," and they whoop it up for that brazen Soph.—Campus.

History repeats itself—little Johanne W. has now become our "interrogation point." Wants to know when George Washington discovered America?—Ex.

The color of a girl's hair is regulated by the size of her father's pocket-book. If the latter be plethoric, the girl's tresses are golden or auburn; if the old man's wallet is frugal, the daughter speaks of as only "that red-headed gal." You never saw a rich girl with red hair.

A schoolboy of some shrewdness, says he regards hunger and his teacher's ratings as about the same thing, for both they make him hoDier.

Among the many surmises as to what will become of the last man, it is queer that nobody has discovered that he is destined to be talked about by the last woman.

Age should be reveredence, but when a fellow sees the same leg of mutton for ten consecutive days, familiarity is very likely to breed contempt.
DR. HOGE'S LECTURE.

ON the evening of Tuesday, the 30th April, a large audience gathered at the Baptist Church to hear Dr. Hoge's lecture on "The Land of the Midnight Sun." This lecture was repeated at the earnest request of the students of Richmond College, at the College Reading Room. The Lecturer was introduced by Prof. Puryear, in a short and appropriate speech. After a few very graceful personal remarks and a short introduction the Doctor proceeded to give us a skilfully woven history of the Scandinavian people. In explanation of this he quoted the saying of Carlyle that the character of a people is determined by the character of their religion. The Doctor then related the one which imposed upon its upholders the obligation of introspection and courage and the cultivation of all those virtues which go to make up a warrior. Thereupon he turned to the refined and attractive old Norse Mythology, where but where can we find a parallel to the Norseman's Walhalla, where dwelt all the souls of those that were slain in battle? There are more the hosts of the blessed, separating into two vast armies, all day long "drank delight of battle," and at night they healed them of their wounds; again in the morning unstained arder they hastened to renew their joyous combat, forgetful of everything but the rapture and transport of onset. Such was their dream of the hereafter for which they strove. They did it in a mother and perhaps as powerful an influence at work on the Norsemen, serving to develop in them that rigorous strength and power of endurance which we cannot but admire. Their women valued their valor not for the beauty of her person or the breadth of her acres but for his prowess in warfare. Strong and able to protect must be the arm of him to whom she would entrust herself. For her the glory of a man lay in nothing else.

SOCIETY NOTES.

MU SIGMA RHO SOCIETY, 

W. L. WILLIAMS, 

W. G. HIX, 

E. E. JONES, 

PHILOGELIC SOCIETY, 

L. J. HUFF, 

L. M. NANCE, 

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Richmond College, Richmond, Va.

Inaugural by Mr. T. W. Haynes.

The question for debate: "Resolved, That a Representative should follow the wishes of his constituents," was discussed, as regular debates, affirmatively, Messrs. McManaway, Boyd, Derleux and Simms. Negatively, Messrs. Hix, Jenkins, Hargaway, Martin, West, Coleman, Bouldin, W. T. Cheney and Riggan. Question decided In favor of the affirmative. C. H. Chalkey was re-elected a member of the Society. J. W. Boyd was elected Monthly Orator.

Closing exercises. Adjournment.

Paul Y. Tupper, Critic.

The Society was called to order by President Long. 

After the preliminary exercises the First Declamation was delivered by Mr. Simms.

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LIVERY AND HIRING STABLES.

The question decided In favor of the affirmative. After the discussion was over, Mr. Callet, the former president, in a few but appropriate remarks, vacated the chair to the president elect, Mr. Glover, who delivered quite a great speech. After the regular business was transacted the Society adjourned. W. T. Derieux, Critic.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, 

April 25th, 1878.

The Society was called to order by President Long. 

Closing exercises. Adjournment.

F. D. BOULDIN, Critic.

The Society was called to order by President Long. 

After the preliminary exercises the First Declamation was delivered by Mr. Simms.

First Reader—Mr. Cone.

Second Reader, Mr. Cutchins. "Classic Gem" was read by the Scribe.

Debate—"Resolved, That a Representative should follow the dictates of his own judgments rather than the wishes of his constituents," was discussed. As regular debates, affirmatively, Messrs. Cone, Callet, and Davis; negatively, Messrs. Decker, Reamy and Cutchins. As irregular debates, affirmatively, Messrs. McManaway, Boyd, Derieux and Bouldin; negatively, Messrs. Winfrey and Smith. The question was decided in favor of affirmative. After regular order of business, the Society adjourned. W. T. Derieux, Critic pro tem.
LOCALS.

The voice of that irrepressible peacock is heard in the land from sunrise to sunset, and, vice versa, from sunset to sunrise.

At the Annual Meeting of the Alumni of the Class of 1886 of the College of the City of New York, it was decided to publish a history of the college for a number of years. This was done in 1888, and was the first attempt at the publication of such a work in the United States. The work was well received, and a second edition was published in 1889.

We can't see anything surprising in the fact that when a student burns the midnight lamp with a pony to take a holiday, he usually takes two weeks to finish the job, but it saved a heavy burden of inconvenience and some not convenient for rehearsal.

The poetry of the number does not strike us as particularly good, but the other departments of the magazine are more than compensate for any weakness in that direction. For one's own reading, or for a gift to a friend, we know of nothing better than Scribner. The poetry of the number does not strike us as particularly good, but the other departments of the magazine are more than compensate for any weakness in that direction. For one's own reading, or for a gift to a friend, we know of nothing better than Scribner.

Some of our young Philosophers are completely carried away with the work of the yea. They are taken, we suppose, with some savour of book-learning it has. Though, as a rule, they have a rather vague, indefinite idea of what it means yet another Latin, no Mathematics, and a Greek fence with a couple of paint brushes. True, it took about two weeks to finish the job, but it saved a heap of white-wash.

"Lissy" is a touching sketch of a neglected wife and an "impossible Story," which fully deserves its name. Though, as a rule, they have a rather vague, indefinite idea of what it means yet another Latin, no Mathematics, and a Greek fence with a couple of paint brushes. True, it took about two weeks to finish the job, but it saved a heap of white-wash.

"Bessie" is a touching story of a neglected wife and an "impossible Story," which fully deserves its name. Though, as a rule, they have a rather vague, indefinite idea of what it means yet another Latin, no Mathematics, and a Greek fence with a couple of paint brushes. True, it took about two weeks to finish the job, but it saved a heap of white-wash.

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