CLASS OF '76.

"PALMA NON SINE PULVERE."

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PU 1876
SALUTEM.

In the kindliest spirit and most gracious good will would we "prologue like, your humble patience pray, gently to hear, kindly to judge our play." Not only would we have you thus well disposed toward us, but likewise appreciate the bountiful welcome which we bestow upon you. For why and for what have we this pomp of oratory and rhetoric on this bright commencement day, if it be not to please and have you in pure sympathy bid us God-speed for this our advent into the strong billows of practical life?

For four short years—Oh, how we love to linger o'er the recollection—have we been nursed by a kind and indulgent faculty, who, parent like, have administered to our every want, and year after year have entwined ourselves nearer and dearer to our hearts, till now that the time of separation has come, we hesitate and can scarce summon courage to say farewell. Oft may we have tried your patience with our thoughtless and boisterous tricks; yet even so the child vexes its mother. Does this signify want of love and respect? Inconsideration, carelessness and joviality are the characteristics of students, and '76 has but acted her part.

Numerous and imperishable are the recollections which crowd upon us, and were we to recite all the incidents which make our Alma Mater so dear, we could write volumes and then lament for space and language to finish the slight introduction. But, gentle reader, something must out, and if we can but encompass in these brief pages two facts, our true friendship for each other and hearty welcome to you, we have erected a monument more impressive than volumes of incidents and statistics.

There is not a heart beating beneath gown on this flower-scented morning that does not thrill to the
very core at the thought of how we fought and struggled
to the cry of '76; but kind friends, 'tis a thing of the past,
our day has come, and like those we have pushed before,
we must make room for those behind. The cry of '76
is heard for the last time. She, usurped, is thrown into
the cold world, there to enter life's struggle. May peace,
prosperity, and friendship, bind her to the paths of hon-
est perseverance and fame.

For you, kind friends, assembled to pay tribute to this
our last together being, our thanks. On your smiling
countenances and evident good-will much does depend.
Our orators with throbbing temples glance from face to
face, taking from each its expression of tranquility or
emotion. Even we, your humble servants, look there to
see how this modest pamphlet be received; not that we
fear that anything herein contained will give offence, for
truly none is intended. If our witticisms be other than
flattering, be assured that they are such only through
your interpretation.

Feeling confident that you will recognize the spirit in
which all is written, and also the welcome with which we
have tried to impress you, we launch our endeavors by
adding the lines of Pope:

"Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too."
A NOTHER year has passed away, and now the history of another of the offsprings of Old Penn is to be revealed. The musty archives of tricks and pranks committed in the last four years are now to be brought forth and embellished for the last time. To be heard only to be remembered as passing jokes, or more probably, to be forever forgotten. History is a peculiar study. Johnson says it is "a narration of events and facts delivered with dignity." This may be true of some history, but alas that most of our knowledge of foregone events is too much like Miss Mühlbach's historical novels—truth garnished with language and fiction. But the history of the class of '76; ah! that indeed has been a story true, pleasing, and real from its birth. We are the first class conceived in, and brought forth from, the new buildings. How well we all remember our birthday—a bright, cool morning, in September, 1872! What a host of us there was gathered in knots about the campus! whose sward now so green, was then covered with naught but festive goats, brickbats, hens and tomato cans, which may have afforded excellent opportunities for the students in Geology and Natural History, but were nevertheless painful to the eye of the order-loving collegians, and when by the individual subscriptions of members of the faculty, two bushels of clover-seed were purchased and sowed, as Stillé remarked, "with the earnest desire that the campus might go to grass," the result was more
attractive, if it did exclude the Dean from further investigations. But I must not allow the direct thread of the history to be interrupted by casual Stilleisms. It took many a day for all the class to become acquainted. This might be considered a matter of minor importance, but as “union is strength,” and without knowing with whom to unite, union were impossible, it then becomes a matter of much weight. Then we had many things to contend with: the rushes and cane fights with '75, which was considered the fighting class of the College, but whose prowess was soon laid low before the indomitable spirit of '76. Truly, the history of our class reminds me much of the rise and success of a young republic. Have we not been imposed upon and tyrannized over by young Sophs, until at length resistance gained our independence? Starting with democracy, have we not had oligarchy and tyranny, almost, despotism? We have enjoyed those privileges of all countries—election frauds and stuffed ballots, and we have even had our Belknaps and crooked whiskey, until now amid peace and prosperity we celebrate the anniversary of our independence as does the great nation we resemble. Much has seventy-six done to further the interests of Old Penn in literary, scientific and athletic fame. The Scientific Society, founded and supported by '76, has quickly obtained an eminence from which it may soon look down upon both Philo and the nearly extinct Zelo. It will soon become the Society of the University, and already in one year done more for its members, than has sleepy Philo accomplished in four. May it stand forever foremost, as a monument to the zeal and prowess of '76. The University Magazine has already made a name for itself, but however much it may grow in fame, the names of Bullitt, Lewis and Saunders, of '76, will always be held in close connection with its origin. The Athletic Association was the design of '75, but ably was she seconded by our class in carrying out her plans, immature and unsuccessful without our aid; and under the guidance of Harry Andrews, as President, our athletes have obtained a posi-
tion for skill and strength that places Old Penn second to no American college, save only Yale, and even do we excel her in some of our sports. But the college life of '76 has not been all pleasures. Our joys have been interrupted by sorrows, heavy and severe. Our first blow was the sudden death of Tom Hewson. We were in the midst of our Fresh examinations, and little did any of us think that one quiet row on the Schuylkill would prove so fatal to poor Tom! Long have we missed his merry face and merrier laugh. A gloom seemed to hang over the class; and when the honors were announced in Chapel, as our Provost, with tears in his eyes, spoke feelingly of the irreparable loss we had all suffered, thoughts of happy classmate and true friend were thus touchingly recalled, and many eyes were dimmed with tears shed to his memory. The death of the Rev. Robert Bowen, Rector of St. Thomas' Church, was our second loss. Many years older than the rest of us, he, as a man, pursued his way seriously through a life that we, as boys, only looked upon for enjoyment, and it was only when, after a long illness, death removed him from our midst, that among his weeping congregation we realized the loss we had sustained in our grave and earnest classmate.

* * * *

But few events worthy of note happened in our class Freshman Year. Some however were rather amusing. J. M. Saunders was quite green, in fact painfully verdant. For passing his examinations successfully, his father presented him with an elegant eleven-dollar Collins' Metal Watch. Now John was not quite sure what he was to do with his gift. It was a hunting-case watch, and the ticking produced a strange impression on John, who had never seen one of this build before; and, finding no external cause for the internal motion, he carefully locked it in his drawer and went to Caldwell's, where he entered and asked the clerk the time of day. The gentleman, astonished, pointed to a chronometer, but John said, "I can't tell time." So he was politely told the right time,
and to the clerk's surprise, he pulled out paper and pencil and carefully noted it down, remarking that he would set his watch when he got home.

McElroy was once lecturing to us, when suddenly he broke away from his subject to discourse upon the arbitrary rules of fashion, and after many remarks and opinions he mentioned the style of hats worn forty years ago, and in a manner decidedly original said: "Why gentlemen, ah! I can remember long ago, so famous had a certain London hatter become, that absolutely the ladies and gentlemen of Philadelphia would wear nothing but his hats." Here he was impudently interrupted with cries of Oh! Oh! and blushes from younger members of the class. Mac did not quite catch the idea, but when he said, "Why my grandfather wouldn't wear anything else," and was quietly asked by Aleck Biddle "whether the old gentleman didn't get awfully sunburnt?" Then he took and joined in the laugh against himself.

Jackson never made jokes, in fact he couldn't; so he did not approve of them; but one day he was actually badgered into making a slight witticism. Some of us had been indulging in a cane fight, and entered his room with our clothes somewhat disarranged, in fact so violent had been the bustle that some were entirely without collars and cuffs. Jackson, who is decidedly opposed to careless dressing, (in other people) sarcastically remarked: "Young gentlemen, if I had my way some of you would be immediately ejected from the building and not allowed to return until you were well collared and cuffed."

Thompson used to describe his many trials and difficulties as librarian, when we first moved into the new buildings. "When I first took my position as librarian there was nothing in the library but one Ledger Almanac and two Greek ponies; but by continued exertions we have now a catalogue of 250 pages with a great many volumes on each page, in fact it has become such a great success that no one ever thinks of taking out any of the books at all."
When we came back to Old Penn after our Fresh vacation, we had entirely recovered from that awe of the Professors that as Freshmen we had felt. The first adventure of our Soph Year had Dean Lesley for its victim. The Dean, while waiting for a ferry-boat in Camden, saw some prints of strange feet on the shores of Spain, and thinking they were the tracks of a mastodon, or 'some other antediluvian monster, he followed them down the shore, allowing scientific research to overcome his desire to cross the Delaware. But alas! for this scientific research. After a walk of eight miles, he arrived at the metropolis of Glo'ster, and there before a small hole in a fence the tracks disappeared. His hopes rose, the hole was small, but then the mastodon might have leaped the fence, and then—but he would not dream of the future until he had caught the beast. He cautiously looked through the hole, and there to his astonishment and disgust he saw, no mastodon, but Wm. Goodwill Button, paddle in hand, knocking potato bugs off of some watermelon vines. He had misled the Dean by taking off his shoes at Camden, and walking down along the beach.

The boldness exhibited by some of our boys was astonishing. One morning they engaged a brass band, and actually took them up to the Chapel doors and made them play a Highland Fling, as the students and professors were assembling for prayers. Imagine the sensation, the surprise, when, instead of the ordinary routine of monotonous reading, we were regaled with the lively dance music of bonnie Scotland. Then the row began. Stillé sailed out of the door enveloped in his gown, closely followed by Thompson, Jackson and Brégy, and now amid the din of battle we heard such cries as: "What do you mean, bringing those tooting things into a place of worship?" from Stillé. "Oh, you miserable wretches, don't you know any better than to disturb an industrious, hard-working set of young men at prayers?" from Tommy. "Hem! my musical friends you had better leave the building by the front door, it is shorter." This from the imperturbable Jackson, and Brégy said something about
the bad manners of the Germans in general and German bands in particular. For this he was afterwards severely rebuked by Seidensticker, his Teuton crony.

If John Campbell had lived in times when deeds of valor and protection of weak females made men historically prominent, he would have been a noticeable bas-relief among the ordinary carvings of other illustrious men. John's idea as to the use of woman was somewhat below the ordinarily recognized standard, in fact, he approved of love solely as a means of obtaining cheap dinners, etc. To tell the truth, John is a flirt, and makes use of his attractions to ensnare weak woman into a hopeless love, only as a means of overcoming his gastric difficulties in a manner involving as small a pecuniary outlay as possible. One event of this kind occurred near the University, and John's perfidy was revealed in rather a ludicrous manner. It seems that for over a year he had been frequenting a sort of restaurant opposite Old Penn, where oyster stews and pies and things were distributed among the unsuspecting students. Now the vender of these articles was a sweet innocent lass of sixteen summers, who knew not the power of Cupid's darts, until John suddenly appeared upon the scene. The poor girl now changed day by day, that bright smile she used to wear after each pie was sold no longer illumines her countenance, her looks only brighten when John, her hero, comes in to take his daily stew. With one of his captivating glances he always walks up to the counter to pay his quota, but no, the Hebe refuses, the idea is too commonplace, love and Mammon cannot go hand in hand. This state of things had continued for about a year, John growing plump and succulent on free stews, and the girl growing thin and shadowy on love and no pay, when Al. Pearce found out John's little game, and determined to put the usual obstructions in the path of true love. He one day maliciously told the girl that John was over at the University lying at the point of death, that he had accidentally swallowed some poison in the laboratory. The terror-
stricken girl had but one thought, her John! She rushed over to the College, through the doors; no Prof., no Pomp, no Janitor could stop her headlong course. Straight as an arrow of Eros to the laboratory she went, and bursting in upon the astonished Genth and Headdon, cried in accents wild, "Where is my John, my John?" Startled by the familiar voice, John rushes from his desk, test-tube in hand. Pie girl falls into his arms weeping. Tableau, slow music—John mutters something about fool, won't ever marry you, etc. Girl retires insulted. The next day, after unusual care with his attire, John went over after his diurnal stew. To his utter astonishment he found the big brother behind the counter with a club in one hand and a bill for $41.72 in the other, and after a little talk he persuaded John to foot the bill in preference to being footed himself; and our Adonis of '76 goes away muttering quotations from "Much ado About Nothing," "Love's Labor Lost."

In Junior Year we were too busy with our studies to allow of much mischief being accomplished; but, nevertheless we did not allow the reputation of the class to suffer. There was never much disposition among the members of '76 to quarrel with the rest of the College, but Robins of "ours," and Russell of '77, conceived an inveterate hatred for each other. Some of the fellows said it was on account of a piece of William's adulterated cheese cake, but I have certain information that there was a fair damsel at the bottom of it. However, be that as it may, Russell challenged Robins to deadly combat in the assembly room. Instead of the ancient chivalrous method of challenge by a gauntlet, Russell substituted a piece of pie, with which he hit Bertie in the face, and Robins not wishing to minee matters, flared up with the spirit of '76 and sailed into Russell. Here began a struggle, the like of which has never been witnessed, and resembling no kind of fight ever heard of or seen before, except probably that of the Kilkenny cats. It was now that Robins' retiring nature showed to advantage. No description could possibly be given of the motions and
evolutions of these erratic pugilists. No terms of the modern ring nor of the ancient days of the cestus could in the least explain their antics. It was what in naval parlance would be called a running fight, each party taking turns at the running. At last they were parted. What sights! Alas that human passions become, so wrought upon! Their eyes gleamed through dark surroundings, their nostrils dilated, truly, what a pity that men act so much like brutes. Robins' face was covered with lumps, and Russell's phiz resembled a sack full of lemons, but then they were satisfied with each others ugliness.

In the annals and history of no college do I think you could find a boy with more mischief in him than Harold Pierce, and I am confident the faculty would agree with me if they knew of all his pranks. One day particularly he took the trouble to bring a crow all the way from Bristol, only to let the creature loose in Chapel. Imagine the sensation and disorder it created with its shrill caws! Stillé jumped about; Krauth complacently looked at it (mistaking it probably for a hippogryph;) Brégy thought of the "Fox and the Crow;" and the rest of the learned body were more or less agitated. Stillé wanted to know the reason of all this, and was answered by the direct caws itself; and when Pomp finally captured it on one of the gas-jets, I heard Wentworth remark that it was the only time the students had caws to crow over the Faculty.

Billy Sellers was remarkably well posted on history, in fact he sometimes "stuck" Stillé and Thompson, so remarkably did he remember dates, and he often astonished both the professors and the class by the wonderfully original form of his historical statements. One day particularly, when the subject under discussion was Canute, the Danish King of England, he surprised all by stating that Canute was always remarkably fashionable in his attire, and in fact he said his fashionable decrees lasted even to the present day, since he was the first one who ordered the tide back.
So we passed our Junior Year. Of course we had a successful Junior Day, which was succeeded by a class supper, and here the harmony was only interrupted by some misguided Sophs, who had the impudence to send us a bottle of ipecac, with a dose for infants carefully marked upon it.

We all came back for Senior Year with strong resolves to give up mischief and take to studying—but alas for our good intentions! no sooner were we within the walls of Old Penn than we fell back into the old ruts.

But the most disgraceful as well as the most ludicrous adventure happened to Smear Blight. It was the night of the Senior supper, and the Berchamel Pâtés did not agree with Charlie, at any rate he described a very sinuous course homeward. We all wondered at this, as the lemonade was not strong. He arrived at home and had no difficulty in finding the key-hole (so he says,) but he must have made some noise in getting in; for he woke up the family and his father not hearing Charlie's elastic step on the stairs, concluded from the disturbance that there must be burglars in the house. He armed himself and quietly descended to the kitchen, and cautiously opening the door, he saw a sight which sent the blood mounting to his face with shame. There on the floor sat the immaculate Smear, his new hat between his legs, with a pitcher of water in one hand and two dried herrings in the other, and from time to time he would pour some water in his hat and then push the herring around, asking himself all the time "why the deuce don't they swim?" His father at last became thoroughly disgusted and made himself known by asking Charles what he meant by such conduct, to which the young man innocently replied, "I thought I heard you say you wanted an aquarium."

This same night Frank Magee also was found by a policeman, with his back against a lamp-post and a dead-latch-key in his hand, as he said, "waiting for his front door to come round."
Now we have played our last prank, and soon our names will be added to the list of Alumni of the University of Pennsylvania; but such associations as these will never be effaced from the memories of their actors. They will always linger in future years, as the pleasant memories of boyish days at Old Penn. The man who goes out from her maternal bosom destitute of all feeling for his Alma Mater, devoid of all remembrance for his College pranks, has indeed profited but little by her instructions, and has cut himself off from memories that hallow the spot where youth in all its headlong, joyous course first awakens to the stern realities of manhood. When Time has silvered the locks that were so dark in '76,—when old age justly seeks support in youth,—when years have palsied the limbs so lithe and supple in our college days,—when the eyes are dimmed that fairly snapped and sparkled at the gathering of our old class,—then what question so sweet as "do you remember?" What makes the eyes sparkle again? the bent form to grow erect? What makes the old man assume the mien and bearing of a youth, and start from the cosy chair with the vigor and elasticity of a boy? 'Twas only his grandchildren singing the last college glee, or relating to each other how Old Penn still carried victorious laurels for her athletic prowess. But his eyes close, and memories of his college days crowd thick and fast. Ah! how distinctly each scene comes before him. Life's troubles are forgotten for the time, and he feasts upon the days of boyhood. Does he not recollect his first day at Old Penn—her green campus; the busy knots of students; the entrance to Chapel; the first prayer in College; the Provost's opening address, and the baseball victories? Ah! how well the Glees were sung in the old Chapel—Philo's, biennials, mock trials and debates,—the meeting of the Athletics, how clear they all are! Those races on the quiet Schuylkill, the honors and the flunks, the bowl fight, how natural all seems! He almost hears Stille's "I see you my young friend," and Tommy say, "You must speak to-morrow or take a cipher, or as it is you, a substitute would do better." Then Jackson's cough,
hem! "you had better leave the room, I cannot tolerate such impertinence!" or Krauth discuss hippogryph or categorical imperative. A smile passes over the wrinkled brow, the eyes close, the grandchildren are silenced by the sleep of old age; but no, he is only living over the life they are just entering. Could you tear those memories from the old man? He lives on them; his old age is kept green by them, and only when death comes will they unwillingly depart. Such are college memories of Old Penn. Who would be without them? When, after a life of energy and toil, age at last sets its indelible mark upon us, then may be enjoyed again the life we have lived together as the Class of Seventy-Six!

**ATTENTION, LABORATORY!**

"Some chentleman hass a lamp-boorning which is not lit"—and yet "I speak as gude English ass any Cherman in America." Hooray! A.

Prof. B,—r. Mr. R—s, what is the distance of most distinct vision?" R—s, (seeing student in front indicate the No. 12,) "I should think about 12 miles, sir.' L.
WAS midnight—on the Trojan shore
The billows break with vengeful roar;
As from the land and for the sea
A gallant fleet rides speedily—
That band of Troy's lamented braves,
Who seek on unknown shores—their graves;
As darkly as the sea before them
The hand of fate was hov'ring o'er them.
The pains and pleasures of the past
Recur in every fresh'ning blast.
And as the widening canvass swells,
They wave their long and last farewells.
'Tis eve—the impressive hour is near
That calls devotion's warmest tear;
The hour, when time's relentless hand
Dissolves a long united band.
And we must leave the native shore,
So long our own, but ours no more;
And we must bid a last adieu
To scenes so dear, and friends so true;
And we must launch our little bark,
Upon a sea unknown and dark;
And, as the Trojan sons of yore,
We've met to part and meet no more
The bond we here must shortly sever
Is destined to divide forever;
But oft shall memory's musings tell
How we have sighed to bid farewell.

Then comrades hark!
They launch the bark,—
The signal bells are sounding;
Unfurl the sail,
We'll brave the gale,
And yonder billows bounding.
O, men be true!
A gallant crew—
Right manfully enduring,
For even now,
Before the prow,
The dark clouds are obscuring.

And as we ride
The surging tide,
While storms are hov'ring o'er us,
Bear this in mind—
The days behind
Are dark to days before us.

Farewell! farewell ye happy hours,
Though gone yet absent never;
For 'mid the strife
And din of life—
Old Penn shall live forever.

Those hallowed halls,
Those magic walls,
Ah! strangely we adore them;
While memory seems
Like myths and dreams,
And darkness hov'ring o'er them.

Farewell! farewell! for fast ye fade,
The slow sun is declining,
While now the shore, is seen no more,
And nature sinks repining.

Hark! what voice from o'er the billows
Streams so softly 'pon my ear!
Seeming as the birds' sweet carol.
Breathing sudden fragrance here.

Now it falls—a distant echo,
As from fairyland at sea,
Now the gentle peal of music
Borne so softly here to me.

'Tis the voice of Remembrance,
Welcome at this pensive hour.
Cheering up the sombre moments,
With its tales of days no more.

Days—ah! days of joy and pleasure,
Moments' time shall ne'er disown;
Short, but like some jewel treasure,
Precious and forever known.
Then let me turn my tuneful lays
To chanting strains of College days,
Of dire events from source untold,
Of prankish plays from students bold;
What grave ordeal the tutor treads,
Imparting lore in hollow heads.
How oft he's brought to realize
The teacher's taught by those less wise.

One's college life—we hear men say,
For cunning tricks and jovial play,
Is most enjoyed in Freshman year,
When we are young and least sincere;
But '76 her jokes and fun
In Freshman year had scarce begun,
While each Professor most deplores
The days when we were Sophomores.
And oft, when wild and in distress,
We've heard them sighingly confess—
In bold assaults and cunning tricks,
No class was like that '76.

Methinks the assertion is unfair.
As uttered by the Professaire:
'Tis true, composed of men like "Cooke,"
We'd bear a somewhat guilty look—
But sir, there's Billy Button—one
Who sleeps before the deeds are done;
There's Campbell too—who'd soon confess
To every act of naughtiness.
And then, we've some like Frank Magee,
Why sir! reflect! would he? would he
Conspire with immorality?
Behold the younger F. A. G.,
He's one of Bunsen's pedigree
And shaved his face lest men might see
A hair of impropriety.
Again there's "Jack," alias "Trix,"
A boy made man by '76,
Who once was young—who once was small,
Who now is old, retired and tall.
But who, 'tis asked—some months ago,
Saw fit to harm the guiltless crow,
That harmed the guiltless Provost so,
That crow, grim, ghastly bird of yore,
Who dared to cross the chapel door?
Who kissed the hands of Sable pomp,
And made him yowl and yell and stomp?
Who made the Provost rave and tear,
And run 'round the stage in utter despair?
Avowing, though oft he was willing to spare,
Such an outrage like this no mortal could bear,
In fact he believed e'en Jehovah would swear,
It was such an offense that he'd never, no ne'er,
As long as the lion still lurked in his lair,
As long as his head held a handful of hair,
Or the grotto the bear, or as woman was fair,
As long e'en as beaver hats held out to wear;
He'd never, no never, no never 'orbear,
From meting to each his desert—for nowhere
On the face of the globe or realms of the air
Had there e'er been a case that would even compare,
With an outrage like this, so open and bare.

Now he'd rare
And he'd flare,
And his eyeballs would stare,
While he'd pull down his vest, and his features would glare,
And he'd kick and he'd puff, like a mule or a mare,
And that other short beast with long ears—not a hare.
He vowed that Jehovah would punish us there—
And his vengeance come down on us, now and right here.

For where'er
He had been, he had ne'er,
Either seen or heard told—neither here, nor elsewhere,
Of an outrage like this, so he'd vow and declare.
And yet, although
We'll not say no—
When you ask if 'twas we who presented the crow.
Yet why should you suffer such feelings to grow?
Suspicons are not courteous, I'll have you to know,
'Tis a shame that the Profs. are so prone to affix
All the blame and the censure on poor '76.
'Tis a shame that such men as Potts, Andrews and Blight,
Should be cast in such dark and embarrassing light.
'Tis true we admit,
In some things our wit
Has exceeded its bounds and produced fermentation.
But there are excuses
For all these abuses;
We've been subjects to tyranny, wrong and vexation.

Still more—we acknowledge
Our actions at college
Have been far from perfection and were inexcusable,
Yet who'd not object
To such disrespect,
As being likened to silicates—hard and infusible.
Among the learned who now exist,
Enrolled in Alma Mater's list,
As members of the potent crew,
The dread of all and hate of few,
Whoto themselves prefix the name
Of "Faculty"—but where the claim
For such arose, or what may be
The special kind of faculty;
Remains as yet to be revealed,
From me it never was concealed.
For!—some of these distinguished heroes
Have "faculties" of marking zeros,
While others, such as McElroy,
Exhibit an unbounded joy
In letting Sophs and Freshmen see
A "would-be" joking faculty.
And as for Pseudomorphic Hall,
He shows no faculty at all.
I'd place too in this category,
The little boss of the laboratory,
That married chemist late from Geissen,
Long-haired, with specks and great big eyes-en.
However, I will not dilate
Upon this topic in debate;
But as I first was wont to say,
Among these sires of great display,
There's one whose massive intellect
Has won from all a grave respect.
He's known around by name of Dean,
Perhaps because it rhymes with lean:
For should I attempt to make
His photo for description's sake,
I'd sketch a pole before your eyes,
Reduced to twenty feet in size;
Upon whose topmost lofty crest
A forest owl has ta'en his rest;
His forehead of majestic size,
Immense his nose, and huge his eyes;
With this you'd have sharp and precisely
The picture of J. Peter Lesley.
His only fault if fault it be,
Is being oft an absentee;
His substitute is one we call—
The Pseudomorph, or fossil Hall.
A man of muscle through and through,
They say, his head is muscle too,
Forsooth there's something latent there,
For brain is wanting, that they swear.
Ah! well may we recall the day
When first J. Peter stayed away!
'Twas early part of Junior Year,
When we were bold with naught to fear;
With men like Wood, Cartwright and "Cooke,"
Who loved the life but loathed the book.
That day when we had passed the door,
Expecting Lesley as before,
But lo! Who's he? A stranger see!
He's writing! hark! He speaks!—"er we
Will talk about—er—er—Leslie
Is absent, so er—we—so we—
What say?—ah! yes—absent you see.
And he—and he—directed me
To speak to thee—on—on—'twill be—
To speak to thee—I say—to thee,
And as I said before to thee,
The text will be—yes—let me see—
Ah! yes—on P-a-l-e-o-n-t-o-l-o-g-y."
He spoke—'twas deadly silence then,
But silence never reigned again
His back was turned—no roll was called,
With chalk in hand he scratched and scrawled.
While Juniors hooted—chairs uprooted,
And Campbell grinned, and Button scooted,
And as he fled was sorely booted.
Missiles flying,
Noddles shying.
Prince laughed so loud we thought him crying,
While Hudders and Sellers together went sprawling.
Then came the squawling,
And bawling and crawling,
The "fossil" was pulled so he vowed he was falling,
While Andrews and Stephens were quietly balling.
But where 'midst all
The din was Hall?    
Against the wall,—
Still scratching and scraping at the same old scrawl.
Some vowed he was talking,
'Twas more like a hawking,
Which played second base for the scraping and chalking.
"Here! here! sir," they cry,
"There's green in your eye;
What's that you are drawing?—a fossil—aye—aye—
'Tis much like the workman, turn round let us spy,
Turn round, sir! turn round, sir! don't be alarmed,
By the chalk on your back, sir, you'll never be harmed."

Now Rennert arises,
With grins and disguises.
"Professor, here! here, sir! the roll is not called.
The roll, sir! 'tis custom! the roll, sir!" he bawled.
"What's say?—the roll, ah, yes!" says Hall;
"The roll,—but let's see,—we've got none to call."

He'd but spoken,
'Twas the token
For pushing and rushing with exit unbroken;
To the door! to the door!
Was the rush and the roar.
Now five—ten, and fifteen—now twenty or more,
With a rumbling
And stumbling,
Then a grumbling
And tumbling,
In fact there was naught but continuous rumbling.
But where 'midst all
The din was Hall?
Against the wall,—
Still scratching and scraping at the same old scrawl,
And he scratched, and he scraped 'till scarcely alive,
The gong struck the hour, and the class numbered five.

Then though we've read,
And oft heard said,
Of pleasures in astrology,
And thought we spent,
With much content,
Our moments in geology,
And yet although,
Forsooth we know
Of Koenig's mineralogy,
And we have learned,
And often spurned,
One McElroy's philology—
We'll ne'er forget
When first we met
Old Hall, and paleontology.

In reviewing the past, with its pleasures and pains,
There is much we might tell, but discretion constrains,
Of our jokes and our plays,
Of our direful affrays,
With opinions concerning the Profs. and their ways.
But my theme is defective
Without some invective,
'Gainst those whose transactions
Have caused great distractions:
Without admonition
To those whose position
Has long since confirmed a mistake in their mission.

There's one at the college,
A man of much knowledge.

With wisdom immense! for his head through and through
Is as solid with brains, as there's mass in his shoe.
A man of high standing,
Straight, tall and commanding,
Whose profession is languages—German in chief,
But whose name, to speak plain, is opposed to relief.
Its amazing longevity,
With no feature of brevity,
Disjoins every line and plays havoc with measure,
For the process of rhyming
Must be built up by timing.

The words must accord, and be chosen at leisure.
So with faint recollections
Of rules of conic sections,
I'll attempt by such morus
In the case now before us,

To verify one who was once pleased to bore us.

"Sie"—

My first only dwells in a sorrowing heart,
Exponent of grief when lovers must part.

"den"—

My second—where lions lurk thro' the night,
Where Daniel of old was saved for the right.

"stic"—

My third is an article costless yet dear,
For kindling the fire, or driving the steer.

"ker."

My fourth is at college, a junior, whose name
Is Luckily spelt like a brute by the same.

My all, yes hem! hem!—yes—yes, 'tis my all;
That name—alas! O Muse! what a fall!
I should say it quicker,
But I'll let it "flicker."

My all is O-s-w-a-l-d S-i-e-d-e-n-s-t-i-c-k-e-r.
The day declines—yon sinking sun
Proclaims the hour—my task is done,
While now in accents low,
List! list! 'tis from the hill, the whisp'ring wave,
Alas! 'tis from the hill, the cave,
'Tis nature's self, e'en from the grave,
We go! Farewell—we go!

Hold, but a moment! stay, ah, stay!
Another sigh—and must we say
Those words of weal and woe?
And must we sigh? and must we part?
Ah, no!—alas!—'tis doomed—the dart
Must pierce the sigh—the soul—the heart.
We go—yes, yes, we go!

And yet, though sorrow haunts the sound,
There is a solace to be found,
And tears shall cease their flow.
We part, 'tis true, to meet no more,
But there are beaming hopes before,
Bright stars illumine the distant shore;
We go! adieu, we go!

And shall that sun again arise
In glory in the eastern skies,
Its radiance to bestow.
Shall nature smile upon a day,
That tears such loving hearts away;
Our pleasures dead! Ah, tell me, say?
We go! Alas—we go!

List! brothers! From the distant hills
A sound!—'tis not of murmuring rills,
So strangely soft and low!
It is the voice of yonder bells,
That speak the chime of parting knells,
That rend the air with loud farewells.
We go—haste—haste—we go!

And when from that familiar tower
The old, old clock proclaims the hour,
That hour of duty's morn,
When silently assembled there,
Within those walls—the voice of prayer
In solemn accents mounts the air.
We've gone—'tis done—we've gone.
Comrades—a word to you—ah! I could tell,
And fain would tell of those departed hours
We've spent together sharing common toil;
How oft we've stood united in the field,
And bravely stood—against opposing crowds.
Yes—I could tell—but oh! how vain the thought,
To this increase the coming pain when we
Must sigh to burst those loving bonds that hold
And long have held us in one common lot.
And yet—a sighing word I breathe for all;
A parting hope my bosom swells that you—
Against opposing winds may stand unmoved—
An honor to yourselves—your class—your God.
THE YEAR.

And now the time for the "Record" to make its appearance has again arrived. Verily, tempus does fugit, and quickly, too. It seems all but impossible to realize that a year has elapsed since we were greeted by Mr. Pancoast in his able Latin salutatory—yet such is the case. During the summer of '75 we were all scattered, scarcely any one going to the same place; the fortunate, perfectly care-free, those less so, dreading re-examination, "cramming." On the fifteenth of September we met again in the old halls diminished by '75's twenty-three, but increased by eighty-seven dignified young gents, who importantly saluted each other between cigarette-puffs, with a "How goes it, '79?" You may search the world over, high and low, and we defy you to find a more grave and dignified set of young men (?) than Freshmen during their first month or six weeks. Conceited young bucks, who imagine themselves possessed of all important knowledge, and simply in need of a few finishing touches at college before astonishing the world with their wisdom! But to return to our subject. The first part of the college year of '75-'76, passed much as other college years. A few events may however be mentioned. In October the usual Athletic contests took place, the results of which we give elsewhere. On Monday, Nov. 1st, appeared the first number of the University Magazine, a paper devoted to the interests of the University." '75 conceived the idea, but it is due in great measure to the members of '76 that its success is so great. It is published under the auspices of the Philomathean Society. It compares very favorably with the other college papers, yet it is far from perfect. Its prospectus said, "nothing mediocre will be published," and it has fulfilled
its promise, its articles being either excellent or wretched in the extreme—generally the former, but a little more care in selecting from the piles (?) of manuscript on the editorial tables would not be amiss. The committees are not entirely nor principally to blame, however. Lack of active interest by the College at large renders improvement all but impossible, and until the students can forward and furnish the committees with good material, as they are perfectly able to do, there will be no change for the better.

During the fall a movement was made toward abolishing that time-honored (?) custom, the "bowl-fight," and though unsuccessful, it was not without its influence, and the fight last Christmas was by no means so ferocious as usual. January, February, and March, passed without anything worthy of special note, except a supper or two. On the 20th of April last, "Elm day" was celebrated. Two days later, the sad event of Prof. Franck's death took place.

The Faculty, with consent of our Pa's and Ma's, having good-naturedly consented to give both themselves and us a month longer vacation than usual, on account of the Centennial, the examinations were held during the last two weeks in May. Just as the last was about to be held, came the startling, and alas! too true, announcement of Prof. Allen's death. It has been a sad year to the College; her losses are irreparable.

On the 7th of June '76's "Ivy Day" was held; all who were present voted it a complete success. In the way of entertainments during the year, a most interesting course of lectures, under the auspices of the Scientific Society, and two delightful concerts by the College Glee Club, will not soon be forgotten by those fortunate enough to be present. Junior Day and Senior Day were of course interesting.

The year is one of peculiar interest to us—our Senior Year. Freshman and Sophomore pranks are over; and the quiet behavior assumed by Juniors, awkward and irksome from its sudden contrast to the previous year, is
natural now. The Professors seem to feel the difference, and treat us more like equals and companions than as pupils; pleasant conversations take the place of schoolboy recitations—in short there is in Senior Year enjoyment greater and far different from the first three, and now, when we look back through the past four years, much as we regret them all, we regret most the last, which taught us more than all the rest, and made our Professors our friends.

L.

THE CLASS.

"After shaking each leg alternately, looking at the thermometer, and putting up the window, the Professor would sit down to relate 'Ha! gentlemen, one of the most amusing anecdotes!—old enough to make an Egyptian mummy turn green with mortification at his youth; but which I'm extremely sorry to say I've forgotten!' Then leaning his head on his hand, he would whisper, 'There—there—no it's gone! However, gentlemen, I'll look it up.'"

QUOTATION FROM AN OLD farce.

We are a funny crowd. Seventy-Six is a cabinet of curiosities, a—well almost anything that is extraordinary. The specimens are all ticketed with their own peculiar marks, and, with the exception of the Campbell and Mr. Magee are warranted harmless. Perhaps for the benefit of the general public we had better trot some of the animals out.

Mr. Alexander, ladies and gentlemen. As yet quite young, Joe has already risen to some eminence—six-feet-one. Stand up straight, Aleck!

Being civil engineers, both Alexander and Handy are of much service to their section when out surveying since
they do for rods and rodmen too; and when a tent is need-
ed Harry has but to stand up for a center-pole, pull down
his collar—and all is complete.

At the tap of the drum Messrs. Andrews and Kelley
will make their appearance. Jokers by profession, they
cannot as yet live by their wits; though there is only one
reason why they are not considered the first humorists of
the country: the lack of people who think so.

Here allow me the pleasure of presenting a relic of the
pre-historic time, Mr. Button. William Goodwill's place
of nativity is Camden, on the sacred soil of Jersey, his
occupation is—come! come! Button! going to sleep as
usual and before all these ladies and gentleman? Got up
early, did you? Hey? Well, don't do it again. Don't
you know what the early bird caught? He caught the first
worm; caught it badly and it served him right.

Well as Mr. Wardle says, "—that boy, he's asleep
again!"

Ladies and gentlemen, it is hardly necessary for me to
introduce the next customer; he isn't a bit bashful. The
illustrious descendant of the dromedary is a genius of the
first water. During Freshman year he patented his fa-
mous "carbon filter," which called forth Prof. Genth's
profoundest admiration; indeed, as the Professor frankly
confessed, the only objection to it was—"it would not
work." John is, however, chiefly remarkable for his love
of sherry and his eccentric spelling.

Mr. Fellows, otherwise the "Senator" or "Fossil," is
the next gentleman. In 1872 he was delegated from the
first (and probably the last) congressional district of
Alaska; he came from parts indefinite and unknown, he
is going—the Lord knows where. He is as wise as an
owl, as hungry as a Kansas grasshopper, as good-natured
as Job, and as truthful as W. C. B.—if you know how
truthful that is.

The "Senator" sometimes becomes ferocious and says:
"I'll walk all over you! I'll mop the floor with you! I'll
—I'll—go to smash!—do you hear me, go to smash!"
He is called the fossil for two reasons: Because he is a fossil, as antiquated as Methuseleh, as jolly as a Potsdam trilobite; and because he pretends to understand something about fossils when he does not. The “Fossil” knows a great deal, and what he does not know he pretends either that he does know, or, else did know, and forgot it. He is the best living authority on any subject from tadpoles to theology; and if you asked him who Moses was, he had rather say that Moses was the seventh king of England than acknowledge his ignorance. Why, he will pick up a fossil and say, “Mr. Hall, this is our old friend the ‘Dikellocephalus Minnesotensis,’ isn’t it?” and Mr. Hall will say, “Well, no, the—eh—ventral valve would seem to indicate that it is the”—Senator: “oh! yes. I see, surely it must be the ‘Trinucleus Concentricus.’” Hall: “Now, you see, Mr. Fellows, that the concentric corrugations on the upper valve prove it to be the Strophomena Rugosa.” Senator: “Certainly, I thought I knew it.”

Mr. Genth is noted for being the only gentleman of ’76 who entered with a beard and the only one who left without one. We all have beards, though some of us like Salom, keep them hidden behind a multitude of side-whiskers; while others, like Robins, by shaving three times a day prevent the hair getting such a start as to become unmanageable.

Here are Moody and Hudders who in Junior year arose to be conspicuous for their absence. There never was two such families for sickness! Sometimes three or four times a week these self-sacrificing youths would be called—called, did I say?—nay, torn, such was their reluctance, from their studies by imperative summons to the death-bed of some beloved relative. This state of things continued till the Provost, now thoroughly alarmed, said there was more sickness about than in the army of the Potomac, and Prof. Thompson wrote to the Board of Health to know if there was not some mistake in their death-rate.
I now have the honor of presenting Mr. Frank Hamilton Magee. On graduating Frank is going to read the lives of all the Presidents of the United States, previous to occupying the position himself. "What shall it Prophet a man if he gain the world"—and lose the election? Maggie is ambitious to be another Demosthenes; but if he cannot be Demosthenes he will accept the first offer as end-man in the minstrels.

Mr. Magee has composed a waltz. The following is a conversation with Mr. Genth, contributed by the latter:

"'Oh, yes. I have composed a waltz. It's quite original. Here's a part of it; I can't describe it all at once; you must imagine the big bass drum going boo-oop, boo-oop, boo-oop; the cornet saying br-r-r-r-r-p; while the fiddles warble away on the high notes like a Keely Motor on hinges. It's beautiful! You have no idea how beautiful it is!"

And then he went around and asked Pemberton whether sodie hydrate did not precipitate platinum chloride."

Mr. Newell is the only married man in the class. He is wedded to mathematics; though he says if times were flush he would get a divorce and marry some other girl.

Take notice all ye marriageable damsels!

Ladies, a word to you. This gentleman of highly prepossessing appearance,—Mr. Pearce, otherwise Blondy,—has been elected Class Recorder. Communications addressed to members of the class and sent through him, will be taken care of as though they were his own, and answered as his best knowledge and ability direct.

Mr. Potts is the most obliging member of '76. In Freshman Year some one suggested that Potts ought to shave. He shaved. Then some one else expressed a desire to see them rush. Forthwith, they rushed; and in three weeks no one accused Wm. M. of "barefaced cheek." At the commencement of Senior Year some scamp mentioned "whiskers." Potts took the hint and covered his inferior maxillary with a growth of stubbly brambles. The class protested. The class appointed a committee to
wait upon him with instructions to "wipe off his chin."

And, finally, obedient to public opinion, he has removed his "sides." Can any sight be more touching than that of this young man, in his virgin youth, as it were, shorn of the honors which his tonsorial industry has gained him, sacrificing all to the convenience of his fellows, and going through the world with a face as bare as the palm of his hand? We answer with profound admiration and emotion—no!

Mr. Prince now claims your indulgent attention. Prof. Koenig calls him "always the funny chandleman, ha! ha! ha!" But we know him better. 'Tis true, he will one moment say, "Yum! yum! big Ingun eat much, ugh!" but the next he will remark with tears in his eyes, "Ah, General, man born of woman has but a few days, and they are full of trouble." Poor Sam!

The following is supposed to be the conversation as Reeves tows his fellow-countryman down Chestnut street to the wharf, while the latter is explaining the merits of some patent explosive or other:

Camden. "You attach the electric battery—"

Gloucester. "Hallo! I'm afraid I forgot my mechanics. I'll have to go back to college after it."

Camden. "Mechanics! why, there it is under your arm. Well, as I was saying—"

Gloucester. "Oh, Lord! what have I ever done?"

Camden. "How is it done? That's just what I'm going to tell you."

Gloucester. "Wait here a minute till I go into the Continental to get a drink."

Camden. "Say, hold up, I'll go with you."

Gloucester. "Sold again! Just my luck!"

Camden. The wire is attached to the indicator and—

Gloucester. By-the-way there's Van Osten, and he told me he wanted to see you on particular business.

Camden. Did he? Well, you wait here till I come back, and I'll explain the rest of the thing for you.

[Exit Camden. Precipitate flight and final triumph of Gloucester.]
As I have noticed before Mr. Turner is called the "General." This is the reason why. Though a faithful student, George never could recite to the Provost. Being called upon one day the following took place:

Provost. "Well, Mr. Turner, suppose you tell us about the Feudal Army."

George (after a long pause,) "Generals were Bishops."

Provost. "Hey? Hey? What did you say? Why, really, Mr. Turner—"

George. "Bishops were generals. I don't know. The book says so."

Provost. "Bless me, this is extraordinary! Perhaps I don't hear. Say it again."

George (now thoroughly desperate, shouts:) "Bishops in the army! Bishops! Generals!"

Provost. "Well, what about the Bishops?"

George. "The book says—" (pause.)

Provost. "What does the book say, hey?"

George (in disgust.) "Generals! Bishops! Oh, I don't know!"

Provost. "Now, Mr. Turner, the point is there was no army."

"Oh!" General satisfaction.

Sometime this year Messrs. Robins, Blight, Hewson, Newbold, and Moore, constituted themselves the '76 glee club. The organization did not succeed for various reasons. In the first place John Moore, who generally sings second bass, insisted on taking first tenor parts; while Robins said that John sang like a buzz-saw, perfectly ruining the effect of his beautiful warblings on the high-notes. And as if this was not enough, Ad. and Charley howled away so loudly in the bass that Binjy mutinied, saying: "He'd be blowed if he was going to sing with two fellows who had no more ear for music than a jack-ass, and about as much voice as a mule!"
Obituaries.

In memory of George Leonard Franck, C. E., our departed friend and instructor, who died April 22d. We scarce know how to express ourselves on a subject which lies so dear to all our hearts. A man who combined that rare element, modesty, with so many good qualities, that it was impossible to be associated with him without forming the strongest attachment that can possibly exist between student and professor; for not only did his gifted mathematical intellect command respect, but his quiet demeanor, his willingness to please and help all, soon ripened that feeling into nearer and dearer relations.

Though too modest to impress with his importance, a perhaps prejudiced Board of Trustees, accustomed to see less knowledge paraded with more ado; yet he soon made all feel by his protracted illness that he held a position not to be replaced. And when at last all hope of recovery was given up and he passed from this life, his fellow-professors and students felt, as they do now, that George Leonard Franck was a man of intellect and a gentleman, and one that we may well be proud to have numbered amongst our friends and patrons.

At a meeting of the Faculties of the Department of Art and Towne Scientific School, of the University of Pennsylvania, the following resolutions and expression of appreciation were adopted:
Resolved, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of our deceased colleague, the exercises of the University be suspended until the day after the funeral ceremonies.

Resolved, That the members of the Faculties of Art and of Science attend the funeral in a body, and wear the customary badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the chair of our deceased colleague in the Chapel, be draped in mourning until the end of the first term of the coming academical year.

Resolved, That the following minute be entered upon the records of the respective Faculties, and that it be communicated to the family of the deceased, with the assurance of our sincere condolence with them in the great loss they have sustained.

The conjoint Faculties of Art and Sciences, of the University of Pennsylvania, having learned with profound sorrow of the death of Prof. George Allen, L L D., and, under a painful consciousness of the loss it involves to them, to the University, and to the world of classic letters, desire to give expression to their cordial affection for him, their admiration of his exalted personal character, and their grateful sense of the eminent services rendered by him in the chair which for thirty-one years he filled with such marked distinction.

He wanted no one of the qualities of the finished gentleman, the polished scholar, the efficient instructor. In the class-room he taught with brilliant success, and maintained in it a discipline almost unique in its perfection, by the simple force of his own well-balanced character, in which gentleness and dignity, strictness and kindness, were in complete accord. His pupils were obedient in love, and could not tell whether reverence or affection predominated in their feelings toward him. As a scholar, especially in Greek literature, he combined the nicest accuracy with a broad range of attainment, and his general knowledge was varied and thorough. All his tastes were of the most refined character. There was nothing pure and good in books or in men to which his affinities did not draw him. His judgment was so clear and solid as
to possess the highest practical value. He was a wise and safe counsellor. His views of education, the result of large investigation and of ripe experience, were genuinely, not blindly, conservative. His devotion to all the interests of the University, was in keeping with his absolute fidelity to his own official duties. He always inspired and always justified a feeling of perfect trust. He took no doubtful place among the faithful and good, who have devoted their labors to the highest welfare of mankind. His life was not only beyond the power of calumny, but lifted above all the occasions which tempt men to it. His years, his long and honorable connection with the Faculty of Arts, not more than his pre-eminent ability and worth, and his place in public regard, entitle him to no secondary position among the historic names which are the glory of our University.
NOTE.—Professors, Students, etc., who may take offence at any thing herein contained, are earnestly referred to the above editorial staff, the members of which are most anxious to give satisfaction.
THE CROW,
Loosed by the Students in the Chapel of the University.

By a '76.

T WAS ten; and quivering from the peak
The ringlet waves shrill clarions speak.
As skyward mounts the pensile bell,
Again to earth where echoes tell
That duty bids the student wake,
Desist from all and swift partake
Of her laborious tasks that wind
The tightened coil round every mind.
Now upward through the twining flights
Moves the slow crowd, and soon alights
Upon the strand where oft before
All blithe they've bounded from the door,
Wherein they've had one hour t'employ,
With History, Greek, and—McElroy.
Afront the chapel-door stands wide,
As inward pours the jovial tide.
Thus oft before with mirthful mien
Pass'd daily through the same routine.
But, 'tis a change, the whispering ways
Of Sophs and Freshmen soon betrays
That "something's up," as goes the cry,
Some hidden flame is smouldering nigh.
What! can it be that some young Soph,
Audaciously would hurl aloft
The welded snowball shattering where
Sits Stille grave in regal chair?
Or has some daring Freshman plan'd;
When silence reigns, with artful hand
To loose the spiral screws that hold
Some creaking bench, and then untold
With summon'd strength, the seat repel,
While Sophs roll round in great pell-mell?
No, these are plays of serious kind;
Which shortly serve but to remind,
That "once I was a college chap,
But peace committees changed my cap."
Hark! rising from the mirthful crowd,
Pours forth a strain of clarions loud!
The flames have burst, the tale's told!
Amidst appalling cries, behold!
Looms from the aisle on flapping wings,
A feathered form, which quickly brings
The rending laugh from all around
While whispering arches lull the sound.
"Lo! 'tis a buzzard!" shouts a Soph;
But draws from round a common scoff:
While some impatient Fresh with awe,
Exclaims in haste—"'tis a jackdaw!"
Some rate above, some rate below,
'Tis told at last—it is a crow.
The Provost stares with angry eye:
Heaves from his breast a heavy sigh.
While Seidensticker quails in fear,
Lest chance the bird should fly too near;
And from his barren skull remove
The cherished objects of his love,—
That lonely group of remnant twigs,
Which still his furrowed forehead rigs.
As when the scattered bullrush breaks
The wrinkled waves on lonely lakes.
Old Bregy vainly strives to hold
The struggling laugh which would unfold.
While stately Krauth mourns the sad fate,
Lest he should lose his morning prate.
Still wafted through the stinted air;
The frighten'd bird in grave despair,
Now forms its circling orbits round
The arched heights which yet resound
With echoes from the aisles below;
Where upturned faces lume the glow.
His weary pinions fan the breeze;
While hanging walls reflect the wheeze.
But, soon o'ercome by restless flight,
Crazed by the roar; and blind with fright,
Regardless of surrounding walls,
He strikes—and helpless downward falls.
Scarce had the whisper'd echoes hush'd,
When quick from the entrance rush'd,
A human form, in aspects glow,
Resembling much the fallen crow.
With boldness great, the bird he grips,
And quickly to'ards the entrance slips.
Zounds! thunder! Well, by Jove I swear!
Re-echoes through the quiv'ring air.
As off the struggling bird is cast,
While Pomp complains of what has passed.
"By all the gods! I fain would know,
How human man, this wretched crow,
Ere held in vital feeling hands.
For sure, I'd erst approach firebrands,
Than once again receive a dose
From talons of these hellish crows!"
Again the hollow orbs resound,
With babbling voices rolling round;
Again, from Stille's breast, a sigh
Portrays the storm which hovers nigh.
Now swing to meet the folding doors,
While silence quells abating roars.
As when March winds are wafting high;
And in the orient orbs of sky,
Appears some dark and lonely cloud;
Which, as it opes its gloomy shroud,
Envelops Heaven from mortal eyes,
Foretelling anger from the skies,
So from the Provost's darken'd brow,
Swells storms of angry mien; which now
Burst forth in strains of grave complaint;
Avowing, that he'll soon acquaint
Young men, that such outrageous plays
Will not be suffer'd now-a-days.
That, sure he is, this act will call
Jehovah's wrath upon us all.
Thus mournfully the Provost cries,
As if this hall were Paradise;
Wherein some miscreant youth had brought
The Devil, who had just been caught.
Respected Provost, why complain,
In this sad and mournful strain?
Why suffer such a simple joke,
Your mind so gravely to provoke?
'Twas but a joke, and nothing more;
Might have been worse, and has before!
Your wailings won't and can't prevent
These jocund plays from finding vent.
Such wild outbreaks of waken'd ire,
Add only fuel to the fire!
Sure, such a joke, and even worse,
Will not invoke the Almighty's curse!
But who, the question's asked, are they,
Whose daring hands performed this play?
In vain I ask my cherub Muse:
The answer comes,—I must refuse!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have not been invited to
write this article, but it is not my fault that I have not.
I offered to write it, my proposal was received with chill-
ing equanimity. The editors did not embrace me and
with tears in their eyes invoke a blessing upon one whose
genius was to illumine their pages; on the contrary, I
was told the article would not be needed. I pressed the
matter—and was told to take my article to—well, per-
haps it is not necessary to say where, suffice it that pape-
r cannot exist in such climates.

I was not discouraged—I am never discouraged—an
and with pride be it said that after one editor was furnis-
with a handsome marble monument in a prominent ceme-
tery and another disabled, the third out of self-defence
succumbed, and—here I am.

In casting about me for a subject upon which to addre-
s an enlightened public, I can find no subject of more inter-
est to myself and to the public generally than—myself.

I am a disappointed man. I am a talented man. But
strange to say, people don't appreciate me. They say I
am an ass. That's only because they can't understand
the peculiarity of my genius. I live in an atmosphere of
peculiar refinement, so refined that none save myself can
occupy it. I occupy the entire firmament. I am my own
sun, my own moon, my own stars. I am the subject of
my own admiration. Such is a glimpse at the nature
which others cannot understand, can never hope to un-
derstand. I tell them so; they answer that they hope
they never may.

I am said to be conceited. I deny it on my own au-
thority. I am not conceited, but I have a family pride.
Wasn't my progenitor the ape that used to amuse Adam
by his habit of haranguing his brothers into the arms of Morpheus? Of course he was, and behold in me the reproduction of the family traits! I am the greatest man the world has seen for centuries, I say so, and I ought to know. People say we view things differently; it may be so. I see things only by my own reflected light.

"Quiz."

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Prof. of Chem., (perusing the roll.) "Mr. Saunders."
Both the noble representatives of that name stare and beckon to each other to get up.

Pause in the exercises.

Prof. "Mr. Saunders I., Mr. William L. Saunders, I want."

Our friend "James" elongates 6 ft. 1 in. of mortal frame and attempts to swallow three fingers and a thumb in his attempts to look composed.

Prof. "Are you Mr. William L. Saunders?"

J. M. S. "No—no—sir."

Prof. "Well, sit down then. Where's the other Mr. Saunders?"

W. L. S. "Here, sir."

Prof. "Are you Mr. Saunders I.?"

W. L. S. "No, sir."

Prof. (slightly irritated.) "Then who the d---- who are you?"

W. L. S. "I? I'm Saunders II."

Prof. "Precisely. That is, you are Mr. J. M. Saunders."

W. L. S. "No sir, but I ain't."

Prof. "Then you must be Mr. William L. Saunders?" S. acknowledges the corn.
Prof. "That's just what I said: that is, you're Saunders I."

W. L. S. (half convinced:) "I don't think so, sir."

Prof. "Then you're J. M. Saunders. There, then, we won't argue the question."

Prof. (to class.) "Now we subtract from 6480
2301

And the remainder is 8781

Class smiles.

Prof. "Oh! I see. I made a mistake. One from 10 is 6, 0 from 8 leaves 8. There—8779."

More smiles.

Prof. "Hey! Oh, yes! That first 7 ought to be a six. I'll swear by that."

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE NOTE-BOOK.

Gentlemen: I commence with you to-day the subject of international law. It's excessively warm in here. Mr. Newbold lower the window—no—never mind, it would create a draft. Mr. Robins shut off the register: Mr. Warren, perhaps you had better open the door. Not so wide—there, there, that'll do. (Great sigh of relief drawn in between the teeth down to the boots. No conventional method of representation.) Now, if any gentleman feels too cold—

Well, as I was about to say—Mr. Andrews, why don't you take notes? You see everybody else is writing. How can you allow so much valuable information to escape you! (Andrews wants to know whether he is to copy the remarks relative to the door.)
International law, as I said before, is based—gentlemen, there is an intensely disagreeable buzzing noise here, and as I am suffering acutely from an affection of the throat, I trust it will be stopped—is based upon general usage and—Mr.—eh—didn’t you hear what I said!—that gentleman there! (Trembling voice: "Me, sir? I wasn’t talking.") Yes, sir, you! Why don’t you turn around anyhow? hey?—upon general usage and necessity. There is one thing to be taken into consideration in studying international law—Mr. Saunders, are you paying attention? I see you looking at me, but you don’t write anything, and these things are very important. You had better take this down—and that is that peace is the normal condition of man, or if it isn’t, it ought to be; and as a means of keeping this peace you are all endowed with a divine right to mind your own business. Gentlemen, as my throat feels worse, I shall be obliged to dismiss you for the rest of the hour; but I shall expect you—(chorus: consider it done. No excuses, I beg! Apology’s excepted.) Exeunt Omnes.

"Mr. Andrews. Is he here? Oh, yes! there you are. Beg your pardon, Mr. Andrews; glad to see you, how are you? Now, Mr. Andrews, what’s your idea of a free city? Hey? What did you say? Come, speak louder, I can’t hear you. Now begin again. No! I see you don’t understand my question. My question was, What is a free city? Come! come! Mr. Andrews, what do you mean by ‘spreading yourself’? When you force yourself against people, do you spread yourself? Hey? Well, speak plainer then! Sometimes you leave out the nominative, sometimes you leave out the object, and sometimes you leave out the verb. What did you say? Hey? Well, why didn’t you say so before? Mr. Andrews, I see you haven’t studied this thing. The fact of the matter, gentlemen, is this: Free cities were those free from feudal bands of suzerains, under no espionage or surveillance of the Tiers Etat, but intimately connected with the Enfranchisement de Commune." Manifestations of universal satisfaction.
LECTURE ON GRAPHICAL STATICS.

"THE Faculty having a few 'extra hours' at their disposal, and being a martyr to their benevolence, I find myself in the position of the man who drew the prize elephant. In order therefore to meet this elephantine emergency, I don't know how I can better amuse you than by a lecture upon the light literature of the day, as an exponent of which I have selected Graphical Statics. While ancient manipulators of figures spent years of weary toil in circumventing the abstruse engineering problems of their day, we, their distant offspring, set aside their customs as ridiculous and do all in a pictorial style." (Slight attempt at applause, but is immediately suppressed by the appearance of "Pomp" with Stillé's herald of absentees.) After the synchronal beatings of Pomp's retreating brogans blend into the inaudible, the Professor continues: "But before proceeding, I shall read you a few extracts from the preface of "Monseer" Du Bois: 'After the Romans had conquered Spain and compelled Queen Victoria to abdicate in favor of George Francis Train, it occurred to Bismarck, a German by birth, then Chief Highway Commissioner of New Jersey, to span with a bridge the broad expanse of water which separates the land of Cholera-Morbus fruits from the Pilgrims' City. Numerous experts were called together to decide upon the feasibility of the undertaking, among them a William McMullin, the inventor of the fire extinguisher which bears his name, who proposed a chain of Harbor Police Boats, with Mayor Stokley as gatekeeper, —the traveling public having the option of crossing by this means, or going around by sea via. Camden ferry-boat. This was, of course, rejected, and the feasibility}
of a bridge founded upon thorough scientific principles discussed. But the calculations attending such an enterprise were of a nature to render its solution by no means easy. "So Booschlanger in his Polo-tech-niche-systems-reches-nun-en—ah—ah—something in German which I can't translate and"—Mr. Button who has passed from the repose of the recitation room to the repose of Morpheus, and who is deep in the study of mineralogy as applied to Mis-Pickel and George Washington, suddenly reanimates and interrupts the Professor with "what's the title of that work, sir?" The Professor's physiognomy assumes the chromo-like expression of the youth who trespassed the sanitary law regarding green apple-orchards, but encouraged by a sympathizing smile from John Morton Saunders, he proceeds saying that "Monseer" Petot in his La Sonambula (the engineer) speaks of the possibility of representing forces by lines."

Hereupon Rennert inquires if the police force could be represented by a lion? This elicits an expression more or less of doubt from the class, while the Lecturer retires to an adjacent room and revives with the R. R. R. and P. P. P., of which he has always a supply on hand. He continues with: "Gentlemen—the derivation of Graphical Statics is from Graphicus, a line, and Staticus, a piece of chalk,—so you see by chalk and blackboard we are enabled to picture the most complex and intricate strains upon bridges, it is even possible to analyze the Market Street Bridge into component forces,—a model of which is now nearly completed by Mr. Simmons in the workshop." Warren here kindly inquires if this lecture could not be placed in quotations and attributed to Du Bois? Professor: "Ah, n-n-no, I d-d-on't think it could." Handy suggests that it is all in "Shreve," whereupon the Professor gaspingly replies that "as the hour is nearly up, I'll dismiss you now to meet again next week, when I'll lecture to you upon various forms of contracting and specifications." (Some one had sent him a Boss Tweed form of contract from New York.) So amid the cuckoo-
like chirpings of the "General's" peculiarly sweet voice, and Newell's specialty "Sweet Bye-and-bye," we adjourned, having contracted an immense appetite and thirst.

R. J. P. F. S.

Epitaph to the memory of Wm. M. P——ts, lately deceased:

The silicious clay doth here entomb
A youth of mien divine,
In science, latent was his doom,
Gone to meet—Trautwine.

Sound your trumpet Gabe!

We have our opinion of the man who, contemplating matrimony, and fearful of having a too appreciative mother-in-law, fills his cellar with fragmentary and fossiliferous grind stones, with the hope that they will explode upon the slightest provocation. (B. F. W——n please rise and explain.)

'Twas amidst the sand-covered mounds of Spain that the wakeful B——n was annihilating the sweet quietude of the aerial envelope which surrounded the silicious abode of his beloved Mispickel: when the unsympathizing "pa" fired a salute to the "Beneath the portals" with a breech-loading blunderbuss. B., though being a "native," was not "to the manner born," and thinking it a "custom more honored in the breach than in the observance," installed himself committee of one to work up the Geology of the northern part of the State, and was last seen with map and valise ploughing the roads of Camden.

All tidings of the missing one thankfully received by his classmates and sorrowing dulcinea.
A REMINISCENCE.

PROMINENT among the memories which cluster around every nook and corner of our dear old University are those which in the minds of the scientific students are associated with the Metallurgical Lecture Room. Gentle reader, if you have been denied the pleasure of an admittance into this room up to this moment, miss it not in the future, for there lies the scene of many an incident and joke yet fresh in the memory of '76. Ah! how well we remember the self-satisfied-just-risen-from-the-dinner table expression with which he walked into the lecture room one bright June morning, exclaiming "there seem to be a great many absent, I see a good many that are not here." Even so his effort to keep his gravity, as, on another occasion the class filed in, each one decorated with the golden emblem of the Dandelion; or his graceful acknowledgment of a basket of cut flowers which "John," in the name of the class, presented him one morning.

It was the custom to make as much noise as possible when we went into his room at the striking of the gong, and if our worthy friend remained in his private office, he was soon made aware of our presence. Once on finding that the Doctor was waiting in his sanctum for the usual tramp, tramp, we stole softly into the room, and taking our seats, remained motionless as statues. In about ten minutes out he came to "hunt up that class," when the applause of the statues at his look of astonishment made the windows rattle.

The fluency with which he spoke and the ease with which we took notes was proverbial, for even the minutest detail was put down; hence the following:
"Hydraulic cement is also found at Pozzuoli."
Class (in concert) "Who?"
Prof. "He is not a who! At Pozzuoli!"
Voice. Say it more, but say it slow.
Prof. "P-o-z-z-u-o-l-i! How dumb this class!"
Another voice. Oh-h-h, spell it.
Prof. "P-o-z Pozz-u-o-li Zuoli—Pozzuoli."
1st voice. "Oh! carry me home to die.
2d voice. Pozzuoli! Oh, this is too much—too much!
3d voice. Pozzuoli! Did he say Pozzuoli! Ladies, we're insulted!

So rarely was the Doctor's temper ruffled that it was really a pleasant episode when such took place. He allowed a certain amount of whispering, but since we were all whispering at the same time and "smiling so audibly" that he could scarcely hear himself speak. After vainly gesticulating, he shouted, "Mr. P—, you are no more a gentleman! Mr. M—, you leave the room! SILENCE now!! and by silence I mean perfect stillness!"

It will not be necessary to give a further recital of incidents that have occurred; those that have been mentioned will recall many others, and it will always be a source of pleasure to reflect on the good times we have had in connection with them. But it is with feelings of regret that we bid farewell to Dr. Koenig, and he may rest assured that the members of the class of '76 will continue to be, as they always have been, the warmest of his friends, and the most sincere of his well-wishers.

P. K. R.

Professor Koenig wishes to inform his many anxious friends that although he has modestly succeeded in naming his new element Rexium, he has not yet had the good fortune to discover its existence.
WHEN Solomon said "there is nothing new under the sun," chemistry had not reached that high degree of perfection which it now maintains, and at the same time, it is needless to remark that our friend John was not yet born. It would be not only tiresome but also uninteresting to the reader if all the juvenile experiences of our friend were related, and it has therefore been deemed necessary as well as useful to begin his career as a student. Having read in the newspapers (which are wonderful agencies for the transmission of truth (?) ) that fortunes had been made by selling Trix, Sozodont, Gold Soap, and by peddling patent medicines throughout the country, John determined to study as a profession the great first cause—that of Chemistry. Having therefore discarded the general routine of the Sophomore as being beneath his dignity, he entered upon his duties as a chemist; and in a short time absorbed all the knowledge which his friends Berzelius, Lavoiser, Priestly and Davy, had left as a legacy to him, and it was then that he felt himself every inch a man of science. What must he now do? Ha! I will waltz; I will be a devotee of Terpsichore. I will throw myself upon society and sue for mercy. I will astonish the fair sex with my wit, my chemistry; my chemistry and my wit. He instantly made a bargain with Asher and a few lessons gave him a hint concerning the subtle glide. Now for practice. Oh! it was immense to see him every day whirling around in the laboratory, bumping into Dr. H—n and forgetting all the chemistry he ever knew in the pursuit of this art, nor were his antics confined to the laboratory alone; for they penetrated the sanctity of
the domestic circle and drew forth from that body encomiums of a highly doubtful character. He would dance before and after meals and fill up the spare time by violent discussions, with his two parents and an aged grandmother concerning the proper step, which invariably wound up by John treading on grandmamma's toes, and leaving the room post-haste accompanied by the back of a chair and two dinner-plates, thrown with unerring aim by his over-enthusiastic father. Finally, after one thousand and one attempts our friend mastered the rudiments, and was accepted by his female friends as a man worthy to be reckoned as immortal. One would think that a man like John would have been contented with two such talents, but alas for human vanity, such was not destined to be the case. John felt inwardly that there was something wanting in him that was necessary to acquire in order to make a polished man, what it was John could never find out himself, as originality and he had long been strangers; and he therefore consulted domestic advice. His father said "learn to draw," whereupon John got off a joke on his father saying, "he never was good at that sort of a lottery, as he always drew blanks." Finally John consulted his lady-love, who told him to learn to sing, and that she often had observed what a warbling voice he had and which might be developed into a fine tenor, if cultivated.

John next tried his hand at parliamentary rules, and class-meetings afforded the opportunity for converting theory into practice. Rising with a majestic bound, with his left hand gracefully grasping his coat-tails and the impressive fore-finger of his right gracefully extended, he would say for the thirty-seventh time: "Hold up. I rise to a point of order." Then, regardless of the responsibilities of his office, the president would say: "In the name of outraged and exhausted humanity, in the name of mutilated common-sense and justice, in the name of the ignored and violated shades of Cushing and Mathias, I make this last appeal! John sit down."
Then, politics in turn received a share of his attention. One morning about two weeks after Tweed's *vamoose*, John came rushing into College, his face o'erspread with a smile of conscious wisdom as he remarked: "By Jove, what do you think's happened now? Tweed's escaped, Wilson's dead, and Babcock's Speaker of the Senate!" For fully two minutes after this avalanche of news, silence reigned supreme, then with one accord the group exclaimed: "This is too much! what have we ever done to deserve this." "It's true, I'll swear it's true, the telegram just came last night," he persisted. One of the crowd advanced and took him by the collar and remarked, "Now see here, John, we are young and may be ignorant; we are innocent and unprotected; but will be eternally hanged if we will allow a man of your size to impose on us in this way."

H. W. A.

Directions for making filters, gratuitously imparted by Mr. Magee: "Take a pair of compasses and, making a hole as large as the circumstances will admit, describe a circle about it as a center." N. B. The whole success of the experiment depends upon the hole. If, after cutting the filters out and passing the liquid through them, it is not clear, do not blame the paper nor the compass, but go and ask Magee for an explanation.

Prof. "Mr. Pyle, what is dialysis?"
The studious Pyle. "Why, making them into dyads, sir."

Prof. of Theoretical Chemistry. "Mr. Andrews, what are the three considerations implied in a question of this character?"
Andrews. "The first consideration is, what the question really signifies; second, who is the individual so unfortunate as to be asked its solution; third, for said individual to find some one from whom to copy the answer."
To a credulous mind it is not inconceivable that Diogenes should have spent his lonely existence in a tub; but to picture a modern mining engineer sitting upon a croquet-box in the Park anxiously awaiting the coming of his sweet Arabella, is too much; we, as inexperienced ones, succumb to the thought. For many months our friend Eddy of the Geological Survey has had care and anxiety depicted upon his usually placid countenance. Immediately speculation ran riot. Can it be, said some, that he is involved in the meshes of love? Or did he perhaps catch cold by the moisture radiating through the croquet-box? We can surmise, but know not. Lately some light was thrown upon the subject by odd lines found attached to Eddy's field-book. One, full of trust and expectation, but written in hieroglyphics, which we translate for the occasion, reads: "Meet me after church, but be careful your brother does not see us." Imagine if you can, the deep affection and sentiment therein expressed, especially the part relative to the brother, and truly your heart will beat in sympathy. Another effusion, evidently an expiring gasp, is the following:

"May all your hours in sweetest bliss be spent,
Crowned with friendship, happiness, and content.
Joy of my life, cherish my tuneful lay,
For 'tis all your true adorer has to say."

N. B. Funeral starts at eight. Beck's band in attendance.

C — M —.
The manner in which our young but amiable Professor of Descriptive Geometry was sorely taxed during Sophomore Year by the blundering and evasive answers of the delinquent students often elicited the sympathy of the class. On one occasion a "bright star" was called to enunciate the problem of representing warped surfaces. After standing moored to the board for some forty minutes, he succeeded in drawing and lettering the ground-line to his satisfaction.

Prof. "Well, Mr. H—, you have stood here for some time. Now, how do you explain your problem?"

G. (who always had more impudence than enlightenment,) immediately launched forth an expanded explanation on the efficiency of the ground-line, terminating his harangue by saying that it served to divide the horizon from the vertical plane.

The Prof. visibly marked a 0 opposite his name on the class-roll, and remarked: "If your horizon of intelligence does not soon become illuminated, a ground-line such as you earned to-day will most effectually prevent you from assuming a vertical position on Commencement Day."

With our worthy Professor of History the cry was always, "more definite and explicit statements." On a certain occasion Mr. P. was called upon to describe the second Punic War. This he did in the following terms: "The second Punic War was like the first, a terrible and bloody affair between the Punics and the other race. At first the others seemed to be the victors, but after a strange succession of concomitant causes the Punics compelled them to throw up the sponge. The whole affair was noted for its fierce and desperate encounters, the one party fighting with elephants while the others suffered terribly from the cold and other privations."

"Very well, sir," was the invariable answer. "But now Mr. P., since you have so ably described this war, have the kindness to tell us who the Punics were."

P. (with confidence.) "Certainly sir. They were the inhabitants of Puny."
Prof. of Mathematics. "From the equation of the locus of the points of intersection of the cubic parabola and the tangents drawn through the points of contact of the logarithmic spiral with the conic of Nicomedes we can deduce—"

Class (in despair.) "De deuce we can!"

Query by a Freshman (who has not yet studied Atwater.) "The Faculty are staunch politicians—they can't be in favor of a third term. Then why doesn't the summer vacation begin at Easter?"

An incident. Enter the treasurer of '76 with an armful of due-bills of huge proportion, which he begins to distribute among the class.

Member of the class (who has just received his.) "Does this bill, Mr. Treasurer, include and cancel all former bills which yet remain unpaid?"

Treasurer (thinks this a hopeful case.) "Oh, yes, this cancels all former bills."

Member of class: "Then couldn't you issue another bill that would cancel this?"

C. C. W.

Mr. C—b—ll having in vain advocated substituting a "baccalaureate supper" for the proposed sermon, has returned in disgust to his former labor of compiling a "Dictionary of Technical Terms," with manuscript notes in highly original spelling.

Account of Mr. C. M. Moody with authorities of the University of Pennsylvania:

Junior Year—

Week ending—

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Excuse for absence—toothache and engagement with the dentist. Why would Moody rise to eminence as a tailor? The answer is obvious.
N. B.—Owing to pressing business the editors have left town, and expect to be absent for an indefinite length of time. Communications can be addressed to the printers, but no personal interviews allowed.
CLASS DAY.

So strong is the inclination of the present day to do honor to great events, that people care but little whether they pitch upon a birth or death; for an event, be it birth or death, is equally to be honored if the intention be good and the enthusiasm sincere. This tendency, if such we may term it, was most fully exemplified on June 2nd, when, with all possible pomp and flourish, seventy-six celebrated its class-day, being neither birth nor death, but an event indicative of both; for therewith our career in the practical world begins, and all joys and tribulations of college life cease.

Kind reader, you can scarce picture the anxiety with which the dawn of that day was awaited, all knowing that there was to be a final balancing of accounts and all old debts were to be paid with a joke; professors were to be summoned to account for various ciphers, and tutors to be hauled over the coals by outraged students. There is an indescribable satisfaction in being able to give a parting hit at some peculiarity, or a sly dig at some unprotected part of a professor's anatomy in revenge for some imaginary injury. Mercilessly all are handled—even we receive our quantum from the Juniors, who, in this instance entirely surpassed themselves—not by words nor by deeds. Honestly, we say, their last year's offering was good—it even went so far as to become slightly amusing; but this year—adjectives fail us, since we merely desire to express that in total lack of wit—and funds—the usual mock programme was missing.

After the fair possessors of new spring bonnets had assembled and Hassler had performed the first part of the programme, Mr. William C. Bullitt, as president, delivered the salutatory and afterwards introduced Mr. W.
Harry Patterson, who, by careful manipulation wove fact and fancy so ingeniously together as to amuse and interest all present.

As class poet, Mr. W. L. Saunders next took his position at the rostrum, and succeeded by his smooth, rhythmical, and highly amusing poem, in holding the attention of the audience for fully half an hour.

The orator, Mr. P. Kennedy Reeves, delivered a terse, emphatic oration. Mr. Wm. D. Kelley, Jr., closing the tabulated exercises, then prophesied the fate of his classmates in a diverting and original manner.

Mr. W. A. Fellows, as the most popular man of the class, received the wooden spoon from Mr. Prince, who very touchingly remarked that it was not the intrinsic value but the esteem and high regard of his classmates which it took with it, that should embody the value of the gift. After the other offerings had been conferred, the bouquets were distributed, seventy-six made its bow to the audience—its Senior Day was a thing of the past.

P.

JUNIOR DAY.

No happier audience ever assembled in Horticultural Hall, than that of May 5th, the occasion being the "Junior Day" of the class of '77. It was '77's first opportunity to display the gown and mortar-board in public; we say "in public," but it is more proper to say, before fond mothers, loving sisters, and cousins.

Long before this eventful day, every Junior had faithfully canvassed his bailiwick, within a radius of two miles, soliciting the acceptance of invitation tickets.
It is said, (but we don't believe it,) that one of the speakers of the occasion, in the fulness of his heart, actually enclosed two tickets (good on any city railway) in each of the five hundred invitations personally distributed by him. Of course such chivalrous solicitors proved irresistible: the ladies came, and what they saw and heard, (and didn’t hear,) we shall endeavor to relate as best we can from memory.

The class entered, headed by the President, while Hassler's band vigorously performed the well-known march, "Les Chevaliers Triste." According to programme, the President, Mr. Crenshaw, perpetrated the salutatory; and there is but one opinion, that the overture to "Robinson Crusoe," which immediately followed, was superb.

The next man on the tapis was Mr. Lewis; this gentleman had chosen a somewhat difficult subject to cram into a short speech, viz: "American Knowledge;" but he proved himself equal to the emergency, and made himself such a complete master of the subject, that he had it all to himself,—for nobody knew what he was talking about. The baton of Prof. Hassler induced Mr. Lewis to sit down, and the band struck up "I am Sitting on the Stile, Mary."

Then orator No. 3, Mr. Sellers, came up to the scratch, and boldly announced his theme as "Culture Necessary to Rulers." What Mr. Sellers had to say on this subject will probably never be printed, and the loss to those who wield a scepter, is irreparable.

"Lot is Dead" was the next tune, and then Mr. Bond made a few well-chosen and "time-honored" remarks about "Society."

At this juncture, Prof. Hassler, believing the agony over, struck up the march dedicated to '77, (a $6000 one, formerly dedicated to '76,) but was continually interrupted by Mr. Neill, who, with frantic gesticulations, implored him to stop, as he was advertised to speak, and he was determined to do so. Mr. Hassler, becoming conscious of his mistake, stopped the music, when the President arose, and formally introduced, as orator of the day, Mr. John Neill, Jr., the blond deceiver. Thanks to the
Freshmen, (who had been sitting quietly up to this time, fanning themselves with their ears,) deafening applause greeted Mr. Neill, as he bestrode the rostrum. He had selected the class motto, "ἡ λόγῳ ἄλλη ἔργῳ," which can be freely translated, "Not by Knowledge, but by Brass;" and here we beg leave to record our opinion, that it was a learned and powerful effort. John is a general knowledge man, an intellectual Blondin; he took his audience all over the world, not "in 80 days," but in 18 hours, and balanced himself on one ear coming back.

To do justice to Mr. Neill a short synopsis of his speech may not be amiss.

John struck an attitude, his hair bristling with wisdom, and commenced by endeavoring to make the ladies believe, "that the original home of the Huckleberry is Sogdiana, in Bokhara; that in the great city of Bellinafat, the mistletoe is regarded as a holy plant." He dwelt on the architectural beauty of the New Jersey State Building, at the Centennial Exhibition, the scarcity of change, and how the growth of onions, (for which he has a weakness,) can be facilitated—"not by words, but by deeds."

He tried to prove the utter uselessness of Surds, Mansard Roofs, and Stoichiometry. He objected to the Homestead Law, in its present shape, to the small glasses used by beer venders, and maintained that the study of Calculus was cruelty to animals, and clearly unconstitutional.

Mr. Neill meandered along in this strain, until the President nudged him, for the sake of the remaining few, whose patience and fortitude had not deserted them, to sit down; but he was bound to make use of the opportunity; he scorned the idea of sitting down, and we are told, promised to treat the Janitor, (his sole surviving auditor,) if he would lend him his ear. But the Janitor having no ear for rhetoric, turned off the gas, and booted the irrepressible John, "not by words, but by deeds," and so ended the Junior Day of '77.

H. A. R.
THE spirit of enterprise which has always characterized the class of '76, prompted the inauguration of that venerable custom of New England colleges, "the planting of the elm." It was perhaps particularly appropriate that '76, the first class conceived and born in the University's new home, should leave some memorial to evidence her devotion for her Alma Mater. After the preliminaries had been arranged, with the kind assistance of Prof. L. M. Haupt, and all necessary preparations completed, we anxiously awaited the day.

April 20th dawned serene and beautiful, and as the sun hastened along its path, emitting ever more gorgeous rays, nature seemed eager to favor us; but towards evening old Jupiter Pluvius appeared in a succession of showers which dampened the expectations of even the most trusty. By sunset all was again serene, and when the ceremonies were opened in the chapel by our President, William C. Bullitt, so many pretty girls had assembled that it even gladdened the heart of the orator of the occasion, Frank Hamilton Magee, who afterwards delivered his oration with his usual grace and force, entirely free from all strained or artificial mannerism.

After briefly explaining the object of the occasion, he enlarged upon the value of college education and the chains of friendship formed in early life, and closed with the following appeal to the feelings of his classmates: "This tree will indeed perish, but our memory will be cherished forever as associated with the Centennial Anniversary of American freedom, therefore let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and importance of the duties that devolve upon us, by living a life that will preserve the honor of ourselves, our class, our University, our country. Let us realize that we are men, realize the
grand advantages we have had, and the splendid possibilities that await us; and this day, with all the elements of our nature, resolve to act well our part, whatever it may be, in the new life we are about to enter with our country, at the birth of the second century of its independence."

The oration over, the guests retired to the eastern part of the lawn, where a trim little elm was planted by the orator and W. A. Fellows. Shortly afterwards all were recalled to the building by the exquisite "Gems of Strauss" and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. When we look upon our little tree we may well exclaim, "Other Elm Days may come and go, but none will be so dear to us as that of '76."

S.

IVY DAY.

At the suggestion of the Faculty, "seventy-six" instituted Elm Day; but Ivy Day was the renewal of an old custom. "Seventy-three," the first graduating class in the new buildings, planted the first ivy on June 7th, of their Senior Year, and we, the first Freshman class, on the same date, three years later, planted the fourth, and, as a matter of course, the healthiest, quickest thriving vine that ever grew, or ever will grow.

At an early hour on the 7th, the college was brilliantly lighted and thrown open to the fast-arriving guests. Quarter-past eight witnessed the assemblage of youth and beauty on the campus, listening to the "sweet discoursings" of Hassler's orchestra. After the music had ceased, Mr. Bullitt introduced the orator, Mr. Frank W. Iredell.
In speaking of the ivy, the orator said: "It is the emblem of our future lives. It is significant of a joyful past, the memory of which it lives to keep alive. It is the sentinel upon the border-land separating the future from the past, who holds the keys to Recollection’s gates. The Ivy is the symbol of our friendship. By Affection's hand planted deep down in the soil of our mutual trust, nourished by our grateful memories, it shall grow into a sturdy vine, clinging closer as it older grows and perishing not with the structure which upholds it, but living amid the crumbling records of the past."

And of the "scenes of our youthful lives" he said: "O, our Alma Mater, thou art the symbol of life. Like thy clock, existence has four phases of successive time: Childhood, facing southward, feels only sunshine; Youth, facing eastward, receives both sun and showers; Manhood, pointing north, fronts blast and rain and snow and shadows of adversity; Old Age, looking into futurity's undiscovered west, receives the ruddy beams of a declining sun whose light but momentarily illumines the path which age has traveled.

Placed far apart, thy two towers represent two opposite kinds of men. To the first the western spire denotes the inaccessibility of usefulness and fortune; while the unvarying finger of time marks off each hour of life.

From childhood to age the bell keeps ringing its changes, crying at each succeeding hour, 'Strike! act! to work!' Unheeded the warning comes, till youth and younger manhood step by unmarked or yet mis-used. Unheeded the solemn mentor sounds till prime of life is past and age completes the circle of a mis-spent life.

The solid structure of the center is the mass of men rising above the common failure, and who, possessed of energy and talent, mount to useful rank.

The eastern tower leads genius on to labor. Though high, its summit may be reached, and at the top the pleasant sunshine glancing through it reveals an empty space: it is the niche in the temple of fame awaiting him who, by his intellect, first reaches it."
After an address to the class, the oration closed with a few words of personal farewell; when the beautiful tablet, presented by Mr. Prince, was unveiled, and the company adjourned to the dancing halls. The festivities were kept up till the "wee sma' hours," and when part we did, no one had a word of anything but praise to speak of the event that will always remain dear in the memory of "Seventy-six."

E. R. H.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached on Sunday evening, June 4th, 1876, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, by Rev. W. Neilson McVickar. We regret that space only permits us to give extracts of what we should like to print in full.

Choosing as his text, I Timothy, vi, 20, "O, Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust," he said:—

"Time is always a solemn fact in human experience, but there are times in which especially its solemnities gather themselves, which speak in a moment the calmly unheeded lessons of the quiet years, which take us, as it were, before a glass, and show us what time has been doing with us, all unconsciously—and in that hour we relive the past and gather its experiences. Some of us find ourselves to-night in just such an hour. Suddenly we stand at the river-bend, before a new untried experience, which stretches away in the mists of uncertainty, certain only in that it is completely new.

* * *
"Who can doubt the solemnity of such a time, when a man realizes, as the Israelites must have realized, this desert of their prophesies, when from the past, impersonated in their great leader, came the long-awaited words, 'This day ye are to pass over Jordan'? The past and its trying but priceless principles of education, its youth and tutelage, behind him; before, a land of manhood and of promise, which if rightly possessed, should flow in wealth and success, but which mistaken might be a land of thorns and stones and sad histories, the only safety lying in a right placing of these two experiences. It is in some such solemn sympathy that I have selected for my Baccalaureate theme to-night the responsibilities of life in relation to the sacred deposit which a rich past, growing richer with every year of modern discovery, has just put into its trust." After this introduction, Mr. McVickar went on to discuss what this word "keep" meant, warning us against interpreting it as an exhortation to false and narrow conservatism, and saying that one of the very first elements in the responsibility of keeping was in the idea of work: —

"Truth is always pointing to work: the working age is the result of the age's truth. The man's work of today is that of man's aid in truth, teaching brain and hand to handle more wisely, making a master-builder out of an awkward child-worker; and each truth that offers itself to his education is for a future life. * * * * When the life sciences cease to help the life act, then the truth begins to escape us, we begin to fail in our great charge. So it must be with material truth, so with mental, so with moral and spiritual truth; and so we shall keep the truth, not an ineffective seed shut up in the dark store house, but the multiplying seed in the furrow; and so will the truth be kept against error, as seed grows by seed to the harvest, tho' tare wheat will be separated. Such discoveries, we may remember, are made not in the study, but in the field. Truth grows and purifies itself in work, and the best truth and the completest and most unmixed of all will be that which produces the
best and truest work. * * * It is in the subtleties of theory, putting thought on thought, that men grow apart and narrow, but let them be called to the real earnest work, when subtleties must be laid aside and only so much of theory used as is needed for the work, and men grow together again, and feel nearer, heart to heart, and eye to eye. There is little of political rancour at the camp-fire, of "odium theologicum" kneeling around the death-bed."

Against the popular contempt of the works of past generations, he said: "We may prate of progress and learn to condemn the work of the fathers, and talk of dark ages, and old superstitions, but shall we be any the wiser for so doing, any the braver for throwing stones at the graves of the dead giants?—for many of them were giants in those days, though they had little to build upon and work with. Shall we not then be wiser to remember that there is a growth, a tree of life, whose roots have struck their tap deep down into that past, while we rejoice under the wide-spreading foliage which the suns and showers of successive summers have called forth? Shall we not rather spare and renew them, remembering that had not the fathers kept these truths we should be shelterless to-day—hoping that future generations may enjoy a wider shade, and perhaps fruits and flowers, whose buddings we but see? A real growth, so a real keeping of the truth, implies a past as well as a future. A Bacon implies an Aristotle, a Newton a Ptolemy; there can be no true, real progress which has all above and none below, all beyond and nothing behind, nay, we must remember too those which were and are precious and true yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Space permits of but one more extract, his charge to the class:

"Class of '76: When in the olden times, knighthood was to be conferred, the aspirant repaired at evening to the church of God, and there remained in vigil till the morning, when, with solemn ceremony and with much
prayer, his spurs were brought, and his sword, consecrated to the services of God and man put into his hand, and he was bidden to rise to the duties and privileges of errantry. I cannot but feel a certain correspondence between that initiation and your presence here to-night. At the outstart of a new career, and as a minister at the altar of God's highest truth, I rejoice in the name of the church to welcome you for your work. Arise, then, and with consecrated sword and bright escutcheon, listen to her solemn charge: Keep the truth—'keep that which is committed to thy trust'—keep it as you only can in life and character. Keep it for your own manhood, keep it for your oppressed race, and the world shall rejoice in your having lived.

Brothers, I welcome you, and bid you God-speed in faithfulness to your charge, and when at last we meet again, as we never shall here, may it be with the mutual consolation of the Apostle, 'I have kept the truth in the faith—now after the battle, the crown.'"

CLASS SUPPER.

On the evening of March 17th, Augustin's palatial dining-saloon was thrown open to '76's valiant host. The hour for supper was fixed for 8:30, but following the example of funerals and other fashionable follies, we did not sit down until 9:15. This may seem rather over-exact, but a hungry man, it must be remembered, takes notice of everything. The class being seated, Mr. Bullitt, our worthy President, welcomed us in some well-chosen words, making remarks about "our dear old class," probably in a pecuniary sense, and concluded by stating that we should nurture Centennial feelings, &c., all of
which was received with outbursts of applause and demands for something to eat. After the first cravings of nature were satisfied, Mr. Reeves responded to the toast of "The University," referring in glowing terms to its present status, and its promises in the future. The next toast was "The Faculty." At the mention of this all-inspiring body, everyone expected to see some Professor rise and overwhelm us with a torrent of classic wit, but in this we were disappointed, none having accepted our invitation. Could it have been the lenten season that prompted them to such a denial, or had they been out late the night before? Who can tell? We give it up.

In the absence of the original, Mr. Wolf responded in his usual flowing vein. Mr. Fellows next responded to the toast of "The Scientific Society" setting forth the advantages of scientific research and its bearings on mankind in such a realistic manner that every one, at the close of this speech, was looking for "that missing link." Mr. Patterson next enlightened us on "Secret Societies," showing that through their agency friendships had been formed which had lasted a lifetime, and also how many men's hearts had been gladdened and pleasant remembrances brought back in after years, by a brotherly grip or the sight of a gold badge. In replying to the toast of "The Boat Club," Mr. Kelley stated that in order that the class might properly understand his response, it would be necessary to tell a story about Mr. Smith, which he did in a very acceptable manner, and which was received with bursts of laughter. All the good points of the "Athletic Association" were now explained by Mr. Andrews. In responding to the toast of "The Philomathean Society," Mr. Robins stated that it was the oldest in college, if not in the world, dating back as far as Noah and he said that he had it on good authority that Abraham and Julius Caesar were life members, although many of his classmates differed on this latter assertion. The eighth and last toast that of "The Ladies," was responded to by Mr. Magee.

After the toasts, we were treated with some very fine solos from Messrs. Boyer and Robins. Mr. Moore was
called upon, but pleaded being out of voice. Having talked, sung, and smoked, we left the festive scenes near one o'clock and made for our homes, waking up boarding-school girls and causing policemen to start and tremble. Our supper was everything that could be desired, and Mr. Augustin's Ethiopian Ganymedes, who moved with a noiseless tread, were a feature of the occasion. Taking it as a whole, our Re-union was a grand success, and although it is the last one that we have in college life, may it not be the last when we have left. And in after years when we re-assemble for a similar purpose, may we behold in each other types of the representative men of the Country.

H. W. A.

JUNIORS' SUPPER.

On February 21st, "'77" assembled at Augustin's to partake of a class supper. Numerous attempts at conversation, even songs were tried, but all failed on account of the extreme weakness of the class. As soon as the signal of readiness was given, with a shout and a rush the upper hall was reached. What then followed we leave to the imagination. One member who left early, (two waiters and one shutter accompanying,) told the story of how they ate and drank, but as to individual facts, all was oblivion.

From the supper-card, together with the conflicting statements of the members, especially the "early member," and with the aid of a powerful imagination we present the following notes of proceeding relative to the toasts: —
Mr. Crenshaw opened the occasion by his presidential address. Bidding all welcome, he stated that he was not favorable to a third term; but would accept if they thought fit to re-elect him. He also made some very impressive remarks relative to the class sustaining its character and fame, by eating more than was good for them, drinking more than they could pay for, and by smashing things in general. He then closed amidst tears.

The bill of fare shows us that eleven courses were eaten, and between them the toasts were offered and responded to in the following order:

"The University," by Mr. Fell. This gentleman laid particular stress upon the attachment of his class for the noble institution; but regretted that there was so much competition in the class for the position of "end man." He thought the class studied entirely too much, and feared they would lose their athletic proficiency thereby, since even he felt himself getting weak.

Mr. O. H. Kendall, in behalf of the Faculty, responded to their toast in "liquid tones," (this from the "early member.")) What it implies, we leave to the reader.

Mr. Geyelin responded to the Athletic Association in a very touching manner. He spoke of its utility, and mentioned its direct application to his case; for said he "had it not been for my athletic training, I could never have prepared for this evening's ordeal."

Mr. John Neill replied to the "Secret Societies," but owing to the quantity of food already consumed, and through fear of missing a course, made his effusion very brief.

Mr. Neilson reported the "Glee Club" in a prosperous condition, and remarked that the only thing detrimental to its becoming one of the leading musical associations in the country, was the want of good voices.

Mr. Yardley responded to "The Ladies" in a voice filled with humor, poetry, and love, but "husky on account of the acidity of the lemonade." This was the only speech that was quietly listened to; for by the time he proposed "a bumper to their very good healths and pros.
perity,” only one other member had sufficient strength and consciousness to be aware of the fact.

The supper was truly a success, and our Provost, judging from the number absent the next day, thinks they must have had a good time.

SOPHOMORES’ SUPPER.

THE class of “'78” met on the evening of February 4th, at Augustin’s. Where Augustin’s is and what he is, we needn’t say, for he is about as well known amongst our students as Prof. McC’s story about the printer. Suffice it to say that the class met and improved by the meeting.

It was with great anxiety that the other classes awaited the event, for '78 is so enterprising a class that it was not known whether they would give up the good old custom entirely, or so modify it according to their elevated precepts of morality, as to mask the real object of the occasion.

But gladly do we say that once more was the time-honored custom repeated and intensified; for '78 did truly eat and act as the occasion required.

After a neat introductory speech by the President, Mr. Hoffman, the courses were devoured without regard either to etiquette or to the comfort of the attending waiters.
The behavior of the class was "highly commendable," so says Prof. McElroy, who with Mr. O. H. Kendall represented the Faculty, and by a mutual system of prompting succeeded jointly to answer the toast of "The Faculty." (It is said that some attempt was made to make mention of a "certain printer, &c.," but we doubt the authenticity of the report.)

The "Secret Societies," responded to by Mr. Craig.

The "Athletic Association," by Messrs. Reeves and Patterson.

The "Glee Club," by Mr. McCollin, who likewise sang the heart-rending "lone fish ball," as a specimen of the club's proficiency.

Mr. Burton replied to the call for the University Magazine, while Mr. Rutter, represented the "Angels" in so impressive a manner that many members entirely succumbed to the tune of "I want to be an angel."

The class arose from the table at midnight, (not without assistance,) and wound their weary way home determined as oft before, "Never to get drunk any more."
CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

CLASS OF '76.

President—William C. Bullitt.
First Vice President—Samuel F. Prince, Jr.
Second " " —Benjamin M. Newbold.
Secretary—Walter A Fellows.
Executive Committee—Eugene R. Hudders, Chairman;
David Townsend, John J. J. Moore, Joseph Alexander, William L. Kneedler

CLASS OF '77.

President—E. A. Crenshaw.
First Vice President—James Bond,
Second " " —H. L. Geyelin.
Corresponding Secretary—J. W. Yardley. Recording Secretary—C. S. Farnum
Treasurer—C. I. Junkin.
Executive Committee—F. A. Lewis, Walter Cox, H. Y. Heebner, G. S. Philler,
I. N. Gordon.

CLASS OF '78.

President—J. O. Hoffman.
First Vice President—Arthur L. Church.
Second " " —J. C. Craven.
Recording Secretary—Charles F. Reeves— Corresponding Secretary—William,
Executive Committee—Harry McDowell, Chairman; William P. Breed,
William K. Lowrey. Henry H. Houston, John H. Murphy, John C. Patterson

CLASS OF '79.

President—S. H. Walsh.
First Vice President—John W. Dall, Jr.
Second " " —H. La Barre Jayne.
Recording Secretary—A. M. Hance Corresponding Secretary—G. W. Hunt.
Treasurer—T. C. Wiley.
Executive Committee—J. M. Gest, Saunders Lewis, Thomas Beath, Lincoln
AGAIN old Philo comes forward to take her accustomed place in the record of the graduating class; as prosperous and flourishing as of old, with nothing to mark the long sixty-three years of her existence save the well-deserved honor to which her long career of usefulness has so justly entitled her.

The sun of Zelo has now apparently irrevocably set, Philo stands alone in our University, to carry on the work she began so long ago. Nor has she shown any signs of weakness, rather those of undiminished vigor during the period of the past winter.

Under her auspices and at her expense a magazine has arisen which, with her characteristic liberality, Philo has not devoted alone to the furthering of her own interests, but by which she affords an opportunity for the whole University to enjoy the advantages which amateur journalism affords. The success of this enterprise has been so remarkable as to lead Philo to sincerely believe that the magazine will be sustained in the future, nor can she but consider that by its means she has contributed a valuable adjunct to the University, both in the training of its students and making the worth of their Alma Mater more widely known and generally acknowledged.

The ordinary exercises of the Society have continued during the past season with admirable regularity. Debates, orations, essays, have encouraged the literary talent of her sons, while her business management has thoroughly tested their acquaintance with the mysteries of "Matthias." Instruction has been pleasantly blended with amusement, and no greater proof of her undiminished popularity is to be found than in the excellent representation of members which she has drawn from "our young friends" of '79, whose unusual proficiency and interest in the exercises of our society richly deserve this transient mention.

Our class of '76, though comparatively sparsely represented, has always played a prominent part in Philomathean affairs. We can look back with pleasure to the many pleasant evenings spent within Philo’s walls. We owe her an inestimable debt of gratitude for the benefits conferred upon us; we leave her with regret, but not without bright aspirations for the future, for we trust that we leave her in hands worthy and able to carry on her career a step farther toward perpetuity. To those upon whom our mantle falls we now entrust her, feeling that we can leave no heavier responsibility than her direction, no heartier blessing than the wish that, when the time comes for them to finish the period of their University career, they may look back to Philo with pleasure as unalloyed, with gratitude as heartfelt as do the Philos of '76.

Officers and Members of the Philomathean Society.

George S. Philler, Moderator; Edward G. McCollin, First Censor; John M. Gest, Second Censor; I. S. Smyth, Treasurer; Edward S. McIlvaine, Secretary; Charles I. Junkin, Recorder; Joseph J. Knowles and Em- lin H. Miller, Librarians.

'76.

FRANKLIN SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

URING the past year the "Scientific" of old became widely known under the rejuvenated name of "Franklin Scientific Society," and it is for us to present it in its new attire. Not only must we present a new name, but, practically, a new Society. In December, 1872, the "Mineralogical Society" was organized to supply a want long felt by scientific students, a place where opinions could be advanced and exchanged without the dread of hostile criticism. Science had, however, not yet been popularized, and the society, after a short existence, became extinct. But every cause has its effect, even so this failure gave a new impetus to the expectations and endeavors of a few, and ultimately resulted in the foundation of the Scientific Society, by the class of '79. Finding that science would not be taken in its pure state, it was administered in small doses, by varying the exercises with literary matter. By this means the cause of science gradually grew into favor and the Franklin Scientific Society was made a reality and endowed with a hearty and lusty existence.

To sustain the interest amongst the students and public in general, an annual course of lectures has been incorporated in its constitution. How successful the lectures of this winter's course were, all those present can signify; for it proved not only a social agent, but served to spread knowledge amongst those who were anxious to learn. The lecturers who most kindly volunteered to this cause, and to whom great thanks are due, were Profs Morse, Hill, Young, Newberry, and Chandler. Our esteemed Professor, Dr. Barker, besides giving invaluable aid in the preparation of the course, kindly complimented the society, and recalled pleasant memories, by delivering the closing lecture. The lectures were well attended, securing thereby financial success.

Through the liberality of the members and of kind friends, very promising collections of minerals, fauna and flora, have been started, which will be of inestimable value to the scientific student by supplying him with specimens for personal observation and investigation. In fact such has been the success of the society, that the Faculty has recognized it as a most valuable aid to the scientific course, and join with us in wishing that the present as well as the future generation of students may partake of its advantages.

W. A. F.
Officers and Members of the Franklin Society.

Pres., Otto C Wolf; V.-Pres., Horace Jayne; Treas., F H Lewis; Rec. Sec., H La Barre Jayne; Cor. Sec., E H Browne; Curator, W G. Button.

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W C Bultitt.

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ATHLETIC.

"MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO."

In the Fall of 1873, a number of the students, members of the classes of '75 and '76, having the interest of the University at heart, organized themselves into a society for the promotion of athletic sports under the name of the Athletic Association. At the first meeting the contests consisted merely of throwing the ball and a running match, with prizes to those members of the Base Ball Nine having the highest scores in batting and catching.

In the following spring the "Association" was re-organized and placed on a firm basis; the membership increased from the Freshmen as well as the higher classes; the number of contest raised to ten, to take place semi-annually (Spring and Fall); gold badges given for prize; and the Athletic Association, of the University of Pennsylvania made an active, popular and growing reality.

The increase in membership and in the number of entries at the semi-annual contests; the improvement in the proficiency of the contestants, and the successful way in which the meetings of the Association are managed, are remarkable when we consider that two years ago the Athletic Association was an untried experiment.

Our Alma Mater stands second on the list of American Colleges, by the record of her Athletic contests, Old Harvard only leading her. This is a good record to have made in two years and the members of the Society that has accomplished so much are justly proud of their achievement.

J. A.
THE FALL GAMES.

These were held Oct. 30th, 1875, on the grounds of the North Philadelphia B. B. C., before a large assemblage of spectators, consisting of lady and gentleman friends of the "Association." Owing to heavy rain, which occurred at the finish of the three mile walk, the games were postponed until the next Saturday, when the remainder of the games were finished with satisfactory results, the 100 yd. dash, three mile walk and one mile run deserving especial commendation.

THE SPRING GAMES.

These were held, by kind permission of Mr. Robt. Steel, on his private track, Germantown. For weeks the students of the University had looked forward impatiently to this event, for it was to prove more conclusively than heretofore the Athletic resources of the College, and it was with no small amount of rejoicing that May 13th appeared free from any sign of rain. The day was all that could be expected of a fresh breeze dissipating the effects of a warm sun and a clear sky. After the arrival of the 11 A.M. train from the city, the scenes en route to the grounds reminded one of "Derby Day," and any enthusiastic Englishman could have easily imagined himself in his native clime. Every coach and carriage was literally crammed with ladies and gentlemen, each in their enthusiasm wearing the college colors of red and blue. The track was in excellent condition, and the results of such a high order that any previously entertained doubts concerning representation at Saratoga were entirely dissipated. Appended is a summary of the Fall and Spring Games.

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<td>100 yds dash</td>
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<td>St'dg jump</td>
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<td>Th. Ball</td>
<td>H W Andrews, jr.</td>
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<td>Run. Race</td>
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<td>1 Mile Run</td>
<td>A Hewson, jr.</td>
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THE UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

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'76 ELEVEN.


'77 ELEVEN.


'78 ELEVEN.


'79 ELEVEN.

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First Bass, A L Church Second Bass, W P Breed, Jr
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First Tenors, C H Colket Second Tenors, W B Boulton
" A M Hance " T Learning
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" W L Nevin " B F Monteith
" T C Wiley " T Reath
First Bass, G T Hazlehurst Second Bass, G W Hunt
" W Lorenz, Jr " C H Kenney
" W W Webb " J B Kinley
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" C W Nevin " S Lewis, Jr
" W L Nevin " B F Monteith
" T C Wiley " T Reath
First Bass, G T Hazlehurst Second Bass, G W Hunt
" W Lorenz, Jr " C H Kenney
" W W Webb " J B Kinley
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" E V d'Invilliers, '78 " J P C Griffith, '77
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