

were of characteristic excellence, and the Senior Class was admirably represented by Messrs. Wallace and Williams. The unfurling of the flag was the occasion of loud cheering, and immediately afterwards the College flag was three times dipped in salutation of its sister. The ladies deserve great credit for the enthusiasm displayed both in procuring the flag and in carrying out the exercises with such eclat.

'85 ON THE RAMPAGE.—Monday evening, April 30th, was the occasion of unusual jollification on the part of the members of the three lower classes. The exams. were over and demonstrations were in order. The Freshmen entertained themselves in a class-supper at the Village House, and were not at all anxious to retire to their "feathery couches." To the Sophs., the period seemed especially opportune for extraordinary celebrations. Not content with satisfying the cravings of the inner man from a richly set table in Chipman Hall, they determined to inform some of their Professors of their feelings of freedom. In solemn procession they formed, the dreaded Calculus of Dr. Edward Olney their companion, on high they held their burning torches, and marched in funeral pace to the ground of cremation. The spot selected was, naturally enough, the lawn facing the residence of Dr. Higgins. Informing the Prof. of their approach by song and wild hollowing, they called for a speech, and seemed satisfied with a sympathetic response. Snatches of music, mournful (?) wailings, and a word or two from oratorical lips floated far and wide to many a listening ear, telling their tale of Olney's sad fate. Yet another Prof. must leave the arms of Orpheus,—however distant be his home. "Jones must wake up," and he did. The genial Prof. made, to use his own expression, "a brilliant speech," and '85, apparently appeased, left for quieter scenes, but not without first adorning the flag-staff with an effigy of Olney himself.

We give for the edification of those of our readers, who can appreciate the pranks of college youths, the oration delivered over the burning leaves of Olney, by J. A. Ford:—

MY CLASSMATES,—This is a solemn hour. Reminiscences from the past, like morning mist, come floating across the horizon of our minds, only to fade away in the sad experience of the present. To-night we gather round the funeral pyre of a departed friend, and our hearts are touched with sadness as we remember that the ties which once bound us are eternally severed, that the companion

of many a weary hour, the friend who clung to us during many a lonely vigil, the instructor whose sublime discussions tempted us so often to burn the midnight oil, is now a mass of silent dust. Who is there here so cold, who so callous-hearted, who so utterly destitute of those nobler feelings which tend to exalt our common manhood, that he will not shed a silent tear and heave a parting sigh over the hallowed ashes of the lamented Edward Olney?

But our grief is not solitary. Hark! Nature responds. She murmurs her sorrow over the remains of the mighty dead. She grieves that he who could explore her most distant worlds and calculate the orbits of planets and stars, that he who could pursue the flying comet in his course and measure the length of his tail is now about to mingle his dust with "mother earth."

But while we deplore his sad departure and realize, to some extent, the magnitude of our bereavement, we can still point with pride and satisfaction to the reputation for consistency and truthfulness which he has left behind him. In this respect, there are no vulnerable points in his character. There is no foe so fool-hardy as to assail the faultless *problem* of his life, no critic so daring as to question the accuracy with which he has deduced the *equation* of the *straight line* from the cradle to the grave.

Our acquaintance with him has been of the most intimate nature. His influence will be felt by us till the latest hour of life. He has been with us by night and by day. He has flitted across our pathway at the most unexpected seasons. We have seen him in the most quaint and startling forms. How often has he glided before us in the religious assembly and interrupted, for a time, the sacred flow of exalted reflection! How often has he appeared to us during the hour of private devotion, in the form of a *general equation* or a *function*, and put language in our mouths not to be found in any orthodox Prayer Book! What Sophomore has not beheld him perched on a *point* or moving gracefully around in a *continuous curve*? Who has not seen him setting astride the *abscissas* and grasping the *ordinates* of an *Ellipse* or floating away dim and phantom-like upon the focus of an *Hyperbola*? Who has not marvelled at his *eccentricity* as he saw him careering along on a *Conic Section* with Boscovich's ratio for a guide! What brain-weary student has not beheld him in his dreams, peering at him from the ray-form of the *Cissoid*, or standing by his bed side in the weird and ghostly attire of the "Witch of Mantua." All these memories troop before us to-night. They come! They come like spirits from the shadowy Past. They breathe upon our hearts with an influence gentle as a summer zephyr, noiseless as the beating of a cherub's wing, as we gather round these dying embers.

Voices, too, float down to us to-night—voices of the Sophomores of the By-gone. They are borne to our ears on the night wind. They whisper words of sympathy and encouragement. Their shadowy