ONE of the most welcome of the recent visitors to our Exchange table is Chaff, from the University of Pennsylvania. A paper which could strike the golden mean between the ubiquity of Lampy’s humor and the arid pages enclosed between the green covers of the Dartmouth can hardly fail to attain the success which its excellence and novelty deserve. The cuts and verses with which the paper abounds are generally excellent, and we recommend Chaff to all frequenters of the reading-room. The death of a favorite professor called forth in the February number one of the best editorials we remember to have seen in a college journal, and the following verses:

Our business is to laugh, you say,
No time for weeping now, I sooth,
Though sorrow comes, and death to-day
Has ta’en the friend of age and youth.

No time for jesting now? Alas!
Too oft the clown stands by the grave
And mingles dirges with his laughs,
And funeral hymn with ribald stave.

Humor’s our role? Do tears not fall
From laughter as from sorrow, then?
Your fool is Janus-faced, and all
Through life shows either side to men.

We have always been awed in the presence of our staid and dignified friend the Advocate, and have long ago ceased to wonder how he could always keep his face so straight. He has at last, however, descended to humor, and for the sake of a well-earned reputation, let us hope that he will not find the proverbial difficulty in retracing his steps and returning to upper air. For fine examples of the work of early English wood-engravers we recommend his supplement, which is a strange and unapproachable mingling of “Iolanthe,” “The Inferno,” and utter aimlessness.

The recent semi-annual examinations which have been general throughout the colleges have called forth the annual discussion and condemnation of the marking system in its various forms. Generally, however, complaints are numerous, suggestions few.

Harvard and Yale are at it, and each other, again in the familiar fashion. This time it is the boat-race. After much disgraceful bickering, a set of rules to govern such contests has been adopted, and will, it is to be hoped, do away hereafter with such controversies, at once childish and unnecessary.

Clippings.

This mail from the Michigan Argonaut will be especially appreciated at this time by '85:

Foul physics is my theme, sir;
Its lover I esteem, sir;
The biggest crank that ever drank
The milk and left the cream, sir.

For when much else there is, sir,
That's full of sense and bliss, sir,
Pray why put up with such a cup
Of bitterness as this, sir?

It drown me with velocity,
And opens my porosity;
Division rules my molecules
With clinical ferocity.

Work and acceleration
Keep me in forced vibration.
The 'ometers and 'mometers
Bring mental aberration.

With prisms and with lenses
My distracted sight it frenzies;
The spectral curse blights me far worse
Than mumps or influenzas.

Just when I think I've tumbled
To that for which I fumbled
Throughout my brains, the prof explains,
And all my thoughts are jumbled.

To suffering I'm inurable
Whenever its incurable
But such distress without success
Is simply unendurable.