

cane's gale. They have ever been with us during midsummer's sultry days, cooling many a fevered brow and inciting within us renewed energy for the work of life, by gentle breezes from their shady summits. Who that has ever gazed upon our Alleghenies with their graceful curves, majestic outline, and beautiful foliage, has not paused in admiration and awe, saying within his heart "Great and wonderful are Thy works, O Lord!"

Ever changing, yet always the same, these silent monuments stand before us as unfolding histories of past ages. And man's mind cannot but envy them the unfathomable secrets which they so closely clasp in their rock-bound bosoms.

These mountains have known life in its varied form for countless ages, for it is only through the life that is past that they have achieved their beautiful present, and how comparatively little we know of their history. It is but a few centuries since the red man roamed through their wooded valleys, and his camp fire burned peacefully upon their many summits; but now, looking over their broad landscapes, we behold what a change of scene civilized man has wrought in only two centuries. Could we but live on with the mountains but a few more centuries, we might gaze upon a still greater change than the last two have brought before our view.

Our Centre county mountains have never known the jar, the tumult and bloodshed of war, yet many have been the braves to go forth from the shadow of the Alleghenies at their country's call.

If mountains could weep ours have had cause to weep but once over the murder of man by his fellowman. They have known but one Giles and but one Monks. As the war of the rebellion was the first such crime within their borders, so may it be the last, and may our mountains ever stand before us as examples of peace.

CAMP ROBERTS.

The Corps of Cadets of this institution under the command of Lieut. S. S. Pague, U. S. A., went into camp at McBride's Gap, a quiet retreat in the Nittany range, on June 2, remaining there over June 4. In honor of Capt. Chas. W. Roberts, of West Chester, Pa., who so kindly gave \$300 to the Military Department to be distributed as prizes at the coming Commencement, for proficiency in military drill and discipline, the camp was named "Camp Roberts."

This was the first experience in military camp life the present cadets of the institution

have had, and the success of the undertaking reflects creditably upon the tact and energy of the Commandant in charge. The camp consisted of a company street, enclosed on each side by ten A tents for privates and two wall tents for officers, and on the one end by the Commandant's quarters and on the other by the six tents of the Guard. Ample opportunity was afforded for the application of one's knowledge of guard duty, and the manual on that subject recently published by Lieut. Pague proved to be a valuable companion. Indeed the performance of guard duty was one of the chief features of the camp, and though it savored considerably of "hard tack," yet the boys trod patiently through the mud on their respective posts, ever and anon calling for the corporal of the guard to sustain the authority thus vested in them.

The inclemency of the weather detracted much from the fascination characteristic of camp life, but it aided the imagination in picturing the hardships of soldier life in war.

Friday morning the camp was visited by Capt. Mullen, Lieut. Geissinger, Lieut. Reber, of Co. B, Fifth Reg't, and Quarter master McMillen, of the Fifth Reg't, N. G. P. They arrived in time to witness the ceremony of guard mounting, after which they departed. In the evening a large bonfire was made in the middle of the company street, and near it was raised a tent fly as shelter for an improvised orchestra consisting of the different musical instruments which the boys had brought with them. Words cannot express how delectable was the music they rendered. The majestic mountain which towered up in the rear of the camp ground seemed to stand in a gazing admiration of the Terpsichorean muse below. The natives turned out *armed* with their infant babes to behold the artists who filled the evening air with such melodious strains. But as the hour of 10 approached, this merry-making began to wane, the natives returned to their homes, the boys, except those on duty, hustled to their tents, and when Taps were sounded, extinguished their lights. It was now the wily sentinels began their deadly (?) work. Bang! Bang! Bang! cracked the Springfield's, "Corporal of the Guard, No.——!" yelled the sentinels, when out would come a wiry corporal, who, spying through the gloomy darkness the receding form of a deserter(?), proceeded in hot pursuit of him. We wait a few minutes and we hear the sound of approaching foot-steps; they are the footsteps of the corporal returning with his prisoner, all bedaubed with mud, exhausted, and wounded (?) by the unerring fire of the sentinel, but he is nevertheless "chucked" into the