





# THE YALE TOMAHAWK.

Devoted to the Class of Fifty.

"CRY HAVOC! AND LET SLIP THE DOGS OF WAR!"

YALE COLLEGE.

NOVEMBER, 1847.

PRICE 6 CENTS.



KAPPA SIGMA THETA SOCIETY.

It is probably known to but few of our readers that there is, in the Sophomore Class, a Society which has long been struggling for a respectable footing among the Societies of College. Its prospects have at last become so hopeless that they have sent to the parent Chapter at Middletown "head of sloop navigation" for permission to expire. This permission has been reluctantly granted, by the few surviving members at that place, and the decesses will "come off" as soon as any member can be found able to write a funeral oration.

The members of last year, having scoured, with poor success, all the high ways, and by-ways, and hedges in the neighborhood, endeavoring to persuade *all*, whoever would, to come in, proceeded, on the night of Friday, twenty-third July last, to initiate the numberless numskull, half, and blind, who, having no hope of better things, had yielded to their persuasions.

We present the performances of that eventful night in the following verses. We would add that after the performances, the members were chased about town during the remainder of the night by officers of the College, and by the police. Several valedictorians were among the fugitives.

## SONG OF THE ROWDIES!

Air—"Yankee Doodle."

O! sing and shout hurrah! hurrah!  
For Kappa Sigma Theta, boys!  
Our plasters all begin to draw  
The "Fresh" to our embraces, boys!  
To night they climb the slippy pole  
And ride the bristly goat, boys;  
To night we drain the sparkling bowl  
And man our leaky boat, boys!

Mc Allister make all the stir,  
For you can do it best, man;  
Brush softly down the kitten's fur  
And lull them thus to rest, man.  
You, Came, must gild the bitter pill,  
And coat it o'er with candies;  
Prepare a Jack for every Jill,  
A mirror for the dandies!

Ah! here they are!—a motley band,  
All shaking in their shoes, sirs;  
Poor Dick has Bared his head and hand  
And Brown has got the blues, sirs!  
The Champion is pale with dread—  
O, p-Shaw! you'll not get hurt, sir!  
Now, Mac, as once the Frenchman said,  
Let's tear apart De shert, sir!

Quick—Bow! those balls across the floor,  
And make that tall man Bent lie!  
O "Jude-a-Massy," look that door,  
We've Freshmen here a plenty!  
Here, Plum, just Chase that runaway,  
He's got a conscience-quid, sir;  
Those legs of his quite briskly play,  
They've got a Cunning ham, sir!

Who let that Crane into our hall?  
Who's that a talking Welch, sirs?  
Stop, or you'll catch an ugly rap  
And come down with a squelch, sirs!  
By Andrea (T. H.) Jackson, boys!  
And Garrick's changeful phiz, sirs!  
You in-Hoppers now must stop your noise,  
Or learn what jawtug is, sirs!

Pick up that horn and broken drum,  
Those empty bottles, too, boys;  
It is not right, when *Concerts* come,  
To stagger and look blue, boys!  
Come, straighten up, my hearties, all,  
We'll have a *Todd-y*, soon, sirs,  
For fat and *Le-an*, for short and tall,  
We'll lift you to the moon, sirs!

Hurrah! hurrah! 'tis almost morn,  
The stars are growing paler!  
Say, Jim, your pants are badly torn—  
No matter—here's a *Tailor*!  
Not quite Old Zack—but yet you'll find  
He'll have a fitting patch nigh;  
For in his room all sorts of rags  
In one tremendous *B(hatch) lie*!

Ha! *Albert*—drop that poem now,  
You've *Conned* it quite enough, sir;  
He must be verdant who *Would* ford  
A swamp of such vile, stuff, sir!  
It tells how long Sir *William* fished  
To get a decent dinner;  
At length a long-tailed eel he caught,  
But hadn't spunk to *Skin* her!

He left his rod, but soon returned,  
And then, as I've been told, sir,  
He found himself, like that *Man Ross*,  
Who couldn't find the *Pale*, sir!  
And that's the poem! *Read* it through?  
My stars, you'd better wait, sir;  
And pray that some kind angel friend  
*Would ward off* such a fate, sir!

Now choose your President, my boys,  
But not that *Bill H. Dick*, sirs;  
He's tricky, sly, and always dives  
Too deep in Politics, sirs!  
Now give three cheers—three hearty cheers,  
And then we'll start up *street*, sirs;  
About the *Tutors*, beat the drum,  
And then—trust to our feet, sirs!

## THE "YALE LIT."—EDITORS' MEETING—&c.

What a fine, jolly, roistering set of fellows the editors of the "Yale Literary" are! Most inestimable companions! Moons and stars! catch our night-cap if we ever knew one of them to have a sober phiz! Their presence, even in the darkest corners of College, is sure to provoke the most deafening echoes of mirth and hilarity. What could our community do without them! And then their intellectual effusions! Oh, the very perfection of brilliancy and wit! Who was ever able to hold his sides over them! Who ever had the dyspepsia or the hypochondria or the hydrophobia, or any thing else after them! We never did. We hope that all our readers, especially the dear Freshmen, are subscribers. The editors tell us that they "are going to have lots of funny and some original things in this winter!" These editors are all educated men. One of them has been setting at our elbow for three hours past, entertaining (I) us (confidentially) with a bit of an adventure. It was on this wise. It seems that one of "the five" had started out about eleven o'clock at night to attend the "Regular Editor's Meeting." It was quite dark, the way was long, and the jovial traveler just about three sheets in the wind. He jogged along and along, rolling up here and lying back there, till at last he began to think it must be "some distance" to the Editor's meeting, farther than he had supposed. At length he descried a light in a small hall in C— street. He staggered in; and finding a number of people assembled, and not exactly aware of the nature of the meeting, he sat quietly down among the rest, in hopes to spy out, after awhile, something of the object of his search, the "Editor's Meeting." Presently Mr. Smith, the minister, arose and observed: "This is a meeting where every person is free to speak, and if any of you have any thing on your minds, or any inquiries to make, there is perfect liberty."

Upon this, our friend got up, and, steadying himself

as well as he could by the bench, began—"Mr.—hick—Smi—hick—Smith, I—hickup—should like to—hickup—make one—hickup—inquiry, if—hickup—it be in—hickup—order."

"Certainly, sir, this is a meeting of free inquiry; ask any question you think proper."

"I'm afraid I shall—hickup—give some—hickup—offence, if I"—hickup—

"Oh, no, not at all; speak freely, and without any apprehension. I am very glad to perceive that you manifest an inquiring spirit."

"Well, then—hickup—since you are so good as to—hickup—allow me to—hickup—speak freely—hickup—hickup—I would—hickup—just—hickup—ask whether you have seen any—hickup—thing of the Editor's Meeting?"

The scene that followed we have been requested not to describe. Suffice to say, our friend at last found the "meeting;" and what then occurred we here transcribe from a Record, which he accidentally left with us.

"122 N. C.—1 o'clock A. M.—the "Five" all present. Mr. Linkum (a young piece of "linked sweetness") calls to order. Whereupon Mr. Buck Pepper jumps up to know by what authority Linkum takes the chair. Mr. Rufus Salix observes (staring that hopelessly does it *ex officio*).

Mr. Fixington smilingly remarks—"well, I don't know, I rather think that's a question, Salix; "but"—In turning his head at this semicolon, Mr. Fixington's throat is perforated by his standing collar, and he immediately swoons. Rufus crams a piece of poetry into the incision, and order is restored; upon which, Mr. Mungoole gets up and says—"Gentlemen! I move that Mr. Linkum be considered Chairman!"—and the motion is carried in spite of the nervous exhibitions of Pepper.

Cries of "speech!" "speech!" come now from three corners of the room. Mr. Linkum rises, and unbuttoning his coat, thus delivers himself—

"We are here got together, gentlemen, on very exceedingly solemn business! (a breathless silence). I hope you all thoroughly feel it! (Mr. Fixington feels after his heart). We've arrived here to take upon us the shroud and coffin of our predecessors! They have departed and left behind no "sorrow and glory" for us! (Pepper falls out of his chair). They have departed, and the places that they knew them, now know them no more. Yes, they are dead and defunct, gentlemen! Humanity must flament when such individualities pass away! Away from a state of maturity to a state of vacillancy!—away from a state of studiousness to a state of vacillancy!—away from a state of visibility to a state of invisibility! Yes, gentlemen, it becomes us to lugubriate—to lugubriate, I say, when such practical rectitude disappears in mistified common! When pure sackcloth-tired English Anglo Saxon is outwiped and supplanted by the mountainous ponderosity of superlatively pellucid moonshine and gentlemen when heavenly ideas of unsophisticated identity sears down into the celestial realms of hydro-sublimated nonsense to lapse, slot and still onward away and away into the laciferous limbo of diaphanous nowhere, then then gentlemen!"

"Mr. Chairman," says Pepper, hopping up, "I move we adjourn. It is very evident in the first place, that none of us have any 'knowledge of the lapse of time'; and in the second place, the clock is striking two."

"I rather think the gentleman is mistaken," says Fixington, "I knew that it was 2 o'clock."

"Mr. Linkum," says Mungoole, "I hope we shan't adjourn at present; I've got a tale, sir, a plain, unvarnished tale to tell before we go." "Hear him!" "Hear him!" cries every body but Pepper.

"Gentlemen," says Mungoole, rising, "We must have an order of things!—The character of our Magazine must be placed upon a more respectable platform in this community. We must have less of the superficial and more of the solid. We must have less humor and more reality, gentlemen! More philosophy—more ethics—more seriousness—more uninteresting, unamusing, unintelligible, dry, school-boy essays than we have now!"

"Mr. Chair," interrupts Pepper, "I would like to know if the gentleman means us? I say that my essays, every one of them, have been highly commendable to myself and to the Magazine. My 'Knowledge of the Lapse of Time' my 'Civilization and Morality,' my 'Racine,' &c., have, to my own knowledge, been read by at least one man in every class in College!"

"Sit down, sit down, Pepper," whispers Rufus; "Google is speaking in an *Allegory*, he is a man that always has thoughts on *Philanthropy*; he would not hurt you."

"Go on, sir," remarks Linkum, at Fixington's suggestion.

"As I was saying, sir, we need to give to our Magazine a character still more sober, blue and sedate, than ever our predecessors gave it. We must infuse our own spirits into it. Sir, it is our duty, our glorious duty! Let us not fail to discharge it!" Mungoole sits down amid uproars of silence.

Rufus rises. "Mr. Chairman, I have the following Resolution to offer:—

*Resolved*, That hereafter, it be considered censurable for any Editor of the Yale Literary Magazine, to "speak" any ideas, any language, or any entire paragraph for his articles, from any obscure English or American printers, whether old or new, or from his parents' letters, &c. &c."

"In support of this Resolution, sir, I have only time to call your attention to an interesting circumstance. Upon the 89th page of Vol. XII, of this Magazine, is an elegant poem entitled, 'A PSALM OF DEATH.' I ask you to read it, and then turn to page 108 of the same Volume. There you find a few indifferent verses called, 'LIFE—DEATH.' Please to notice the remarkable resemblance of these two compositions, and then turn to page 337 and read those exceedingly original stanzas of Mr. Mungoole, entitled, 'THE TIME TO DIE.' Comments, sir, are unnecessary. The second was evidently flayed out of the first, and the third from both the preceding! Ah! sir, to what base uses must we come at last!"

"Amid the confusion that followed this vehement outburst, the tall candles were extinguished, the Editors vanished, and Mr. Linkum went to bed, to dream of "war and glory." &c. &c., which will probably be well known to the readers of the Yale Literary, in some future editorial.









VIV EST NOTISSIMA!

## ACTING MEMBERS

OF THE

## SOCIETY OF THE ALPHA SIGMA PHI.

ALBERT BOOTH,  
ROBERT BLISS,  
WILLIAM R. BLISS,  
OLIVER BROWN,  
GORDON M. BRADLEY,  
GEORGE S. CONVERSE,  
GEORGE L. FROST,  
WILLIAM T. FARNHAM,  
THOMAS S. HALL,  
LEONARD A. HENDRICK,

CURTIS J. HILLAR,  
EDWARD M. JEROME,  
MARTIN KELLOGG,  
JAMES D. KEESE,  
SYLVANUS S. MUIFORD,  
WM. PENN RIVERS,  
ROBERT SMITH,  
PHILEMON TRACY,  
JAMES G. WARING,  
LUCIAN S. WILCOX.

## The Tomahawk.

"WHAT HEEL SPARES THE VIPER'S BROOD?"

Be not offended, fellow students, that once again your attention, your interest, and your support is called to another college sheet. Though we come a stranger; our cognomen unfamiliar and perhaps uncourtly; though at our stealthy approach you shudder, conjuring up strange phantasms of the havoc and merciless destruction that were wont to follow the flight of the TOMAHAWK, in those days when the wild savage roamed in our primeval woods, and with this unerring weapon hurled panic and death upon his white foe;—though indeed you find every thing repugnant in our name, our nature, and our unexpected (and perhaps to you) apparently uncalled-for appearance; yet, be assured, we have just claims upon your ears; yes, even though we come with a TOMAHAWK in our hand!

We have much to say; and first

"We must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom we please;  
And they that are most galled with our folly,  
They must most laugh!"

A short time since, an issue of some obscure press, priding itself in the appellation of a "*Banger*" was inflicted upon you. It came forth under the assumed sanction, and as the authorized organ of a class whose intellect has ever been characterized by higher and nobler efforts than any that were impressed upon that sheet; and whose relish of wit and humor was cultivated in no school of Billingsgate, and by no familiarity with the vocabulary of "Five Points." It came to you under false colors, and you have justly condemned it and thrown it aside. It was no organ of the Class. But shall we say it was no organ of that *Society* of which those *five illustrious young gentlemen*, (Egad! one of them would fain "bestride the narrow world,") its editors, its glorious "*we*," are members? There are one or two men of sense upon its roll, and did we make such a sweeping assertion they would fall under it! And yet, for the honor of the class we must say that the pseudo-talented sheet in question must be considered either as an index of the intellectual capacities and worth of that *Society*, or of the "*five illustrious young gentlemen*" above mentioned! No! the "Class of Fifty" would be far from "fathering" such a child as that which was vomited into existence on the 22d of October, 1847!

Notwithstanding we, as well as you, fellow students, are thoroughly disgusted with the impudence, the ignorance, the stupidity, the remarkable self-conceit, the platitudes, the bombast, the bawdiness of the "*five illustrious young gentlemen above mentioned*," who, for eleven successive days and nights agitated the stagnant waters of their brains, in the vain hope of bringing up from the slimy depths some jeweled thought for their sheet; and not less with that *Society* which aided and abetted in thrusting the same sheet into your notice;

("Molesti! communi sensu plane carent!")

Notwithstanding all this, we will not, since we have taken up the TOMAHAWK, have done, until its bright edge is blunted in the rubbish and offal which has been palmed upon you as the intellect of that Class to which those "*five illustrious young gentlemen above mentioned*" unfortunately belong! And, in the outset, we must acknowledge that as we draw near to our task our olfactory nerves rebel. "*Augie, stabulum purgare*;" and in turning over the subjects awaiting our dissection, we feel more than ever the truth of that trite adage, "There's small choice in rotten apples!"

Yet we will strip to our toil. And what is this gem so coruscant with wit and intellect (!) that has fallen into our midst!

"What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears  
With such abundance of superfluous breath!"

Let us see. Let us speak our honest minds. It assumes to be a very funny, very funny indeed, — what? No general term in the English language just fits it! It displays a series of caricatures upon the Badges of the College Societies. And what are they? As bare-faced plagiarisms as ever made their appearance in the circles of our Alma Mater! The "punch bowl" skull, brim full of liquid, is a palpable theft from nature; being no more, no less than an exact representation (inside especially) of the skull of the chief editor of the sheet in question; the vapory contents of which skull are easily distinguished all over the two pages of print! The intended caricature of the "Scroll and Key" was stolen entire from the *Banger* of Dec., 1845; and we understand that the poverty of that *Society* of which those "*five illustrious young gentlemen above mentioned*" are members, was so extreme that they even purloined the identical block of 1845, for the use of their print.\*

The "Alpha Delta Phi" comes next; and the idea of this was evidently borrowed at the same source from which the "Scroll and Key" was stolen. Our readers, by referring to the *Banger* of '45, will instantly recognize the resemblance. Yet they have hit the nail upon the head; for the members of the "Alpha Delta Phi" are known to *Rock well*. Then comes the "Psi Upsilon." And here again the poverty of that respectable *Society* before mentioned! The block of 1846, upon which the engraver, in consideration of a small sum of money, has substituted for the *Amici dulces* of last year, a hand, (which looks exceedingly like the property of one of the editors,) fondly clasping the more delicate "paw" of somebody's (his own?) "ladye love!"—Oh, the self-conceit of depraved human nature! The members, we understand, are somewhat *Hough-fy*; they have been very particular to assure us that the innuendoes of "that *Banger*" were false in toto. We readily assented.

But to proceed. The next caricature (?) is upon the "Delta Kappa Epsilon" Society—a foundling of suspicious parentage—which has now dragged out a precarious existence of four oppressive years; but still, severely suffering from an incurable paralysis, gathers itself together each Saturday night to howl over its inflexible fate. Poor Delta Kappa Epsilon!

"Rumble thy belly full! Spit fire! spout rain!

Thy destiny is sealed! Thy days are numbered!—Thy coffin and shroud are in the "Class of Fifty!" Ah, too keenly do ye feel it, as to your quarters, week after week,

\* Since going to press, the Scroll and Key Society have called upon us to say that they never have signed any such "Declaration."

Barefoot ye go  
Through the frost, through the snow;  
Unsteady and slow,  
Your hearts mad with woe!  
Wailing, and howling, and hopeless, and cold,  
Ye slowly bear onward your bones to the mould!  
Heavily plod  
High-road and god  
With your cold corpse clod!  
For this ruin and rod  
Are from man—and not God!

But what kind of a caricature is this? Do the "*five illustrious young gentlemen above mentioned*" profess to be impartial in their dealings? Are they entirely disinterested in exhibiting the badges of other Societies to a ridicule, if possible, greater than that to which they submit the badge of this *Society* (?)! Oh, yes! perfectly disinterested! Dear, lovely, little innocents! i. e. those "*five illustrious young gentlemen above mentioned*."

They belong to a *peculiar genus* cyept "*Delta Kappa Eps Men*!" That's the secret! That's why they leave out the *cabbages* and show only the *ale*! Be it so;

"from this forth

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter!"

But there is one truth emblemized in that cut. Let our readers mark it; especially you that are numbered with "those young gentlemen who have recently joined College." It is this, *as the inclination of that pine table* (see *Banger*) is to the floor; so is the inclination of that *Society* to speedy destruction! ☐

*Nota Bene!* And, by the way, speaking of Destruction, we would not forget to remark that portentous shadows upon the horizon indicate to the "*Kappa Sigma Theta Society*" a fate as sure and as awful as that which hangs over its handmaid, the Delta Kappa Epsilon! A gallows for each is in the process of erection, and arrangements are making to tighten the halters before the law of Capital Punishment is abolished in this State!

The last caricature is one intended for the "*ALPHA SIGMA PHI SOCIETY*," a Society by far the most influential and talented in our College. Indeed, it is the parent *Society* of the College; and numbers among the most illustrious of its chapters, the "Skull and Bone" and the "Phi Beta Kappa." And, speaking of the "Skull and Bone," we would say for the benefit especially of those young gentlemen "lately torn from weeping mothers, &c.," that the last *Yale Banner* was not issued under the auspices of that *Society*, "assisted by a few members of the Freshman Class." But what of this caricature? It would fain represent (see *Banger*) by a meager sketch of "a raft almost wrecked by the waves, with fallen masts, and a few sailors half drowned," (though, some how or other, they are hopping about quite lively, not much like drowning men!) that this time-honored SOCIETY

"that for a thousand years  
Has braved the battle and the breeze."

Is in the same sad condition as that whose quarters in that "back attic" in Chapel st., are weekly "happified" by the presence and original accomplishments of those "*five illustrious young gentlemen above mentioned*!" But "Truth is mighty and will prevail." The malice of disappointed partizans cannot injure that which, in its nature, soars above the region of their pestilential breath. Despite the calumny and sharp-toothed envy, which the baffled ambition of certain autocrats periodically belches forth, the Society of the ALPHA SIGMA PHI, with all its chapters, including the "Skull and Bone," &c. &c. will go on waxing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day! *Diu florent!*

Thus much for the caricatures in that *Banger*. What striking originality, what drollery, side-splitting wit, keen perceptions of the ludicrous, smarting satire, gay effrontery, &c. do they betray in the mature minds and ripened intellects of those "*five illustrious young gentlemen above mentioned*," and the more illustrious *Society* which they represent! Poor Falstaff, you had better go home now! You are totally eclipsed by these new mirth-generating Divinities! We understand that the publishers of "Charcoal Sketches," "Sam Slick," "Nick Nickleby," &c. failed for quite a heavy amount, on the very day of the issue of that *Banger*. A particular friend of ours was not troubled







with "blues" during the whole night of the 22d of Oct. Indeed, a jackass in the neighborhood went into hysterics immediately upon seeing a man pass with the paper. The creature has not yet recovered, we hear, and it is feared that his reason may never return! This circumstance has occasioned great alarm in some circles, as this valuable animal had been presented, through the charity of a few friends, to a dying Junior Society, to draw their hearse, as soon as the frost is out of the ground, to the Salt River Cemetery. We have been told, confidentially, that *one*, if not more, of the editors of the Banger was to ride the beast on that interesting occasion! We hope that none of our readers will mention this latter circumstance to any one.

But now for the *matter* of that sheet. Its weary length is dragged over two entire pages, excepting the page containing a catalogue copied *verbatim*, with the usual mistakes, from the Skull and Bone Banner. Hard indeed were the poor fellows pressed when necessity drove them to such a measure, to fill their vacant sheet! But for their own consolation, we will tell them that this catalogue is considered, in literary circles, as by far the most intellectual monument of those "five illustrious young gentlemen" which the sheet exhibits. And truly, it will ever be of their talents "*monumentum are perennius*."

What shall we say of the editorial? Glorious effusion of super-pellucid brains! Genius coruscates in every line! Wit flashes at every period! What a becoming mantle of wisdom, gravity, humor, and profound conceit!

"I am Sir Oracle,  
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

A great man, surely, was its writer; well versed in polite literature, especially in Day's Algebra, from which he was necessitated to purloin an entire paragraph, in order to convey to the reader his *infinitesimal* ideas!

"A new class has entered College," he says. Starting announcement! We did not know the fact, nor did any one else, until it was thus publicly proclaimed in that talented sheet. No; we had so entirely forgotten the existence of Freshman days, that we could never have affirmed, with the certainty of that Editorial, that such a thing as a Freshman still lived, and moved, and had its being! To us, the memories of those long ago days are as "faded strains, that float upon the mind like half forgotten dreams!" But upon the waste of that Editor's memory, no spot seems so green, no thoughts so fresh, as those that cluster around his Freshman life!

Shall we say more? Shall we still turn up this "vast expanse of learning, wisdom and 'availability'?" Ah, the cloven foot! How it "sticks out" in every line! Mark, what an earnest desire he exhibits that the class of which he is unfortunately a member, should "bury Euclid!" Mark, how he would stir them up to mutiny and rage by his sly innuendoes—"degenerate fellows!"—"dull, stupid!"—"endowed with an unusual amount of unflinching ball-dog perseverance and obstinacy!" Yet we would lay a wager that this same fellow would be sure to be *sick a-bed* or *out of town* at the time on which any such "opposition to the Faculty" was expected to occur! Yes, the fawning publican! He would be *popular*, (that is the riddle,) so he scratches off a vapid tirade against the Faculty and the more conservative and common-sense portion of his class! But, sir, it "won't go down;" you mistake the stuff your class is made of!

But, poor fellow, we spare you; our hearts relent: we drop our pen, for we feel

"Tis a cruelty  
To load a falling man!"

Whatever good opinion the editors of the last Banger may entertain in regard to their miserable abortion, we fully believe that every nineteenth man in twenty throughout College will subscribe to our opinion, that it was, all in all, a *most shameful outrage upon good breeding, prudence, and common-sense!* Such abominable bawdiness, such groveling sentiment, such mawkish nonsense we never before met among the writings of any civilized and educated community. Let those Editors step over ten, twenty, thirty years,

and from such distance look back upon this monument of themselves, which they have voluntarily established here, before the gaze of five hundred men, men who will meet them wherever they turn in after life, and will ever remember this tablet of their history! Need we ask what at that time would be their thoughts, *as men*, of this transaction? Think you that the paltry commendations of a few renegades-of-every-principle will drive away the regret, the mortification, the pain of sacrificed self-respect, which maturer years will surely bring? A man may as well hope to flee his own shadow, as ever to flee the remembrance of such deeds!

But why should there be *any* local publication among us? We think they are not without advantage, if conducted in a proper manner; else we had never taken up our pen. An annual sheet, as a *Society* *missive*, engendering a noble emulation between the parties concerned, jotting down the thousand incidents, serious, ludicrous, or comical, that are constantly occurring in our circles, and tincturing all with the spice of wit and humor, would be an ever welcome visitor. But it has proper limits. It has no business to intermeddle with "the powers that be"—no business to signalize this or that one "in authority" as a target for ridicule or malignant abuse. If it thirsts for such game, let it track it nearer home; if it is not to be found there, give up the undertaking. For the honor of our Alma Mater, and for the honor of her children, we hope that such a vapid and scurrilous thing as the *Yale Banger* will never again show its spotted head in our midst!

#### THE VALEDICTORY OF THE CLASS OF '47.

We are sure that we have never heard its inferior. The reputation of the candidate as a thorough scholar, an original thinker, and a well-read man, led us rightly to expect a performance of no ordinary merit. But what was our surprise and disappointment to hear nothing but the most common-place *mouthings* of the most common-place thoughts that ever dribbled through the head of a plough-boy! And yet what more fitting occasion for the outpouring of eloquence masterly and soul-stirring! Chill, calculating, every day remarks ill became the farewell of 125 young men, each turning away upon a distinct and devious course of life.—We could pick up many a man, whose scholarship may be poor indeed, for sterling native talent cannot be gauged by college marks, who, could he stand at the parting hour of 125 educated men—classmates, friends—would find his soul so stirred by the scene, that nothing but the eloquence of inspiration could stand in the comparison with those breathing thoughts and burning words that would speak to each—Farewell!

We hope that the time is coming when those whom *Nature* (not *books*) has endowed will always be the fortunate dischargers of this interesting and affecting duty.

#### MUSIC.

Every body remarks upon the recent improvements in our COLLEGE CHOIR. Originality and variety are peculiarly its own. The following new Anthem was sung with unbounded applause, at Chapel Prayers, on Sabbath evening last.

"I will o—open my mouth—and sho—w—my tongue shall st—u—tt—t—t—or the praise of my mouth shall st—ing—utter the praise of my—to—tongue shall show forth—like the no—ise of rush—rushing mighty—my mouth shall bless the ro—sy daugh—ters—mouth shall sing of—of—the great—Halle—men—lujah—lu—jah—A—men—men—men—A—&c.!"

We learn that this Anthem will be repeated soon, without "request."

Why did not the Editors of the Banger publish that scurrilous, "Notice of Intention of Marriage," which they prepared with such care, and gave to their compositor? It was in perfect keeping, sirs, with the bawdy spirit of your sheet!

#### HOHENBEDBUG.

DEDICATED TO THE INMATES OF SOUTH MIDDLE.

I.

In Yaledom, mid the summer heat,  
All bloodless lay the untumbled sheet,  
And dark as winter, round my feet  
Were bed-bugs creeping rapidly!

II.

But Yaledom saw another sight,  
When up I jumped at dead of night,  
And fumbled round to strike a light,  
T' explore the bed-bug scenery!

III.

By lamp and poker fast arrayed,  
I furious seized my battle blade,  
And onward rushed, nor long delayed  
To rout these bed-bugs' revelry!

IV.

Then shook the bed, with fury riven,  
And round they scampered, poker-driven,  
And blows waxed hot as bolts from heaven,  
Upon this bed-bug grainery!

V.

And hotter yet those blows shall fall,  
If ere about my cotton pall  
Those bed-bugs dare again recall  
To bite me 'neath its canopy!

VI.

Few bed-bugs part where many meet!  
My bed shall be their winding sheet,  
And every spot around my feet  
Shall tell a bed-bug's sepulchre!

#### Editors' Bandbox.

We give our readers no caricatures of the Badges of the *Societies* of College, because we think that they have seen enough of such, already.

The cut upon our first page will be instantly recognized as a *fac simile* of the badge of an Association of exceedingly talented young gentlemen, commonly known by the name of "*Kappa Sigma Theta*." It needs no motto to accompany it; it speaks for itself. The "*Song of the Rowdies*," under the cut, contains a correct list (in *Italics*) of the members of that Association. This list includes both those members who have been sent away from College "on account of scholarship," and those who still remain. There they are; look at them! But, we beseech you, judge not the Class of Fifty by those men! The cut upon the fourth page is emblematical of the nature and present condition of the same Association. It will be more readily understood by those who have been and are acquainted with the political world of our College. The motto accompanying this cut is the motto always published by this Association; it is here placed in the donkey's mouth.

Of the typographical execution of our sheet we need not speak. It will be acknowledged to excel in this respect any publication ever issued in our College.

We regret (?) that we cannot make room in our columns for a Catalogue of the College; our readers so much need another. But it is impossible; we leave quite a stack of matter unpublished.

The *Report* under "Yale Lit.—&c." we were obliged to curtail for want of space. It goes on to enumerate several indirect plagiarisms, especially in the "leaders" of that Magazine!

The young limbs of the Law in *Mitchell's Building*, desire us to say that, unless there is hereafter much less uproar and tumult in the room occupied by that Society, a complaint will be instituted against it as a public nuisance. They inform us that the annoyance occurs regularly, every Saturday evening; consisting of noise compounded of *cat-awauls*, *hootings*, *whistling*, *screechings*, and other intellectual performances, such as one would expect to issue from a barrel of tom-cats, &c.!







## THE FRESHMAN GREEN.

INSCRIBED TO THE CLASS OF '51.

AIR—"Icy Green."

Oh, a verdant one is the Freshman green,

That roometh in South Middle old;

A very hard student is he, I ween,

In his room so lone and cold.

The wall is all papered, the floor decayed,

He trembleth in every limb,

And the mould'ring dust, that years have made,

Is a sorry sight for him.

Sleeping where no light is seen,

A verdant one is the Freshman green!

Quick he gets up, when the prayer-bell rings,

And a sorrowful heart has he;

And thinking of "rushes," those unknown things,

To the Chapel creepeth he.

Sadly he walketh over the ground,

And fearing those Sophomore knaves;

When suddenly, turning his head around

A Sophomore coolly him laves.

From an upper window he might be seen,

When cruelly ducking the Freshman green!

The Freshman fled; for could he have staid

Where the water had scattered been?

With quickened pace the bell he obeyed,

But he ne'er has since been seen!

That same old Fresh, in Sophomore days,

As under that window he passed,

Did never forget how well it pays

To become a Soror, at last!

Passing where he once was seen,

No longer is he a Freshman green! "50."

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

## The Alpha Sigma Phi Society.

*"Causa latet; Vis est notissima!"*

THIS Society will assemble at their Hall, this evening, for the purpose of initiating those members elect who have been waiting their opportunity for some months past.

## Skull and Bones, Attention!

*"Inflat se tanquam rana!"*

THE election of Sexton this evening. Mr. Grimes pronounces the funeral valedictory. Every member will bring his lamp and coffin. The number of empty skulls now in the market is 322; the number in the Society 15.

## Scroll and Key.

*"Nos compressis manibus sedere decet!"*

THE Society will meet to-morrow morning, at 5 o'clock, to challenge the Skull and Bone to a fight.

## Alpha Delta Phi.

*"Tua messis in herba est!"*

PARTICULAR NOTICE! The next meeting of the surviving members of this Society will be held on 4th July, 1848. A punctual attendance is earnestly requested.

## Psi Upsilon.

*"Numa familiaritas parit contemptum!"*

WILL assemble this evening, to take measures for the adoption of the following Bye-Laws, brought forward and laid upon the table last year, and taken up for the first time at the meeting on Thursday evening, Oct. 29, 1847.

Resolved, That we, the members of this Society, will hereafter take an interest in its affairs."

## Delta Kappa Epsilon.

*"Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius circum!"*

A SPECIAL meeting of this Society will be held "immediately after tea," to devise measures for pledging the members of the Freshman Class, and also (if possible) to rescue the Society from its unpopularity in College.

The proposition that the Society be placed in the hands of Mr. Dick (Fresh) with the authority to wheedle the best members of his Class into the Society and into its interests, will be considered.

Several members will deliver their "maiden speeches" upon this occasion.

A tariff of Beta on Freshmen Prizes, will be adjudged.

Members are requested to bring their canes and also beavers; and if any one can procure a standing collar he is expected to wear it.

## Kappa Sigma Theta.

*"Tu nihil invita dices faciesse Minerva!"*—Asinus.

THE sane members of this Society will assemble this evening in their "back attic," to consider the proposals that have been received for the construction of a pine platform "upon" which their "Dignity" (?) may "stand" during the coming year.

Prof. Dickerman and other distinguished graduates will be present, to address the meeting.

It is hoped that every member will be present, as a strenuous effort will be made to establish a spirit of unanimity and permanent good feeling in the Society.

The important and oft-agitated question, "who is our first man?" will be decided at this meeting.

During the evening the Committees will be chosen, whose duty it shall be to make periodical visits to the Freshman Societies, to participate somewhat in their debates, and to conjure them, by all that is beautiful, to "keep waiting, and you will surely be elected bye and bye if there is room."

## Kappa Sigma Epsilon.

*"Nihil agendo male agere discere!"*

NOTICE is hereby given that this Society hold their meetings every noon at 12 o'clock. All members are expected to be present, and bring their dinners with them.

Question for discussion to-morrow noon—

Resolved, Was the assassination of Remus justifiable and expedient?

## Delta Kappa.

*"Latet anguis in herba!"*

NOTICE is given that this Society is in a flourishing condition. The following national question will be contested at the next session:—

Resolved, Which had you rather do or go a fishing?"



## VERY INTERESTING RESOLUTIONS.

*"Nanque pila lippis inimicum et ludere crudis."*

Resolved, 1. That we, the members of the class of '49, deeply sympathize with our brethren, the Freshmen, in the disastrous defeat which they lately experienced from the Class of Fifty.

2. That, notwithstanding we did all in our power, upon the field, to avert the threatening calamity, we saw, with deep regret, both you and ourselves and every green thing swept headlong to defeat and destruction, by the invincible Class of Fifty.

3. That we, having lost every bet staked upon the contest, do sincerely sympathize with our parents in the pecuniary ruin which this defeat has brought upon them.

4. That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to our brethren, the Freshmen, and also to the TOMAHAWK for publication.

A true copy.

Attest,

H. BARNYARD,

Sec'y Class '49.

## RESPONSES OF THE CLASS OF FIFTY-ONE.

Resolved, 1. That we receive, with fraternal gratitude, the feeling Resolutions of our brethren, the Juniors, and, in return, extend our sympathy for the disgrace, defeat, and pecuniary loss which they have suffered on our account.

2. That we will ever consider them as brethren of one common stock with ourselves, and hope, in return, for their assistance and encouragement should we ever again be obliged to meet in "foot-ball array" the invincible class of Fifty.

3. That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to our brethren, the Juniors, and also to the TOMAHAWK for publication.

A true copy.

Attest,

C. G. GRASS,

Sec'y Class '51.



LOOK OUT!—One of the richest specimens of a Senior that we know of, is to be seen near College and Chapel streets every day at meal hours. He is somewhat "bow-legged," wears specks and beaver, carries his hands in his pockets, has straight black hair, long and uncombed, rather a swarthy complexion, and features decidedly African. His conversation is very refined and intellectual. The ladies attending the Chemical Lectures are anxious to know who he is; for them, we make the inquiry. Can any body inform us?

Somebody says that he writes poetry!

## Record of Mortality.

*"Metit Orcus grandia cum parcia."*

Died, the "PATRIARCHAL CONCLAVE"—for want of vitality. The Alpha Delta Phi have taken possession of the corpse, which is said to be quite an accession to their natural curiosities.

The "PIE EATER" gasped out its unfortunate existence last term. It was suffering from the gout for some time previous to its demise. Efforts will be made to exhumate and resuscitate by galvanism.

## OBITUARY.

Requiescat in pace!

DIED, on Thursday, Aug. 12, 1847, at his residence, No. 152 Atherum, PLAYFAIR S. EUCLID, A. B. C. D.—an accomplished Professor of Mathematics in Yale College. Having eaten too much at a grand dinner given in his honor by Dr. Equi L. Triangle, he was taken with a severe pain in his side, which inflicted upon him an amount of suffering inversely proportional to the number of his teeth. It is a favorite hypothesis of the Professor's circle of friends that the diameter of his stomach was plainly too small, and its boundary lines too circumscribed to admit within its perimeter the indigestible roots of which he was very fond, and that the conversion of his stomach into a miniature green house was the extreme cause of his death. But without deciding this point, which has created a great division in the mathematical world, and which is a problem not easily solved, we may be permitted to demonstrate a proposition of our own, viz. That he died because he could not help it! By the first principle of our nature, he wished to live; therefore he was unwilling to die. But by hypothesis he died: therefore he died unwillingly; that is, despite his exertions to prevent it; that is, because he could not help it! Q. E. D.

The Professor grew very long as his termination approached. His cheek lost its natural curve; his face grew angular and skinny; the blood no longer rushed through his veins; his breath came with an asthmatic fizzle, and his whole appearance was that of one whose life was fast coming to a conclusion. At a post mortem examination the students in attendance found much of his interior in a very bad condition; so bad that several fled and have not since been heard from.

But it becomes us to speak more at length of his character. Its depth as well as its solidity deserves to be remarked by us. The extremes of our sorrow exceed all means of consolation. He was a remarkable man. Though eminently pacific in his inclinations, he has been sometimes accused of obliquity and baseness; but with how much justice may be inferred from the fact that he is often exclaiming—"Let a n (be)" and "Let n c (Bee)" which proves directly that he meant to keep things straight. He was a philosopher, of unusual power, for he has often been known to produce an (a bee) and sometime ac (a sea). He was active and careful beyond all comparison, for he was constantly erecting and letting fall perpendiculars without accident or injury to any one. Grave, he converted playin' angles into solid ones; sportive, he described curves and circles about any fixed point; a Peace-maker, he would take figures in pieces and then cause them to coincide in every point; musical, he delighted in chords; poetical, he produced many a line; in short, he seemed every way equal to everything! He had, moreover, a decided affinity for the fair sex, as we may fairly infer from sundry expressions concerning the relations of figures. Indeed, he was without a parallel.

A cylindrical monument is to be erected upon the Professor's remains, inscribed with one of his favorite axioms, viz: "all the angles of Sophomore year are acute angles, while those of Freshman year are principally obtuse."

## Advertisement Extraordinary!

TO ASPIRANTS AFTER COLLEGE HONORS, &amp;c.

THE subscriber, aware (from personal observation) of the sad effects of disappointed hope upon the constitution, and stimulated by a philanthropy truly astonishing, has, for the last year, devoted himself with untiring energy and zeal to the discovery of a remedy for the heart-stricken and despairing. Labor omnia vincit et premis obvenit. Success has crowned his efforts; and he is now prepared to attend personally to all those who may favor him with a call. His method of treatment is after the most approved style; pleasant and agreeable, none but the sweetest and most flattering remedies being applied. Also, all conniving and intriguing done at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. The subscriber flatters himself that in deceit, cunning, cajoling, and treachery he has no superior.

All those desirous of obtaining the Valedictory, "first Presidency," or a "first Editorship," are respectfully invited to call at his quarters, where he or his "man Friday" will always be in attendance.

nov. 2—ostf.

NATIVE MODESTY.