

THE YALE TOMAHAWK.

Devoted to the Class of Fifty-one.

Vol. II.

CRY HAVOC! AND LET SLIP THE DOGS OF WAR!

No. 1.

YALE COLLEGE.

DECEMBER, 1846.

PRICE 6 CENTS.



THE NEW MENAGERIE.

In company with a few friends, we visited last evening the new MENAGERIE in Chapel Street, [late the *Kappa Sigma Theta* Society] and were so delighted with the scene, that we forthwith determined to express our feelings in a few hurried stanzas. From gratitude to the proprietors of this collection of wild animals, we have inserted all their names with four exceptions, in our verses. These names are most decidedly non-poetical, and if their proprietors wish to have them "live in song," they must have them changed by the Legislature.

I

Hurrah for the new Menagerie!
For a glorious sight it is to see
Birds from every grove and tree,
Fish from every lake and sea,
Tigers caged that once were free,
And chattering Monkeys wild with glee!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Who cares a straw
For aught but the new Menagerie!

II

See there! the *Camel* has broken his chain,
And he longs to roam the desert again,
Where naught is seen but a barren plain,
A tuft of *Fern* or an Arab train,
Whose bearded chieftain robs for gain,
And scowls at the Christian's prayerful strain.
See there! see there!
And O! beware!
For the gray old *Camel* has broken his chain.

III

But come! let's hasten to yonder cage;
Tis crammed as full as an Opera stage,
When Vienoise children are all the rage,
And it costs a *Little* a seat to engage;
'Tis filled with birds the *Martin* sage,
The *Carrier* dove, a swift-winged page,
And birds of prey
Both *White* and *Gray*—
O! bless my soul! what a crowded cage!

IV

And see! what throngs are gathered here!
Chattering *Frenchmen* drinking beer,
While to their lady-loves quarreling near
And taking a *Green* young chap by the ear,
They thunder aloud in accents clear,
Haul de man over de *Coals*, my dear!
All *Styles* of dress
That men possess,
All ages and sexes are gathered here.

V

Maidens are here with their costumes neat,
Little black shoes on their little white feet;
While the *Hues* of the rose and the pale lily meet
On their cheeks and their lips so temptingly sweet,
And dandies who over the fair ones greet
With a snirk of Parisian self-conceit
And the learned "bas bleu"
And the pedagogue too,
With his "ego" and "Vos," you are certain to meet.

VI

The idiot too, who to turn a grist-mill
Would requir *Est a brook* coolly to run up a hill;
And the epicure fat who to get but his fill
Would *Cram* tons of food thro' his ravenous bill,
And *Solo-men*-singers of wonderful skill,
Whose voices the tumult of battle would still,
And *Waiters* and swells
And men who *bore Wells*,
All these, and more like them, the Caravan fill.

VII

Dear reader, by this time I think you will say
That *Man* is unfit to travel life's way;
At least till his hair is *Grizzled* and *Gray*;
Since he throws so much of his time away
In showing wild horses and tigers, for pay,
Panthers, hyenas, and birds of prey;
So, when next you see
The Menagerie,
May the Sun go down to the ocean and stay!

Junior Appointments.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

To the exclusion of matter more interesting to the Class of '51, we have been persuaded to publish the following Appointment List. The Senior Tutor informs us that the List published in that infamous sheet, the *Gallinipper*, is counterfeit, and calculated to deceive extensively; and that the following is the only correct and authenticated List. Those Juniors only whose names appear here, will take appointments. The themes have been approved by the accomplished Prof. of Rhetoric.

GREEK ORATION.

D-I-G-AM.—Weeds of Intellect watered by Tobacco Juice.

PHILOSOPHICAL ORATION.

Co-T.—The advantage of a great breadth of Base.

MATHEMATICAL ORATION.

FR-ST.—Count d'Orsay on Pantalots.

LATIN ORATION.

C-R-IEB.—Amorous Entanglements.

ORATIONS.

BR-W-ELL.—"Some mute inglorious Milton."

BL-DG-TT.—The Benefit of Secret Societies.

M-RL-BERG.—"Show me a decent man in Del. Kap. Eps!"

L-E.—The Vicinities of Leonard Street.

M-LLS.—Pork.

M-LL-RY.—"Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him."—*Prov.*

N-WT-N.—Mathematical grace among the Ladies.

PE-K-NS.—"A Fury, pitiless and rough."—*Shaks.*

SK-NN-R.—Contentment.

ST-RRS.—The Cordial of Cordiality.

T-DD.—Oh love! requited love! how fine thy thrills!

TR-CY.—"Too much or too little wit
Do only render thy owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they'd none."—*Hudibras.*

W-BB.—The Necessity of Common Sense.

W-CH.—*Alienis nervis* mobile lignum.

J-W-LC-X.—"Bloody Liver" in the morning.

W-IS-R.—Such a getting up stairs.

DISSERTATIONS.

AD-MS.—The Triumph of Nonsense.—A Poem.

BA-OR.—Egotistical Reflections upon an Expected Cow-hiding.

B-L-IN.—"Those Merwin girls, I mum, I'll win!
That Granville cob can begin
To cut me out of their affection;
Their hearts are under my protection!"

BL-T-HLEY.—Advantages of continually picking the nose.

BO-L-S.—Bow! wow! wow! wow!

BO-TH.—Short stumps and dense foliage.

C-XV-RSE.—The Great I Am.

C-XY-Q-AM.—"Fee simple and a simple fee,
An all the fees in tail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—*fc-male!*"

DE-H-BT.—"Hurrah for Berks! by golly!"

[*Old Dutch MS.*]

F-OTE.—Forwardness.

J-R-ME.—Whiskers; their rise and progress in the Dark Ages.

L-D-EN.—"I will open my mouth."—*Oliver Twist.*

M-LP-RD.—Extent of Individual Influence.

PL-ML-Y.—Freshman Reputation.

FIRST DISPUTES.

S, W. B-O-N.—"I weep 't is true; but Michiavel, I swear
They're tears of vengeance; drops of
liquid fire!"—*Cassius Borgia.*

B-SB-LL.—The Clearness of Fogs.

C-ANE.—The tenth fiddle of Satan.

H-N-RICK.—"A wit was I,

But now I'm dry!

Who'll treat to pie?

[*Poet Archias. Satire 99.*]

H-ET-N.—"I kiss the Foote that treads upon me."

R-P-RY.—Age before Merit.

SH-W.—"De Guyramdest Scenes at Chatham Teater."

W-R-R.—Insignificance of Individuals.

W-R-NG.—Pomp and Stateliness, as seen through spec.

SECOND DISPUTES.

O. BR-WN.—Cost of Pomatum.

W. BL-S.—The Devil on two Sticks.

CH-P-AN.—Fire, as applied to "Dad."

C-ND-T.—The Beauties of Don Quixote and other Literature.

ED-A-DS.—"He wiggled as he went."

LY-AN.—"Is thy servant a hog?"—*Quid. 10 chap.*

R-OR-RDS.—Authorship of "Society Politics" in the *Gallinipper*.

SK-TH.—The Blessings of Temperance.

T-YT-R.—"Oh, my! Oyster! I declare!"

THIRD DISPUTES.

BR-IN-ED.—"I am a worm and no man!"—*On Dits.*

BR-W-R.—Much ado about nothing.

CH-SE.—Taps and the uses of Tapestry.

H-LL-ER.—The Abomination of a Lying Tongue, and Fourth of July Orator "in our town."

M-WR-SS.—"Short-lived wits do wither as they grow."
[*Olm. Phil.*]

P-ND-XTER.—Gas Works.

W-LIES.—The Modest and Indifferent Student.

L. S. W-LC-X.—At evening's close and morning's break,
Along the margin of the Lake,
I wandered with my sweetest fat,
When she looked up to me so pat,
And said—"I sayan! I love ye, Lucian."

W-DF-ED.—The advantages of a long Credit at "The Woodcock."

COLLOQUIES.

BR-SH.—3 cts. worth apples, vs. 1 cigar.

J-HX-ON.—Expressiveness of the Human Countenance.

Those conscientious men, who consider it their duty to go up and down as tale-bearers, or, in other words, to act as Faculty spies, disclosing all that comes under their observation, and more also, are advised to ponder the following and similar passage in Sacred Writ:

Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people.—*Lev. xix. 16.*

He that goeth about as a tale-bearer revealeth secrets; therefore meddle not with him.—*Prov. xx. 19.*

Where no wood is, there the fire ceaseth; so where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth.

The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds, and they go down into the inmost parts of the belly.

When he speaketh fair, believe him not; for there are seven abominations in his heart.—*Prov. xxvi. 20, 22, 25.*

Important Information.

As the *Kappa Sigma Theta* Society is now upon its death-bed, we may be justified in giving to the world the celebrated *Groecism* which its name symbolizes:

"*Κόρινθ Σχίζαλον Ονήρων.*"

We advise the Freshmen to use their Greek Dictionaries.



VIS EST NOTISSIMA!

ACTING MEMBERS OF THE

SOCIETY OF THE ALPHA SIGMA PHI.

CHARLES A. BAER,
EVERETT W. BEDINGER,
HORATIO W. BRINSHADE,
JAMES BUDLONG,
EDWARD S. CONE,
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DAVID P. SMITH,
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GEORGE S. TUCKERMAN,
ROGER WELLES.

The Tomahawk.

TUESDAY, 12 O'CLOCK, DECEMBER 5, 1848.

SCENE I.—The public of Yale Col.—Enter several Al. Sig. Phi. men.

1 Al. Sig. Phi.—Fellows, stand fast; I see a traveler.
2 Al. Sig. Phi.—If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter a few Kap. Sig. Theta men with "Yale Bangers."
3 Al. Sig. Phi.—Stand, sire, and throw us what you have about you;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
1 Kap. Sig. Theta.—Sir, we are undone! these are the men

That all the travelers do fear so much.

2 Kap. Sig. Theta.—My friends—
1 Al. Sig. Phi.—That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.
2 Al. Sig. Phi.—Pence, fellows; we'll hear him.

3 Al. Sig. Phi.—Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

2 Kap. Sig. Theta.—Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;

A man I am, crossed with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments, [pointing to the Banger]
Of which if you should here dis-furnish me,

You take the sum and substance that I have.—*Shakespeare.*

The *Banger* and the *Gallinipper* have had their ephemeral existence, and now is the time for the TOMAHAWK.

The twenty-third of October last is a day memorable in the annals of Yale. On that day, about the hour of twelve, meridian, our college circle was attracted to the pulings of a sickly little founding that had just opened its eyes upon existence. Its unworthy parents, as if ashamed of such progeny, had left it in exposure and distress; and but for the kind-hearted sympathies of college philanthropists, the puny sufferer would have gasped its last breath much sooner than it did. Its parentage was easily recognizable. It belonged to the same family, was part of the same stock as the similar "*ridiculus mus*" which crawled into an ephemeral existence some twelve-month previous. Like its brother and predecessor, its condition was unhealthy, its appearance unclean, its proximity obnoxious.

The "*Yale Banger*" soon passed into oblivion: and in spite of its endeavors to intimidate "the womb of Futurity," lest it should bring forth "another *Tomahawk*," in spite of its vauntings, its affectation of dignity and

power; in spite of the brandishings of its wooden broad sword, and the menaces of its Sancho Panza heroes, we have concluded to whet our panic-armed blade, and we now give wing to another glittering TOMAHAWK.

Look out! ye drones, ye doughty champions

"who dash and vapor

Less on the field of battle than on paper,"

ye spurious and ill-bred children of Minerva, who lie basking in the sunshine of your own self-conceit; ye who claim alliance to any Divinity, whether celestial or infernal, Sir Poets, Sir Oracles, or who or whatsoever ye are; ye who, when the lion is out, creep into the lion's place, set up for lions and attempt to roar; ye who enfold yourselves in the mantle of Pharisaic humility, who walk obsequious the shady sides of streets; ye snaky minions of ambition; ye panting aspirants for Fame and "college honors," whose visages are pale and wan by influence of the midnight oil; ye Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, and people and things still beyond, look out! for the flight of the TOMAHAWK is swift, its edge is keen, its aim is sure.

Since our last number, Time has wrought many changes in and about our college community. We make this remark, however, with no intention of following the usual custom of our cotemporaries, like them to inform our readers that "a new class has entered college," to recapitulate the hackneyed and absurd (though extremely witty) "Advice to the Freshmen," which, on each returning year, gives such an exceeding brilliancy to the columns of the *Banger*; to express a passionate zeal for the "instruction and edification" of the young gentlemen below us; to throw ourselves into paroxysms of joy on meeting, or of grief on parting with them. Indeed, we have no particular intention in making this remark, save to assure those who never believe anything that is found in the *Banger*, and who place implicit confidence in the TOMAHAWK alone, that the remark is full of truth.

The sensation that was thrown on Thursday and Friday, the second and third days of November, by evil-designing Juniors, is one of those "changes" worthy of note in our columns. Like wolves upon a fold, the rapacious Juniors pounced upon us. Here might be seen some timid wight swooning away in the surprise of joy caused by his wily electioneerer, who had solemnly promised him "the first Presidency" of Calliope or Linonia, if he would go to —! There some incipient "distinguished" was struggling between the power that grasped his right arm, and the power that grasped his left arm, and the power that grasped his skirt, and the power that grasped the "prominent part of his face," until

"There were sudden partings, such as press

The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated."

Yonder a snakish Junior was gliding up stairs, heedless of the precipitous and decrepit flights which conducted to the dormitory of the "smart man" whom he was intent to pledge. Here, under the "shadowy shade of umbrageous foliage," some leguate was laying down the law to a sagacious Sophomore, who concluded the interview by remarking that he thought his advise exceedingly green. There, in a door-way, an over-modest Junior was standing, his arms filling his pockets, in waiting for a Sophomore, as patiently as beggar waits for pennies. We may truly say, with the Poet,

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,

And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress."

Bewildered Sophomores lost their orations, and artful Juniors had none to lose. The sun went down, and spectres of Society pledgers flitted about the college buildings in the cold moon-light; slipping in at this entrance and out at that; tapping at the door of this confounded wight, who still is "holding back" with the intention of writing his anxious family about the matter;

silly and softly gliding into the fourth-story quarters of that self-willed fellow, to sit upon a trunk and argue him out of his stubbornness; graciously bowing into the presence of the independent man, who admits them civilly and immediately bids them a good evening. Ah! little peace, or rest, or study was there to our besieged classmates. Appointment day only will show the full amount of the mischief wrought by those pestiferous Juniors.

Everybody has the fever of scribbling, now-a-days. On Wednesday last we were somewhat surprised at the appearance of an anonymous print called the "*Yale Gallinipper*." Though it attracted, at first, considerable attention, it was soon thrown aside with universal disgust and condemnation; for "it did not, like other prints of the kind, slash blindly about, striking here and there, with a good hit on one and a sharp sally on another, but perseveringly and wantonly attacked" particular individuals, and, without any provocation, and without any shadow of excuse, brought into cruel ridicule and contempt the natural faults or failings of classmates and friends; and even accused harmless and honorable men of delinquencies and crimes which merit would blush to mention. In its infancy, it dared to impugn the TOMAHAWK, as "purporting to be a Sophomore paper, but entirely mistaking its functions," &c.

The origin of such a dirty and devilish thing as this should be ferreted out, and its authors exposed to the same contempt which they have endeavored to bring upon others.

Who edited the *Gallinipper*? Were its editors Freshmen? Every presumption is against such an idea. Can a Freshman write! Were its editors Sophomores? Our class will not father the scurrilous thing. Besides, it does not intermeddle with Sophomore interests, nor with Sophomore men, save to spit its venom upon one or two, whom every one knows to be far above the reach of calumny. Were its editors Seniors? The writers of the print show a more intimate acquaintance with Junior men and matters than any Senior, save one, can be supposed to possess. And we may believe that, in general, the grave and reverend Seniors would disdain the defilement which a common sewer could never disgorge! Its editors then were Juniors. What Juniors? That is the question. But be not deceived by the cunning *ruse de guerre*. The incendiary is loudest to cry fire. Look under some of the hardest "hits," and there it "sticks out."

There are, perhaps, those who expect to find in the TOMAHAWK expressions of feeling against the individual who has been the prime cause of those melancholy results which have followed the burial of our lamented friend Euclid. They will be disappointed. The subject is now too trite for our pens. Our opinions are known, and a desire and an earnest hope for the return of our unfortunate classmates bids us keep silence. The anger of the gods again aroused, may be unappeasable. "Discretion is the better part of valor."

¶ The Freshman class desires us to tender their thanks to the eloquent Junior, for his pointed and dexterous remarks in view of the late foot-ball game.

¶ The Junior and Freshman classes are warned that a young man, in a cap, who occupies the North gallery of the Chapel, spends the hours of Sabbath service in marking heads-up and heads-down.

¶ Writers in the last *Banger*.—Editorial, by the President of the Kappa Sigma Theta Society. "Thundering pleasant" *Consilium ad homines novos vel recentes*, by the Vice President of the Kappa Sigma Theta Society. The Truculent Tutor, by a Junior. The Judgment of Paris, unknown. The catalogue of Societies, by the editors of the Banner.

¶ Several members of the Kappa Sigma Theta Society have made earnest solicitations to be allowed to write for the present number of the TOMAHAWK. They have all been met with a decided negative.

"JUDGMENT OF PARIS"

"The man who printeth his poetic fits,
Into the Public's mouth his head commits."

The work, whose title stands at the head of this article, is from the pen of a Poet in our family. Whoever the young incognito may be, (and a little daily, in town, says that he is "a young man of only about eighteen,") he gives promise of becoming "somebody" one of these days.

It gives us pleasure to meet with this production, because it has much to commend. The Poem is satirical, and written in a pleasant and vivacious style, though without special pretence to elegance. The author displays a great deal of humor and not a little fancy; he shows he has poetry in him, and the divine afflatus is perceptible throughout the work. But the Poem is not without its faults; which, however, are to be attributed as much to the nature of its subject, as to the immaturity of its author.

The Poem purports to be the adventures of a young moroso called *Paris*, on his first introduction into respectable and refined society. This *Paris* is the principal hero, and to celebrate his amorous exploits, seems to have been the especial object of the Poet in mounting his Pegasus: which Pegasus, by the way, appears at first quite restless, threatening to break away and leap a "five-bar fence" in the neighborhood; doubtless disliking the object of his master in harnessing him.

The Poet, after stroking his Pegasus into good humor, introduces his hero in stanza V., where we are informed that "Young Paris" came to town

"From some thick-peopled city far away,"

But for what purpose the young man came, or how, whether alone or his mother attending him, the Poet has omitted to tell us; thereby exposing himself to the censure of all persons who are interested in children.

In stanza VI, the Poet commences to describe the external and internal appearance of his novice. This description is more or less embellished throughout the Poem. "And here we may lay down our pen and spectacles, to laugh at Dame nature for having, in some one of her prankish freaks, formed such an incongruous and comical looking wight, as, according to our Poet, this 'young Paris' must have been. In the first place,

"This Paris was a very proper man,
A specimen of *superfine gentility*,"

which means, in plain English, that the youth Paris was very tall, comely, well-formed and handsome "man," a specimen of exceeding politeness of manner, of extraordinary gracefulness of behavior and good breeding. This is all very well as far as it goes, and we have no objection to it; nor do we condemn the Poet for endeavoring to represent Paris as the very *chef d'oeuvre* of nature and art; but how does it accord with what follows, throughout the Poem in relation to his personal appearance, his abilities, and his private character? Let us see.

In the same stanza the Poet tells us that this same well-formed and handsome "man," had such an enormous nose, that even while he was yet "young Paris," just from home, it was *overshadowing his mouth*! How much the said nose grew during the amorous engagements of its owner, the Poet does not say; indeed, we think the ladies are better able to inform us on that point. Other traits of personal beauty in this remarkable "specimen."

"Sneered in his upper lip—frowned in his forehead—
And stiffened in his form—but that was horrid!"

Furthermore, nature had adorned our hero with "curls;" curls of a very rare shade, of course; being of that peculiar dusky hue, inclining to redness, which results from a mixture of red, black, and yellow. In short, the Poet gives to "the beauteous elf" (stanza XLII.) Paris, common "brown curls;" just such as one may make by rubbing a little mud and sunshine upon the cranium of any red-headed urchin in the street. But there was something very peculiar about these "brown curls." They were unlike the "brown curls" of ordinary human beings. They had a different origin. They pierced through the skull of their owner, and took root in his brain! which was, if we understand the Poet, quite fertile in their production!

"Sprang from a fertile brain his brown curls ran,
And nestled in his neck with sweet humility."

Paris, like all young lovers, wore a "faultless coat," and toyed "a pliant cane" between his thumb and finger. A "sleek black hat" was, in gloss "vieing with his smooth brown hair;" his "curls" being, by this time straightened out; (probably on account of the strait our Poet was in to make a line here.) This idea of a contest between a man's hat and his hair, to outshine each the other, is quite unpoetical, and rather unpleasant. We immediately fancy "young Paris" as rubbing down his "smooth brown hair," previous to a love sally, with some unguentous compound, whose marvellous proper-

ties produce a gloss which out-dazzles even a "sleek black hat"! No wonder that "goddesses in verity" were dazzled! Further,

"His neat cravat sets ladies' lungs asighing!"

Pray, what is there, Mr. Poet, in a "neat cravat," that can call forth the sighs of ladies? Did the ladies fear that poor Paris was suffering the pains of strangulation? or did they itch to seize the ends, and give them a tightening, *a la Caudle*? If either of these suppositions are correct, the line is intelligible; but if not, it certainly craves an explanation. After informing us that Paris wore pantaloons, the Poet says of him,

"His brow is white, his cheeks are clear and ruddy,
When he abstains from ale and sticks to study."

Either the Poet has here sacrificed common sense for the sake of a rhyme, or this "young Paris" must have been a very unnatural "specimen" of humanity. If a young man "sticks to study," his cheeks are wont to become wan and pale, rather than "clear and ruddy." Indeed, ruddy cheeks will result from anything else sooner than from sticking to study; or our experience is worth nothing.

But what sort of a looking youth is Paris, according to this couplet of our Poet?

His complexion is handsome "clear and ruddy" only
"When he abstains from ale and sticks to study."

But, since, as we are told in the next stanza, "sloth is his labor," he does not stick to study; therefore he does not abstain from ale; therefore he is not handsome; therefore he is a "horrid" looking fellow! Ah! cruel, cruel, Mr. Poet! That was the unkindest cut of all.

In stanza VIII, the Poet gives us the doctrines of his hero, after saying that

"He cuts the mathematics for the muses,"

without informing us whether he met with any more success in the one than in the other, the Poet states that Paris was a "candid" young man, "but thinks that *lies have uses*," that "he trusts in *Truth*," but "his foibles are *fibbs*," &c. All which incongruous statements induce us to believe either that our Poet was out of his wits when he mounted his Pegasus; or that this young Aurora, the Poet's beau ideal of a "superfine," was the result of one of nature's most prankish freaks; in short, that he was "either more than man, or less than devil."

But let us notice the other *dramatis personæ*. In stanza XV, we are introduced to one *Narcissus*, a subordinate hero, in the following manner:

"Narcissus was a fascinating -----"

By sculptors he is often represented,
Slender in form and over-pale in feature;
With towy hair and eye-brows ornamented;
Clad in a white coat, like a Western preacher,
With soda soiled, and with cigar-smoke scented;
With lips all puckered for a nigger warble;—
Sculptured in low relief on streaked marble."

From this stanza it appears that this identical *Narcissus* of our Poet, was the personification of an ancient statue; in other words, that the sculptors of antiquity "often represented" *Narcissus*,

"[Sculptured in low relief on streaked marble,]"

as having a slender form, very pale features, towy hair, ornamented eye-brows, lips puckered up for "Uncle Ned," or any of the numerous negro melodies which were known to the ancients, and clad in a white coat, which was scented with cigar smoke, and soiled with soda water; cigars and soda having been among the luxuries of the old Greeks and Romans! Such is the fair construction of the stanza. It reminds us of a representation of Remus jumping over the walls of Rome; in which Remus is dressed in a swallow-tailed coat, gaiter pants, modern chapeau, &c., and has a "long nine" in his mouth!

The heroines of the Poem figure under the appellations of *Junio*, *Venus*, and *Minerva*; "three goddesses in verity"! *Junio* comes into notice in stanza XI.

"Queen Juno now assumes her luring airs,
Her stately step, her grace of form amazing,
Her round white arms which unconcealed she wears,
The ox-eyed glances which her orbs are raising."

Poor Juno! A goddess in verity; and yet having no stately step, no graceful form, no glance of the eye, and worse than all, no arms, before she meets with this "precious seed," (stanza IX.) Paris. But in order

"Best to present herself to Paris' eyes,"

she, for the first time, "assumes" them all, even "her round white arms"! Oh! what a Poet!

We get no definite idea of the appearance of this goddess-in-verity, from any of the Poet's verses. All that we learn of her appearance is found in the lines quoted above, and from a line in stanza XIII, in which it is added that she had "plump shoulders;" which we are to suppose she assumed and laid aside contemporaneously with her arms, form, &c.

Those who are curious to know more of this creature of the Poet's fancy, are told,

"For a complete description, see *Catullus*."

But who is *Catullus*? Memory comes to our assistance, for we once read in *Don Juan*,

"Catullus scarcely has a decent poem!"

Then, fie! Mr. Poet, for referring us to such an authority for the description of a goddess in verity!

Leaving Juno engaged in

"A tedious handkerchief-and-fan flirtation,"

the Poet introduces *Venus* as hastening to "her fearful work of love." The picture of *Venus* is more vivid than that of Juno, but yet is vague and unsatisfactory. The Poet makes a distinction between her *form* and her *figure*; apparently for the purpose of "filling out" a line!

"Fair and bewitching was the *form* she wore,
Her *figure* petite, and her step elastic."

The two lines commencing stanza XIX, have puzzled us exceedingly, as they have, we presume, many others. Dictionaries, commentaries, &c., have been in requisition to explain.

"The graceful *mullion* of her nose and brow."

"Mullion" is a technical term, belonging to the art of Joinery. It means "an upright bar or division in a window frame." It appears to be an unparadonable indulgence of the poetic license, to drag this technicality into the connection in which it is here used. We could, perhaps, understand "the mullion of a nose," as the upright bar or division of the nose, though it would give no idea of nasal beauty; but pray, what does "the graceful mullion of a nose and brow" mean? The Poet might, with as much propriety, have taken a technicality from the art of Naval Architecture, and written

The graceful *main-mast* of her nose and brow,

giving the reader as distinct an idea of *Venus' nose and brow*, as he has done by a "mullion."

This, and one or two other instances where the Poet affects new or strange words and phrases, tempts us to quote Ben Johnson's counsel to the "Vicious Neologist."

"You must not hunt for wild outlandish terms
To stuff out a peculiar dialect;
But let your matter run before your words,
And if at any time you chance to meet
Some Gallo-Belgic phrase, you shall not straight
Rack your poor verse to give it entertainment,
But let it pass; and do not think yourself
Much damaged, if you do leave it out
When not the sense could well receive it."

The blue eyes of *Venus* are very pleasingly noticed.

"An azure, heavenly light comes stealing through
By cunningly stained windows."

But all the poetry of this pleasing picture is immediately put to flight by the idea of the succeeding line, which is that these "azure heavenly" eyes possess the peculiar faculty of making men "wink and sneeze"! Wonderful eyes, and wonderful men, who can wink and sneeze at the same moment!

The bright thought developed in the last line of stanza XIX, seems to frighten the old horse Pegasus; whereupon the Poet shouts, with all the unction of a canal driver, "*whoa*!" The muse no sooner stops, than he is metamorphosed into a sailor, whom the Poet advises to furl his pennon; the pennon furling, the muse undergoes another metempsychosis and comes out a warrior, whom the Poet commands to withdraw from the action. Thus within the compass of two lines three distinct metaphors are crowded. We are reminded of Pope's criticism on a young writer, who was famous for profuse and extravagant metaphorical expressions.

"Here motely images the fancy strike,
Figures ill-formed, and similes unlike;
And now a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleased with the madness of the mazy dance."

The picture of *Minerva* is far more brilliant than that of any other character in the Poem. The Poet seems awakening to a new life as he opens stanza XXXIII; and the sprightliness with which he here introduces the goddess, show that he is beginning to inhale earnestly the divine afflatus.

"The great *Minerva* was a gay brunette,
With dark hair like a heroine of Lopez;
Her eye beneath an arching brow was set,
Dark as the ore, but glittering as the topaz."

Such are the particular personages in the drama;—we now propose to notice its incidents, and then to indulge in a few criticisms upon the literary character of the work.

The story is ingenious. It seems that young Paris no sooner arrives in town, than he becomes the admired of all admirers, and attracts the particular attention of the goddesses, Juno, Venus, and *Minerva*. These three amorettes, concluding that if all should make love to Paris *en masse*, matters and things would become rather perplexing, and each being unwilling to deny herself for the sake of the other, determine to take their chance for the "precious seed" in a contest; and immediately, put-

ing on petticoats and bodices, stand arrayed for fight! (Imagine three little pups in the street bristling up for a one!) The result of the matter was that

* Juno got the chance of earliest visibility."

of being perceivable to Paris' eyes, the first; though, according to stanza X, she got this chance before the light.

Best to improve the chance thus obtained, Juno, as the story goes, after assuming several things necessary to her identity, tries to present herself to Paris' eyes, by meeting him as he comes from the Post Office, each day at twelve. On Wednesday she is fortunate enough to meet him on a large bridge, where she looks lovingly at the youth, but immediately shrugs her shoulders, as if disappointed at his appearance, and passes on; while Paris, as yet insensible to the beauty of goddesses, opens his eyes and ejaculates "rather pretty." Juno takes no further notice of the youth, but turns to Narcissus, with whom the Poet leaves her.

The field abandoned by Juno, Venus now buckles on her marriage girdle and puts after Paris. Frightening the Poet's horse in her hot pursuit, and meeting no success, she concludes to take warning from her predecessor, and to bide her time with exemplary patience. She lies in wait for the young man, but he evades all her ambushes. At length, spying him on a solitary ambulation, she attacks him through a set of blinds, which shade the window where she tarries. Paris, unable to withstand the artful assault, falters. His little heart begins to hammer on his ribs and moan lugubriously to be let out. His sympathies are touched by its smothered cries and its incessant agitation, and breaking away from his hesitancy, he rushes, full tilt, at his darling Venus. This bold charge is followed up by a severe skirmish, in which the combatants hurl at one another billet-doux, doves, vines, bowers, &c., stammering out, in the pauses of the conflict, interjections

"Bubbling with heat and boiling o'er with passion."

A cessation of these hostilities is finally agreed upon. The parties become exceedingly attached to one another. They saunter, at the languid hour of twilight, beneath the shade of elm trees, and occasionally, when the air is hot with southern breezes, they stroll into an ice-cream saloon, where, in the company of verdant blades, they indulge in frozen custards and ice water.

Thus the intercourse between the amorous pair continues. Not a ripple disturbs the tranquility of their affections; not a cloud darkens the sunshine of their hopes. Venus, (and with good reason) considers that a matrimonial engagement exists between herself and the youth. In this belief she leaves earth to pay a visit to Mt. Olympus, whence she originally came, according to stanza IX. As soon as she has gone, Paris, in rustic amazement, finds that his heart is missing, and that Venus has taken it away with her! As he can not get along without its company, he plucks up and sends message to Olympus, after his heart; at the same time giving much impudent advice to the goddess. When this message arrived, Venus, with just indignation, sends the young "Tartar" a fatal letter; and Paris no more crosses the path of the angered goddess.

The coast is now clear a second time, and Minerva, summoning all her powers, celestial and infernal, hastens to the field already stained with the blood of beauty. Knowing the nature and habits of her game, she goes cautiously to work upon him. She makes a party, invites all the fair ones in the realm, and sends the captivating Antiope to bring Paris. So the youth goes there, with Antiope, and is ushered into a brilliant assembly of goddesses, over which the dark eyes of Minerva are pouring an intense lustre. Charmed by the stellar influence, the ductile Paris is again captured.

Seven times a week he is fascinated by bon mots, love quotations, two bright eyes, and a—neck. Indeed, the poor wight is so completely seduced, that he almost loses his all.

Paris at last falls into a desponding fit. He discovers the astonishing fact that he can not frequent the drawing rooms of Pallas, (or of Pallas's, as the Poet has it,) and talk love to the goddess, without drawing forth love from her. He sees that he is entwining himself in a matrimonial net again. He begins to look about for some friend to cut him out of Minerva's affections. He stumbles upon a bustling short-and-sweet, called Ganymede, who, already acquainted with the goddess, is willing to alternate with Paris in making love to her. Paris now gradually decreases, while Ganymede increases the number of his visits, and the former soon leaves for Troy, to spend the Spring vacation.

On returning from Troy, learning from his squire how little he has been missed, and how much his squire has been loved, Paris is nettled with jealousy, and repents himself of his rash conduct. He calls upon the goddess, who appears overjoyed to see him; and they sit tete-a-tete, in close embrace all the evening. Paris, finally, supposing that it is time to go, takes his hat and bids the goddess "good-bye for six weeks or so." Such con-

duct Minerva thinks indecorous and cruel, and appeals to father Jove, who assists Paris out of doors, and orders a return of Minerva's letters; with which mandate Paris complies. The doughty Ganymede now supposes that, since the master has been kicked out of the clover, the squire may take his place. But he is mistaken. Father Jove has a thunderbolt in readiness for him also; and amidst its terrific flight, the Poet drops the curtain; while young Paris, covered with the wounds and scars of Cupid's engagements, hobbles forward and entreates to be heard, while he gives

"The last advice of alighted prudence:
Students, beware of Flirts; and Flirts, of Students."

The object of publishing this story, we can only surmise. Whether the Poet induced his hero, or the hero induced his Poet, to make the matters of private and confidential life familiar to the world, we know not. We think there is but one opinion in regard to the facts, and that opinion falls heavily upon him

"Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a woman's heart."

A few criticisms on features of the work not yet noticed, and we have done.

Many expressions in the Poem are tautological. As "Keep to the well trod track so often tried.

So keep the beaten track and stray no wider." [Stan. II.]

"With easy fluency his glib tongue ran." [Stan. XVI.]

"Fair and bewitching was the form she wore,
Her figure petite." [Stan. XXIII.]

"His heart moaned lugubriously." [Stan. XXII.]

Many expressions are unintelligible. As

"And that's a place I can no more abide,
Than Rev. Dr. Fitch can Bushnellism." [Stan. II.]

"Bushnellism" is called a place. How much repugnance the Poet felt to abide there, we can not tell, since Rev. Dr. Fitch has never publicly expressed any opinion in regard to Bushnellism. The idea of the Poet would, perhaps, be intelligible, if his line read

Than Rev. Dr. B. can Delia-ism.

Again, in stanza IV,

"But the same names—revised."

If the names are the same, how revised?

"Tired of Olympus' cold in all sincerity." [Stan. IX.]

Is it sincerely cold, or sincerely tired?

"The ox-eyed glances which her orbs are raising." [IX.]

By what process are glances raised? The Poet more properly speaks, in stan. XIII, of glances "cast forth."

"Because the disability of all being loved;" &c. [Stan. X.]

Does the Poet mean inability?

"To sing them longer surely would annul us." [Stan. XI.]

Why annul the Poet?

"Five feet ten inches high—Narcissus hight." [Stan. XIV.]

Is 5 ft. 10 in. the regular height of a Narcissus?

"Girding the cestus on below her waist." [Stan. XVII.]

By graceful member and by well wrought fraction?

What fraction expresses or does not express beauty?

"By a sort of queer mysterious soul." [Stan. XX.]

What is a sort of queer soul?

"It must have been like treading over eggs." [Stan. XXIII.]

Does treading over, or upon eggs, break them?

"Her lips and larynx() shriek a murderous pean." [XXX.]

A pean is a song of praise or triumph; not a shriek of despair, followed by a desire to scratch.

The Poet frequently affects a compounding of words, which is very unpleasant, and without force; as—"bashfulconfident," "timid-brazen," "lovely-fearful," "cunning-simple," &c. Instances of alliteration are frequent.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Alpha Sigma Phi Fraternity.

Sic itur ad astra!

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

☞ Tickets for the ninth supper of the season, will be furnished to members by the Burgomaster.

Alpha Delta Phi.

Nos atra manet nox!

THE surviving members will meet, on Wednesday evening, to listen to an oration on Lunar and Stellar observations, by the last member initiated.

☞ A model for a tomb-stone will be selected at this meeting.

☞ Catalogues for sale at the door.

Kappa Sigma Theta.



Ipsa Salus nequit servare hunc animum!

THE surviving and sane members of this Society are requested to gather themselves together, on Saturday evening next, to take an affectionate farewell of themselves before the last link of their vitality is snapped by the arm of the Alpha Sigma Phi Fraternity.

☞ Every man is expected to bring a pocket handkerchief and a spittoon.

☞ The proposal of Prof. Dickerman to take the pine fixtures of the Society at half cost, will be accepted.

☞ The president's bench, the coal-hod, and the broom will be sold for the benefit of the members.

☞ Mr. Smith will take the Society's pins for old brass.

☞ A collection will be taken up to pay for the publication of the last Banger.

☞ The corpse of the Society will be interred at Mid-dletown, with appropriate ceremonies.

Skull and Bone.

Ossa sicca atque pellis totus est?

ALL past, present and future members of this Aristocracy are invited to be present on Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, to witness the annual clearing out of the Skull and shaking up of the Dry Bones.

The city Scavenger will be present. Music by the oldest member. Dancing by the company. Benediction by the Sexton.

Scroll and Key.

Pesti detestabili agglutinati sumus!

NOTICE is hereby given that this Society will assemble on Thursday evening, to consider the expediency of a divorcement from its consort of the Junior Class.

Star and Dart.

Lacrimas abstergere decet; nobis perivundum est!

THE President and Vice President will meet, immediately after tea, at North College, to weep. After the weeping, the third and last member of the Society will expatiate upon the virtues of the deceased; when the entire corps wilt proceed to the grave-yard.

☞ Juniors who have been pledged to the Star and Dart, will attend the funeral without further invitation.

Kappa Sigma Epsilon.

Hæc raibosa fugit canis, hæc lutulenta ruit sus!

THIS Society will meet as usual, at 12 o'clock, on Saturday noon, to investigate the charge brought against them, that the Society is too boisterous.

Peanuts will be distributed as usual; after which the discussion of the following question will be resumed, for the ninth and last time:

Resolved, Did his mother know he was out?

Delta Kappa.

Mentis inops lingua et rabies æterna loquendi!

THIS Society will meet at 6 o'clock, on Saturday evening, to quarrel about the election of new members. Ten members are expected to resign immediately, having been essentially gulled. The following national question will be discussed:

Resolved, Who did Robinson Crusoe justifiable and expedient?

Psi Upsilon.

Inflatus magis quam utilis grex!

MEMBERS will take notice that the Temperance Pledge will be circulated on Thursday evening, and positively for the last time.

☞ The usual fight will come off after the regular exercises.

Delta Kappa Epsilon.

Parrum parva decent!

ALL persons, of every hue, shape, and appearance; black, white, and dirty; good, bad, and indifferent; who have been promised elections to the first vacancies in this Society, are requested to meet in the Centre Church, on Saturday evening, and wait there until called for.