

THE YALE TOMAHAWK.

Devoted to the Class of Fifty-two.

VOL. III.

YALE COLLEGE,

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

NOVEMBER, 1849.

No. 1.

PRICE SIX CENTS.



Keened Supremacy, &c.

Various circumstances, which it is not necessary to enumerate, have decided us to omit the MENAGERIE notice, which has usually occupied this place. And in this connection, we would merely state that the Society, whose badge stands at the head of this article, alarmed at the unenviable notoriety, which the publishing of the names in our columns has given them, in their last election, initiated only such as were possessed of names which defy all rules of rhyme or measure. This excessive pains on their part was quite unnecessary, for the collection, contrary to the general rule, has changed from *beasts to rowdies*.

We have only to say, by way of explanation, that the following is the song which is used in the bacchanalian revels of the Society referred to, and which may be heard on Saturday nights by those in the vicinity of *Phœnix Building*, Chapel street. A mistake has been made as to the name of the Society. Some have contended that its initials signified "Keened Supremacy &c."

Although this information has been generally circulated, the name beneath their badge is the correct one, as an acquaintance with the Society, and the character of its members will show.

SUNG.

We never seek to more to eat,
Our appetites are poor,
But then we think that we can drink
Enough for any, sure,
Full off we swear, but little care,
At tutors never quail,
At l'ves' we meet, at l'ves' we treat,
And drink his jolly ale,
Then fill your glasses, Bloods,
fill high,
And never have it said,
A Kappa Sigma Theta man,
While sober, went to bed.

O! sing and shout, both small and stout,
For a merry band are we,
A jolly crew, the rowdy few,
With thoughts and wishes free;
Nor care a straw for College law,
At marks we ever rail,
We want but this, our greatest bliss,
To drink the jolly ale.
Then fill your glasses, Bloods, &c.

None ever knew a sober "blue,"
In this "blood crowd" of ours,
And never yet did Theta get
A man of decent powers;
But we are "seeds" whose rowdy deeds
Make up the drunken tale,
As in our hall, we're gathered all,
And drink the jolly ale.
Then fill your glasses, &c.

We seek the bowl that fires the soul,
And drives away all care,
That makes us brave, sometimes to rave,
And midnight deeds prepare.
If Freshmen quake when windows break,
And shouts the ear assail,
O then 'tis found the "bloods" are 'round,
Well filled with jolly ale.
Then fill your glasses, &c.

So drink away without dismay,
For here it is no shame,
And if to-night we should be tight,
"Tis every night the same;
So pass it round, let mirth abound,
And jollity prevail,

For well we love, full well we love
To drink the jolly ale.
Then fill your glasses, Bloods,
fill high,
And never have it said,
A Kappa Sigma Theta man,
While sober went to bed.

The Faculty vs. Indigent Students.

THE TOMAHAWK has never been conspicuous for its strictures upon the conduct or ordinances of the Faculty of Yale College. We believe the abuse and vituperation so industriously heaped upon them by college papers of past years, to have been ill-timed and in a great measure undeserved. Nevertheless, their theory and practice as illustrated by the experience of a few years past, have often merited the disapprobation which has been thus freely expressed. Sentiments have been avowed by them, especially with respect to the detection and punishment of crime, which no principle of justice can tolerate. Conduct has been pursued by several members, which should excite only the mingled pity and scorn of every honorable man. Thus far we have borne these things in silence, vainly hoping that they would discover and correct their errors. But recent events have compelled us to relinquish this hope.

Although habit had rendered us familiar with their principles and practice, and experience had taught us to expect injustice at their hands, we were surprised as well as pained upon learning of their late most unjust and oppressive law. We allude to the recent enactment whereby no person who is a member of a Secret Society can receive any benefit from the fund provided for the aid of Indigent Students; a law so manifestly injurious in its object and tendencies, as to merit a decided rebuke. Injurious, we say, in its object, which is evidently to deal a blow against these societies. If the Faculty really suppose that they are an evil, and that this measure will remove it by abolishing these societies, then, although they are exculpated from intentional wrong, they surely manifest an ignorance and want of foresight which, to say the least, are justly censurable. Of the truthfulness of this charge, the candid reader shall judge.

First: neither is the object of the law commendable, nor will it accomplish that object. If secret societies in College are injurious, the evil must result from the character of their exercises and transactions. Now what authority has the Faculty for supposing that these proceedings are improper in their nature or tendency? Even were this the fact, what proof have they of it, for no spy of theirs can insinuate his detestable person into a secret society? Are they not bound to consider them harmless, since they have no evidence to the contrary? At least, are they not bound to act upon this presumption? That they would thus act we had a right to expect; but this is not their course. Suspecting the character and influence of these societies, although in the absence of all evidence against them, they have proceeded on the strength of this suspicion to enact this law in the vain hope of putting an end to them. And here a new principle in respect to College government is evolved; or rather here is a new application of a principle that has long

guided the conduct of the sage Faculty. That they have a right to suppose a man guilty until he is proved innocent,—nay, that they have even a right to punish him upon suspicion,—are principles that have been distinctly avowed by members of that body. These principles, which have regulated their conduct toward individuals, have recently been applied to societies; and the law in question is founded upon them. Thus much for the correctness of their course, supposing their suspicions of the evil influence of these societies to be well founded. But are they right in these suspicions? Since a veil of secrecy hides from public scrutiny the proceedings of these societies, the only data from which to judge of their character, must be the character of individual members. If men of unblemished character, of conscientious adhesion to moral principle, are active members, attend their meetings, and countenance their proceedings, we have a right to infer that there is nothing in them peculiarly injurious or Satanic. Appealing to this, the only reasonable and satisfactory test, we unhesitatingly declare, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, secret societies in college are not only not injurious, but are beneficial, and of course any law against them is unjustifiable. Having shown that neither the principles upon which the law is founded are correct, nor its object commendable, let us consider whether it will accomplish that object.

The need of Literary Societies in College will be admitted by all. It must also be admitted that the advantages afforded by the three larger societies are not sufficiently extended to meet the wants of all. A society numbering more than one hundred members, and meeting only once a week, can not afford to each student those opportunities for rhetorical improvement which he ought to enjoy. To make up for this deficiency, minor societies were long since established, and from the nature of the case they were necessarily secret. Thus originated secret societies, and they have all along been tacitly approved by the Faculty, members of which have frequently sanctioned them by their presence. They are necessary in order to meet the wants of students. They are inwoven into the very texture and soul of college, and give to it one of its chief attractions. To destroy them, if such a thing were possible, would inevitably occasion serious injury to the interests of College. Will this law then effect the overthrow of secret societies? Never.

Secondly: let us consider the tendency of this law.

Although it can not destroy secret societies, it will tend to lower their character by barring many from participation in their privileges and influence in their proceedings, who would otherwise be an honor and an ornament to them. The students to whom this law refers, to their credit be it said, are almost without exception, men of exemplary moral character,—such men as impart tone and character to a society. We may safely assert, without fear of disparagement to others, that their moral influence is superior both in quality and extent to that of students in general. To shut out such persons from a society must evidently detract from its character. Thus the Faculty with a want of foresight that may well excite surprise, are increasing

the evil, if evil it be, rather than destroying it.

Again: it is unjust and oppressive, in that it deprives indigent students of the advantages that such societies afford, and that others enjoy. It has ever been the boast of Yale, that no partially, no favoritism, is displayed in the College government; that here, the poor man's son, and the rich man's son, meet upon a common level. That assertion, though true heretofore, is falsified now. Here is a law that says to the students whose only crime is poverty, "You shall not enjoy society advantages, on penalty of paying a fine of thirty-three dollars a year." Where is the justice, the equality of such a law? Must a man whose only wealth is his mind and character, be forbidden to cultivate and discipline that mind, and thus give strength and influence to that character? Is it just to cramp and fetter a man thus because he is poor? Is this the spirit of Yale?

There is but one reason offered by the Faculty which has reached us, that has a shadow of plausibility, or palliates in the least their folly and injustice. It is this: If a student can afford society expenses, he can equally well afford the expense of tuition. Its absurdity is only equalled by its falsity. The same test might, with equal propriety, be applied to his expenses of wearing apparel, food, furniture, and the like. Its falsity is seen in the fact that the expenses for these societies in the Freshman year, do not exceed the fifteenth part of this sum; in the Sophomore year, not the eighth part. Of the Junior and Senior years, we know nothing, not having yet made our exit from the position of Sophomore. With this view of the case we leave it. We have written "more in sorrow than in anger," actuated by the hope that the stain of this dishonorable law may be wiped out from the escutcheon of Yale College.

The Rowdy.

A FRAGMENT.

I saw him in a midnight row,
When like Tom Crib he bore him,
And Charles, though he was "a'fou,"
Still fell or fled before him.
The Fancy and the Fancy's name,
The hope for pugilistic fame
No daunting thoughts came o'er him,
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to flag and sky,
He saw the pavement's muddy breast
Glittering with brazen stars;
He saw the sky, and in the west
The inspiring "shield of Mars."
The "Fives" throughout each devious maze,
Rang with the rattle of Old Hays.
He heard its echoes ring with joy,
He heard—and felt himself—a Bruer!

I saw him next alone—nor FAN,
Nor Mark his steps attended;
Nor watchcoats shook, nor cheering rang
With rattles wildly blended.
He lay alone whom THETA late
In Chapel Street did idolate.
He, who with HAYS contended,
Lay there but loafers lay before
Upon the muddy Station floor.
He moved—the fumes of brandy gone,
With aching head, and covering air,
By constables dragged rudely on.
For they were monarchs there.
And by His Honor's stern decree,
The Hero of that glorious spree
Was pitilessly juggled!

Sabbath Musings.

For full an hour good Rev. Dr. Fitch,
Obfuscaties a point of doctrine, which
No apex hath—
The sinner sleeps, with but this anxious thought;
If presiding be Heaven's Mercy, what
Must be its Wrath!





VIR EST NOTISSIMA!

ACTING MEMBERS

OF THE

Society of the Alpha Sigma Phi.

HENRY S. BENNETT,
EDWARD C. BULLINGS,
ELLIAM G. BOADENMAN,
EDWARD RUCK,
WILLIAM W. CRAPO,
JAMES H. DWIGHT,
JOSEPH E. GOODRUE,
EDWARD HUGHES,
WILLIAM F. HUMPHREY,
JAMES H. JOHNSON,
HENRY D. KIMBALL,
OSCAR LOUVAHRY,
MARCUS LYON,

ANGELO W. NORTH,
WILLIAM H. REDWOOD,
EDWARD RUTLEY,
SAMUEL C. ROBINSON,
WILLIAM B. ROSS,
GEORGE G. RILL,
ROBERT E. SEAGRUE,
WILLIAM W. STEWART,
WILLIAM H. TALCOTT,
ADRIAN TERRY,
JOSEPH F. WARING,
GEOFFRE A. WILCOX,
CHARLES E. VAN DERBURG.

The Tomahawk.

Tuesday, 12 o'clock, Nov. 27, 1819.

FELLOW STUDENTS:—Without any presumptuous boasting or conceited arrogance, and yet without fear, we present to your notice the third number of the TOMAHAWK. We have no reasons to enumerate whereby we claim your patronage and favorable consideration,—no desire to demand your attention on account of our age, nor to thrust forward any ideas we may have formed of our greatness and importance. Suffice it to say, we present our sheet in the confident expectation of your encouragement and good opinion, both from the many tokens of favor, which, in times past, you have been pleased to render us, and in the belief that our present appearance is such as to warrant your commendation.

The College journals which have preceded us during the term, have each stated their design, and have shown by their contents how well the ends they sought have been attained. It is our right, therefore, to define our position, and state the grounds on which we seek your notice. We do not come before you with our columns filled with statistical tables, (well enough in their place,) neither to repeat the dirty, filthy slang, which some one, fond of its use, may have gathered during the year—and which should have no place in a College paper. Nor is it our purpose to recount with satisfaction the rowdiness, the dissipation, or the folly of our own members, for of such things we can not boast. But while we chronicle the events which are transpiring in our midst, we would express, as the organ of the Class, the sentiments of its members, and represent their interests.—Those who deem vulgarity and obscenity to be sparkling wit, we may not interest. The praises of such we do not seek, for they have already been lavished upon an object worthy their regard, and we have no wish to share them.

Custom requires us to speak of the Banger. And though you, reader, might desire a more interesting or amusing subject, yet it shall have such notice as courtesy or condescension may ask at our hands.

We will not praise, for we have consciences; neither will we defend it, lest we be ranked with those who wrote it. And yet to call "the loathed and hated thing" a "sneaking, cowardly, lying, disgusting sheet," would savor too much of the spirit which characterizes the production we are compelled to criticize. Disposed as we are to give it all the credit it deserves, we will say, the first page, though indicative of no great genius or ingenuity, is quite passable. And yet it did seem to us rather strange that the same paper, which, one year ago, spoke of Freshman Societies as "beneath our notice" should this year have elevated them to an equality with themselves. Perhaps the miserable selection (!) which said Society gained of the present Sophomore Class, may account for this exceeding condescension.—Our object is to maintain the interests and defend the reputation of the Class—their interests and reputation both as individuals and a whole, and where we can not praise, we should not condemn. Hence we might plead an excuse from speaking of their editorial. For, strange as it may seem, we have it from reliable sources, that the editorial of the *Banger* was actually written by a Sophomore.

Of the rest of this unsightly production, we are at a loss what to say. It is hardly within our province to criticize the grammar, style, or sense of *Seniors*, and yet, when they place themselves in the stead of Sophomores, in editing or writing a paper, we might—were we willing to own them as such—speak of them as Sophomores. The "motto for the Yale Literary" is indeed a spicy article, when we recollect it was written by one who considered his abilities such as to warrant an expectation of his becoming an Editor of the Yale Lit.; once expressed in connection with an application for admittance into a Junior Society. This tirade against a College journal, of so long standing, and which has maintained so high a rank and enjoyed, most deservedly, the favor, the good wishes and the patronage of the Students of College, might indeed provoke attention, was not the sensitiveness of its author, on this particular subject, well known. Instead of an Editorship of the Yale Lit., which his early aspirations pointed out as a worthy field for displaying his amazing genius, he becomes at length content to satisfy his thirst for College renown as a contributor to the *Banger*. We can only say—"Dear Author! suit your topics to your strength." But would it not have been quite as kind, and quite as much in accordance with the feelings of the persons interested, had this aforesaid gentleman and his associates omitted in their "Epistle Regurgitatory," the private history of the members of the Society by whom he was employed to write their witty (!) articles? But let *Seniors* pass.—It has been whispered that the "Freshman Green" might have been written by a Sophomore. Others maintain that it was merely copied. That the public may know how much credence to place in these reports, we would refer them to a Song published in a former number of the TOMAHAWK, entitled "The Freshman Green," inscribed to the Freshman Class,—Air—"Ivy Green,"

"Oh, a verdant one is the Freshman green," &c.

Perhaps the youth who so barefacedly skinned the song referred to, fondly fancied the Tomahawk was extinct, as did the Editor of the *Banger*, when he asked in a tone of fear and alarm, lest the repetition of its name would call it into life, "What has become of it?" Or, perhaps, he fancied the publishers of the Tomahawk would be at no loss for articles to fill their paper, and that by purloining one of their old and published pieces, their obliging Senior friends might be saved the trouble. We would commend to the readers of the *Banger* (if there are any such) an attentive perusal of this Song, as the only thing in that paper free from obscene phrases and low allusions.

Their other articles are all so old, and have appeared so often before, we deem it needless to comment on them. We are, however, authorized to state that Prof. Silliman's address to the Freshmen, which was stereotyped some years ago, to save expense in frequent publication, will appear also in the next *Banger*, (i. e. should the Society deem it practicable to issue another.)

But leaving the paper—which we understand was written with special reference to secure the good opinion of Freshmen—we might be expected to say something of the Society which claims to be its parent. It might, perhaps, be expected of us so far to notice a rival, (?) as to comment on the great age of that Society which boasts itself the "Skull and Bone" of the Sophomore Class;—to speak of the well known and authenticated fact of the disbanding of that Society, not many years since, and the actual burial of their plate and secrets at East Haven bridge; or to make public the internal strife and dissension which so happily exists among them at present; and were we disposed to enter into particulars to relate the circumstances and success of the recent attempt to establish a chapter at a neighboring College. It was sickness indeed which compelled a prominent member of the Class, during the warm days of last July, to leave Yale and pay a visit to Amherst. And how poorly paid was he for his disinterested and even "unwarranted services." Undaunted he could face the Sophomores at Amherst, and since he could not extol his own Society, could traduce the character of ALPHA SIGMA PHI, where he vainly thought her good name had not reached, and where there would be none to repel his slanders. But "the fire in the rear," the disaffection at home, the want of sympathy and the non-appreciation of his generous efforts were too much to endure. A truthful remark was that, "we have been exceedingly unfortunate in former chapters abroad." Shades of Middletown!

But we have no wish to discuss or underrate the merits of any Society, nothing to gain by proclaiming any of their secrets or internal difficulties, and but slight glory indeed in their extinction.

Although our present number is considerably enlarged, yet want of room compels us to omit many articles which have been prepared for publication. So much so, indeed, another number of THE TOMAHAWK may be expected during the term.

The Burial of Euclid.

A custom of more than "seven years' standing," has been publicly prohibited by the Faculty of this College, and all participation in, or connivance at, its observance peremptorily forbidden; and to enforce compliance, the terrors of college law have been freely threatened. More than this, the subordinate officers of instruction have volunteered their services as spies; engaged the assistance of the city police; electioneered one of their pupils to serve as reporter; watched in disguise the private apartments of the students, and the places of general resort, and held themselves in constant readiness to act as college sheriffs. These are men whom we daily meet in our recitations, these sneaking, brainless beings are our tutors, our regular instructors. Can we entertain the slightest respect for such men, or recognize them as fit representatives of Yale? It is impossible for us to respect as teachers those who stand charged with dishonorable conduct. The lower Jesuit does the meaner work.

It may be that a system of college police is necessary for the detection of offenders; but let this department be wholly separate from that of collegiate instruction—for to meet our teachers disguised by the fumes of a penny cigar, or such rowdily caps, is poorly fitted to secure our respect. And the time spent in these night excursions might be more profitably employed by them in preparation for their daily recitations, and thus save themselves the mortification of replying, when asked to explain some difficult passage, that they "had not read the lesson yet."

What is the character of this anniversary, and why is its observance prohibited? A discourse, a poem, and a funeral oration, accompanied with suitable music, constitute the usual literary exercises. And after these are concluded, a procession is formed by the students, dressed according to the peculiarities of individual taste, and with a mock solemnity the corpse is borne to a suitable place without the limits of the city, and there, agreeably to ancient usage, committed to the flames. A funeral dirge closing the imposing scene. Now what is there in this harmless festival to call down the vengeance of college law.

"Tantane animis celestibus irae."

Are nocturnal processions violations of college law? Idleness and flute-playing are equally so. [See Laws of Yale College, chap. VIII, sect. XI, and chap. VIII, sect. XIX.]

Is it a necessary cause of dissipation? Those who glory in contemptible vice need no such empty pretext for indulgence, and more numerous, and, to some, more attractive scenes of excitement are ever at hand. But, it is said, it is invariably accompanied with dissipation. Yes; but the same is true of every college festival, not even excepting our temperance anniversaries. Unquestionably these exercises have been too often disgraced by vulgarity and profanity, yet be it remembered, the opposition on the part of the Faculty has driven out to a considerable extent the more respected and influential portion of the students, and thrown it into the hands of a different class. We are confident that, were it not for this opposition, the good sense of the college community would never tolerate the abuses which now attend the observance of this anniversary. The college sentiment has spoken more than once on similar occasions, and few can be found among us so reckless as to brave it. In a sister institution, where the evening debates of literary societies are prohibited, a similar custom is freely tolerated. We venture to say that these annual obsequies have been attended with less dissipation than other occasions of more frequent recurrence, which have been uniformly and favorably recognized in the discipline of this college. Our Society elections are uniformly characterized by the prominent vice, at the suppression of which this measure is professedly aimed; yet our literary societies stands acknowledged as important departments of our University education.

No college laws can exterminate vice. These may crush its more open and glaring exhibitions, and yet in the secret hours of night every vice may do its deadly work. All reforms must be based on public sentiment. If those who are entrusted with the government of this college would drive destroying vice from among us, let them preserve those harmless sports which relieve the dull monotony of college study.

Let Euclid then be buried with appropriate honors, and the example of the Class of "Fifty-two" be imitated. Let this harmless festival, observed by so many successive generations, be free from innovation, and lawful pleasures preserve the fading romance of college life.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE S. C. C.

A TRAGEDY.

We can not lay this deeply affecting Tragedy before our readers without explaining the manner in which it came into our hands. While the tower of London was undergoing repairs, a short time since, a secret crypt in the wall was discovered, containing a manuscript, bearing the title of

"De Magicioue Nitemitee."

It is not difficult to trace in the persons introduced the characters of many distinguished personages of that epoch. By Meg Merry-likes is undoubtedly meant Anne Boleyn; and the name evidently refers to her well-known failing. Nor does it require much penetration to discover beneath the mask of Wolcott a covert satire on Cardinal Wolsey and his seraglio.

By the mystic letters S. C. C., which so frequently occur, are undoubtedly meant the King's Counsellors (Sacri Consilii Coadjutores;) while under the name of Black Bess, we trace a prophetic allusion to Queen Elizabeth.

We return our sincere thanks to the Librarian of the British Museum, Mr. Herring, for a copy of so interesting a relic of the olden time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

T. D. WOLCOTT, *A Malicious Magician.*
MEG MERRY-LIES, *A Lovely Enchantress, & Ennouncer of Sawbones*
BLACK BESS, *A Witch in league with Wolcott.*
SPIRITS, i. e. Brandy, Whiskey, Rum, &c.
SERVANTS, IMPS AND PAREPHARNALIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. CHEMICAL LABORATORY. Enter Meg Merry-likes on a broomstick, smoking a pipe. She sings:

O ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes all rot;
I never loved a tree nor flower,
But 'twas the first to go to pot!
I never gobbled one poor fart,
To cheer me with his soft dark eye,
But ere he came to love me well
By malice dire was forced to fly.
That noble crowd, the S. C. C.,
The Faculty would fain disperse;
But 'er they do that cursed deed,
They'll feel my foot or something worse!
I shan't permit it, no, not I,
I'm not one of that sort.
With no great glee, they'll quickly see
I'm keen at a retort!

She dashes a glass retort on the floor, sets the Professor's blow-pipe in action, and challenges the galvanic battery to single combat; but the latter declining to accept, she continues.

By my actions it seems shocked;
By its own it seems quite cocked;
Its aid the Prex. will seek in vain,
While I my own will thus obtain.

(Chants.)

Spirits of the S. C. C.

Listen! Lend your aid to me!
By Sawbones' nose, I you invoke,
By brains which you once loved to soak,
By jollity you hold so dear,—
Listen now,—appear, appear!

Enter Spirits almost drunk. They dance the Virginia Reel and sing:

Tumble, tumble, reel and tumble,
Grant, Rick and Wolcott humble!

Meg.

See the gathering clouds appear!

A cloud of Darkies appear in the back-ground.

The pending storm would fain burst here
But while I thus your aid invoke,
The clouds disperse, the wind is broke.

Darkies vanish, and a noise resembling a clap of thunder is heard.

Meg sings.

Higgledy, piggledy, my Sawbones,

Shan't be sent off by pedagogue clowns;
Sometimes fools and always drones,
Higgledy, piggledy, my Sawbones!

1st Spirit sings:

Two years were gone and a little more past,
When our Alma Mater had a fine litter a last;

They carried them to Ives's and called them S. C. C.

And brought them back for Wolcott to see!
Chorus.

Sing fallalida, sing fallalida,
Sing Wolcott, take this for your interfering!

Singing is heard without.

Ladies, dear ladies, will you take it amiss
If we come 'neath your window and ask
for a kiss!

Meg.

Ha! ha! The S. C. C. is out in might!
They serenade dear Meg to-night;
Come, Spirits, come! your ruby lips I'll taste,

And then I'm off, instantan, quick, in haste.

Embraces the Spirits. Enter Beethoven Choir, who perform the "Railroad Overture," to which Meg dances off. Beethoven, give a Big-Hallo, and exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Wolcott's Cave. In the middle, a suspicious looking crockery utensil, boiling. Thunder and Mars. Enter Wolcott and Black Bess in a halo of goose grease and glory.

Bess.

Thrice your nice new boot has creaked.

Wol.

Thrice; and once thy snivelling nose hath sneezed.

Bess.

The clock strikes; 'tis time, 'tis time!

Wol. chants.

Round the seething cauldron go,
In a chaw of 'bacsey throw!
Bed-bug that in South-Middle bed,
Days and nights from thirty head
Of Freshmen sleeping green blood got,—
Boil thou next in the charmed pot.

Both.

Stir, stir, tongs and shovel!

Fire burn and cauldron bubble!

Wol.

Next a Tutor's soul you take,—
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Heart of spy and tail of hog,
Supply of gas and poodle dog,
Banger, or Gallinipper's sting,
Or any other nasty thing;
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like stew of oysters, boil and bubble!

Both.

Stir, stir, tongs and shovel!

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble!

Wol.

Scales of justice we seldom use,
Feathers of "birds" we sometimes noose,
O'er bad that ne'er will leave us,
Treasures of S. C. Josephus,
Slice from the paunch of carpenter fat,
Fragment large of an "old hat,"
Finger of John Hopkins-babe,
Hall-delivered by a drab!

Make the gruel thick and slab!
And add to it one Prof.'s chauldron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

Both.

Stir, stir, tongs and shovel!

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble!

Wol.

Mix with it a Grant of odoriferous flesh;
'Twill make our stew smell anything but fresh!

Both sing.

Black spirits and white,
Woolly heads and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may!

Wol.

By the itching of my-nose,
Something nasty here doth come;
Open the door, whoever's thar!

Enter Imp.

Imp.

Morning, my trusty Bess, and you my bow-backed friend!

What is't you do?

Both

(retiring with the cauldron into another apartment.)

A deed without a name.

They return. Imp speaks.

Most worthy pair, thus do I bow before you,
And thus my legal service tender; without
Stands many an imp of high renown for mean-ness,

Ready for aught but good. Their names
blazoned forth,
By rumor, busy-tongued, stand high on the
scroll of Infamy;
Prepared, where valor's needed not to do
your bidding.
What would'st thou of them?

WOLCOTT.

Trusty servant, listen,
And thou shalt hear a tale will curdle thy
very life-blood.

Listen. I nursed a viper in my bosom, its
name, the S. C. C.

With mother's care I suckled it, nor let it
play,
Nor join its fellows in their sports. And now,
To years of wisdom, as it fancies, grown
this viper vile

Would turn and sting me; it would break
my laws,
And kick my Tutors—Nay e'en myself is
not held sacred,

And now to destroy this crowd, to crush this
serpent,
And nip its promise-buds, I ask your aid.

Will thou assist me, and by thy magic art
find out
If I shall be successful?

IMP.

I will; now follow me.

He circumambulates the cauldron, followed
by the others repeating

Round the seething cauldron go,
In the mathematics throng:—
Round the seething cauldron go,
In the classic torments throng!

Thus we please thee, spirit old,
Who lived ere innovations bold
Had dared thy sacred rights infringe,
And on thy ward fiercely impinge

With borous tasks unknown to thee,
Thou friend of mirth and jollity,
Come quickly, spirit of the olden time,
Come quickly, ere I'm out of rhyme!

Enter Ghost—speaks.

What thou would'st have, say, quickly say;
In this vile hole I can not stay!

WOLCOTT.

I fain would know from lips divine,
What fate will meet this plan of mine;
Will the event my wishes meet,
Or shall the issue be defeat?

GHOST.

O'er LEONARD THOU GAINED'ST VICTORY;
NO MAN SHALL EVER CONQUER THERE!
Enter Beethoven Choir.

Solo.

Go it, go it, boots! settle, settle
Their ha-a-a-a-a-sh!

Semi Chorus.

Settle, settle, their hash, their hash,
Their hash, Amen!

Full Chorus.

Their hash settle! Go it boots,
Their hash, their boots, hash boots,
It makes us joyful, hash, hash their boots,
Their boots, their bo-oo-oo-oo-t's! Amen.

Jerusalem, their boots, Amen!
Hallelujah, A-a-a-m-e-e-e-e-e!
[Wolcott treats round, and exeunt omnes in a
halo of crackers and cheese.

ACT III.

SCENE I. S. C. C. HALL. Suspended on
the walls are seen the arms of the Society,
viz: a hat, noir containing a brick rouge,
and three bottles rampant. Enter Presi-
dent of the S. C. C. and fellows, seated on
bottles.

Pres.

Brethren, we'll open the bottles and the
meeting simultaneously. Fine opening for
a young man just launching into life!

They drink all round and sing.

One week after this jolly crowd died,
They smashed all the windows in H-I-I;
They stole the key from St. Peter's side,
And pulled down the Purgatory bell!

They drink, and 1st member rises and reads:
Though pains and aches assail Mary,
She will not be forsaken,
For Nature's yielded up one Grant,
To console Mary Aching!

They drink, and 2d member speaks:

Why, my friends, is our President a
shrewder man than Tutor G—?

Pres.

You lie! Let's all drink!

They drink.

2d Member, indignantly.

I repeat my question! D'y'e give it up?
Because one is an astute man, and the other
is an ass-tute!

Pres.

You lie! Let's drink!

They drink.

3rd Member.

Fellows!—hiccup—rough and tough is
Joey B., but devilish sick.

He seizes on the 4th Member, and commences
cascading violently on the upper portion of
his person.

4th Member.

Out, fiend! My ear shall be privy to no
such trash.

3rd Member.

I call that cursed mean you cast up on
me last night!

4th Member.

Well, you needn't be throwing it in my
teeth all the time.

Pres.

You lie! Let's drink!

They drink.

2d Member.

Gentlemen, listen to the Apostrophe to the
Banger:
Peace to the dead! Calm let them lie,
Nor fondly try to nurse them!

Those puns, of old age long since dead,
Exhume not, to re-hearse them!

Pres.

You lie! Let's drink!

They drink.

Enter serenade in haste, exclaiming:
To arms! to arms! The foe is on your
heels.

Pres.

How now! what means this fear and
trembling?

Serv.

Wolcott, Black Bess, and her cauldron,
And the imps whom they have called on
To help them in their hour of need,
Would see if they can now succeed
In crushing all this noble crowd,
Which is every where allowed
As one of which we should be proud!

Pres.

Let's drink long life to it!

They drink.

A noise is heard without. Enter Wolcott
and Imps.

Wol.

Imps, take your positions.

They place themselves.

Pres.

What an imposition! Boys, let's drink!
They drink.

Wol. to the Pres.

Your crowd is at my mercy:—
Submission due alone can gain forgive-
ness;

Before, behind, around, my Imps are
stationed,
Imps whom they alone who've felt can
know.

He [pointing] once did steal a sheep, and
sell the fleece
For twice its worth! and he did rob a babe
Three summers' old, of dirty diaper!

Such valor do they boast;—do you be-
ware,
Lest you do anger them!

A spirit too hath said,

"O'er LEONARD THOU GAINED'ST VICTORY,
NO MAN SHALL EVER CONQUER THERE!"
Enter Meg Merry-likes and her Spirits.

Meg.

Thy story's true; yet thou shalt feel,
That woman's anger once aroused, she'll
dare

The deeds that punier man dare not assay!
Now to your duty, spirits!

Meg seizes a tin cup, with which she spoils
Wolcott's mug; Whiskey-Punch gives him
a poke in the side; Mint Julep mounts up
into his head, and Timber Doodle knocks
him stiff. Brandy Smash crushes his Imps,
Sangaree sings Unde Ned, and Sherry
Cobbler leathers away indiscriminately.

After a short contest, exeunt Wolcott and
Imps in confusion. The President rises
and says:

Boys! let's drink to our lovely Enchantress!

CURTAIN FALLS.

"Pa," said a precious juvenile the other
day, "does Commodore Blake's mistress
belong to the Kappa Sigma Theta Society?"

"No, my son," said the fond parent;
"why do you ask?"

"Because I saw in their catalogue the
name of a Blake's de-man!"
"What, what do you feed that child so
high for?"

Page 3, 1st col., 6th line from the bottom, after 'Grant' omit comma. and for 'Rick' read kick