





# THE YALE TOMBEAWK.

Devoted to the Class of Ninety-three.

VOL. IV.

"Where the offense lies, there let the guilt also fall."

No. 1.

YALE COLLEGE,

FEBRUARY, 1891.

PRICE SIX CENTS.



Kαροδομήτριον Συναγωγή Ορίων.

We regret to see that this interesting collection of zoological curiosities, under the worthy management of Van "Humbert" is as present so far reduced that a dismal looking puss in boots, a hog and a small rooster, with what seems to be a striped squirrel, are the sole remnant of that once numerous band whose curious performances never failed to excite the admiring mirth of every spectator. These have, alas! mostly gone to pot in more senses than one, and we doubt not that some Median caldron is now rejuvenating their worn out frames, and about to reproduce a fresh collection.

But when did any lasting good ever come from deep potations? We are of opinion that those, so frequently repeated of late years, have been the principal cause of the depreciation of this menagerie in the public esteem. The unreasonable and hasty manner in which the animals gazed the refreshment from time to time bestowed upon them, so many cases induced a fatal lethargy, while the greedy manner in which the animals would devour every green thing designed for partition among his fellows, excited the horror of the spectators, and led a discerning public to withhold a sufficient allowance. Although the well laden basket of codfish and potatoes, purchased for the express purpose by the charitable members of Alpha Sigma Phi, has often caused their famishing hearts to sing for joy, yet many of the starving train have joined the "immortal caravan" in spite even of this generous restraint. Peace be to their (h) ashes.

The condition of the surviving animals is represented to be forlorn in the extreme. They occupy an exceedingly uncomfortable garret used for the storage of cotton rags, the filthy and leaky condition of which doubtless exerts a baleful influence on their health. Chanticleer has lately been elected Treasurer, and goes winging his way to the animals, presenting his bill to each. Whoever he fears that the chickens will not shell out, he inserts a clause, which usually makes an effectual appeal to their feelings. He thinks he will pick his way out of the Society's embarrassments, provided he can get sufficient dough; and already begins to crow over his success. He thinks that by means of his exertions, the Society will be able to father its nest. Still he informs us that it is a *fool estate*. It is evidently a *bad egg*. But this is too mournful a tale. He has been carrying a subscription paper among the Freshmen to get the benevolent to join in aiding the removal of his comrades to a more salubrious locality. Heaven send endurance to his legs and grit to his gizzard! for if his project fails, his partners in distress can endure their privations no longer. The following song, written by an A. Z. e. man, was squeaked out by the cat and squirrel on the occasion of investing the young ambassador with license plenipotentiary to act for the common weal.

CARMEN.

*Modus "Gaudeamus igitur."*

O si ocios incedas  
Pellus gallinaceus!  
Oecreata fells plorat,  
Striatu securus orat,  
Atque insensit porcus.

Tironum inedia  
Multos homines languinis;  
Novi homines decentia  
In odorem, haud bibentia,  
Nasos omnes prurimus,

Tibi eloquentia  
Sit, et impudentia!  
Atque peritacitiae,  
Prosperique audacitiae  
Tribues terebras!

Nostram enim totam spem  
Tibi jam committimus;  
Si tirones recumbant,  
Teoque canentem calcabunt,  
Omnes olam ibimus.

## OSMOLOGY, &c. OF RECITATION ROOMS.

In this age of refinement, when one will not put to his mouth a glass that has been moistened by the lips of a friend; and when moreover every decently educated man acknowledges it to be of paramount necessity to health that the vital air he breathes should be pure and fresh; we greatly wonder that the learned and reverend Faculty should be so very far behind the times, as to retain those loathsome relics of a past age, denominated recitation rooms, in their present condition. It is of the Sophomore rooms that we design to speak particularly, though our remarks will be in a measure applicable to those of all the classes. If the Faculty blindly imagine these rooms fit for the reception and abode of human beings as they are, they deserve to be clasped with Rip Van Winkle and the Seven Sleepers; if they are well aware that they are miserable, unhealthy holes, in which a swine would contract disease, they should be placed in the same category with the railroad company which should use cracked car wheels, and the steamboat captain who should carry an unsound boiler. We have often thought when necessitated to inhale asthmatically the foul atmosphere of these dens that the ancients were not greatly mistaken in their belief that poison could be communicated through the sense of smell. The immediate

effects, the vertigo and headache which often seize him, manifestly show that it risks, and results frequently prove that it sacrifices health to remain in them. The bare idea of keeping forty men for three hours daily in a room less than 20 feet square and eight feet high, and moreover, making it the abode of another individual during the rest of the day, while the only mode of ventilation is the occasional opening of a door, or raising of a window, approaches more nearly than any other imaginable thing to the tale of the horrible Black Hole. Were not one stench continually varied by blending with another, carbonic acid gas would be perceived to be the principal ingredient of the mephitic air, but thanks to the smoke of vile oil, the exhalations of tobacco chewers, and the inherent effluvia of the place, we are nauseated with "a compound of villainous smells" surpassing anything that ever disgusted Falstaff's olfactories. We would suggest that this is a matter which claims the prompt attention of the powers that be. The items of our term bills plainly indicate that the Faculty have ways and means enough of procuring the health of the students calls loudly for a remedy of the evil, even though on other grounds, the authorities of the college would be willing to tolerate such nuisances within the precincts of their Alma Mater. Heaven grant that our future associations with recitation rooms may not be such as that whenever the name is pronounced in our hearing, the graphic couplet of Coleridge shall rise involuntarily to our lips—

I counted two and seventy stenches,  
All well defined and separate stinks.

We had intended to comment somewhat on the nature of the seats with which the economical Faculty provide us, which in point of comfort might well be compared to Lacademonian camp stools, and which seem to have emanated from the all receiving shop of some dealer in old junk, such a motley collection of arms, legs, backs and seats, mortised, spliced and nailed together in every imaginable way, does daily offend more senses than that of sight alone. But the subject transcends our feeble powers of description, more words of criticism. We would gladly close by saying to the Faculty, as some body said to the noted Gil Blas, we wish you, gentlemen, all sorts of blessings and a little more taste.

A SQUATTER.

## CHAPEL SCENE.

Poor Uncle Ben, the other night,  
As in his den he sat upright,  
With many a groan and prayer oppressed  
While alone—*—h* the students bleed'd,  
Fell fast asleep, and with a snore  
His mouth as open like a door.  
Seniors and seniors in wonder shrink,  
Professors snort and tutors wink—  
A thrill of horror seizing all,  
Invade the chapel like a pall.  
That in the college law,  
(That human law which we all abhor),  
Should dare to send, to sleep, to snore,  
A thing never seen or dream'd before.  
P—h denounce! the secret cause  
Why all these things, and lengthy pause  
And anxious lips bespeak a zeal  
Few know, alas! too many feel.  
Inspired with his ecstatic views,  
One grand explosion now ensues;  
With hands out, with tearful eyes,  
Yet face the look'd as if he'd cry,  
The climax comes—a mighty din  
The spacious Chapel fills—all grin,  
Some scrape. Up starts old Uncle Ben;  
And P—h—his wonder cries "Amen."

## SABBATH DESECRATION.

Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, and rest upon the seventh; is the divine injunction. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work, and the rest upon the Sabbath, is the practical result of the regulations of this institution. Wednesday and Saturday afternoon are professedly given us for the discharge of those duties, which necessarily accumulate after a week of hard study. None are inclined, and few willing, under any consideration to pursue their studies during the few hours of a half holiday. The meagre allowance of time is quickly passed in the pursuit of pleasure and recreation, too often in the discharge of irksome duties. Saturday night comes, and the attention and time of many are occupied by the more "social" and "non-social" societies. "Non-social" and "non-social," we think, be compelled to labor then. The regular practice of rising with the stroke of the prayer bell, so prevalent throughout college, precludes the idea of rising early on Monday morning. The Sabbath dawns upon the poor student burdened with the thought of the lesson, or flunk of the morrow morning. Conscience struggles for a time with pride and ambition. During the tender days of Freshman life she may be victorious; but sooner or later, in very many cases, the black flag of Sabbath desecration will be unfurled.

Now there are one or two interrogations which we wish to urge upon those in power. Is it the object of this institution to cultivate high moral sentiments, and to encourage and enforce an observance of the Sabbath, or is it not? Is the cultivation of the mental powers, the study of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, considered an object paramount to the cultivation of the moral and religious nature, or is it not? We have confidence enough in the integrity of the Faculty, to anticipate their prompt reply. Do not, then, the Faculty know that there is nearly as much study in college on the Sabbath, preparatory to the Monday morning recitation, as upon any lesson during the week? Such is the case, and we cannot believe that the Faculty, after their own experience in college and after years of observation, are ignorant of the fact. The extra rushes on Monday morning proclaim it in language not to be misunderstood. Either they do not, or will not know it, and we shall not do truth so great an injustice as to suppose that they do not. Now the guilt of this sin either falls upon the Faculty, or the student, or is divided between them. We do not pretend to exculpate the student entirely, and we do intend to lay no small share of the burden upon the shoulders of the Faculty. The master, who, by a threat of punishment, induces his servant to perform some deed, when it is morally certain that he will so perform it as to incur the penalty of the law, shares the guilt with his slave. Now this comparison, perhaps, may not be precisely parallel, but it is near enough for all practical purposes. The Faculty impose upon us tasks, which it is certain that very many, contrary to the laws of God, will perform upon the Sabbath. But we are told that the task should be performed during the holiday, or on Monday morning. In one breath we are told that our holidays are given us for recreation, and in

the next that we must employ them in our usual pursuits; and we have previously shown the danger of relying upon Monday morning. Now here is the fact of the matter: the Faculty assign tasks, which they tell us we need not discharge at one time, must not upon the Sabbath, and which there is no certainty of performing at another, when they must know that a majority will perform them on the Sabbath. They weigh a few lines of worldly wisdom against the certainty of Sabbath desecration. On Thursday morning they assign (gradually enough to be sure) lessons much shorter than usual; but when it comes to the Sabbath, when there is a certainty that holy time will be trespassed upon by great numbers, then no reduction is made. Mental and moral improvement are the objects of college discipline, and the two ought, and need never to conflict. Is not ten times more lost in the one, than is gained in the other, by this course? Now what we wish is that the same course be pursued here as at other colleges—that the Faculty either dispense entirely with the recitation on Monday morning, or that some exercise which will not require preparation be substituted in its place. We commend these few ideas to the candid consideration of every one of the guardians of this institution whose eye it may meet.

## ORATORY AS TAUGHT AT YALE.

Although oratory is of all professions the most powerful ruler of the masses, an agent to which the world must attribute many of its reforms, religion much of its purity, and government much of its freedom; although in the schools of the ancients the great object of instruction was to fit the pupil for the rostrum, not merely in respect to his gestures and attitudes, and the modulation of his voice, but by the cultivation of every branch of learning in view of its adaptation to the most enlightened communities, and within the precincts of our most distinguished seats of learning, such total indifference to the cultivation of such an art, that we fear a disparagement of its powers by those who should be its especial patrons and defenders.

It is a lamentable fact, and the more so as it has existed unaltered for years, that at Yale the grade of oratory has been so low that not more than four or five of a class have exhibited any of the graces, or marks of cultivation of those powers which make the effective orator. As each Commencement has turned upon the world another college generation, this deficiency in so important a branch of education has been a subject of comment by the leading press throughout the country—a circumstance that should tinge every honest check of our Faculty with burning shame, and which should influence them so far to appreciate the wants, and acknowledge the claims of a discerning public, as to effect a reform in this department. Perchance some may say that a reform is now working; that instead of monthly lessons as heretofore, we now have term semi-weekly, and continued at this rate for almost two whole terms. We admit that here is a reform, in one particular at least. We are told to recite oratory than before, but no time is given preparatory to the recitation, showing, if no other proof could be adduced, that it makes but little difference whether the lessons are learned or not. But a stronger proof that the Faculty hold in but slight esteem the cultivation of elocution as means to oratory, is the laxity of discipline in the recitation room. No other instructor, save our Professor of Elocution, is allowed the prerogative of excusing, unquestioned and unscolded, a pupil from the advantages (?) of his instruction, and not only one or two, but scores have been unconsciously dismissed in compliance with a whim of our grandiloquent M. D. These proceedings are not unknown to the Faculty, but by their non-interference they have made themselves abettors to scenes of tomfoolery that would have disgraced the exercises of a backwoods debating club. Remonstrance has hitherto been in vain, and day by day we have been assembled to fritter away our time in listening to the crack-brained vagaries of an intoxicated opium eater. Are we and the public longer to be imposed upon in this manner? Will the







Faculty still allow such a stigma to rest upon themselves?

If it is a part of the policy of the corporation to retain as *patrons* any of those who in time past may have been of some benefit to the institution, it is high time that such a policy should be abandoned. We require in all cases a proper system of instruction, and what is equally essential, competent instructors.

We have been compelled by the necessity of the case to give utterance to the foregoing remarks. We have spoken the truth plainly, "nothing extenuated, nor ought set down in malice." What we have asked, we demand as a right, and as a right shall continue to insist upon it, sustained as we are by the almost unanimous voice of both patrons and students.

CADRE LATEX.



VIS EST NOTISSIMA!  
ACTING MEMBERS

### Society of Alpha Sigma Phi.

BERNARD F. BAEZ. SEASTON S. MARTIN.  
GEORGE W. BALDWIN. GEORGE A. MITCHELL.  
WILLIAM F. V. BARTLETT. JOSEPH A. NAVIES.  
BURTON W. BELLAMY. BERNARD K. PHILLIPS.  
ALBERT W. BISHOP. THOMAS C. PLATE.  
HENRY E. BOND. EDWARD C. STEWART.  
CHARLES F. CRAWFORD. CHARLES TOWNSEND.  
THOMAS F. DAVIES. EDWARD WHITE.  
EDWARD E. DICKSON. EDWARD WALDEN.  
GEORGE E. DWIGHT. JOSEPH WATKINS.  
WILLIAM H. GLEASON. J. ASHLEY WELCH.  
DELANO A. GODDARD. THEODORE WESTON.  
ALFRED GROUT. ANDREW D. WHITE.  
JAMES HAMILTON. JAMES M. WHITON.  
ALBERT E. KENT. ROBERT YOUNG.

## THE TOMAHAWK.

FRIDAY, FEB. 7, 1851.

WE make our *debut* into the college world with no loud proclamations of our own merits, and no sycophantic compliments to our patrons. Of the former, we ask your candid judgment, and in regard to the latter, why! of course we thank you for your pennies. It is not "our desire merely to please," but to mingle the agreeable with the profitable. We shall seek to be plain, sensible, and pointed, to follow in the footsteps of no predecessor, and to stamp upon our columns the impress of a character which shall be worthy of ourselves, and the glorious cause whose true interests and feelings we shall represent. We shall aim to avoid the imputation of strained wit and forced puns. We shall not attempt to bully Freshmen. We shall notice those who are proud to style themselves our rivals no farther than to defend ourselves against invidious falsehood, and to place them and theirs in the true light before the college world. We shall, through a regard to the reputation of old Yale, exhibit the animals in the class preceding us as little as possible, and toward our compeers in the glorious victories upon the Green last term, "fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," so we shall pass them over in silence. Upon the deeds of the Faculty, we shall aim to express ourselves respectfully, but freely. In short, we shall seek to look upon college life as it is, when stripped by personal observation of the mask it wears.

It has been usual to find the columns of every paper, even down to the empty sheets of the last Banger, interspersed with articles which have afforded pleasure to none, and have never failed to disgust every sensible and modest man. Such productions may have been worthy of their authors, but they are unworthy of the spirit and columns of '53, and will find no place in our columns.

Such then are our objects. How faithfully we adhere to our professions, read and judge! With a warm wish to our friends, and a bold heart and a strong arm for our foes, we spread our sheets to the uncertain breeze, and weigh anchor upon the treacherous sea of College favor.

67- DURING last term we waited long for the appearance of the sheet so notorious for pride and worthlessness, yeelp! "Banger." We had hoped that the present members of K. Z. Q. ashamed of the vulgarity of their last year's production, would exert themselves to sustain, this year, in some degree, the reputation of the class, though that of the Society is past resurrection.

But though patience and its perfect work in the many weeks that the publication was delayed, to our final disappointment. Though sharp and protracted were the throes, though after the delivery you might have heard the voice of K. Z. Q. exclaiming triumphantly, "Rejoice with me for I have borne a man child," yet the birth so proudly heralded proved but an abortion. Though not characterized by vulgarity like its immediate predecessor, the Banger of 1850 in perhaps worse, since it has no character at all. There is absolutely nothing in it which has consistency enough to bear handling in the least. It commences as usual with a flaming array of wood cut, of which the first is the only respectable one. The rest look about as much like the emblems they are intended to caricature, as the character of the Society resembles that of the Goddess whom they have insulted by their adoption as tutelary saint.

But, sorry as these attempts at engravings are, they were well if there were nothing else, for the reading matter is still worse. The declaration of the editors that they will not attempt to apologize for their imperfections, we must admit gives quite a favorable idea of their discretion in some respects at least. God forbid that we should deny them any merit to which they may justly lay claim.

They say their "printer was sick during the publication of their paper, which delayed its appearance." We do not doubt this statement in the least. We do not see how any respectable printer could have resisted the influence of such a dose. It must have had about the same influence upon him that the warm water and bleeding is said to have produced upon the patients of Dr. Sangrado. The editorial staff apologizing for delay, when they should have rather begged pardon for publishing at all, closes with an explanation of the beautiful and striking engravings that adorn the first page.

Next comes the *Literary Notices*, (the blunder in spelling we suppose is the fault of the printer), consisting, as far as it regards the Tomahawk, of about a dozen falsehoods, three or four *prevarications*, a paragraph of *incoherence*, unless it is reflexive, and a great many skillful variations of the words "detestable" and "contemptible," mixed in about equal proportions. We could laugh heartily at the attempt of an argument about the song "Ivy Green," if we were not moved to pity by the writer's evident chagrin at his discomfiture.

They seem to think that they have ruined the character of the Tomahawk by calling it one of "calm and dispassionate argument." This charge they are unable to retaliate in kind, for there never was any thing freer from even the respectable ghost of an argument than this offering of their potent ban.

The rest of this article we pass over, for it is fatiguing enough to stoop for the shafts which have fallen harmlessly at our own feet, without hunting up those aimed at others.

Next comes a Parody on Gray's Elegy, of which we do not see the apex, except in the puns, and not one of those is original. It answers exceedingly well the geometrical definition of a line, since its only magnitude is length.

The piece on the Foot Ball Game would have been in much better taste if it had not been so vain and bombastic. The Sophomore class will hardly thank the Editors of the Banger for so conceited a puffing of their victories.

The original from which the song called "a Sophomore's Dream" was parodied, as we have heard it sung by K. Z. Q. men, argues well for the classical purity of the writer's taste.

The article on the class of '51 is for the Gallinipper's notice, not ours.

We must confess that knowing the keen vein of satire so peculiar to the editors of the Bangers, we did not dare, for fear of our lives, to read the notice of A. Z. Q. We were afraid of falling transfixed by the lightning of their sarcasm.

If we could omit from one-half to two-thirds of the Euclidotopia it would be quite a respectable performance. This piece closes the original matter of the Banger. The editors, being short of articles, succeeded, after much persuasion, in prevailing upon Lord North to permit the publication of one of his thrilling speeches. This as taken down in short-hand from the Dr.'s own mouth, occupies the remainder of the paper.

And here our notice closes. We had hoped to find something respectably good in the paper, but have failed. Even the editors

of the Banger will not doubt that we have labored faithfully in the search, when we assure them that we have actually read their paper through twice, though at the expense of great personal fatigue and inconvenience. And in bidding farewell to these gentlemen (whom we name the least esteem because they mistook their calling somewhat when they tried to edit a paper) we can only hope that they will redeem the promise they have made, viz: "the next time" they "are connected with a college paper," to "do better."

### EPICRAMS.

Cervantes' graphic pen portrayed  
The curious imperfections.  
Fictional tales once thought: now all  
Are sure he William Kinne meant.

What! Johnny Grant a squint of power!  
No! a popular man he is;  
By many votes elected tutor,  
Dismissed unanimously.

When the crew shrieked, and Mars and Saturn shone  
Conjoined, through that that insipid night,  
Norwegian lags, beside the wild Maclester,  
Sucked the new-born babe of Freshmen, Dwight.

Vengeance divine on Egypt poor'd,  
Devised no greater plague than rich,  
For students deeper wrath is stored,  
The Devil adds an F—'tis Fitch.

### JUNIOR APPOINTMENTS.

Messrs. Editors.—The Faculty would request, as a favor, the publication of the following official list of Appointments for the Junior Class. The reason for the long delay in their announcement has been the want of a proper medium through which to turn their publicity, and which, in consequence of the reappearance of your valued and widely circulated columns, no longer exists.

As this is the only truly official list, any other which has appeared will of course be spurious and unworthy of notice.

Per order, J. B. T.

### GREEK ORATION.

Bliss—"τα χαλὰ του Κρησίου."

### PHILOSOPHICAL.

Reynolds—"Democracy and our Church."  
Kimball—"Gas, humor, and veracity."  
Seropyan—"Barbarous customs."  
McCully—"Mewling and pinking in his nurse's arms."

Pieri—"Summus senator in futuro."  
Alvord—"Satellite of Senator Bill."  
L. C. Duncan—"The ill that flesh is heir to"

Creighton—"Quale caput! et cerebrum non habet."

### HIGH ORATIONS.

S. T.—"Nymphs of the Emerald Isle.  
Turkey Dwight—"Mulleberries pernicious."  
He Dwight—"Crowded basement and empty attic."

A. Bigelow—"Musica Cantetur."  
The Bigelow—"Plurimus vs. Multos."  
Crapo—"Ambition under the guise of specious indifference."

Grubb—"The light fantastic."  
Wood—"The mysterious and the eloquent."  
Blakeslee—"The hard student."  
Wilcox—"Disputes are directly as quality and inversely as quantity." *Arwenulus Jacobus.*

Strepius—"Vox et praterita nihil."

### ORATIONS.

Douglas—"Weal, wine, and vinegar, wery villainous wittles, I wov."

McCormick—"The Trinity—Joe Miller, Tom Hood, and Capt. Rynders."

Sill—"Father of Irony."  
Hardy—"Music on the hurdy gurdy."  
C. L. Aula—"I am Sir Oracle."

"When I ope my lips, let no dog bark."  
Buck—"Hircus Furens."

Sprague—"The end sanctifies the means."  
Hubbard—"Pop and Pies."  
Jones—"Idem, finibus studiis, et velle et capio."

Sanford—"Senecid dig."  
Agony—"Oium cum dignitate."

Elderkin—"The goblin by gobble."  
Bannan—"Original (!) composition."  
Velox—"What's in a name?"

"Sam"—"Irreconcilability, intellectual obscurity and mental perspicuity."  
Lounsbury—"Obstinacy."  
Lawton—"A little—holly child."

### DISSERTATIONS.

Waring—"Squirt."  
F. Duncan—"Squirtior."  
Ives—"Squirtissimus."

Chapin—"Augury."  
McKissack—"Obliging to a fault."  
Baird—"The pedestrian—(never used a pony)."

Odel—"A lean and hungry look."  
Smith—"Bull-rushes."  
Reilly—"Punicide."

\* Not prepared.

† Vide Lavett's shopbooks, wool and all.

Cooper—"Protection to domestic manufacturers."

Ross—"Mittor columba."

Salter—"Westward the star of Empire, &c."

### IN DISPUTE.

Vanderburg—"Blighted hopes."

Joel P. Bingham—"Parci supi ad summum honorem me inambitum et non mei amantem portant."

Brewer—"Local preacher of Townsend's block."  
Houghton—"I pray thee have me excused."

O'Brien—"Genius."  
Morehouse—"Succiter in modo."

### 2d DISPUTES.

Parsons—"The great Unwashed — Un-kempt—Unshorn."

Allen—"The smiling capacious Cynic."

### COLLOQUIES.

King—"Aristocracy."  
Phelps—"Pamillus Rufillus olet, Gorgemus hircum."

### SOLILOQUY.

Miller—"Ipse seas canit."

### TUTORIAL SCHOLARSHIP.

What pains our tutor takes his faults to hide,  
With half such pains he sure might cure 'em quite.

Four Richards, improved.

As we contemplate the method and the incidents of instruction as dispensed by the tutors in Latin of this college, we often repeat the above couplet to ourselves with emphasis. Perfection is not to be expected in this sublimity there, but we may at least look for excellence in those who are appointed to stations of high trust, and speak deprecatingly of those who are deficient in requisite knowledge; and since the Faculty inform the public through the medium of the annual catalogue that they design "to commence a course of thorough instruction and carry it as far as the time of the student's residence will allow," we may reasonably complain of them if they fail so to do. No member of our class who was, at the beginning of the Freshman year, subjected to the crack-jaw exercise in Oratory, will doubt that they commenced in good earnest; but to any one who has since then been a constant observer, it cannot fail to be evident that their early zeal has strangely abated. To our apprehension, these learned tutors to whom our instruction is in part committed, often seem either to have let their past acquisitions slip from their minds, or have never to have made any in those branches of study which they make so great a display of teaching, for admonished doubtless by their frequent and ridiculous blunders, they customarily omit to refer to any subject, however important, in which they imagine that they may not be quite *au fait*, and carefully seek to hide those deficiencies by rehearsing long disquisitions, which any body may read in the dictionary, upon sundry points of Greek and Roman antiquity. Very probably we shall hit the nail on the head if we suggest that they have grasped a small portion of both horns of the dilemma. Well do we remember the high admiration with which our Freshman voracity listened to the graphic descriptions of Roman camps, ships, and magistrates, as they meticulously fell from the lips of the sapient instructor who occupied the Latin desk, and which our researches have since discovered to be a remarkable resemblance to the elegant and classical language of Smith and Anthon; while among the few points of syntax which he condescended to refer, Proteus himself could not have surpassed the versatility of model and instrumental ablatives from day to day, and as to prosody, often were we fain to ask—

Nam illius, num rerum data negavit,  
Versiculos natura magis facies, et entes,  
Mellius.

so often was our sympathy aroused by our tutor's unfortunate attempts at model scanning. During the present year also, not a small fragment of the mantle of this excellent individual seems to have fallen upon his gentlemanly successor, whom we freely say, we esteem much more as an officer than as a teacher. Often is the student's ingenuity and presence of mind sorely tried by questions on the "drift" of some perplexing sentence, while far more important points in the lesson, accurate information upon which is essential to a thorough knowledge of the language, are passed by unnoticed by the instructor; as if a geological student should examine the "drift" in diluvial localities without tracing the operation of natural causes in its formation, or bedding the records of the universal laws which are graven in the deep fissures and indelibly impressed upon the rough and broken strata. We acknowledge our tutor to be an excellent logician, and hope that at some future day he may have an opportunity of filling the Clark Professorship with honor to himself and to the institution; but since Latin is not logic, although there is logic in Latin, we think that he would greatly benefit himself and the class also, if he would grind his classic ac-







men on a few of the hardest sentences in Horace, until he has given it some slight edge at least. We do not wish to be considered ill-natured critics; we see as much that is worthy of commendation as of blame. But we do think that with such a team of "ponies" and load of commentators, as this gentleman is known to drive, his instruction might evince more of that accuracy and research, which is the inseparable characteristic of the polished scholar.

We commend these few remarks to the attention of our instructors, against whom we think that we have forged no accusation, nor designed to cast ridicule. If they have trod the same path before us, their case is more pitiable than blame-worthy. Their intention is undoubtedly correct, a little more study and accuracy is all that is wanting.

**Sing Muse!** Thy sister's murdered shade,  
Thy sister music, heaven born maid,  
Whom with cold hearts the college choir,  
Tumultuous herd, with discord dire,  
Have driven from this vale of tears  
To seek for refuge other spheres.  
And oh her corpse with hideous gleam  
Have murdered o'er its effigy.

In sacred place, at sacred hour,  
Have summoned up infernal power,  
To add to poison music's sting,  
The substance of their devilry.  
**Sing Muse!** In mournful numbers tell  
The fate of her all love so well,  
How long ago, a virgin queen,  
Beneath the shade of elmy green,  
She held her tuneful harp away,  
And warbled forth thy pleasing lay,  
Till all the college world was charmed,  
And every passion was disarmed;

Then how a fiend in cherub's guise,  
Within this Eden ministry prize,  
Entwined the maid with snake mail woven,  
And brands her with the name Beethoven.  
Thy reign, oh gentle queen is o'er,  
For music hath become a bore;  
Shrieks, squeals, and screams together rise  
In grateful incense to the skies,  
Till serious Dissonance at stroke  
The heart of soothing music broke.

Oh Heavens! shall she never rest,  
Still must Beethoven prove a pest?  
Still must the furious fiddle squeak,  
And our on boards of vengeance wreak?  
Still must the grunting viol roar,  
And wrathful viols on us pour?  
And that piano still disgrace  
With rattling din such sacred place?

Listen, ye Fresh! our counsel heed,  
Take the advice you so much need,  
Some Senior soon, with aspect face,  
Will humble bow, and beggar's grace,  
Will make a call, hope no intrusion,  
Apologise, show some confusion,  
Chat for a bit on college matters,  
Say every thing he thinks will flatter;  
Sudden he'll stop, with look intent,  
Ask if you feel benevolent;

Portray the wants, the ills, and woes,  
Beethoven yearly undergoes;  
The use of music and its claim,  
Produce a paper, say your name.  
Now is your time! If you can swear,  
Bring now your biggest oaths to bear;  
Apply the boot, with open door,  
The sneaking beggar'll come no more.

When great Beethoven shall display;  
Boys, girls, the women and their men,  
Are flocked together there and then;  
Yet more, the speculative mind  
Observes, are of the female kind,  
Fresh, so sweet, so smiling fair,  
That none could wish they were not there;  
But let no dunces e'er dream the girls,  
With all those magic smiles and curls,  
Such ardent fops, as fain would hear,  
What must inspire their hearts with fear.

He surely must be of the male,  
Who does not know they would be seen.  
The sacred writ now hurried through,  
With air and mien, and much ado  
Of those who think all eyes are bent,  
And on themselves alone intent,  
With sudden burst of mighty sound,  
Each strives his neighbor's voice to drown,  
My muse forbids all vain essay  
To shadow forth with feeble ray,  
Those notes of discord, which would wake  
A devil's ire, an angel's hate;

Yet would she praise, and laughing view  
The features of that motley crew.  
Oh mighty Crutchebank! lend thine aid  
To picture scenes ne'er yet portrayed—  
Those comic strains, those bursting cheeks,  
That confidence that ever seeks  
To make display. One monstrous nose,  
Or nasal organ I suppose,  
I were better named,—that limping Soph  
Who wags his head—but stop enough,—  
That whiskered bean pole, Fresh I guess,  
A clever fellow none the less.

That famous eastern traveler,  
A wise and mighty cavalier,  
A great college fool may think on,  
The college gossip, courteous Lincoln.  
That face which emulates the moon,  
Made quite familiar by the spoon.  
But while we muse they cease their carmen  
With a deep breath, eternal amen.  
If even devils, as they say,  
Dropping their tails are scared away  
By such discordant sounds as rise  
Whenever old Beethoven plies  
Her song, we're sure the angels, who  
Can stand it, must be mighty few.

Up by bench, Fresh! last initiation, will next be christened,  
With many a heartfelt, vengeful vow,  
Such shower of curses would we rain,  
That thou shouldst never rise again.



## HOW THE PORTRAITURE OF JENNY LIND WAS FOUND.

### COLLEGE SCENES.

#### ACT I. SCENE I.

Sophs rushing from Chapel. Door closed.  
Seniors look on in amazement. Juniors  
Low groans of the wounded and dying.  
Crutch, Cap, Cane & Co. greatly excited.  
Skinny sort o' squeezed.

**1st SORR.** Down with old Skinny,  
Here's death to all spies,  
Down with the old ninny,  
He's the man we despise.

**2d SORR.** Don't hurt Tutor A—,  
That nice little man,  
He's no sneak in his way,  
He's no flunk-if-he-can.

**1st FRESH.** I swoon, neighbor Jim,  
What a darnation reow;  
It beats our Taown Meetin'  
All to holler, I vow!

**2d FRESH.** Gosh, yes! I'm afeard  
Them terrible chaps,  
Some on 'em, have heered,  
Then they'll lick us, perhaps.

Freshmen hide under the seats. A loud knocking at the door, and violent efforts from without to open it. A gruff voice heard, saying, 'Open the door!' 'What does this mean?' 'Ostium aperite.' 'Quid hoc sibi vult?' 'Open the door!' 'Sophomores attendite!' 'Ostium aperite.' 'Et ego et Benjamin ipisimus extra sumus.' 'Open the door!'

**SCENE 3d.**  
Sophs get tired of waiting, and open the door. A fleshy man enters, followed by a little lean old man in a cloak. Large man—What does this mean? Small man—Quid hoc sibi vult? Large man seizes the smallest Soph present, who, in trying to get out of the rush, has got caught behind the door, shakes him severely. Small man draws himself up and tries to look severe. Large man—What does this mean? Small man—Sophomores—robis—ca-ce-le!

Exeunt omnes ad aenam.

### THREE MINUTES OF A LATE MATHEMATICAL EXAMINATION

#### BEFORE TUTOR A—

**Q.** When is the arithmetical compliment used?

**A.** When Number I touches his hat to Tutor B.

**Q.** Name the five regular solids.

**A.** My seat in the chapel—one of my landlady's backbushes—the door of the Sophomore Latin recitation room—the lower part of the Sophomore aisle at the close of evening prayers—and the treasurer's charcoal.

**Q.** What is your definition of a rhombus?

**A.** A rum bust, which makes a man feel peaked at the end.

**Tut. A.** Sufficient, sir; you may go to prayers.

### CONUNDRUMS.

**Why is Tutor H's last pan like stale meat?**  
Because it is *offal*.

**How did the Faculty choose Tutors Backus and Dwight?** By the eyes and nose.

**What more pitiable sight than a wreck?** A wrecker.

**What sentiment in college is like the name of a certain county in Ireland?** *Kill Kinne*.

For Sale Cheap at No. 70 M. E.

A small quantity of genuine Attie Salt, recently imported for public use, but damaged by keeping in an unsuitable vessel. Samples ready on Tuesday, at eleven o'clock, at the Sophomore Greek recitation room.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

### Alpha Sigma Phi.

*Quas optimus effugere ait triumphus.*

This ancient and honorable Society will meet as usual at their elegant furnished hall next Saturday night. After the literary exercises of the evening, the "committee" will introduce several distinguished strangers as honorary members, and the Society will adjourn to their new dining hall to partake of the customary entertainment. At the close of the feast, a few extracts from the simple annals of the  $\kappa \chi \phi$  poor will be read, and a collection will be taken up for their relief, in addition to the usual magnificent gift of cold victuals. A letter from President Wolsey will also be read, accompanying his generous donation of valuable books to the Society's already extensive library; after which the Society will adjourn.

The semi-annual dividend is also due the same evening.

### Skull and Bones.

*Os perficium.*

This association will convene at No. 37 South Middle next Thursday night. After the opening yell by the graduate devil, each man will be supplied with a cork and matches, and a grand mass of negro songs will come off. Among them, 'Coal Black Rose' will be brought out for the first time. ~~Several new songs will be introduced, and as soon as a quorum are sufficiently fuddled, they will enter and discuss the question, "What is the sense of this meeting?"~~ After the decision of the High Chair that he does not know, the meeting will be broken up.

### Scroll and Key.

*Sclentur risu tubula.*

This crowd will meet at five o'clock to-morrow morning in the belfry of the Lyceum, for the purpose of winding up their concerns, or at least to attempt it. For particulars see small bills. The South College Prof. of Dust and Ashes has a huge bill against the Society for ice creams guzzled last summer, and it is hoped there will be spirit enough among the members to contest it. One new calf will be introduced, and the meeting will be dispersed.

### Star and Dart.

*Utinam diftingas retusum ferrum.*

This society will convene at their old hall to-morrow evening, and after the reading of the new list of starred names, with appropriate observations, the Society will discuss the question, "What is the question, Was chaos in the shape of an egg when first created?" The usual experiment of manufacturing pest gas will then be performed, and meanwhile the Society will regale themselves with gingerbread and hot water. The meeting will be closed by each man starting at the door and darting through the window.

### Alpha Delta Phi.

*Nihil est in imagine viti.*

This crowd will hold their weekly powwow next Monday night at 8 o'clock. As soon as the janitor has let the last little chap in, the doors will be barred, and after an involuntary on the new (hard) organ, the exercises will be commenced by singing from Mother Goose, "Let bears and lions growl and fight." One or two silly puns will then be perpetrated for the general edification, and the following question will be discussed, *Will cocks get cocked on a decoction of coals?* After filling their greedy maws with a Dutch cheese all round, the Society will for a wonder adjourn sine die, i. e. without dying.

### Psi Epsilon.

*Namini sectatur trimon.*

This crowd will assemble next Friday night to hear the report of the committee on the class of '84, a number of manish specimens of which are favorably inclined. The society will be represented by singing from Mother Goose, "Let bears and lions growl and fight." One or two silly puns will then be perpetrated for the general edification, and the following question will be discussed, *Will cocks get cocked on a decoction of coals?* After filling their greedy maws with a Dutch cheese all round, the Society will for a wonder adjourn sine die, i. e. without dying.

### Delta Kappa Epsilon.

*Imbercilis, iacris; Aquid vis, adde poppin.*

This poor body, whose "head is gray, but not with years," will meet to-morrow night at ten o'clock, to receive a secret communication from the Faculty, signed by the Professor of Sanscrit, and the Treasurer's clerk. There will be a small ass killed, or rather sacrificed, on the occasion, in honor of the evening, and the meeting will then adjourn to the dining room, tastefully decorated with sweet fern, where a delicious compound of pollock, sausages, onions and sour kraut will be served up. The degree of A. S. S. (or Amazing Smart Scholar) will then be conferred upon the "king of thistles," after which the meeting will come to an end.

### Iota Kappa Sigma.

*Incerta est fama.*

This crowd will meet on Sunday night in the vicinity of the Liberty House, Water street, to have a good time, if it is afforded at a reasonable price. The new menagerie, consisting of a monkey, a parrot, and a small tom cat, will enact a series of the most amusing performances, under the influence of a stick — (of candy), and the night's amusement will conclude with a grand solo on the horn of the Society's new bull.

### Delta Kappa.

*Feros cultus recentium voco formasti calus.*

The next meeting of this intelligent little Society will be held on Saturday evening at seven o'clock precisely. After the opening hymn, appropriate selections from Lacy and Hadley's primer will be read and the following question will be discussed: Was Ulysses ever President of Delta Kappa? The rest of the evening will be devoted to the cultivation of a jovial spirit. The Society's small monkey will howl and yell as long as the other members will bear it, while two other fellows will exhibit the amusing spectacle of a morris dance upon the top of the President's desk. Peanuts will then be passed round, and the Society will adjourn.

### Kappa Sigma Epsilon.

*Communis sensu plane caret.*

This Society will meet next Saturday evening at eight o'clock, in the post office, to repossess themselves of their constitution, which has long been among the dead letters. The meeting will then adjourn to the college wood yard, where, after hard coupling and hacking for a few minutes, they will have a grand back. Then, after each man has taken a short nap, the amusing farce of "Ichabod Academienius" will be performed, and the evening's entertainment will conclude with an immense pot pourri.

### Kappa Sigma Theta.



### Jam te premet nox salutarque Manes.

The surviving animals of this collection, having, as it seems, decided upon the question, "To be or not to be," in the negative, peacefully shuffled off their mortal coil at one o'clock this morning. Little did we think when the first page of our paper was put in type, that we should be obliged to chronicle this mournful event so soon; but it is not an wholly unexpected catastrophe. The poor things were known to have been in poor some time, and a post mortem examination discovered the long suspected fact, that their hearts were entirely changed to quartz. They are now indeed gone, and no *pa-re-nal* remembrance drops the copious tear upon their untimely graves.

We are desired to give notice that the funeral will commence at five o'clock to-morrow morning in the cellar of the Woodcock, where there will be a grand wake. The remains will then be wound up in copies of the last Banger reserved for the purpose, and be conveyed to the Gas works, where they will be interred with an appropriate coughing. Freshmen and friends are invited to attend without ceremony. The exercises will be closed by sowing the ratskin's teeth at the grave, for a new crop, *in la Cadmus*.

### TO LET.

Half of a coal closet in South Middle. ~~Or~~ All who do not occupy it, or some similar apartment, will be charged one dollar per term.

By order of the Faculty,

J. B. TALCOTT, Senior Tutor.

### SOPHOMORE PRIZES.

**1st Division.** 2d Division. 3d Division.  
1st. Bradley, Gen. Brewster, Arms.  
2d. Bradley, Baxter, Hall,  
Callin,  
3d. Bradley, Hogan (!), Burt,  
Lewis,

The above list of Sophomore Composition Prizes has been kindly handed us by Tutor Hyde for insertion. Mr. Hogan was permitted to write upon a subject of his own selection, viz: *Unaffected Humility in Scholars!*







XVI.

One moment more, and one more steaming toddy,  
Dear Pallas! that I now may drink a toast  
To Sophia and Fresh—in fine, to every body.

As for the rowdy, Sigma Theta host,  
May every single, separate middy-middy,  
When finally in Hades, he shall roast,  
Find some mild Freshman, kinder than the d-r-r,  
To render, like a Christian, good for evil.

He pondereth on  
his homestead.

But becoming embarrassed, he retreats for the moment behind his collar, like a tortoise within his shell, and is invisible!

XVI.

One moment more, and one more steaming toddy,  
Dear Pallas! that I now may drink a toast  
To Sophia and Fresh—in fine, to every body.

As for the rowdy, Sigma Theta host,  
May every single, separate middy-middy,  
When finally in Hades, he shall roast,  
Find some mild Freshman, kinder than the d-r-r,  
To render, like a Christian, good for evil.