

"Pot-is sum."

appears also upon his helmet. On account of the peculiar formation of his most prominent feature, he neither needs nor wears a visor. We understand this new badge will

The brilliancy of the exploit of "the Black Knight" has rendered him famous both in his own society, and out of it, and K. S. O. in honor of the event, holds every Saturday

We are very much surprised to notice in the Banger's list of members, that the name of the Black Knight is not inserted, and that he has for some time ceased to wear his society badge. What this portends, we cannot say; but we *have* a *thought*. If it be done by his own design, then he has more sense than we have given him credit for; if

not, then we ourselves protest against the injustice of that society, in removing from her list the name of one who not only has shed unfading glory on her *head*, but by his noble deeds has won for her a *name* that shall rest upon her as long as her *precarious* existence shall be prolonged.

102 N. C. MAY 20, 1852.

By order of the Faculty, I would, as Senior Tutor, request the publication in your valued columns, of the following resolutions, recently adopted by said body, who give the preference to your paper, in as much as the limited circulation, and obvious untruthfulness of the Banger are serious obstacles to their using it at all. The object of these resolutions is, not to regulate the conduct of the Class of '54 but merely, by increasing the vigilance of its Tutors, to reduce the high stand taken by said class, chiefly in Analytics to somewhere near the level of preceding classes:

of '34, who shall bring his book to the Faculty meeting with no flunks charged to any member of said class, shall remain for one hour in the corner, with his back to the Faculty; and be deprived of the usual refreshment of sponge cake and lemonade. But if instead of a flunk, he can show not less than eight bad fizzes, he will be allowed to maintain his accustomed seat and have half the ordinary allowance of sponge cake, but no lemonade.

Resolution 2d. Every Tutor, who can at any meeting show more than eight flunks charged to members of said class, shall be allowed to mix with his lemonade as much Port as Prof. H—y may deem proper, but in no case may any of the Tutors substitute their favorite brand of port for the house brand.

Resolution 3d. Every Tutor who shall fail of reducing, before the seventh week of each term, the stand of at least two of his Division below average, so that a rustication shall be necessary, will be debarred from attending the weekly oyster suppers at the Prex's Woodcock, (styled by him "Ligni Gallus,") for one month.

Resolution 4th. Rewards for extra exertions shall be as follows: For three flunks in succession charged by any Tutor to one individual, three shillings; for six successive bad fizzes, ninespice; and for three men reduced by one tutor below average, permission will be granted to that Tutor to take out one half Sunday, or to be absent from prayers two mornings.

That the above regulations will do much towards the desired result, the Faculty, arguing from the well known character of the Tutors, have no hesitation.

The following rules for Tutors in general were also agreed upon.

1. Any Tutor having dissipated too long on Saturday night at the Ligni Gallus, and wishing to sleep over on Sunday morning, must not adopt the expedient which two of their number carried into effect on the 22d of February last, viz. that of removing the bell-tongue and cutting the rope, but must obtain permission to sleep over from Lord North, who will always grant their request. The Tutors will see the necessity of this fact, as the Sophomores would soon find out

the trick if often repeated, and attempt similar methods themselves in order to make college life as pleasant as possible for their own and the other classes. But since this reason may not seem sufficient to the Tutors the President hereby forbids any Tutor to practise in any gymnasium, as Ex-Tutor H—e informs his honor that he made his first essay in climbing the lightning rod after a few trials on the ropes of the city gymnasium.

2. No one of the Tutors shall preser-
 1. initiate the example of two of their number,
 and write their own names over their seats
 in Chapel, as the Freshmen are by this time
 fully acquainted with the name and appro-
 priate title of each Tutor—also, the trouble-
 some practice adopted by the Tutors on the
 morning of the 25th of February last, of
 smoking the Freshmen and much to the
 annoyance of the other classes, by putting
 tobacco in the furnaces, is herafter strictly
 forbidden, as the President has been informed
 on good authority, that the Sophomores
 have smoked the present Freshman Class
 most zealously, and sufficiently to initiate
 them into this part of College life.

The following new By-Law was also added to the code of the existing regulations of Yale College.

"Every Tutor, before being admitted as such into said College, must write for the destruction of the Faculty, four pieces—viz.: two parodies, an acrostic on the President's name, and a review (favorable if possible) of one of Dr. Fitch's sermons. The candidate will furthermore make a speech before the Junior class, on the question—Will the adoption of the Maine Liquor Law by the State of Connecticut, cause a lack of spirit in the debates of K. S. & P.?"

The Faculty are confident that by the enactment of the above by-law, the college will always be supplied with the same stamp of tutors as at present.

One more article will close our present communication. It is the recent amendment made to article 1003 of the constitution of Yale College. It runs as follows :

The Biennial, another examination, to be called the 'Vingintennial,' which shall compel each class to return to New Haven every twenty years after it has graduated; to pass an examination on the studies of the course, as well as on what they *ought* to have studied after they had graduated; for non-attendance at this examination, the individual will have a 'letter home' to his wife and babies, informing them of the fact. No excuse will be received for absence, except in case of death, and then the individual must obtain permission beforehand from his division officer to die, or else can be excused only 'by a special note of the Puritan'.

By permission of the President, I will add an extract of his speech on the occasion of his offering this excellent amendment.

"Fellow Faculty!" I can see in the dim, shadowy future, the good effects about to result from this amendment. In my sleep last night a vision passed before me—and the chair of my head stood still. Two youths appeared, who did converse. 'Jim,' said one. 'What?' said Jim. 'Father flunk'd!' The d—d he did!' 'Yes—but grand. Father rushed on Crosby and Analytics, and raised his stand one-tenth. Father is going to send mother and me into the country, so that the house may be quiet for him to make up his conditions, and for grandfather to cram for the next Vingintennial, and old Judge B. fizzled on his conditions of last year, and is rusticated, so he's going into the country with us.' Thus, my friends, you see how much my project will do to encourage study in our land, and the names of Yale and Woolsey will live forever.

In behalf of the Faculty.
JAS. MUTTON BRAIN D—T

* Instead of this subject, the candidate may take either "The fragmentary knowledge of human nature," or that sentence of Tacitus, which, translated, is "(you feel) a peculiar property of the human mind when you have destroyed (or injured) your Odyssey."

To Delinquent Subscribers.
We have borne until endurance has "ceased to be a virtue" the dishonorable neglect of the Faculty of Yale College to pay their subscriptions to the Tomahawk. Unless this course is altered soon, we shall "stop their paper."

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST

The following effusion was picked up by a friend and handed to us for insertion. It bears the name of A. K. Tell, a well known shining light of the Freshman Class, and is dated "Sept. 23d, 1851." It appears to be the 23d Psalm, versified after the manner of Watts, whom the author has evidently taken as his poetical model. It is supposed to have been suggested to the author from a spirit of thankfulness consequent upon admission to College. Notice the etymology.

The Lord is my shepherd and beautiful friend,
For his kindness to me, my praises ne'er shall end ;
He leadeth me about in green pastures so mild,
And beside the still waters that murmur so wild.

II.
Though I walk through the valley Jehoshaphat trod,
I will fear no evil—with grace am I shod ;
Thy rod and thy staff, they do comfort—O ! ho !
As through the dark valley of death I do go.

III.
Thou spreadest a table before all my foes,
My cup runneth over with blessings, (no woes)
Thou anointest me all over with sweet oil so sweet,
From the top of my crown to the soul of my feet.

THE KOSSUTH MEETING

"The mighty sphere of the celestial mind,
Embraced the world, and breathed for all mankind."

Who the originators of the grand Kossuth excitement which College was basking in recently, we do not know, but we strongly suspect they were not among the gentlemen who had recently entered upon a course of collegiate study, although we might reasonably suppose so. We presume that the desire of "kicking up a dust" prevailed over the dictates of the little common sense which we suppose them possessed of. The desire of a little prominence, even if it is obtained at the expense of their glibly-studented, will cause men to act ridiculously, and make themselves and others the laughing stock of all sensible people, always whatever. What other object the profound originators of this movement could have had in view, we cannot conceive, unless perhaps some of them wished to go to New York, and being too conscientious to adopt any other plan to get excused from College exercises, devised this. The latter supposition is by far the most reasonable. We were some- what astonished that our argus-eyed faculty did not perceive the object of these designing men, and refuse to countenance any such absurd and unbecoming conduct.

The meeting itself was graced with the presence of one of the most notable men of the College, which alone was sufficient to ensure the utmost decorum in all its deliberations. The attitude of eloquence bore all along upon it even the presence of Freshmen and Theologians blurred with righteousness at the wrongs of suffering Hungary. Our wise statesmen would have hung their heads in wisdom with their country's policy was discussed. Clay and Webster were seen at the feet of these youthful Gamaliels. "O God, what patriotism! what generosity! Five, ten, twenty dollar subscriptions were promised, and the cause incidentally remark that this is the only time when the cause of these sum spoken of. They undoubtedly have been privately sent to some Hungarian Relief Committee. One enthusiastic lawyer in embryo prophesied that ten thousand dollars could be raised. But how much has been raised by sympathizers in the cause of suffering humanity succeeded in raising. Pass around the hat.

Kossuth must feel very much disappointed if the "material aid" which was promised in that excellent (?) speech is not received. We cannot tell him why he has not received it, nor why he probably never will. Probably the supporters of the movement have not been satisfied with the silence their enthusiastic demonstration met in the world at large. Other colleges did not follow so brilliant a lead, and even Congress was singularly slow to take the hint, and welcome the great Hungarian.

"Hereafter," as our gentleman feelingly and eloquently expressed it, "we shall take pleasure in making future generations cognizant of the fact that we had a Kossuth meet in the Chapel. That we were there. That we were there and lifted up our voice in support of down-trodden Hungary."



ACTING MEMBERS

J. S. BARKALOW,
S. C. BLACKMAN,
T. DEXY,
W. H. FERN,
J. B. HARRIS,
J. W. HOOKER,
R. L. KEASE,
E. W. LAMBERT,
G. B. MORRIS, Ed.
W. H. MORRIS,
CHARLES PARDEE,
S. A. ZARBY,

W. E. FLUKETT, Ed.
T. O. RITCH,
E. RUSSELL,
W. A. STURTEVANT,
F. H. SLADE,
J. TAYLOR,
J. H. TRACY,
A. S. TWOMBLY,
A. VAN SINDEN,
E. N. WHITE,
S. L. WOODFORD.

THE TOMAHAWK.

MAY, 1893.

TO OUR READERS.

In accordance with a time honored college custom, we have "dug up the hatchet." Thanks to the care and skillful use of those whose hands last grasped it, its edge is as keen, its temper as good, and its lustre as untarnished as ever. Nor have the desperate blows of the Banger in the least degree injured it. The editors of that paper should learn that "it is dangerous meddling with edged tools, that in that assailing the Tomahawk, they are only facilitating the viper in the fable, that foolishly wasted a considerable portion of its valuable time in unavailable gnawing a file. Since we have no desire to ape in the form of our sheet, either the publishers of the London Punch, or the New York Lantern, and much less those of the K. Z. G. Banger, we appear in our usual dress, trusting not in oddity or novelty of appearance for the sale or approval of our paper, but in the intrinsic merits of its columns. If this new number of the Tomahawk shall meet the approval of the public, we shall be grateful for its commendation; if not, we shall patiently, and we hope modestly, bear its criticism. Our object is twofold; first, the exposure of college humbug, wherever and in whatever form it may exist, and secondly, to afford amusement to such as shall choose to honor us with their patronage. And, if in either of these respects we shall be successful, we shall feel ourselves abundantly remunerated for the care and labor we have bestowed upon our task. Our matter shall at least possess the merit of originality, which, we trust, will cover the many errors which necessarily must appear in every college paper, and the absence of which, which nullified the pseudo wit and tripe puns of the Banger. The Tomahawk was made for the nervous, straight-forward bold, and shall never be perverted to the ignoble use of skinning.

Nor do we propose to issue a "picture book." Such a course we leave to those whose paucity of matter prevents their filling their columns with anything else. Did we wish to do so, we presume the gentlemanly (?) editors of the Banger could inform us where we might obtain any number of second-hand woodcuts. But such, we repeat, is not our desire or intention. Our intellectual banquet we serve up to our guests, relying not upon a hired service of plate to add zest to the feast, but upon the raciness of the viands themselves, and the skill of their cuisine.

We would, however, compliment the editors of the Banger upon the appropriateness of the form in which they chose to present their issue, admirably appropriate for a society, whose individual members, through many college generations, have been continually distinguished for having more "sheets in the wind" than those of any other Yaleonian society. A few words, en passant, in regard to "the pictures" of the Banger. The frontispiece entitled "Sylvanore Dais," which, by the way, was borrowed from New York paper, is highly imaginative in its character, and we cannot but suppose was ironically intended. At all events, it would have been much more real and appropriate, had the buckish looking persons in the engraving been represented as poring, with knitted brows and clenched teeth, over Analytical Geometry. The so-called "Death Bed of A. Z. P." is a touching and tender

provoking picture. If—if we remember rightly—was originally intended to represent a mother's death bed, and the return of a erring son, just in time to receive that mother's pardon and farewell blessing. We remember having seen over it long years ago, when a child, but seeing it devoted to its present use, we only laughed, and wondered where K. Z. G. obtained the block.

Of the Society's badge we shall remark in another column. The next picture that presents itself, is a full length representation of Mrs. Partington, who, we understand, has been permanently engaged as senior editor of the Banger. We only wonder that that respectable and—as we always supposed—modest old lady should suffer herself to be presented to the students of Yale College "between the sheets." Alas! how deplorably true it is, that "evil communications corrupt good manners." "Senior Independence" is not only a stolen engraving, but also nothing more than a "pleasing fiction." Every student knows that Independence has long been an obsolete word in College dialect. (Heaven grant it may not always be so.)

"A manifest desire for the weed"—original! We acknowledge the traces of resemblance to one of our friends, but would casually remark, that we "know a trick worth two of that," as the public will see. "Freshman Reminiscences," pointless, but very good to fill out space. "Society in New Haven," block borrowed for the occasion. "Arrival of a Freshman" borrowed from a New York paper. "Tutor's Flapjacket." Good! "Hit him again, he's got no friends." The society badges on the last page serve very well to supply the place of reading matter, and also by their arrangement to flatter the Freshmen, by allowing them to see their badges in juxtaposition with that of A. Z. P.

Our readers, we hope, will pardon our noticing at such length these trivial matters; but such a course was but justifiable, were the editors of the Banger, who, doubtless, would have deemed us unkind, had we entirely passed over the principal part of their paper. As the reading matter is of brief extent, we shall occupy but a short time in remarking upon it.

The article entitled "Mrs. Partington in town," at first struck us as out of place in a paper that should only treat of college matters. Our next thought was, that the author supposed, through some strange mental hallucination, that it was a witty piece; but after seeing that the puns were all old, and that there was no wit to be discovered in the article, we gave up that hypothesis.

But what we least expected was, that we immediately acknowledged the Bloomerism of the complimentary notice. "Bloomerism," contributed by Mrs. P. consists of half a column of puns, both stale and stale; moreover, the piece has no business in a college paper, even were it original. The review of the Tomahawk of last year, is from the pen of a member of the present Junior class, and, as it is quite an harmless, stupid, apocryphal article, we should not notice it if it came within our province to do so, which it does not. The list of Junior appointments claims a passing notice. Entirely devoid of wit, they are only remarkable as clearly exhibiting the evident personal dislike and envy, which their authors (a well known Junior trio) entertain toward some of their classmates. Save where the malignancy of slander lends points, they are little, flat, and unprofitable. Really, we gave their compilers credit for less folly and more wit. With respect to the poem, we will say, in justice to the author, that it maligned a few sins of metre, quite a number of forced rhymes, and an evident inclination to run poetic licence "into the soil." It is the best piece in the paper, though even this may be said without highly complimentary.

But one circumstance connected with this effusion surprises us, viz: the satirized individual, a few years ago, was a leading member of that very society, that now makes him the chief butt of their jests, and the object of their most virulent attacks. We say nothing of the gentleman meriting this, perhaps he did; but would it not have been better policy to have selected some other person, whose name was not attached to their own constitution? We have only time and space to quote one passage from this piece, which will be found, (if any one has preserved a Banger), near the end of the ninth stanza. It is as follows:

"He was preparing to commit the act,
When lightning smote within the entry cracked,
And heralded away along the dusty floor;
A ghastly tread it was that substance lacked."

To say nothing of the beauty of the versification, we must say, that a "ghastly tread," and one that "substance lacked," not only

cracking, but even harshly speaking, is an exceedingly novel idea. We, however, accuse the author of meaning anything, and doubtless his rhyming dictionary afforded no other available rhymes, and thus he was compelled to sacrifice sense to sound.

We come now to the piece entitled "New Haven Society," and we but express the unanimous verdict of the college world, when we style the article scurrilous, and entirely unfitting a college paper. We can account for its appearance in but one way—to enable the writer to exhibit his fancied sarcastic style of composition, and vent the bitterness of his disappointment, at not being able to intrude himself into that same "New Haven Society." Had he ever been able to gain even a glimpse through the hall doors at respectable society in this city, he would never have penned the article before us; for, if in any town or city of our land the elements of refined society exist, it is here. Here is combined, in harmonious proportions, the aristocracy of birth, talent, age, and of heart. And, we contend, in spite of the sneering assertion of the gentleman, (1) that there is no society in New Haven, that the drawing room and saloons of neither Boston or New York are graced with more beauty, adorned with more intelligence, or distinguished for more refinement, than those of this elm-embowered city. Again, the author confidently asserts as "incontrovertibly true," that there is less intelligence among the young ladies of New Haven, than among those (of the same class) in any other city of our Union. We know the note to what class he refers, but, if to the respectable, refined society, his opinion is worthless, for he has had no means of judging; if to the class with which he himself is familiar, he may be right for all we know. The piece, from beginning to end, is filled with coarse witticisms and bare-faced assertions, unsupported by evidence; in short, it is just such an article as the disappointed fox in the fable would have been glad to possess the power, after his desperate but unavailing attempts, to reach the tempting cluster far above him, and his article will have just as much effect upon the society of this good city, (if, indeed, it shall get where its author never could) as the imputation of sourness by the fox had upon the grapes. We would suggest to the writer the propriety of engaging himself as a contributor to the "Life in Boston," or the "Whip," as best suited to his peculiar style of composition.

We have done. The duty was tedious, but imperative. The editors of the Banger we consider "good fellows among their peers," and their review a good thing of the kind, but a very poor one.

With these remarks we submit our sheet to the public—soliciting approval for its merits, and a kindly forbearance toward its faults.

THE EDITORS.

Coup d'Etat.

To some of the numerous friends of the Tomahawk, it may seem that we are venturing upon at least impolitic ground; in making any allusion to an event which has but lately taken place in our midst, and which has excited much feeling, not only in the College world, but also in the world at large. We refer to the unfortunate occurrence which resulted from the publication of a sheet, under the sanction and patronage of the K. Z. G. society, styled the "Yale Banger." But to others, and we are sure the larger portion of our friends, we should appear remiss in duty, did we omit to give at least some opinion in regard to it.

In respect to the "Banger" itself, we have said all that we feel to be incumbent upon us in another column; we will therefore confine ourselves in the present instance, to the consideration of the effect which its articles had upon the minds of the Faculty.

For many years the "Banger" has been published, devoting itself almost exclusively to articles which were scurrilous, obscene, and often profane, and which have always borne with great severity upon the Faculty, individually and collectively. Of this paper, the Faculty have heretofore wisely taken no notice, and have taken no measures to suppress their publication. But in the present instance, the fates have ordained otherwise. Because, forsooth, one tutor was treated of in a manner unsatisfactory to himself individually, and because an epistle was addressed to a Reverend and respected professor, (with what justice we will not here say,) they must, as a body, take the very course which it is evident to every reasoning mind, must instead of bettering, make the matter worse. We are sorry that the Faculty of Yale College have so little discrimination. We are grieved to see that so intellectual and superior a body of men, should have so little control over their tem-

pers. We would have thought that their long experience with the world, had taught them that the course to be pursued, is not to kick at a barking puppy, but to let him quietly alone. The "Banger" had nearly expired itself to death, and would soon have barked with plaintive howlings. But we fear that the kick which the Faculty have given it will arouse its little remaining energy, and that we shall have another spark of venom, in consequence.

We would offer all reasonable and proper condolence to our brother class-mates, who in an evil moment, were led to espouse the cause of the "Banger." We are sorry that they could have displayed no more talent in their paper, and we are equally sorry, that what little talent they did display was productive of such evil consequences to them. But we see with pleasure, their faces again among us, and we congratulate them upon the success which their insincere regrets, and unmeaning pledges have had upon our fickle Faculty.

One word, and we shall close. To those who have been accustomed to consider the Yale College Faculty infallible, let this be a lesson. Let it teach them, that those men are "subject to like passions as we are," to which passions they occasionally give vent. Let it teach them that these gentlemen are capricious in the extreme—always suspecting the students of forming plots and combinations against them—and taking notice of their freaks, or not, as it suits their convenience. Injustice is worse than partiality—the Faculty have in this instance been guilty of both, and no body of young men, whether students or otherwise, will submit to either, without at least giving vent to their feelings, and expressing their sentiments.

We may be honoring K. E. O. too much in giving them our sympathy, but we cannot see injustice done, even to the most abject and degraded, without taking their part to some extent, and denouncing those who, while professing to condemn the guilty, actually, also degrade the high office which they hold, as the guides and instructors of youth.

"BELLES LETTRES."

"Della, Della, horrida Della."

Twain night—a solemn stillness reigned around,
A dense dull fog had blotted out the sky.
And wrapped the earth in darkness deep, profound.

As sallied forth a band with purpose mien,
And rowed, as the wind result with them.
They meant to see—that is, to meet the bell,
At all events, they firmly meant to try.

With stealthy footsteps creep they on, when—
Ding!

A PAINFUL sound upon the heavy air!
That tells of mischief and of jolly laughter.
Of Sophomores routing in their very air,
The College borer, (the borer of courtesy,
Although to call them borer no hurt I see;
For each should only his true title bear.)

Our heroes, 'neath the walls of old North Middle,
Breathless pause, and wait for further sound,
But naught was heard—save that Junior's fiddle.

And such a fiddle—otherwise, around,
Deep silence reigned; night 'e'en seemed to favor.

The moon, that for her discreet behavior,
Deserves much praise, alone not o'er College ground.

Then silently, steadily steal they along,
Heaven grant no Tutor's eye see 'em—
Till they stand in a bold and chivalrous throng,
'Neath the shades of 'th' ancient Lyceum.

Their plans are all laid, and no delay made,
But each stood to his post as buckling.
They harbor no fear, nor dread that so near
The corps of Yale Tutor's is chuckling.

Two liquids are placed at the bottom to guard,
Stout cudgels their right hand grasping,
Foul will fare any meddler, for pummeling hard,

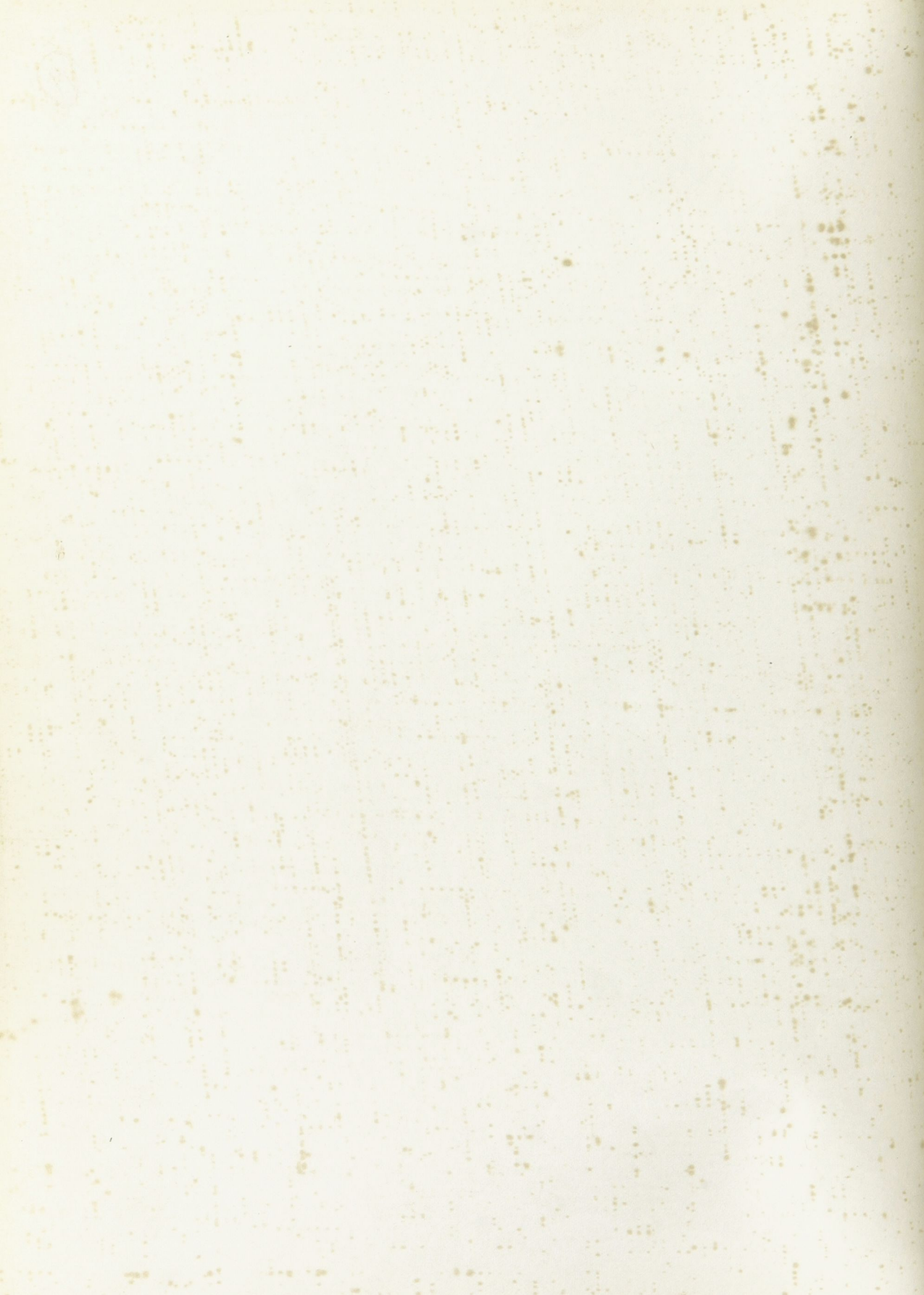
Shall stretch him on the earth gasping.
The rest, four in all, whom naught could appal,
Up through the dark stairway hurried,
Each one a bold deed, well fit for the deed,
But of course a little bit flurried.

Through trap doors and traps, without any mishaps,
Save a stumble or two in the dark,
They reach the place where, high suspended in air,

The old bell is hanging—but hark!
A slight sound is heard, as if some one stirred,
Far down below on the staircase,
Not a breath they draw, but stand still in awe,
(Perfectly natural in their case.)

Again all is still, and then with a will,
Every one commenced on his task.
First then they proceed (not modest indeed,
By the case was excused,) but I'm getting confused,

The rhyme runs away with the theme of my lay,
Kind reader, your pardon I ask.
To commence then again with a regular strain,
They turned topsy-turvy the bell,



They silenced her tongue as well.
Then one lifted a pall, but a horrible wail
At that instant rose from below;
Ah, then he turned pale, no words could avail
To describe that wild cry of woe.

A mother's shriek o'er murdered child,
A thousand cries in conflict wild,
Compared to this were mere infants' mild—
And, hark, again!

"'twas a wail" and then a groan,
That voice, alas! too well is known,
'Tis Doolittle's cry and Doolittle's moan
In deepest pain.

Then rushing sound of flying feet,
And groans, and muttered curses meet
Their ears—then think they of retreat,
But oh, alas!

No hope is left—ah! all too late
To escape the fate that round their mate
The Tutors crowd, to bind his pain,
And stop the pass.

The lightning roars! alas! too frail;
The stoutest heart itself would quail
From the descent, and 'e'en turn pale
In bright daylight;

At first, the thought, in wild alarm,
Besides, Young Han—serenely calm—
Stood near to him, with ready arm,
Who might alight!

And thus of all escape bereft,
No chance or hope for them was left,
Save that a passage could be left
Through those below;

But 'e'en their chance of this was bad,
For, through some inadvertence sad,
They'd brought no arms—the Tutors had—
So 'twas "no go."

While thus in doubt they hesitating stand,
Approaches near the Tutor band,
And at their head comes Satan's favorite,
Far in the rear is seen the nose of Fright,
The rest we can't describe; a motlier crew,
E'en Hogarth's magic pencil never drew.
First, Captain Skinny, trying to spy,
With trembling hand raised up his lantern high,
But hearing, as he did so, overhead,
Some one cry "shoot him," turned and fled;
As when the Afric hounds, in their land,
In search of game, track lions through the sand,
In fierce pursuit press on until in sight,
When, at a rear, they're scattered wide in flight,
So Captain Skinny, with his hand so bold,
From top to bottom of two ladders rolled,
Not meeting there a reinforcement strong,
Cried "D—n it, boys, why don't you come
along!"

Meanwhile the fated four, with footsteps slow,
Groped softly down to meet their trembling foe;
Till now they are above the spot where stand
With chattering teeth, the coward Tutor band;
Then Skinny, having odds upon his side,
Picked up his courage, and then boldly cried,
"You're sold, young men, you'd better straighten
come down,
For adverse Fate upon your project frown,
For of us come up to you, you're at my head;
Fie! fie! young men, you ought to be a-bed,
If you refuse, we'll wait here till the morn.
D—n it, I'm dry; Fright, pour me out a horn,"
Thus Skinny spoke, and then the luckless four
Their chances and their prospects ponder o'er;
Above no chance of "scaping," while below
The Tutor band their cavalcade follow
They pondered long and deeply, loth to yield,
But, ah, the mystic sisters spun and reeled
The thread of destiny which none could alter,
(The thread in this case was the college halter,
By which suspended, say as College lex,
The culprit hangs till cut down by the Prex.)
At last, convinced that now all hope was o'er,
They all agree and hesitate no more.
Then down the ladder, Indian-file they go,
While each descending, bids to undergo
The scrutiny of Skinny and his band,
Who round the ladder's foot expectant stand.

'Twas scene well fit to please a painter's eye,
(Provide the painter be not in the scrape)
Where light and shade seemed each with each
to vie.

And in the contest give gloomy shape
To all within the place—a mysterious shape
Above huge beams and rafters interlace,
Dim lit by beams that from the lantern's scape.

Below stood muffled rows Skinny, eye-eyed,
While round him gathered Hodges, Dogdit,
Had,
And Fright, who frightened, stood behind and
cried,
A risk, who flinched and danced about like
leaves,
Wrought up to point of perfect rapture,
That Tutors seven four bloods should capture.
Tim (Linkwater) Dwight alone looked sad.
But, to return, "the four," as they advance,
Throw off disguise and boldly meet their gaze,
While Tutors look on keen inquiring glance,
(The place around now lit by dazzling blaze
Of seven dark lanterns beaming brightly)
The first, a youth in white and brightly,
Comes calmly forward with a careless pace.
"Who's this?" brave Captain Skinny sternly
cried,
While all the Tutors look with curious gaze,
"Tis only Gorgon," Corporal Fright replied,
"The spies report him as a hardened case,
A rowdy Sopho, in short, a wild scape-grace;
Cut-throat you see, is written in his face."
(Thus oft the good are slandered by the base.)

A second followed, stepping quick and fast,
And seemed a little nervously inclined,
At sight of whom Old Skinny cried against,
"Frenchman! alas, I little thought to find

When some good man has fallen into sin."
Then Dogdit, quickly stepping from behind,
Cried out, "I know the next that's coming near,
'I'll swear 'tis Sophomore Jake, if I'm not blind.
Look! look around; for R—ly must be here,
I know them both mischievously inclined;
For ne'er has trick been played with sin in it,
When Old HANX's burghers have been in it."
Thus fussy Dogdit uttered forth his mind.

The next that came not quite so boldly came,
But slowly, cowering with his hands his face,
And droop'd his head, as if o'ercome with shame,
And dread of ruined honor, and disgrace.

But Fright, officious, pulled his hands away,
While Skinny was astonished, heard to say,
"Josiah! pupil, Oh Gods! you in this place!"

Then stood "the four" with calm and tranquil
air.
Soon Skinny spoke, "Young men, since now
it late is,
You'd better quickly to your rooms repair,
I cannot tell you what your future fate is;
For I, you know, am but a College minion,
But still, you'll all be shipped, in my opinion,
When brought before Conventus Facultatis."

Thus was the capture of our heroes made,
Of what their fate we had no hesitation;
Soon, forced to leave behind the classic shade,
They wandered homeward on a long vacation.
Enjoyed the sweets of home, and lusty raptures,
Not hard their lot—fine things are rations,
When once one's through with tedious ex-
planation.

And now we've done—our lengthy tale is o'er,
We leave our heroes in 'the unsparring hand
Of College discipline; but there's much to
That might be told of deeds of that brave band
—Valentia Tutors—who prowled round by night
To catch the liquids home-returning knight,
Or linked, arm-in-arm, with watchmen, guard
The rooms of those the Faculty call hard;
But time and space would both entirely fail
To sing, as should be, the deeds of Yale.
Besides, our printer's dev—beg pardon, urchin,
Since he must have copy, or he'd be the lurch in
To those who've limped our faulty verses
through,
We breathe a lingering, long and last adieu.

COLLEGE SCENES—NO. I.
A first division scene, as it was and is.

SCENE 1st.
1st division room. Time—1st term Sopho-
mores year. Tutor T. D. at the desk.
Enter Sophomores.
TUTOR T. D. You have been absent several
days.
SOPHOMORE. Yes, sir, I felt somewhat im-
composed, and considered it imprudent to
come out to recitation until my health im-
proved.
TUTOR. Were you confined to your room?
SOPHOMORE. No, sir, not entirely; I took
now and then a short walk for exercise.
TUTOR. Very well, sir, you can be ex-
cused.
Exit Sopho. exclaiming, "He is a trump!"

SCENE 2d.
Same room. Tutor B—t seated at his
rostrum, scowling over his note book.
Enter Sophomores.
SOPH. Mr. B—t, I would like to be
excused for absence from exercises for a few
days past.
TUTOR B. Humph! let me see. You've
been absent four days; what was the reason?
SOPH. (taking a long breath, and then ut-
tering with great volubility and earnestness)
On Monday night I was taken with a very
hard cold, which settled in my head, lungs,
and throat. I could not utter a loud word,
nor draw a breath freely, nor swallow, with-
out excruciating agony; consequently, al-
though I was intending to go to recitation, I
found myself totally unable to do so; and I
knew that even if I did, I should not be able
to recite a single word of my lesson, on ac-
count of my hoarseness. On Tuesday, all
day, I was no better; my cold settled in my
bones, and gave me the rheumatism, and my
teeth ached badly. I also had violent sym-
ptoms of fever, my stomach ached, and I ex-
perienced cold chills throughout the day.
Tuesday night I did not close my eyes, and
on Wednesday the doctor advised me to re-
main closely in my room if I valued my life,
and—and I was not very well myself, and
would like to be excused.

TUTOR. You were unwell, were you?
SOPH. Yes, sir. On Monday night I—
TUTOR. Did you have a cold?
SOPH. Yes, sir. It was all in my eye, and
caused much irritation.
TUTOR. Did your teeth ache badly?
SOPH. Yes, sir. I'm cutting my eye teeth.
TUTOR. Did you go to your meals?
SOPH. No, sir. I hadn't eaten a mouth-
ful for four days and nights.
TUTOR. I do not feel authorized to excuse
you on so slight an excuse, but I will refer
it to the Faculty; at all events, you must
make up the reviews.

Exit Sopho. muttering, "Confounded bore,
smash his windows. Typhus fever and
small pox next time."

we care not what moral principles a student may
have when he enters College, nor how much they
may have been strengthened by education; he can-
not go through College without telling lies which in
most communities would be considered as evidences
of moral depravity truly lamentable. Students we
know, are naturally bad enough, but College disci-
pline instead of improving their morals, has a tendency
to make them worse. A student may be so well
that he deems it imprudent to leave his room,
but we know from personal experience, that he can't
get excused unless he says he was absolutely unable
to go to his meals. In a word, the whole system
of rendering excuses is at present one which offers the
strongest inducements to a student, to deviate from
the truth. It is often the first step in sin, which tak-
es, frequently leads to consequences the most de-
plorable. We are obliged to subscribe to a pledge
which no one ever pretends to keep, and so believe
no person ever kept. It would be almost impossible,
and for most, absolutely so. Yet a student who has
been matriculated, if he breaks a College law, which
he has promised to observe, is dealt more leniently
with than one who has not promised to observe it.

There must be a deficiency in the College disci-
pline, when it almost sanctions so much duplicity.
We can with earnestness say, that in college, "The
way of the truth-leader is hard."

NEW WORKS.
B. L. HAMILTON has just laid upon our table
the following new publications:
"Matrimony Made Easy, or How to Rule
a Wife," by Prof. Ulysses. A very inter-
esting work, and one which every married man
should make a pocket companion.
"Essay on the passage 'Watch and
Pray,'" by Henry Deight.
"Lecture on Extemporaneous Speaking,"
by Dr. E. T. F—h, author of the "Art of
Oratory."
"New Haven by Gas Light; or, The
Night Watch," by William Skinny.
"James' last—"The Belligerents,"
"Essay on the Liberty of the Press," by
Linsey Woolsey.

The H)allar.
MARRIED—Mr. James H—y to Miss T—g,
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T—y. We understand
that the happy couple have returned from their pro-
tracted tour to Westville. We also acknowledge
with gratitude the receipt of a beautiful box of cake.
We wish them all joy, and "long may they wave."

May their life happy no repining,
May they be one happy, cloudless day.
May they, round each other twining,
Together tread the heavenly way.

The Silent Tomb.
DIED.—At the close of last term, the last spark
of decency in the breast of the Faculty
Also at the same instant, the Society of K. Z. O.
"Weep not for him that dieth,
For he sleeps, and is at rest!"

On the day of — month, 1852, the F. A. F.
Society of the class of '54. The wickedness of this
world was never able to Seal (or) purity of character,
and though the fountain of life was truly, yet
dark never burned here. Each of her members
Strid (ed) hard, and having the Science of knowledge
among them, they were enabled to cut the Gordian
knot, and open the portals of the Temple of Sci-
ence, which towers toward heaven like the lofty Ma-
tine. And so the sorrows of such pure and vir-
ginal minds to be respected? Cannot some substitute
be obtained for the Hub they were compelled to
Le (ae) behind? "Requiescat in pace," be their lot
—the lamentation of friends their mournful but
Part (e) knell.

The Cradle.
BORN.—To the Class of '55, a little weakly child,
yept H. O. It is extremely doubtful whether citi-
er the parent or the child will survive.

Our Advertising Column.
For Sale.
A TWO story stucco house on the
corner of College and Wall streets, (sold
for no fault) the owner, having been ap-
pointed in an attempt to get a wife, has no further
use for it. Apply to
J. M. B. WIGHT.

Wants.
WANTED—A NEW excuse. Apply at this of-
fice.
WANTED—Old clothes in exchange for cash,
by Park. Also, wanted, the close of term,
by the Editors of the Tomhawk.
WANTED—A Professorship, at No. 102 North
College.
WANTED—INFORMATION. Apply at No.
102 North College.
Lost!! Lost!!!
A LL MORAL DECENCY.
WILLIAM SKINNY.
Strayed or Stolen
FROM the enclosure of the subscriber, a Long
Tailed Pony. The finder will be sufficiently re-
munerated by returning it to
HENRY DOGDIT.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND EQUESTRIAN EXHIBITION!
J. M. L. B. WIGHT, Professor of Equestrianism,
J. has the honor to announce to the students of
Yale College and the public generally, that, having
secured the service of a talented troupe of artists, he
will give one of his most brilliant, unassumed and
unsurpassable entertainments in this city, on
MONDAY EVENING NEXT,
in the large and commodious Amphitheater directly
in the rear of South College. His dancers himself
that his *Stud of Panes* cannot be surpassed in the
world. He has devoted himself unflinchingly to
their training for several years, and, thus, has brought
them to a degree of perfection never before attained.

HIS TROUPE OF ARTISTS!
comprises the combined talent of the Old and New
Worlds, and consists of those well-known Equestri-
ans—SIO. BLODGETTINI, MESSA. SKINNY,
FRISK, DOGDIT, and many others of world wide
fame. He has also the pleasure of announcing, that
he has secured the services of the
GREATEST CLOWN!
that has ever appeared in this country.—Mr. J. W.
G—nax, who by his ceaseless flow of wit and humor,
has probably caused the destruction of more bottles,
brooks and eyes, &c., than any man since Groomschell.
Prof. W. will introduce the learned pony—Smart,
who will to the satisfaction of the most erudite, ex-
ecute several elegant grammatical figures. The beau-
tiful match of wit and humor between the clown and
also appear, and be rode by Prof. W. without saddle
or bridle. For further particulars see small bills.
Performance to commence at 8 P. M. Gates open
at 7 P. M. Admission 3 Cts. Members of
the Faculty, being the regular course of Equestrian-
ism, admitted free. Freshmen under 10 years—half
price.

COMIC OLIO!
SWITCH'S MINSTRELS!
Will give an Entertainment at the
College Chapel on Tuesday Evening next,
WHEN they will bring out many new Negro
Melodies never before presented, composed and
set to music by Mr. E. T. Switch, whose versatility
of talent has been for many years the admiration of
the fashionable audience before whom he has ap-
peared. Switch's Minstrels have been pronounced
by the greatest musical connoisseurs to be the best
band of performers in the United States. The name
alone of Mr. J. M. L. FRIGHT—the double-bass
of the company—is alone sufficient to insure a full
house.
Mr. Switch will introduce his famous Banjo Solo.
Harry B—t will dance a Trial Dance with the
New Haven Rattler, for the palm of superiority.
Long Tim will give his celebrated Solo on the
Bones, (Belms), and Mr. Henry Hamilton will also
perform a Solo on the Triangle, which is perfectly
unimitable, and has only been attained by him by long
and diligent practice.
The performance will conclude with the LAUGH-
ABLE OPERATIC FARCE of
"Where is the Police?"
OR
The Tutor Frightened.
Doors open at 7 P. M. Performance to com-
mence at 8 P. M. ADMISSION—Box, 12 1/2 cts.
Third Tier, 4 cts. Pat 3 cts.
N. B. Freshmen accompanied by their parents—
half price.

THE LYCEUM.
LINSEY WOOLSEY, Sole Lessee and Stage
Manager.
TO-NIGHT, at this popular Theatre, comes off
Mr. DOBGET'S Benefit, on which occasion will
be presented, for the first time, the grand tragedy of
THE EXPULSION,
OR
The Press Muzzled.
The cast of characters for this play is the best of
the season. The K. Z. O. troupe has been engaged,
and will appear in a bold and new Tragedy,
which for the first time in dramatic life and ag-
gery, surpasses any thing in even the Greek lan-
guage. To be followed by the amusing Comedy of
"PRIDE HUMBLED,"
OR
"The Suppliants."
The whole to conclude with the comic Barletta of
"THE BIENNIAL."
This will be the richest intellectual treat ever
served up to the public.
Doors open at 7 P. M. Performance to com-
mence at 8 P. M. Admission 12 cents.

CONCERT.
THE BETHLEHEM SOCIETY of Yale Col-
lege will give one of their Grand Concerts at the
Temple, on Wednesday evening next—the proceeds
to be appropriated to the purchase of a
NEW ORGAN.
of Speech for Dr. Switch. The Concert will come
off without regard to the weather, as the Society is
confident of its power to out-equal Nature upon
any occasion.
Admission 50 cents. Doors open all day. Per-
formance to commence as soon as any body comes.

Hail! glorious Muse, within thy realms on high;
 From thee I call, queen of the song and lyre.
 With favor deign to hear my humble cry,
 Inspire me with thy true poetic fire.
 And if thou prove propitious, to thy praise
 A mighty bacchanal of balls and roars;
 With thankful heart, I'll on the stars raise
 While Diana's priest the choral dances raises.

"Old Yae," of these we sing, thou art our theme,
 Of Yae, with all thy Tutoiric host,
 And sure as motley a crew has ne'er been seen,
 Nor will again when they shall yield the ghost.
 There's "James" who'll not be a simple bore;
 A mark peculiar to his bristled rear;
 The James despised by all, whom no one fears;
 He bears the sneaking coward in his face.

There's K—a too, long faced, meek eyed, and sore;
 The K—d surely I'll not ask faced K—;
 Who'd be worse worthier of the lot in rear;
 Negari non potest quin 'he's a siner.
 Then F—t comes next; a soul of little soul,
 And B—a too, a heartless scoundrel bore,
 Fit one to cap the climax of the whole;
 Of such they are, thank God we have no more.

Among this tribe, thou H—y and T—m D—t,
 Though these art not of the Tutoiric host supreme,
 Yet with impartial course pursue the right,
 And then will all men honor and esteem.
 To thee we turn with hope, for thee we wait,
 To raise the glory of Tutoiric fame;
 And if you fail, by you eternal I will wait,
 Disgrace thy brotherhood attends and shame.

In solemn conclave sat the powers of Yae,
 Convened to sit in judgment over the veils,
 Who dare with impious hand to lift the veil,
 And bring to light the acts of powers that be.
 Grim was the look of each; but not on faces
 Of old dire vengeance; hate unsuppressed
 Lit up his eye with an unwonted glow;
 He rising, thus the council gave addressed.

"Do thou, oh! worthy Pter, awhile attend;
 And you ye Prof's, well versed in language dead;
 Ye too, your ear, my brother Tutors lend,
 And learn the cause of this strange deed.
 Long have I been despised and scorned by those
 With whom as Tutor I was wont to deal;
 Long have I known their hate, none set but know,
 Since they not 'e'en their bitter taunts conceal.

"But here they ceased not their ungaily rage;
 A cup more bitter still had been doled,
 Dearest, from their plants which Virgil says
 Grow rank and wild, the stigmata bleed.
 I mean that lying sheet, ye know full well,
 Filled with the blackest lies hate could devise,
 Black as the clouds which from the depths of Hell,
 To lowest depths, the deepest vaults arise.

"Vengeance, I ask; for vengeance shall be mine.
 For I will cease my cry till ye be seen.
 The righteous bow, and to my wrath consign
 This impious crew, who such presumption show.
 Think ye I'll quit be while they shall rail?
 No! to them for favor plead and pray!
 Think not ye'll soon escape my trait;
 Revenge I'll have, and that without delay."

"Then shall have vengeance," cry the pow's of Yae,
 "We'll mete out vengeance with unsparring hand;
 And none shall dare again at us to rail,
 For where are they who can our power withstand!
 Anus poor D—t, traitorally false,
 Ransacked his brains to find what most severe,
 What would involve in overwhelming fate,
 What would inspire Minerva's hand with fate."

Salvate! Sopho, or Hall: just which ye please,
 To who the honor of this deed shall be,
 May the bright radiance for aye increase,
 Which now surrounds you with effulgent beam.
 The class of Yae, whose fame in after time
 Foes will love to ring in measured verse,
 And ancient sages shall with admiration
 Will to admiring crowds thy deeds rehearse.

Fit them for more poetic pen than mine
 To dwell upon; or with graphic fire
 To touch those noble acts with living drive,
 And make a world, though ev'ry admiring,
 Fate has in store, within the womb of Time,
 A second Homer, to glorify thy deeds;
 Ennobled by a subject so sublime
 His future fame "Old Homer's" far exceeds.

Truth will prevail at last, and Honor fall
 To whom that Honor is most justly due.
 The base may to reward the violent call;
 For such will demand the stigmata due,
 And thus hereafter shall thou justice gain,
 Though Tutors now talk of thee with a sneer,
 (For weak, ignoble minds always disdain,
 And scorn whatever noble man they fear)

Then flashing forth upon the Earth, by Truth,
 Its halo richer than the light of day;
 Thy fame endow'd with glory shall be truth,
 Will an example to the world display.
 Like some tall, graceful column toward the skies,
 Raises its form, till lost in heaven's blue haze—
 With firm and noble front, Time's power defies,
 It stands still Earth's glory and its base.

Such are thy future prospects, glorious band;
 Such are the glory promised thee by Fate.
 Be not dismayed, but with unflinching hand,
 Mark out thy course, while others imitate.
 Fineg hat thou ever best—first art thou now;
 For ever in all things, good the first shall be,
 First by preence honest words will bow,
 With scorn thou may'st return all envious hate.

From onward still, unfurl thy banner wide,
 Embazoned on whose front your watchword gleams,
 Excelsior! with Truth your only guide,
 Your hand with risk rewards of conquest teems.
 Conquer the foe too much on every field,
 Since on thy side are men both Might and Right,
 These never to an earthly power will yield,
 With these thy life-long foes, thou must win the fight.

His father's words he will remember too;
 "Alas! too soon his counsel left forsake—
 "My son, ne'er smoke, nor drink, nor swear, nor chew;
 But strive, perchance the Valentin, you'll take."
 Ah! it well is to those youths little heed;
 Or dream the kick incurred by youth at College;
 Or else from home their souls would never go,
 They ne'er would seek its classic shades for knowledge.

But kept at home, paternal fields to sow,
 Instead of barren mounds, the barren soil;
 They'd cultivate, and roots, not Greek, they'd hoe,
 Their honors won by day, not midnight toil.
 Whence 'e'd the Freshman promenade the streets,
 He sees to what a knowing look he wears within;
 "A student! 'ye, why don't you see my pin!"
 Before and after meals, at six times a day,
 Down to the City Post he trots in haste,
 Oh! what huge post-bills he must have to pay;
 Where all his correspondents are nam'd cast.

The clock strikes ten, and still the Freshman pores
 O'er Lay's tales of Greece and Rome's dates;
 Of him who wandered far from Grecian shores,
 Or else with Euclid's nonsense stuffs his brains.
 Oh Freshman! 'ye who never yet do think,
 For fear of Elder's frown, or Classroom's sneer,
 Happy ye are, free from that blighting doom,
 That drives your elders in their mad career.

'Twas ten, then, when, with his iron tongue,
 The clock on yonder pile tolled forth the hour;
 And while upon the air its sound still hung,
 The Freshman hears a rap upon his door.
 "Come in," he answers, a winning tone,
 And quickly asks his book, and smooths his hair,
 Then takes a novel, that it might be known
 For Latin, Greek, or Euclid, he'd no care.

Wide open the Freshman's eyes when open the door,
 Fear creeps upon him, for with dread affright
 Not alone he sees a victim to the door,
 Each crowding in, masked, a fearful sight.
 But what he fears the most, abominates,
 He in their hands beholds, of various size,
 Those pipes, whose smell, whose very look he hates,
 He is brandished in his face before his eyes.

In far he turns aside, and faint would flee,
 But not the doors shut, and barred secure;
 And round the room they range with rowdy glee,
 To smoke not filthy rats, but Freshman pure.
 High rises the smoke from each bright blazing bowl,
 And smokes tell of a victim to the door,
 Like Plato's flames are wrapped about the souls
 Of those sent to the regions of the dead.

"Cease, cease! good gentlemen, I pray you go;
 Enough," he cries, "do not my prayer despise;
 Were ye not Freshmen once! Did you not know
 His woes! Will ye not with him sympathize!"
 Loud roars they, they brandish their cigars with a sneer,
 "What! think you that when Freshmen we have been,
 No! no! we entered College Sophomore year;
 Yours is the only Freshman class we've seen."

"Oh gods!" the victim cries, "my head will burst,
 I cannot breathe, spin upon my restless brain;
 Give me air to breathe, for I am sick and faint;
 Volcanoes rage within, and rend in twain.
 Oh bring—" but here he ceased. Another wail
 Was heard, a fierce internal pang, and then—
 But we ceased, and he fell, and he died,
 And leaves him when they leave, the fatal ten.

Oh ever vanishing Juniors do ye see,
 Boasting of what their class had done in Yae,
 The spirit of the class of Fifty-three,
 To tell a willing ear they never fail.
 The great may trumpet, speech, and cry,
 "Look, and this noble valiant class adore!"
 Yet when they boast to Soph's, they but reply
 "Yes, 'er, the left, we've heard you talk before."

As rowdies, they exelling all are seen,
 But what is worse, they shamelessly profess
 That want of manners and respectful mien,
 Is the mark of noble mindfulness.
 On them politeness sits with little ease,
 They to Respect make not the least pretence;
 Their heads are but receptacles—in these
 They store mean tricks, unplayed, instead of sense.

VI.
 But how shall we describe the Senior class!
 Who so brave, always so valorous;
 Soph's compared with whom seem like gold with
 brass,
 Or the sublime with the ridiculous.
 Brave, did I call them? Yes, they must be brave,
 Who take the little things so much to heart,
 And not resent it. Like a band of slaves,
 They turn they check to take the other blow.

That Seniors have no brains is too well known;
 Too plain it is each has an empty skull;
 With goggles 'cross their nasal organ thrown,
 They walk the town to show themselves, or gull
 Some tailor, green, with not a spark of wit;
 They are so sure to be worthy of their name,
 Must be, to who by a Senior has been bit
 'E'en to the extent of only half a pence.

They boast themselves the highest class; each
 Strains and swells with his imagined dignity,
 As if all Yae was where should be their brains,
 The Tutors too, and all the Faculty.
 Cards are their favorite study—not the sort
 Tutor H—t's, but the kind of those that read,
 The Crows'd or with nameless lines; both long and short,
 Which Soph's with awful curses imprecate.

Not these I say, but quite a different thing,
 With diamonds spotted or, spades, hearts or clubs;
 (Real spades and clubs they never dare to swing.)
 With these they while away the time in leisure.
 Also that Prof's of Yae, who hold their rank;
 Their words upon this class degenerate
 Swine trudge on the costliest pearls; so they
 Despise what's or they can't appreciate.

This is the class that three short years ago,
 When challenged to an ancient manly game,
 For fear of limbs dand not the courage show;
 And fear brought on itself eternal shame.
 Time never will allow of such a stain;
 Repeat they may in after years; but there,
 Stamped deep upon their foreheads, there (will prove,
 Like Cain's dire curse, a warning mark to men.

Ye who hereafter seek the shades of Yae,
 Take warning from their act, and thereby deem
 A wounded or a broken limb as small
 Compared with honor lost, or good esteem.
 For soon the Doctors can your limbs restore,
 For which they say they charge but trifling fees;
 But good report once lost, for ever more
 Shame clothes you with her robe, as with disease.

Here now we cease; for now we've reached the goal;
 And hence we finish our projected tale;
 Thankful at last we end our weary toil,
 Careless of blame, for praise we do not ask.
 And if some are displeased whom we have blamed,
 And say with crabbed spirit all was writ;
 Let these to us the Truth be not blamed,
 But take the coat and wear it if it fit.

And now, Oh kind, propitious Muse, farewell,
 Our sacred vows to thee we'll duly pay;
 And in thy temple, where ye love to dwell,
 We'll loud the alarm on thy festival day.
 Thy praise in verse shall maiden pure recite,
 Thy hymns the youth shall sing with tuneful voice;
 While both shall strike the earth with eager feet,
 And in their sacred dance to more rejoice.

CLASS CHARACTERISTICS.

Seniors always try to be dignified. The present senior class seem to have a peculiar desire to be very dignified. But it is a mock dignity—a mere semblance of true dignity. They possess none of those qualities, upon which true dignity always rests. It is with them mere pomposity. Pomposeness, and stupidity are the chief characteristics of these wonderful men. They are an unusual ally and mock class, if we are to judge from what is external. The senior thinks college a humbug, yet he prides himself upon his long connexion with it! He sneers at Bionicals, but crams with diligence, for the one he is soon to pass. He patronizes the class temperance societies—generally because, in fact, yet drinks frequently, probably for his health, for most of them have poor constitutions. He plays billiards and goes to prayer-meetings. He studies much late at night, and from his own account never goes to morning prayers. He still often is seen there, looking very sleepy. He thinks it very hard that the faculty write "letters home." He spends his money sparingly and that generally for his own gratification.—Takes "small stew" at the Woodcock alone—thinks company at such times a bore. Nobody writes for the "Townsend's" except those who go them. The senior never goes to society meetings, and the under classes are too arrogant. They even pronounce his speeches *spurious*. His motions designed for their improvement, they vote down in decision. They don't appreciate him, in fact it could not be expected. We thank our stars the reputation of Yale College is such that it can graduate such men without suffering any material injury. The term "*spurious*" in its widest significance applies admirably to them. The Juniors have less pomposeness, but if it be possible, have a greater admiration for themselves. If others do not wonder at their attainments, they supply all deficiencies by being themselves amazed. The Junior class (in their opinion) can no more be excellent, than Hartford can in the intellectual superiority of her sons. The old proverb, "self praise goes a very little way," admirably illustrates the case of the seniors. They call themselves the *honest* class, thus glorifying in their shame; some of the more intelligent members of it say, *spurious*. They think it unlikable to be dissipated. In truth they are usually very hard—very dissipated. Our attention has been particularly called to a "set" of individuals—belonging to this class. They are unusually profligate and very hardened in guilt. Most of them drink. And that Lager Beer, sometimes two or three mugs a day. All of them smoke. They have even been known to gamble. The stakes are by no means small. We heard (we sincerely hope we have been misinformed) that they once spent the forenoon playing cards, to see who should pay for half a dozen oranges and some candy, upon which they regaled themselves after the exciting sport. Green would find all his skill of no avail if he played with this band of profligate wretches. He would have probably been deterred by the amount of the stakes. The Junior class are all ambitious. It is a pity that an unusual number of first Presidents will be elected from this class. When the Junior keeps school he advertises himself with an A. B. attached to his name. We fancy that the world can scarcely offer a field sufficiently large for the display of so many brilliant intellects as are soon destined to strive upon its arena. We await with anxiety the result of such a diffusion of talent. The Freshman class is but little heard of, and but little is known of its character. Good Mr. Blodgett thinks them, we believe, a pattern class. We learn that they do not poney their reasons. We recollect the pious horror of one, when we offered him a poney for his use. Upon our assuring him, however, that we would keep shady, he took it just to look it over after he had got out his

lesson, so as to see if he was correct. They dress tolerably, better than Freshman should, it savors too much of foppishness for the low class in college. To bury Euclid they think it to commit a sacrilege, and Mr. Dwight they revere. He is a very kind and sympathetic friend. They pay their subscriptions to the Yae Lit.—patronize Pond and the missionary societies. The Woodcock they never visit. They look upon all who do as sinners. Uncle Ben warned them against it. The foot ball game they consider unfairly won, and the smoking out they call barbarous cruelty. They study hard and eat much. They write home frequently, and always mention the hardships of college. They visit the Post Office frequently and always cry when they get a letter from mother. We predict a glorious career for them in college. It would be neither modest nor proper to speak of the Sophomore class so far below.

Gratias Agamus.

It is so seldom that the venerable (f) faculty of this "time honored" institution can the praise they seem to expect, that the very stones would cry out against us, were we to withhold our need of applause when they really deserve it;—and with truth we may assert that this is now the case.

If, a year ago, we had been assured by some grey haired and all-wise seer, that in January, 1852, Sophomores would be allowed to recite in decent rooms, and be able to attend the recitations without sacrificing their comfort, and endangering their health, our unbelieving cry would have been—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Are thy servants (the faculty) not dogs, that they should do this thing?"

Yet this has all come to pass. January, 1852, has come and gone. Sophomores no longer recite in rooms, that have been aptly denominated "dens"; and Sophs. find that the premium for insuring their lives has fallen ten per cent.

When we reflect upon this wonderful revolution, that will mark an epoch in the worlds history, we are naturally led to inquire—What has caused it?—Who has touched the spring and set in motion this huge unwieldy beast, the Faculty? Many solutions of this abstruse question have been offered, but none, as yet, have seemed satisfactory. Some say that Uncle Ben threatened to resign if the students were allowed to recite in decent rooms and sewers, elsewhere than in his laboratory. Others assert, with equal confidence, that the cause was very severe sermon, preached by the Reverend Doctor, from the text, "For the more inclineth unto death, and the seals unto the injury." But objections present themselves too strong to allow us to adopt either of these hypotheses. In regard to the first, we know that our fond Uncle has our interests (of course not his own) far too much at heart, to allow him to make such a terrific threat; and as for the second, it is reported upon good authority, that when the good Doctor came to preach that sermon, he became so interested in proving, 1st, "that such things as rooms do exist," and 2d, "that men are liable to die," that although he established both of these points by irrefragable evidence, he was obliged, from want of time, to exclude the last in entirety he had been concealing for a whole week.

As both the preceding methods of accounting for this great change, thus appear to be groundless, it remains for us to suggest another; and we confess that we think the real cause is easily discovered. In the last number of the Tomahawk there was an article upon this very subject, in which the deficiencies of the unhealthy holes, except "recitation rooms," were fully exposed, and the attention of the faculty called to the *deplorable* places in which we were obliged to assemble three times each day. This, then, is the "cause" to which we owe our thanks for our present comparative comfort. There is a self-evident proposition; yet if proof is wanted, we are ready with it, and proof, too, that the worst enemies of the writer of that piece (provided he has any) will not attempt to deny. 1st. The recitation rooms were bad. (This needs no proof.) 2d. The Tomahawk made their condition known. (This needs still less.) 3d. They have now been rendered inhabitable. Starting with these premises, we inevitably arrive at the conclusion that the Tomahawk was the cause of our being benefited. (Q. E. C.)

It is a much more difficult task to conjecture *how* the article in question influenced the "unanimi patres," than to prove that it did. The great fact is true, however, that we have been ventilated and comfortable recitation rooms, and we close by earnestly ejaculating—"For this all thanks, but be not weary in well doing."