

A PAIR of very chubby legs,  
 Encased in woollen hose ;  
 A pair of very lengthy boots,  
 And glasses on its nose ;  
 Important air and verdant mein,  
 Imagine if you can,  
 That right before you stands in state,  
 A very green Freshman.

SAYS a certain jocular Geological junior, "Two other professors and meself seen Elisha and another feller talkin' to some Seminite women." This junior has probably not been near the limits for some time, or this circumstance would have called forth no remark, as this appears to afford the chief amusement of a number of students during recreation hours.

THERE are two young Freshies in Acadia fair,  
 From Milton they came ; they play euchah down there.  
 "Play on that, you beggah ! The jokah is mine,"  
 Sing ten spot, right bower, left bower and nine.

Supreme Court was held in Acadia fair,  
 The jury was ready, Judge Ferg. in the chair ;  
 These Freshies in coal-box stood trembling with fear,  
 Sing guilty, not guilty, six months or a year.

The jury said, "Guilty" at Acadia fair,  
 And the judge stern'y said, Let all Freshmen beware  
 How they play euchre here, and six days in the week  
 Sing Algebra, Latin, English and Greek.

SOME young men appear to be unaware of the fact that it is proper for the young gentleman to offer his arm to the lady whom he is escorting home, and not to *take hers*. A certain junior, ignorant of this, *toddled* up to the charming freshette after prayer-meeting with the intention of seeing her home. She manfully resented the above mentioned familiarity, and during the walk home the sidewalk was scarcely wide enough.

O GIVE me a club that I may kill,  
 The squeaking tenor and growling basso ;  
 Hand me an axe that I may spill  
 The blood of each upstart jackass O.  
 Ah, when my weary brain is trying  
 From mathematics something to win,  
 My thoughts are interrupted by  
 The *coon* that plays the violin.

Another starts the auto-harp,  
 Plays "Annie Rooney" and other stuff,  
 And I with tasks but just begun,  
 And seeking knowledge, think it rough.  
 I had not looked upon my Greek.  
 And just as I tried to begin,  
 My thoughts were interrupted by  
 The *coon* that plays the violin.

I'm going to rise in all my might,  
 And pass around a strong petition ;  
 I do it for I think it's right  
 To keep our marks in good condition.  
 We've got to kill that singer brave,  
 And make the auto-harp give in,  
 And bury in the same cold grave  
 The *coon* that plays the violin.