

acknowledged by all fellow softs, and claimed by himself, to be by no means inferior to Tennyson's work of like character. With the melody of the resounding lungs of this "star" do our college gatherings reverberate. The Freshmen quietly accept him as their own, while we all suffer in the prolonged and continued absence of the "fool-killer."

He entered the class-room, looked smilingly round,  
Then sat in the sunniest spot to be found ;  
His good sense in this can be easily guessed :  
His home is in Paradise, (not of the blest).  
The light that was shed by old Sol, you must know,  
Made him feel in his brain a philosophical glow.  
So he begins, (rubbing his chin with his right index finger)  
Lest the thought would escape, if expression should linger.  
"I've a thought, Sir, and got up prodigiously well,  
Just where its defects are I never can tell,  
Why not nourish the mind with right useful food,  
Not stuff it with astronomy and lots such no good ?  
Such is my plan, Sir, and if you're up to the freak,  
I wish you would put it in practice next week."  
Radiant the smile of that downy-faced youth,  
But that smile faded fast, 'neath mathematical truth.  
"The force of your philosophy, like Martumus' scone,  
Would lose half its beauty if purified once ;  
But if out of your brain, Sir, the cobwebs were brushed,  
You'd find even stars would go in with a rush."

#### NICK THE VALIANT.

A DRAMA OF THE SOPHOMORE WAR DANCE.

##### ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.—The tent of Hairy Face. *Dramatis Personæ.*—A dozen of the old warriors.

The noise of the war dance still continues. The old warriors injured to such display of prowess, remain quiet, waiting for vengeance. The pipe of peace goes round.

SCENE II.—Encampment quiet. Plans for vengeance. "Such nickle-plate hardness must be checked," quoth Bearded Chin the Hairy Surveyor. Council of the Sagmores,—a direful plan proposed. Rossmoyne, the Sachem of the Jackstones, leads the way to his council fire.

##### ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.—The tent of Rossmoyne. *Dramatis Personæ.*—The same.

War council of the chiefs. The tent of Strike-a-Fire guarded. "An hour later and we strike for liberty," says Mocart, the great chief of the Economiquins. "The night is cold and the hydrant will be useful," observes Little Gosling. Blood-curdling vengeance, fiendish lavatory acts proposed. Sagmores disperse. Four young warriors left on guard.

##### ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.—The tent of Strike-a-Fire. *Dramatis Personæ.*—Strike-a-Fire and squaw.

Strike-a-Fire applies his ear to an orifice between his tent and that of Rossmoyne, and hears the plans of the council,—much afraid. So Strike-a-Fire, the young brave of the Rockies is trapped at last ! Desperation nerves his iron arm ; his squaw

builds a fire and barricades the door. Frail from former injuries, and with the sharp tomahawk in his hand, Strike-a-Fire, the young brave, watches for the entrance of the dreaded foes who come not, till at length the morning light puts to rest his fears.

##### ACT FOUR.

SCENE I.—Tent of Hairy Face. *Dramatis Personæ*, the same as in Act I.

Old warriors reassemble,—much mirth,—"Will the young brave sleep to-night ?"

Again the council,—resolution taken.—"Will Strike-a-Fire keep to his own tent, and cease to be familiar with old chiefs of the tribe ?" inquires Little-foot Herb. If not, then all say, "The war-paint must be donned in earnest, and in the hazy morning light, the young the young brave of the Rockies must pay for this intrusion on the old chiefs with much water."

To be well informed in the affairs of every day life, it is not necessary to have any very superior educational advantages ; and for a knowledge of the ways and doings of school life, one needs only to note, label and tuck away in his memory, the incidents of to-day, for to-morrow's use. Still, there are some upon whom ordinary events make no impression, whose attention can only be arrested by the bursting of a cannon or the roar of Niagara. Seldom does the ambition of the latter class prompt them to enter college. A few, however, creep within its portals, and as we observe our present Freshmen, we would suggest that they cultivate their powers of observation. Some of their far-sighted heroes appear to view their own personality as if it were drawn on Mercator's Chart, instead of an invisible cross-lined point. Others, although realizing that modesty is a beautiful trait, there draw the line, believing that the modest man dies, and neither he nor his modesty are heard of forevermore. Again, there are those who would do well to imitate the wise man with the toothache, viz : hold their jaw.

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