

→ DE ♢ NOBIS ♢ NOBILIBUS. ←

IF the "Concursus Iniquitatis" has not lost its usefulness good "subs" might have been spotted at the annual meeting of the A. M.

THE Professor of Chemistry—"Mr. C—, how is it that your brother is not attending the class?" Mr. C—"He is taking Physics, sir." Prof.—"What, is he sick?"

A STUDENT who saw the transit of Venus the other day, describes Venus as being like a small piece of black court plaster on a pretty girl's face. Like it, it was but a mere black speck, which entranced the glory of the sun, over whose surface it passed.

AND now Xmas draweth nigh, and the bashful Freshman doth go down street early in the morning, before the wily Junior or the reverend Senior have left their beds, bearing in his hand the rhino, wherewith to invest in a card to send unto his faithful lady-love.

MR. J. J. DOUGLASS, '85, is "fractus bello," as he expresses it, and has gone to Peterboro on furlough. He expects to be back after Christmas, when we hope he will take his place in the ranks able to do better service than ever.

THE freshmen were determined to battle to the death with the "concurus." One of the number was heard singing their war song, which begins, "Oh! we are the wheat that can't be threshed." We suppose it is because they are *too green*.

"YE GRAVE AND REVEREND SENIORS" are to have a grand banquet on the 22nd inst. at the Burnett House. They will undoubtedly have a jovial time.

THE "Concursus Iniquitatis" has held another session, and, in consequence, another freshman is seen going about his accustomed duties

"With bowed head and lowly mien,  
A subdued phantom of his former self."

REV. JAMES AWDE, B.A., '79, one of the ablest students in philosophy that has graduated in a number of years, has consented to read a paper before the Dialectic Club at an early date. The subject, has not yet been made known.

A STUDENT of the natural science class says he experiences great difficulty in his study of Insectivora, and quite agrees with the sentiment expressed in these lines by O. W. Holmes:—

"I was sitting with my microscope upon my parlor rug,  
With a very heavy quarto and a very lively bug;  
The true bug had been organized with only two antennæ,  
But the humbug in the copper plate would have them  
twice as many."

THE Glee Club is now fully organized, and some good singing may be expected from them this year.

THE following lines were found in one of the corridors, addressed to the JOURNAL. Though we do not like to encourage the perpetrator of such puns, we publish them as a curiosity:

A ONE-NIGHT'S TRAGEDY.

The lonely pair sat on the steps,  
And talked and laughed aloud.  
"Why is the moon, love, like my arm?"  
"Because its 'neath my cloud."

"You've guessed it right," he softly said;  
"Now, why no moons but one?"  
"On that, I think, I'll have to get  
My light, sir, from the son."

He was a stalwart sophomore,  
She was a blushing maid,  
Who made his weakening pulses throb,  
As her hand in his shē laid.

And then, of course, it was delayed  
Within his brawny grasp,  
And thus the two did waste the hours  
Her waist within his clasp.

And as the night grew on apace  
And time came for departing,  
Says he, "My dear, though no upstart,  
I straight must be upstarting."

He prest her to his beating heart,  
A kiss upon her lips is;  
And for a minute then, or two,  
His life is one [—]

When suddenly he flew in air,  
As though a goat had struck him;  
Her papa's boot had lifted him,  
And in a snow bank stuck him.

He lay there on his youthful back,  
His life's blood fled its fountains,  
His knees were pointing heavenward,  
Like peaks of the Pair-o'-knees mountains.

Next morn a Freshman friend went by,  
And found this pale soph dead;  
They took him to a churchyard near  
And dug his lowly bed.

Upon a wooden slab these words,  
He carved while he was cryen:  
"Beware all loving youths, for here  
Our love sick soph is Lyen."

'86.

RATHER a good story is told of two juniors who were wending their way to their boarding house, about two o'clock in the morning, not long since, both feeling slightly—but no, judge for yourself. On the way one of them happened to stumble against an obstruction, which he evidently took for a fellow-being, for he at once let out from the shoulder and floored said obstruction, which was by the way not a man but an empty tree box, standing against the tree it was destined to encircle. Hearing the thud caused by the fall, he straightened up and triumphantly hiccupped to his friend, "I'ze—hic—floored 'im, Jim, sure. You—hic—help 'im up, Jim." Jim at once stumbled on to the road, and groping around, finally came in contact with the prostrate tree box, and finding it stiff and unyielding, became alarmed, and stammered out, "You've—hic—killed him, Tom, deadsh door—hic—nail. What'll ye do—hic—about it, eh?" Tom was unequal for the occasion, but Jim quickly made a proposition. "Tell ye's what we do—hic—Tom; you—hic—go and fetch—hic—boys, an' I'll stay here wish zur—hic—