

Something unusually exciting was on foot. What was going to happen? The whole mouse tribe was on the *qui vive*. The freshies were to be turned out of the Alma Mater Society! In Pandemonium, the devils after their repulse from Heaven resolved

"To wage by force or guile eternal war," and they found by experience that guile was better than force. The supporters of the Court of Iniquity (an institution not required among mice) had also found that with the first year men guile was better than force. So they met and voted, sixty three to seventeen, to oust the freshies. *Egregie factum!* It appears to be an infirmity more common to mice than men to sympathize with the weak. I have rummaged many a school house and cellar, and the only difference I have yet discovered between one rotten apple and sixty-three rotten apples is that the sixty-three rotten apples make the bigger smell. Well, the Seniors have had their revenge, but they have not been long-sighted. If

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft a-gley,"

What will become of a scheme so poorly laid? Revenge perhaps is sweet—sweeter than honey—in the mouth, but in the stomach it is more bitter than wormwood. Such revenge is like the victories of Pyrrhus.

If ye love old men, or rather mice, listen, ye freshies, to my counsel. My hairs are getting gray now, and I have for years watched the progress of the Concurus. My experience has been that the foremost opponents of that court among the freshies, were its foremost supporters, when they became Sophs. It is the part of a tyrant to fight against that which pains yourself, and to uphold that which pained others. The blood of a coward runs in the veins of every man who cries, "Down with the Court"! because he has follies to conceal, or because he is afraid to face a hearty laugh. These recent troubles will not have been in vain if you learn that a kind word strikes deeper than a curse, and that a grip of the hand is of more avail than a grip at the throat.

In a trial at Winchester, a witness failing to make his version of a conversation intelligible by reason of his fondness for "says I" and "says he," was taken in hand by Baron Martin, with the following result:—"My man, tell us now exactly what passed." "Yes, my lord, I said I wouldn't *have* the pig." "And what was his answer?" "He said that he had been keeping it for me, and that he—," "No, no; he could not have said that, he spoke in the *first* person." "No, my lord; I was the first person who spoke." "I mean, don't bring in the third person; repeat his exact words." "There was no third person, my lord; only him and me." "My good fellow, he did not say *he* had been keeping the pig; he said, 'I have been keeping it.' " "I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship at all. We are on different stories. There was no third person there, and if anything had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it." The Baron gave in.

## ✧CORRESPONDENCE.✧

### A VISIT TO KNOX.

WE have received the following from one of our graduates now living in Toronto:

"The other night, with a companion, I wended my way to Knox College, he desiring to see a student whom he knew, and I, going along with him simply as company, and thinking perhaps to see some of the foot-ball men whom I had met in Kingston. On reaching our destination, we saw lights in many of the windows on the second and third flats, and taking this as a sure sign that the students were up there grinding, we made our way to the main door. Boldly pushing this open, we found ourselves in a vestibule, with another door in front of us. This we also opened and passed into the hall, large, airy, warm and dimly lighted. To the left and right the hall branched off, but as each end was shrouded in darkness, we were not tempted to explore them. Directly in front of us was the bulletin board and the stair-way. The former was a familiar sight to me, its black back-ground with numerous notices reminding one of old times at Queen's. Having seen no one below, we mounted the stairs; arriving at the top we were greeted by the word "welcome" in large letters over the library door, which is directly in front of the landing. Thus encouraged, we turned to our left, and went down the corridor towards the open door of a lighted room. This we found was the reading room, small but pleasant and neat, and withal deserted. Leaving it, we went to another room, and knocking at the door, we were bid 'come in.' We accepted the invitation, and my companion enquired for his friend from the inmate, who at once politely came out and volunteered himself as our guide. We proceeded down the hall, and after asking at several doors, were directed upstairs, whither we went and soon found the room of the student for whom we were looking. Knocking, we were again bid 'come in.' This we did, when a student, with a lamp shade attached to his head, arose from a table piled up with books, and informed us that he knew neither of us. He was the wrong man, although he had the right name, and appeared to be a hard reader. He directed our guide to show us the room of his namesake for whom we were evidently searching. Down stairs, away along and then around we went through the halls till we again halted at a door at which we knocked, but in vain. A student in the next room but one informed us that the man we were looking for was at the skating rink. I thereupon asked our guide to show me the room of J. E., a foot-baller well known to Queen's men, but, here, too, we met no better success, as we learned that he had gone out home. Not having time at our disposal to await the return of these gentlemen, we proceeded down stairs, where for a few moments we looked at the notices of Missionary and Literary Society meetings, intimations of books lost, of lectures, &c., on the board, and then, buttoning up our coats, for the weather was very severe, we passed out of the precincts of Knox."

POLLUX.