

One only thing they would not give—their fees.  
So now you see that, though the year's far spent,  
The public chest holds not a blessed cent.

*2nd Pol.*: Ills so great require great corrections,  
Our only chance is this : to hold elections,  
Principle and morals and such like trash,  
May do for fools and babes, but we want *Cash*.  
And does not long experience surely prove  
There's but one way a student's purse to move,  
Uncultured clowns may fall in Honor's trap,  
But Varsity men pay up to see a *scrap*!

*3rd Pol.*: I grant, old chap, that what you say is true,  
Wise men will pay a lusty fight to view ;  
But still—and 'tis a very deep disgrace  
To see such prejudice in such a place—  
Some freshmen fools—to hear the joke won't hurt you—  
Madly believe there's such a thing as *Virtue*.  
Now you and I and all our pious lot,  
Have found by proof that *Virtue's utter rot*,  
And we could see without the least remorse  
The freshmen run its blind pernicious course ;  
But you must know, that though he be a noodle,  
The freshman has a vote, nay more ! *has boodle*.  
So I propose we seek a lower level  
And call upon our patron saint the Devil,  
Some lofty moral truths he'll bring to light  
To catch the freshmen in the coming fight.  
And when we've got for each a noble side,  
We, also must be noble and divide.  
Nobility at first may seem hard work,  
For 'tis a job all good men try to shirk,  
But you well know that our nobility  
Won't do us harm, for 'tis hypocrisy.  
Console yourselves with this, and now away !  
Ere long we'll meet each other in the fray,  
And when the cash is safely gathered in,  
We'll meet as friends again and have some gin.

*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE 2.—*Enter Josh.*

*Josh.*: Thunder and turf ! I'm in a desperate state,  
For three whole months I've sought to make me great,  
I've plugged, and bummed, and tried the middle plan ;  
But all in vain ! I'm not a famous man.  
I paid my fees, I howled at convocation ;  
I ran for judge at my own nomination,  
I studied Latin hard as far as *amo* ;  
To buy the first year French I sold my hay-mow,  
For Euclid's work I purchased double glasses  
And made my way up to the Bridge of Asses.  
Not being great, I thought I would be merry,  
And drank ten beers and half a quart of sherry ;  
But cops took me up and locked me in the gaol,  
At this very hour I'm only out on bail,  
What shall I do to merit fame eternal ?  
Oh, now I know ! *I'll read the College Journal*,  
Such lofty spirits write those classic pages,  
'Tis plain immortal genius in them rages.  
Perhaps 'll see some joke, some verse, some story,  
To spur my jaded footsteps on to glory.

*[He reads a poem entitled "The Poet."*

Hooray ! I've greatness after all ! now, I know it !  
This poem proves I'm meant to be a Poet,  
My mind's dissolved in pure imagination ;  
My brains expand with mighty inspiration.  
I feel the spirit come ! my soul's on fire !  
I throb ! I burn ! I burst with hot desire !  
Come forth my poem ! your author's heart relieve !  
What fame sublime will your grand lines achieve !

*Josh's Ode to Amanda Jones.*

I love thee ; Oh, I love thee ! fair Amanda Jones !  
Let all the trees around announce in muffled groans,  
I love thee ; Oh, I love thee ! fair Amanda Jones !  
Let all the winds around unite with all the stones,  
And in a gentle whisper proclaim in thunder tones,  
I love thee ; OH, I love thee ! fair Amanda Jones !

*[Enter University Union Leader in time to hear concluding lines.*

*U. U. L.*: I've read much verse by Poets of high name ;  
I tell you, Josh, you put them all to shame,  
Lazy Milton refused to hunt for rhyme,  
So his weak verse is *blank*, but yours—sublime.  
'Tis plain to see what humble Shakespeare meant,  
To man's small wit he made a low descent ;  
But 'tis *your* glory, *your* renown immense,  
That *your* fine lines transcend all human sense,  
Shakespeare and Milton thus beneath your feet,  
You see what future greatness you would meet.  
But hear the *truth* : poems are shabby tricks ;  
The *noblest* art, my friend, is *'Politics* !

'Tis there the truest martyrs all have died,  
'Tis there great moral principles are *tried* ;  
Just thing of *Union* ; how divine a thought !  
All things by *union* are together brought.  
And but for *union*, I swear by thunder  
Swift again all things would go asunder,  
'Tis *union* keeps in place the mountain boulders ;  
'Tis *union* keeps your head upon your shoulders.  
By *union* of their stones cathedrals stand,  
Your boots stay on your feet by *union's* band ;  
And hark ! if there's no *union* in your lives,  
Unless by *union* love forever thrives,  
If there's no *union*—mark my solemn tones—  
How can you ever wed Amanda Jones ?

*Josh.*: Long life to union ! ay, long and hearty !

*U. U. L.*: Then join at once, *dear* friend, the Union Party.  
Some fools maintain that union's very bad ;  
We'll prove by voting that such men are mad,  
Others would beat them hard with club and mallet,  
But you and I prefer to use the ballot.

*[Exit. U. U. L.]*

*Josh.*: I'll vote, you bet ; I'll fight with sword or stones,  
For Union's honor, and Amanda Jones !

*[Enter Alma Mater Leader in time to hear this.]*

*A. M. L.*: Dost mean to say that thou hast joined his *side*,  
Thou stupid mass of stale rhinoceros hide ?  
Thou fool ! if truth from falsehood thou discernest,  
Couldst not tell he lied, *since he was so earnest* ?  
To make of union such a senseless bother !  
What could you do without your *kindly* mother ?  
Now mark my words ! hear well for 'tis no lie,  
Your name is on the brute-force list ; *You'll die.*

*[Exit.]*

*Josh.*: Thank heaven for this lucky stroke of fate !  
I'll die, 'tis true ; but, dying, *I'll be great.*

*[Exit.]*

SCENE 3—*Literary Society Meeting.*

*U. U. L. speaks*: Mr. Chairman, I do assure you well,  
I rise to speak on general principle.  
I am not moved—'tis below *my* station—  
By any *party* consideration,  
These hands are clean, I play no scurvy tricks,  
Conviction sways my tongue, not politics.  
I feel, sir, that the time at length has come  
To sheath the falchion and to break the drum,  
I therefore move, and move without remorse,  
That we strike out from Varsity's cultured course,  
The now disgraced committee of brute-force.  
As long as honest men and true possessed it,  
I knew its merit well, and knowing, blessed it,  
But since it now has sunk so low,  
The cursed thing I say must go.  
Remove it then in reason's cause !  
Remove it then for honor's laws !  
Justice demands that it should die !  
Culture contends that it should fly !  
Virtue hates it and so do I !

*A. M. L.*: Mr. Chairman, I do assure you well,  
I rise to speak on general principle.  
I am not moved—'tis below *my* station—  
By any *party* consideration,  
These hands are clean ! I play no scurvy tricks,  
Conviction sways my tongue, not politics.