

Ed. Foster as *Brutus* appeared on the floor,
 While I the *lean Cassius* portrayed;
 The master the part of *Marc Antony* bore,
 And thus was each character played.

The little dark closet already described,
 As "green-room" was made to do duty;
 There the genius of Shakspeare was largely imbibed
 In all its exuberant beauty.

When the play was completed, we *brought the house down*—
 To use a theatrical phrase;
 Great applause was bestowed upon *Manager Brown*,
 And on his young actors high praise.

Then arose Squire Moore—took a large pinch of snuff—
 And delivered a neat little speech;
 He said he had seen quite or more than enough
 To prove that our master could teach

The youthful idea to shoot and to grow,
 And expand to its broadest dimensions—
 Here he ceased—said no farther at this time would go,
 For to *speaking* he made no pretensions.

His friend Andrew Buntin then rose in his place,
 And said in deliberate phrase,
 He would the occasion with pleasure embrace
 To add his unqualified praise.

Thus closed the events of this wonderful day,
 And its like once a year was repeated,
 When by young and by old, by the grave and the 'gay,
 Its advent was joyfully greeted.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE AND OUT-DOOR INCIDENTS, INCLUDING A FIGHT.

A *feeling* remembrance no doubt you will have
 Of the *ferule*, the *birch*, and the *tanos*,*
 Which the master with impartiality gave
 To those disobeying his laws.

* A Scottish instrument of punishment composed of leather straps, somewhat like a cat-o'-nine-tails.