

I'll never wed a mere uncultured clown,
Who thinks the world's no larger than his town,
So hear my will, and do it while there's time,
For thus to highest greatness may you climb;
Seek out the one, the only 'Varsity,
From that great field bring back renown to me.
And, when you've been a hero in the strife,
Then, Josh, and not till then, I'll be your wife.

[Exit hurriedly in concealed agitation.]

Josh: Now by our mother earth and by the stars,
By Venus, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars,
What means this sudden fit? So may I thrive.
I know! She has a friend in ninety-five;
A lady friend! and to my simple maid
Her fresh and burning fancy has portrayed
In glowing colors, faithful, bold and clear,
The verdant glories of that blooming year.
Amanda's spirit burns with envy's fire;
To highest heights her soaring aims aspire;
She wildly dreams that I may join that class;
She even madly hopes that I may pass;
And oh! what bad ambition! what disgrace!
What clearest proof that Eve's in all the race!
She throws house, farm and happiness away,
That I, her lover, may become B.A.
What shall I do? I feel a strange alarm.
I love my sweetheart, but I love my farm;
'Tis true a freshman class I've never seen;
But what boots that? the landscape here is green,
And, oh! 'tis true, 'tis true without exception,
I'd ne'er survive a single Class-Reception.
But come! I'll go, and instantly depart,
I've got no greatness, but I've got a heart.

[Exit to prepare for the journey.]

SCENE 2.—Room in Rossin House, Toronto; Josh lying quietly in bed.
Enter Servant and Justice of the Peace.

Servant (pointing to Josh): He came last night with a
stable lantern,
And he asked if this was Rossin's Tavern.
Then he took a room and he settled down
To write to the principal men in town.
He wrote for the Senate's information:
"Hoodlum was after an education."
The President, also, received a shock,
For "Hoodlum could see him at eight o'clock."
He warned haughty Langton to show no cheek.
The Professors, he said, might call next week.
Then he blew out the gas, and he went to bed,
Just give 'im a shake and see if he's dead.

[Exit.]

J. P.: Brace up, old chap; the law makes no abate-
ment;
I'm here to take your *ante mortem* statement;
But when you've told how thus you came to lie,
You've got the clearest legal right to die.

Josh, (faintly): Last night, great sir, I went to bed
up here,
And that is why in bed I now appear.

J. P.: 'Tis wrong, you fool, to try such jokes on me
When on the threshold of eternity.
Look up; how did it come to pass,
My rustic friend, that you blew out the gas?

Josh, (rousing himself and sniffing round): Great
Cæsar's ghost! I thought the place was queer.
Do tell me, sir; is this Toronto air?

J. P.: 'Tis gas, you wooden-headed lout!
So speak; how did you come to blow it out?

Josh: 'Tis gas, you say; and likely does it seem
'Twas that which caused my late mysterious dream,
For scarcely had I laid my weary head
Upon this downy couch, ere some one said:
"Dear Josh, I know this place is strange to you;
Learn from me then what things you ought to do."

I started up to see the speaker's face—
'Twas white and firm, yet touched with pensive grace.
He blushed, and so I said with kindly zest:
"Go on, my buzzom friend; let's have the rest."
He smiled a loving smile, and straightway cried:
"No one can ever tell who has not tried,
How hard it is to drive a mule against his will;
And so with fame, for I've been through the mill.
Three courses can you take at Varsity,
So either be a plug, a sport or follow me.
By some sure signs the plugger can you find;
He cramps his members to expand his mind,
And, heeding not his tortured body's pains,
Serves up his strength to gorge his pampered brains.
For wisdom's sake all wisdom in him dies,
Thus in her cause the Plug destroys his eyes.
He never mingles with the human throng,
But drags alone his ghastly self along.
On nature's works the recluse never looks,
Whate'er he thinks and feels is found in books;
And if his heart some puny love e'er knew
He'd study from a text-book how to woo.
One only book he never tries to scan,
The noblest of them all, the book of man.
For four short years of academic strife
The Plug resigns his hopes in future life,
And, laden with honors, prizes and degree,
Sinks down forever in oblivion's sea.
The sport's existence passes gaily by,
In swift joys hiding that he has to die.
Why should he toil! to pleasure why be loth?
Does not the plugger plug enough for both?
And does not History besides report
The greatest heroes have been great at sport?
The farmer's trade all thorough sports deride,
But they sow wild oats on every side.
Time teaches bummers temp'rance in their cups,
All drink hard in term; in May all take sups.
What will be the sport's eventual fate
Not even our prophet could surely state;
But his own fond dream of eternity
Would render it merely one grand long spree.
The middle man takes of course the plum,
For he doesn't plug and he doesn't bum.
He trains his mind but he trains his body;
And, though he drinks, he drinks no toddy.
Thus, prepared for life in every way
He leaves the College for the real fray
And he enters, if his hopes are lofty,
The immortal School of Pedagogy.
Now Josh be wise and take the middle course,
To save your coming life from deep remorse,
And since the pale East gives friendly warning
There's but one hour ere dawn of morning.
I'll go to the tavern at once I think,
And a gallon of lager try to drink,
Then hasten homewards and procure a light
To plug at Greek for the rest of the night.

J. P.: 'Tis plain from the vision that you relate,
Your life in future, Josh, must sure be great.
Take my advice, howe'er, don't be an ass,
And never waste your breath upon the gas.
And this I swear for love to do always:
If from the sober path your greatness strays,
Only to give you costs and sixty days.

[Josh having recovered, J. P. Exit.]

[END OF ACT I.]

The College of the City of New York will soon move to
another building which is to cost \$750,000.

Since the opening of the college year, three new publi-
cations by the students have made their appearance at the
University of Pennsylvania: the *Courier*, the *University*
Daily News, and the *Wharton School Bulletin*.