

Hash to the right of them,
 Hash to the left of them,
 Hash right in front of them
 Shook, steamed and crumbled;
 Thoughtless of pies and buns,
 Boldly they ate the crumbs;
 Into the mouth of each,
 Into the jaws of all
 Went the hash mixture.

Flashed all their ivories bare,
 Flashed as they rose in air,
 Sabring the gistle there,
 While all the Hill wondered.
 Plunged in the foul hash smoke
 Right through the bones they broke;
 *Cad and Collegian
 Spattered and hungered.
 Then leaned they back, yes all,
 All the one hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the Hill wondered.
 Honor the charge they made !
 Honor the Hash Brigade,
 Noble one hundred !

Later, the tidings of frequent goose in the Seminary while our steward's mind ran much in the channel of soup, became insupportable to another of our poets, who in his "fine frenzy" became the author of a threnody, of which, I regret to say, I have only preserved one stanza:

There is a word in every house
 To mortals ever dear;
 In Sem it is cold goose and pie,
 But always *soup* in here.
 Then gaze upon us mortals thin
 And breathe for us a prayer;
 Do we not speak of better days
 Before t'was "soup in here."

If I mistake not, the perpetrator of this was the same young man who, during an epidemic of mutton, carving knife in hand, would pronounce the dinner open with the interrogatory: "Gentlemen; lamb, ram, sheep or mutton?", and after dinner, systematically, but irreverently, return thanks in the words: "Thank the Lord for this little bite; many a poor devil would call it a meal." But a time came when the tide of goose set toward us and there was a famine in the Seminary. I remember well the day when, in expression of their sympathy for the "Sems," certain collegians returning from dinner carried with them the bony framework of the fowl remaining on their table, as an offering to the girls, who gratefully and triumphantly drew it up to the window of "Locksley Hall" by means of a cord and a bent hair pin.

The writer would conclude this somewhat prandial dissertation by

*The Academicians, for brevity only and not in any opprobrious sense, were called "Cads."