



- 1.—Put the bridle on your Pony, Sophs, the
saddle on his back,
There's a race, a competition on the Greek
and Latin track ;
Since we cannot tell the winner, let us bring
them every one,
And so go marching on.
- 2.—There's Xenophon, and Homer—oh ! they
make a lively span,
When we as preps, upon their backs our
early races ran ;
So Aeschylus, Isocrates unnumbered races
won,
As we go marching
- 3.—Fleet-footed Aristophanes is still the winning
steed ;
The Sophs from muddy passages in by-gone
days he freed ;
He'll bear the rider safely, where always oft
he's gone,
While we go marching on.
- 4.—Ah ! but see the Greek professor, standing
at the class-room door,
Has checked our gallant leader, so I fear our
march is o'er ;
No ; for though our steeds are captured, still
the class may ride on one,
And still go marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, alleluia,
Always trusting in our pony,
When the road is hard and stony,
We'll still go marching on.

COLLEGE HUMOR.

Citizen.—Your paper has a healthy tone.

Editor.—Yes. We make a specialty of patent
medicine advertisements.—*Town Topics.*

An Ambition Easily Gratified.—“Papa,” re-
marked Johnny, “I should like to be a pirate
when I grow up.”

“All right, my boy,” returned the old gentle-
man, “we will put you in charge of the humorous
column on some newspaper.”—*New York Sun*

“Politics is a lottery,” wrote the editor, and
his edition was promptly thrown out of the mails

by the postmaster, under the law against adver-
tising lotteries. There is risk in printing anything
about Lot's wife, even.—*Ex.*

A former Carbondale newspaper publisher is
now a carpenter. He makes more money with
his adze than he ever did with his “ads.”—*Bing-
hamton (N. Y.) Leader.*

There is this unfortunate difference between a
church singer and a newspaper poet—one sings in
a choir, but the other seldom sings in less than a
ream.—*Burlington Free Press.*