

Time was, when through these Halls from end to end
 The Freshie's juice adhesive, and the Soph's
 Stale breath, perfumed with smoke narcotic, rolled;
 Then Slippered feet sped quick from room to room,
 (Followed, perchance, by sundry lumps of coal);
 Then we, who wear our college dignity
 Like college caps, could spend a merry hour
 With some congenial Cad,—Alas! that time
 Is gone; yon barricades, whose doors from want
 Of grease harsh thunders creak, our way oppose;
 He fain would put an end to deviltry
 Who rules with glance majestic o'er these Halls.
 I will not yield to kiss the Doctor's feet!
 The doors, the doors must fall! "Lay on Macduff,
 And d—d be him who first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

Freshie. I— I'm so much a fool that should I stay—
Soph. Nay, say not so; although you're short of wits,
 We'll smash the doors, and carry out the bits.
Junior. Eternal secrecy we first must swear,
 By all the powers of Olney and of air. [*They swear on Olney.*]
Cad. Get on your nightgowns, tie their tails behind,
 Or in this business they may gather dirt;
 And let us on our guileless faces rub
 Some sout; for sure we must disguise
 To carry out this manly enterprise. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE: *Midnight*—The Corridors—Plotters approaching barricades, dressed in nightgown and with blackened faces. The brave Senior carries a poker, the Junior and Soph. carry screwdrivers; the Cad, a key. A Gigantic Freshman brings up the rear hand in hand with the devil, who plants his cloven hoofs cautiously, and lashes his tail in glee.

Senior. Screwdrivers to the front! and you, bold Fresh,
 Just grab the end of Satan's plaguy tail
 And twist the cussed thing; we must remind
 His Majesty that students are unused
 To noise infernal. Ye minions, on with me,
 Much danger do I undergo for thee.

Cad. O Senior, I'll easier breathe, by gum.
 When I am safe delivered of this key
 That in the interests of philanthropy
 I caused to be remodeled by that son
 Of Vulcan, where with sluggish tide
 Mud Creek's sweet waters o'er their shallows glide.

[*They unlock and remove the doors, while the devil peeps slyly through a neighboring keyhole.*]

Satan (Aside) Rejoice ye imps who turn my red-hot spits.
 Within I see a band of merry youth—
 Six pipes, a bottle, and of cards a pack;
 Some smoke, some drink, all play; one loudly thumps,
 And with a pretty hiccup shouts "What's trumps?"

[*The doors are now placed on the Devil's back, where they are steadied by the Freshie. As they hurry along the corridors and down stairs, the Senior stealthily lashes the doors to the Devil's tail. They reach the open air.*]

Freshie. Old Hoofs, your task is done; you now may go
 And toast your shins before the fires below.

[*Thus bidden, the Devil flies off, not heeding the doors which dangle from his tail.*]

Senior. Ha! ha! He mounts the air; he puffs and roars;
 A woful tail he bears, our noble steed;
 He'll make dark Hades glow with College doors;
 The students blameless are; the devil did the deed. [*Ineunt.*]