

# THE ISHMAELITE.

"OUR HAND IS AGAINST EVERY VICE."

VOL. 10.—NO. 10.

HARDSCRABBLE, PENNA., JULY 28, 1856.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### MEMORABILIA VIRENTIUM HOMINUM.

"Let me speak to the yet unknowing world  
How these things came about: so shall you hear  
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;  
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;  
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fall'n on the inventor's head: all this can I  
Truly deliver."

Descend ye muses of celestial birth,  
Inspire my pen with soul-enlivening mirth,  
Bring to remembrance, and each fact unfurl  
In bold relief to the unknowing world.  
Go the past, let naught escape our view  
Of FANUS transactions, either old or new.  
And now kind reader lend a listening ear  
To deeds and scrapes unknown, which you shall  
hear;

How verdant Freshmen skulking out at night  
Are often caught returning home so "tight,"  
That e'er a week, (how swiftly tempus flies,  
They're sent on furlough to recruit sore eyes,  
And to repent in sorrow at their leisure,  
Of all their acts, the sweet rewards (?) of pleasure.  
These Freshmen babies made such "hue and cry"  
The tutor could not hear if he should die,  
When lo! he found the lads were fond of sweet,—  
Molasses rich was poured upon their seat,  
If Dr. Green can't generate cheap gases,  
He'll find it free among this pack of asses,  
Who stole from off the "Campus" Moose's hay,  
And in their recitation room, it, stowed away,  
That when no longer they could lick the sweet,  
Friend Moose's hay would furnish food to eat,  
And thus relieve the tutor from the noise  
Of these "fast young men," such audacious boys.

These lazy scamps, with labor not in love,  
Went to the "tombs," placed pepper on the stove,  
Rejoicing any deed to perpetrate,  
That would, forsooth, relieve them from the fate  
Of "fizzles" splendid, (please excuse the truth,  
Which must have been in consequence of youth.)

Now comes the "fetty," since the pepper's past,  
Which made Alonzo on the Freshman east  
His burning indignation and reproof,  
"And from such scrapes," said he "to keep aloof."  
But as is common at the present day,  
Youth from advice parental turn away.  
But verdant Freshmen grown to riper years,  
'Tis hoped, will meekly yield to older peers.  
But come with me, and let us take a-view,  
And mark the conduct of this youthful crew.  
First SPEAK, the differential of a man,  
With drinking Lager and big words expands;  
But William N. S— of the Empire State  
From all appearance has a spongy pate;  
He off' forgets, while putting in his word,  
That little urchins "should be seen, not heard."  
Next comes our BABARA of the Keystone State,  
Whose antique pedigree we can't relate;  
This much we've learned, perhaps can more im-  
part,

He's famous for his phonographic art;  
He takes this chance the public to invite  
To call at 51, when he is "tight."  
Although 'tis true, we'll add but one thing more,  
His blowing gas is such an awful bore.

Now comes the Fresh HARRIS, who speaks it  
alone,  
Who drinks his own Lager, and gives his friends  
none!

He's tight as the bark on a hickory tree,  
For he never gives treat when he gets on a spree.  
But JOHNNY H. MEIN is the boy, we are told,  
Going after Dutch girls got wonderfully sold,  
Says one to another, "now Polly is it so,  
That you LITTLE fellow can be your sweet bean?"  
"Y-a-a-s. Since I have caught him now don't  
you complain,

He's my nice pretty bean, sweet little Jack Mein."  
And, if we've been told what is perfectly right,  
He scruples not, too, to get horribly "tight."  
And he likely remembers, what truly was said,  
His "chaun" with a rope tied him fast to the bed.  
The one-legged chap, whom they call SANTA  
ANN,

Comes next to our mind, and as near as we can,  
His deeds and his exploits, his glory and fame,  
All this, we'll relate, as ascribed to his name.  
He's quite fond of music, for on the whis-key,  
He always keeps playing, when once on a spree.  
With fancy bewildered, he eloquent grows,  
Falls off the table, and batters his nose;  
And, if you should ask why from College he went  
last session, I answer, "because he was sent."  
At length finding grace in the faculty's sight,

A grant was allowed him to come and recite.  
Oh, listen! kind reader, and soon you shall see  
A Hagerstown donkey, his name McAREE;  
A Freshman who thinks, "I am some, well I am,  
And the man who disputes it, I'm ready to lamm."

There's BISECR the Freshman who tries by his  
talk,  
To act like some Shanghai, as "cock of the walk";  
And, if we may judge by his actions at all,  
Conceit is the gas that lights up his hall.  
'Tis thought this young ape a reform should com-  
mence,

Take the skin from this ass, and make no pretence,  
For you will remember the beast that essayed  
The lion to act, was an ass when once slayed.  
Only think! such a man of original mind!  
Geometrical methods of proof he can find  
In authors neglected—and come into class  
And can pawn it away for original gas.

There's two other Freshmen of lesser renown,  
Who frequently visit the ladies in town.  
What fairies, we ask, of a heavenly mold,  
To walk with these Freshmen could make them-  
selves bold?  
But who are these Fresh? Oh I hasten to tell—  
STORHOFF and BEN'DIC-UM, which means to speak  
well—

We warn these young gents to mind what they're  
about,  
And, as long as they're Freshmen to cease to go  
out.

There's another one still, his name is E. COOMBS,  
Who makes his abode in the direful "Tombs."  
To him we would say "gaily onward proceed  
To the goal whence the life of the College may  
lead,

On the Sophomore's sea you've stranded your boat  
Along with the Freshmen contented now float;  
But mind yourself, lest some invisible force  
Thrust you again to Preparatory's course.

Also HERRICH and LACHENOUR, ANNAN and  
BOYD,  
To bring in their names we cannot avoid.

Also WINTERICH who smiles when he comes into  
prayers,  
As by ringing the bell he's detained up stairs.

He probably thinks he is out of his place,  
Or else he would cease his distortion of face.

Oh, FOWLER! thou Fresh who dost "poll for a  
grade

Eight days in the week, you're quite in the shade  
But put on the steam, boy, and hasten the speed,  
The labors of Hercules quickly exceed.

To bestow what is due on each of the class,  
The following Fresh we're compelled to pass:  
FISHER and FERRIDAYS, WURTS, WEAVER, and  
WEERS,

We calmly acknowledge are notable bricks,  
And now ye "fast" Freshmen amend your bad  
ways,

Improve by the lesson that wisdom conveys:  
Lay aside all your folly and show yourselves men,  
Thus forcing us not to expose you again.

OXI.

THE verdant Freshman, W. C. Ferriday,  
—a great lady's man—had the impudence  
not long ago, to address a lady in the street  
just because he happened to know her si-  
ter. Afterward he told her brother Dago to  
ask her what she thought of him, and when  
asked she answered, "Why I thought he was  
very green," to which Dago replied, "He  
comes from the South; he never lived any-  
where except among negroes, and does not  
know how to conduct himself." "He should  
study etiquette then," answered she; "No,"  
says Dago, "he is too stupid to learn that."  
The Freshman, who had concealed himself  
e'o e-by, and overheard the conversation,  
now entered greatly enraged and spoke thus:  
"I will summon my slaves, I will call my  
dogs, and being a great soldier, I will equip  
myself, and at the head of my slaves and dogs  
will come forth to battle. Now, ladies, be-  
ware of the high-minded Calvin.

I'll ride on my lake in a nice little skiff,  
I'll go to my favorite dell,  
I'll think of the days that are past and gone,  
When I tarried with Billy Cattell.

I'll order my darkies to bring me my gun,  
When duties of college I leave,  
I hate to acknowledge because I got tight  
My exit I had to receive.

FRESH ROOM, No. 43.—Present—Coombs,  
Stothoff, and Harris.

Coombs—See here you fellows, they say  
Fowler is going to take first. He polls all  
the time, from Sunday morning until the re-  
volutionary evolution of the week brings it  
clear around to Sunday again, and he hunts  
out Latin and Greek roots and synonyms,  
just as much as the immortal and honorable  
Tutor March wants.

Stothoff.—Oh you needn't be afraid of him.  
Do you think this here noble, elevated, tow-  
ering, mighty intellect of mine can be ex-  
posed in profundity of College learning by  
any Fresh. Do you think I care how much  
any of you polls? Didn't Tate just tell me  
that I was a perfect tarer among roots, and  
stumps too, if you want them?

Harris.—Hold here, most noble, learned,  
and erudite Fresh. I expect to have a chance  
at first myself. Haint I been showing you  
some of the regular ring-tail, snortin',  
stright up and down, clean sweepin', and  
perfectly concluded demonstrations in Geo-  
metry, all this here session, and don't you  
think that won't count nothing towards  
fetching me first; and moreover, besides all  
this, I don't never fizzle, nor do nothing not  
right in any other recitation. Here Coombs  
bawls out, "Haint I going to have a chance  
at first too; haint I got immortal b.c.o. out  
of them perfect recitations in Horatius?"  
Then in his excitement he gave one of the  
Fresh rap over the chatterbox with his cane,  
and now commenced a regular fight, and in  
the midst of the fray, the venerable and pi-  
ous tutor entered the room with a cudgel.  
The Freshmen screamed, and some quickly  
deposited themselves under the bed, while  
the rest were last seen going down stairs  
with their coat tails standing out at an angle  
of about forty-five degrees.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### A CARD.

The undersigned hereby informs the La Fay-  
ette students that during the next year he  
intends establishing himself permanently in No.  
6, where he will be pleased to receive calls from  
the lovers of literary gossip and rot gut whis-  
key. As a literary gossip, he fancies himself  
unequaled, having by an incessant grubbing  
among title pages, prefaces, indexes, book no-  
tices, &c., learned a great many authors' names,  
titles of books, names of fictitious characters,  
and the like; and thus qualified himself for any  
amount of gas on such topics. He believes he  
can't be beat in his line. Be sure to give him a  
call at his new establishment.

ISAAC BLETCHER VAN SANT.

### NOTICE

Watson, McKinney, & Co., desirous of keep-  
ing up their Whiskey Express Line be-  
tween College and the Jersey Lipton store take  
this opportunity of informing the public  
that their business will be carried on as here-  
tofore. All orders will be promptly filled, and  
no whiskey sucker will be allowed to suffer, if  
he will only make his wants known. Our  
terms are moderate, since we only want to  
make enough to keep ourselves in liquor. We  
hope, however, that no one will wish to send  
for less than a gallon, as, our pay being taken  
out in liquor, we could not expect to draw much  
from a less quantity than this. Thankful for  
past favors, and determined to sacrifice all study  
to the interest of our patrons, we will try to  
merit a continuance of our old patronage.

### NOTICE.

Howard, alias the Little Dutchman, alias  
Barber, takes this opportunity of informing  
the public that he has removed his barber shop  
from the old stand, and that he will hereafter be  
found prepared to do all business in his line at  
No. 47 E. College. He solicits a continuance of  
his old patronage, and hopes to get many new  
customers as he will now be alone and can give  
his undivided attention to those who may favor  
him with a call. Walk up gentlemen, I cut  
hair for a shilling and shave for a sixpence.  
Cats and cream always on hand for fresh men.

## THE ISHMAELITE.

HARDSCRABBLE, PA :

Wednesday Morning, July 29, 1856.

DEAR READER:—To publish a "paper" without an "editorial" would be an oddity, which we do not wish to incur the responsibility of perpetrating. An editorial then we must have, and as we take for granted, that like yourself you dislike long sermons, long prayers, and long speeches, we conclude that a long editorial is as much an object of dislike as any of them. And this opinion exactly suits our inclinations, as our editorial energies are not very prolific nor energetic, with the thermometer at 105 degrees, as it is at this present writing. Our object may be learned from our motto. The faults and follies of the college have attained such an immense preponderance over its virtues and wisdom that we think it high time for the application of some efficient corrective. It is therefore with the praiseworthy motive of correcting the faults and reforming the vices of our fellow-students, by just enabling some of them "to see themselves as others see them," that we come before the public. Speaking figuratively, to take the starch out of impudence, to lower the towering head of conceit, to cause the brazen features of vice to blush, to let the wind out of vanity and empty ignorance, and to expose hollow and ambitious pretensions, is really a labor of love when it is intended for the benefit of those concerned; and we assert that we do still retain considerable love for our erring fellow-students, in spite of the unlovely character many of them are developing. It may be supposed, however, that if this be so, we have a monstrous queer way of showing our love. Well, it may be so, but we think it a good way. There is much truth in the sentiment, that they are our best friends who speak most freely to us of our faults, having of course our reformation, and not our humiliation, in view. It is also the saying of a very wise man who may be known to some of our readers, that "reproofs of a friend are better than the kisses of an enemy," and "a word in season—how good is it."

If we be deemed a little too severe occasionally, we have only to protest that we are not malicious, and if it be thought we have made too free use of the caustic, we reply, that it was because we misjudged not on account of

bad feeling. With these explanations and remarks we commend you, kind reader, to the perusal of our veracious columns.

### COMMENCEMENT,

July 30th, 1856.

The crowning foolery of the week will begin on Wednesday morning. The exercises will be introduced by a prayer an hour and a half long by the renowned Basileus. After appropriate music the exercises will be begun by S. G. Logan in the following

#### SALUTEM.

Illustrissimi et emditrissimi, Doctores, Professores, Tutores, Seniores, et ceteros; salve omnes! Hoc est damnatus dies fervidus, similis, Tartaro; et habeo cerneos diabolos. Sed forsitan possumus habere conventionem plenam jocum ditatis; et posthuc, symposium superfusum optimorum jocorum, at the pluribus unum hotel; si inclinationem habetis, in hanc viam. Antiquum Hemigrum elevare. The foregoing Samuel will deliver with his usual indistinctness and feebleness. It is wisely published beforehand that it may be understood and appreciated at the time of delivery. The style shows what a master he is of the language. Its chief merit is its brevity, occasioned rather of necessity than of judgment, as Samuel is in too bad a state of preservation to make a long speech. His emaciated appearance is caused by excessive use of tobacco, by which he has expectorated away all except the dregs of the man.

MUSIC.—'That Same Old Tune.'

By the Chapel Choir.

D. K. FREEMAN.—This most pretentious of the La Fayette "small fry" with his characteristic air of superior wisdom and acumen will proceed to bore the audience by mistifying his subject, which is that the Character of the Objective depends upon the different modes or conditions of the Subjective. To indicate depth and acuteness, the plan (if he happens to have a plan) of the argument will be darkly metaphysical, whilst his style and mode of illustration to show off his turn for poetry, will be remarkable chiefly for moon-struck fancies and crazy metaphors. Frequent allusion to the revolutionary tendencies of the planetary system will also be made, in order to exhibit his mathematical attainments in a conspicuous manner. Instead, however, of proving his proposition, he will succeed only in proving himself an ass, as he has invariably done for the last year, at least.

His performance will forcibly bring to mind his famous prototype in the well known fable. During the whole time his long ears, (ie) his stupid commonplaces may be seen peering through his lion's skin of pretention, selfconceit and "hyfellutin." Both he and his junior friend Legs of Brandwine, expect a bountiful show &c

bouquets, as they have been trying hard during the present term to make female acquaintances in town, apparently with this object in view. In order, therefore, that disappointment may not be added to public disgrace, we ask the ladies to remember them.

R. DE CHARMS BARCLAY.—As this gentleman's residence among you closes with to-day, and the faculty has deemed it his duty to address you, we announce with the greatest confidence that he will condescend to pronounce in your hearing this morning an "honorary" oration.

This subject will be *The Ladies of Easton*, in which he will first notice some of their peculiarities, afterwards he will proceed, in connexion with them, to expound the *Philosophy of "Rushing,"* as exemplified in Juniors and Freshman, and the whole will be interspersed with thrilling narrations and illustrations drawn from personal experience.

W. A. M. GRIEF, alias "SOFT SHELL."—This wonderful specimen of an orang outang will now enlighten the audience with his "ex gratia" speech, to the infinite delight of the fair sex of Easton. His subject will be the use and beauty of moustaches in general and his own in particular. It is particularly useful to him, in rendering his words unintelligible, so that his gassy nonsense is sometimes mistaken for sense. The beauty he will illustrate by his thick and long mass of ill-shapen, sunburnt, yellow, disagreeable looking hair upon his upper lip, which curls with a well-trained grace into his mouth. After the close of the exercises the faculty will take pleasure in exhibiting this specimen to the public. Admission 6¼ cents. Front seats reserved for ladies.

BLANCHARD.—In his speech he will discuss the pleasant emotions arising from music, lager beer, and association with the ladies. He will show that music is pleasant, but when accompanied with lager, is divine—the ladies' society is agreeable, but when joined with lager, is ennobling; and by skilful comparison will show that lager, his chosen duleinea, possesses all the qualities of each of the others, besides those peculiar to itself, and is therefore to be first chosen. He will then close with a few hints on the best manner of stealing chickens.

R. McCormick will first explain the object and probable advantages of the *wote whiskey agency*. Lastly he will go off grandiloquently on the excellence of *pepper pot*. Throughout his speech he will exhibit his whole character, which is a strange conglomeration of hypocrisy and lying.

HAMBURGER will discuss at length the pleasures of associating with ladies. He feels confident that after four years experience he is fully competent to set forth in the most glowing terms all that is pleasant in such association. He will conclude with his favorite *ho-down*.

OWEN RIEDY, Professor of pot metal and bell ringing. This gentleman will explain "how dat by bulling de robe de pell pegins to roar," and he will wax eloquent on de value ob "medals" (metals) in general, and "pot medal" in particular. Does Owen remember when he ran down to inform Alonzo (adjutant general of mathematics) "how dat de pyys shust came at my room mit an axe in deir fists to frive (drive) a hole mit my tore (door) in?"

HOPKINS will expatiate on the nutritious ingredients of lager beer. He will show that it is in the highest degree stimulating and healthful, and will enforce his arguments by presenting himself as an example of constant lager drinking during the past year. He will then in the most polite manner show the audience the latest and most approved style of quaffing this favorite beverage, after which he will discuss the merits of "that d—n good fellow who treated him."

*A Poem* . . . . . Boaham.

Horace will now picture in glowing terms the deep anguish of feeling which caused him to exclaim "O Hell" on not receiving an expected letter.

*Solitude* . . . . . Clark.

Will portray the beauties of solitude and will present himself as an example of a man who has traveled his college course without becoming acquainted with a fair one of Easton. Oh, unfortunate man that he is! Give him your sympathies, Ladies.

*The noble art of self defence,*  
F. Kennedy.

This prodigy of pugelistic skill will appear and narrate with great gusto his many exploits and awful adventures, after going through a variety of gymnastics, as taught in the noble art. He will show the best way of stealing into ball rooms, as he is quite an adept, we would advise lovers of cheap dancing to give him attention.

*Make yourself disagreeable,* Vastine.

This piece of personified bombast and meanness will now show how and why he always made himself so contemptible among his associates.

Kerr.—This em, famous for long and loud howling, will to-day exhibit the extraordinary power of the canine species in that line. He will explain with his usual bombast how he acquired and rejoiced over his very pretty name, Bungo.

DANNY HEYLRIEK will, at the close of his speech, grin his hearers into the deepest silence; then he will grin them into the most intense enthusiasm, and after showing the audience a variety of his most approved grins, he will conclude with his heavenly grin.

The audience during the exercises will be now and then regaled by appropriate music by the chapel choir, under the auspices of the renowned Father Moore, the most tuneful of asses.

ISAAC JONES, alias "GABLE."—The cognomen of this exquisite little dandy was derived from his distinguished laziness. Preferring a warm bed to a warm breakfast, he always brings up the rear at his meals, hence he is called the "Gable end of the Bushkill Club." Judging from his actions one would suppose that he possessed the laziness of the whole college combined. We will give a few instances of his peculiar talent. During the past winter Gable generally managed to get into prayers once a week, with his eyes half shut, and in such scanty habiliments that the faculty, fearing lest he might freeze to death, gave him a standing excuse from morning prayers during the cold weather.

Being much annoyed with bedbugs, he would rather suffer, than take the trouble to destroy them. He says *it is too darned hot to kill bedbugs.* Isaac used to visit some ladies in Easton, and from all accounts he made a very good impression, but although pleased with his success, he was too lazy to keep his engagements with the young ladies, and so he has lost his popularity. However, with all this dislike to exertion, Isaac manages to be very particular in his dress. His friends often wonder how he can exert himself so much as to put on a clean shirt, black his boots, &c., but this is easily explained, when we know that it invariably takes him two hours to dress, and even longer, if he can possibly spare the time.

POWEATTAN HARRIS—the illustrious Savage:—He often displays his remarkable talent in giving the war-whoop. He is noted for his great generosity; we wonder if he remembers the time, when, thinking that it was his turn to treat, he borrowed from the friend with whom he was rushing a quarter, which he considered to be so large a sum that he did not think that the extent of his pocket-book allowed him to return it. He is remarkable for large hoots and great genius. By some, he is called Breakfast Harris, so called from his raving about his breakfast, which he never gets, until his fellow-boarders, under Billy, have finished, on account of his great propensity for sleep and study, which he always does with much spirit. He is about as dumb as he is clumsy.

JACK MEIN.—The gentleman who delights in tights and shanghai coats, with the waist under his arms, prides himself on his good looks. We think that he should be an object of pity; for we have heard that he has been slighted by some of the ladies in town (which makes him feel very bad) for not keeping within bounds.

ADVICE.—Santa Anna had better not frequent lager beer saloons, as he is accustomed to do, and tip that General up too often, for fear the General might cause him to have sore eyes, which is a prevalent disease among the Freshmen.

In Easton when the sun was low,  
All dusty lay the streets below,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Bushkill rolling rapidly.

But Easton saw another sight,  
When watchmen spake at shades of night,  
Commanding lamps of street to light  
The beauty of its chivalry.

With torch and ladder quick arrayed,  
No little haste each watchman made,  
And quick to light his lamps essayed,  
And join Commencement revelry.

Then shook the church with speeches riven,  
Then rushed the boys for bouquets given,  
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,  
High raised the shouts approvingly.

And louder yet the Juniors blow,  
In German church where gas-lights glow,  
And swifter yet increased the flow  
Of Juniors spouting rapidly.

'Tis morn, Commencement—and you see,  
Looks through the clouds to see the sun,  
When eloquent the Seniors come,  
"Fixt up" in all their "finery."

The trial's come—your credit save,  
For if you don't, "Old Bassy" 'll rave,  
Wave, ladies, all your bouquets wave!  
And throw with all your energies!

Ah! bouquets grace the speaker's seat,  
A sheep-skin makes their course complete,  
And suitors at the ladies' feet  
Shall be the Senior's privilege.

Billy Paterson's Farewell Address.  
Farewell La Fayette; Faculty and  
Students.

Most superlatively happy am I to slide out, crab fashion, from your circles, and thus free myself from my perilous suspense; being in constant dread, lest some Freshman penetrate my thia-shelled calibre and discover my vast accumulated nothingness, the expected result of a three years' scientific investigation. I am also aware that I am made the scape-goat to bear away a portion of the surplus senior dignity, (of which the present class has a superabundance,) which dignity fits me about as well as an ass's pack saddle turned wrong end foremost. But my burden will be lightened considerably by the amount that little Joe V— will carry, who is a man of about my cloth.

Farewell ye formosissimae, speciosissimae, dulcissimae puellae of the one class, among whom I have ever endeavored, notwithstanding my many failures, to mingle. To you am I indebted for the degree of polish which now distinguishes me, serving as your intercourse did to remove the roughness from my uncouth exterior, until I fancy that I am now, outside of my hat at least, a pretty fine-looking gentleman! It will make me exceedingly happy, on my departure, to transfer you to the charge of my most intimate friend, Mr. Punroy, from whose opinion you will differ very much if you don't find him "on top of the pile." But I apprehend, that under his auspices, you will not be as assiduously cared for as under mine;—because, first, his own public performance is now over, and for this reason he may neglect you a while; and also his remarkably acute intellect only requires from tea time till 11 o'clock at night to digest a lesson, and his mammy and his conscience will prevent him from sacrificing his College course as I have done. "VALE."

**COCK EYE GRIER,**

A FARCE,  
IN ONE RIDICULOUS ACT.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

MCCORMICK, *alias* SCHNEIDER.  
HOWARD, *alias* BARBER.  
JONES, *alias* GABLE.  
COCK EYE GRIER, and  
LIGGETT.

[Scene 1, Room No. 50, E. C. Time 10 P. M.]  
(Enter Schneider, Barber, Gable and Cock Eye.)  
Schneider.—Well, Cock Eye, when are you going over to Phillipsburg again to see Miss Jenny?

Cock Eye—(a little confused)—Afore I l-long I g-guess,—well I don't know, either—I'm blamed if that's a fair question though.

Barber.—They say, Cock Eye, that when you got introduced to her down at the Fair that night, you took advantage of that, and stuck so close to her the rest of the evening, that she couldn't get away from you, and so was obliged to let you go home with her out of mere politeness.

Cock Eye.—(rather tartly) I guess it's not likely she was so very anxious to get away from me.

Gable.—Yes but I heard that when you called a few evenings afterward and invited her out, she declined on account o' headache; and then the same evening, directly after you were gone, she did go out with a more acceptable gent.

Schneider.—Yes, and besides that, they say that shortly afterwards you were green enough to call again, when she refused to see you at all, and you were obliged to march back discomfited.

Cock Eye.—( exhibiting symptoms of cholera) It's all a pack of lies some fellows that envy my popularity with the ladies have got up to injure my reputation, and you all know they are lies too. I don't see what you are all grinning at so much, for I'm sure there's no fun in the like; besides, I just think you've carried the matter enough, and I won't stand it, so I went. (Here he was hostile.)

Barber.—Let us carry him out, fellows—Schneider take hold of that leg—here, Gable, what are you about, why don't you hold his hands?—that's it, rush him right along, fellows. (Exeunt omnes, toward the head of the stairs, Cock Eye struggling valiantly.)

[Scene 2, No. 48, E. C.; *Lazy Liggett seated by his one window gazing abstractedly at the moon, and meditating on "calico;" Time, 10 P. M.*

(Enter Cock Eye, in a furious passion, pale, and speechless, with his gray hair erect and bristling like bayonets by moonlight.)

After knocking over an old chair or two, and rummaging his desk awhile, he thus breaks forth:—Liggett! where's that pistol of mine?—I want it—I've been imposed upon. I'll shoot, I'll shoot, by the gracious I will.

By this time Liggett had got wakened up enough to cast a vacant stare about the room, and in his drawing tone to answer,—I don't know, why, what do you want it for?

But now the irate Grier had seized the rusty, uncharged, harmless old weapon, and sallied forth to do execution among his enemies, leaving the stupid Liggett in a quandary as profound as any of the marvellous lucubrations of the famous Wouter Van Twiller, of Knickerbocker memory.

[Scene 3, No. 50, E. C.; *Schneider, Barber and Gable inside, making merry over their recent exploit. Time 10 o'clock and 20 min. P. M.*

(Enter Cock Eye, bravely presenting his uncharged pistol, his eyes both sighting transversely across the barrel of his nose, his gray hair all erect, and, in a husky, tremulous voice, thus spoke:—Now fellows, by the Josey dam, I'll let you see I aint as big a fool as I look to be. I just want you to let me alone if you don't want your brains blowed out. You see now that I won't be imposed upon, don't you?)

Peals of laughter respond to this highly courageous and oburgatory speech. Yet he maintains his ground and boldly faces his adversaries, pistol in hand, when Gable thus spoke:—Why, you old fool, if you want to shoot, you ought to have a load in your pistol. Here's a bullet, I'll lend you. Barber hand us that powder flask off the table there, and here I've got a cap in my pocket, that will go, I guess. [Renewed laughter—peals on peals redoubled, following this generous speech from Gable.]

But now the redoubtable Cock Eye begins to quail; his rusty old firelock comes down to a less threatening angle of elevation, the wrathful aspect of his countenance gives place to a look of extreme foolishness; he turns his back amid roars of laughter, and precipitately retreats to his room, to cool himself off, and to bear the wails and jeers of his fellows for a week afterwards; but above all, to be remembered as the hero of a most ludicrous farce.

**WM. ALFRED M'ATEE.**

If bold conceit personified,  
You never yet did see,  
Just stop a bit at No. five,  
And visit M'Attee.

This Freshman in the TEMPLE dwells,  
A place of less renown,  
Than any else that you can find,  
This side of Easton town.

He's widely known throughout the place  
For his unbounded knowledge,  
For great amount of haughtiness,  
Surpassed by none in College.

This William Alfred M'Attee  
In boastful pride surpasses  
The biggest "up-start" you can find  
In all the other classes.

If you, perchance, should doubt his word,  
Amend or try to fix it,  
Beware his ire or you'll repent  
You crossed his "Iipse dixit."

This verdant youth so full of pomp,  
To mend his ways should try,  
And not insult men's common sense,  
With his "I, even I."

To him, we therefore recommend  
To lay aside some brass,  
And cease to make himself appear  
Such a confounded ass.

**Fisher.**

Ever polling, always moping,  
In thy little corner room;  
Ever striving, anon hoping,  
To become a Soph'more soon.

**BUSHKILL TABLE TALK.**

Place—Bushkill Club Dining room.  
Time—Dinner. 12 M. members present. R. McCormick alias Snyder, Howard alias Little Dutchman, Jones alias Gable, Barclay alias Bradley, Vincent alias Picht.

Little Dutchman—Pict, how is that fellow getting along with that wheat of ours?

Picht—(at first slightly troubled) What wheat?—oh! that hundred acres he is cutting. I don't know—oh we don't look after such trifles. But wasn't that a splendid sale I made of them twenty thousand bushels at Schmecktown yesterday?

Little D.—(ever ready to lie) oh, yes, you got four dollars a bushel, didn't you?—all right down. Gad, wasn't that good? We are going to build the Pacific Railroad next year, won't we? or if we don't do it, we will lend Government three or four millions to try it on, but they will have to give mighty good security.

P.—Oh yes, that pork speculation will bring us out a few millions better, won't it? then that corn and oats and potatoes. We will monopolize all the markets next year, and make some awful raises.

Little D. here attempted to say something, but finding he could not do anything better, he kept silent.

Bradley.—Picht, are you going to see Fillmore next week? you know he telegraphed to you and wanted you to come and write some speeches for him, and deliver a speech at New York.

P.—Well, I don't know—it an't very good pay for so great a man as myself, to be making speeches for such a man,—but then I would like well enough to see him President, and I know if I would just make one speech for him, he would be elected; but I guess if he gives me fifty thousand and plenty of champagne I will go.

Gable.—Well, Schneider, how are

you getting along since they made you kinder agent up der, down at Schneidertown to pour out wote whiskey? and how ish de pepper pot business these days?

Snyder.—Oh der wote whiskey agency ish goot. I gits so much as I can drink for nuting, when nobody ain't looking. Der pepper pot is goot too; I gits twelve plates a day, and I reckon dat ish pretty goot livin'.

P.—You made thirty thousand in one day there, pouring out, didn't you, Snyder?

S.—Yes, and den I gits two quarts of wote whiskey to drink, dat was de pest.

Little D.—Picht, did you ever see that cave up there at our house in Onion Co.

P.—Yes, it is the biggest in the world, ain't it?

Little D.—Yes, I wonder if they have heard of that party of discoverers who went into it on an expedition about a year ago?

P.—Yes, they got a telegraphic dispatch from them a few days ago from China. They went in determined to find the end, and they went on farther and farther, till they came to the other side. They are talking now of beginning to build a railroad through, and I have made up my mind to go right at it, do it all myself, and I tell you it will be a big speculation.

Our reporter having finished his meal about this time, thought best to retire. He recommends them all as liars, but has no hesitancy in saying that Picht can lie against them all.

We would advise Mr. C. H., a member of the junior class, to be careful not to exert himself too much when he goes out to the Fair grounds again. Ice water is very bad for the health in warm weather; it sometimes makes young men so sick that they have to go out of chapel before prayers are over. Be careful Charley, the next time that Chevalier and you go out walking, that you do not put too many flies in your ice water.

We wonder what gave the young gentleman sore eyes, that went home before the session closed? It has been suggested that it came from visiting Miss —, that does not live more than a mile from College, and staying till he got sleepy; but we do not believe it, we think it was *studying too hard*. We would advise Bob, if he goes to another College to be careful that his eyes do not get sore again.

**Trippe.**

This little boy came from "away down south," so folk say,—from the great City of Baltimore. He wishes to sustain the dignity of the South, and to do this he makes it his business to get into a passion on all occasions, so that he may shew his mettle; talks loud concerning Slavery, and thinks it perfectly proper to knock men's brains out; nobody minds him, however, since every one knows that he is nothing but a cross, petty, impudent little snob.