
SUMMER SENTIMENT,
OR THE
COURTSHIP OF ALPHONSO BROWN

Alphonso left the city's noise to spend a long vacation,
And visited a country town—the dullest in creation.

Alphonso was a college boy, and quite a "masher," too ;
A member of the Freshman class, and vastly much he knew.
But great as was his intellect, and deep his erudition,
About the fair sex more he knew than here is exposition.

The country town where Brown did seek a quiet, restful haven,
Where he might rest his giant mind, with cares so deeply graven,
Was small and old and shabby too, a crumbling wreck of time,
Sad relic of Archaean days, ere Mollusks were in prime.

But though this town was fossilized, 'neath dusty weight excessive,
Of countless foolish customs old, and meanness unprogressive,
There chanced to dwell a damsel here, so like a lily—stately,
Surrounded by rank nettles, and, by contrast, pleasing greatly !

Now Brown soon met this lovely girl, and, being sorely smitten
With all her charms of face and form, his destiny was written
In characters of Adamant upon the book of fate,
And love oppressed the spooney youth with all its power great.

Now Brown would talk on themes of love, of conquests ever bragging.
Of "Fate" and "Stars of Destiny," of souls by nature mated
He talked, and swore each face and form the fairest e'er created.

With knowledge varied, talents great, the "Blue Stockings" declared
him

A perfect intellectual man, and vowed they almost feared him ;
While pretty, pampered parlor pets, for beauty only noted,
With flattery incense worship gave—his slightest notice courted.

You see, I did but tell the truth, Alphonso could but please.
Small wonder then he gained this suit, and with apparent ease.

A happy state were matters in, and rosy was the hue
Of things mundane, when, sad to tell, an accident o'erthrew
The cottage in the clouds, which Brown had built with pains, forsooth,
For as you know, the course of love did never yet run smooth.

Now straightway I'll proceed to tell how Brown's cloud castle tumbled,
And how from out a sky serene an adverse edict thundered.

This damsel had a father old, an ancestor paternal,
And he possessed a garden large—to sight a joy eternal!
This garden was the darling pride of this æsthetic pater:
The love he bore his precious girl could scarcely have been greater!

By "garden" I would not convey so common place a thought
As of a place where turnips grow, and beets and peas are sought.
This garden was for flowers rare—most beauteous exotics.

Now as it chanced, one balmy night, as Brown had bade adieu
With more than usual warmth, he ope'd the gate and passed on through.
Intoxicated much with love, as in a rapture seeming,
He slowly homeward took his way, with eyes fixed as if dreaming!

So, as you see, the moon-struck Brown walked off completely blind,
Forgetful of the open gate which he had left behind.
Then naught there was to e'en prevent the pigs from walking in,
And, being in, the way they did play havoc was a sin!

When ruby-fingered dawn drew up the sable veil of night,
A most heartrending spectacle was then revealed to sight!
When going forth to greet the morn, the crusty owner walked,
And viewed the desolation sad—great Dian! How he talked.

* * * * *

Now after this, whene'er Brown sent a little billet doux,
Her father's mandate mindful of—though 'gainst her will 'tis true—
The maiden always had some trite, and not o'er truthful, reason
Why Brown must e'en delay his call 'till some convenient season.

Headaches she had, and other aches, some previous engagement,
But aches like these could never give Brown's grief the least assuage-
ment.

* * * * *

Vacation ended, Brown returned to books and ball and "turning,"
With broken heart, dejected mein, and soul with hatred burning.
This was the end of Brown's romance. He ne'er will lov again,
But to revenge himself will break all female hearts in twain.

'Tis sad indeed that pigs should change the current of two lives,
And overthrow decrees of fate, though man, undaunted, strives.

All Quiet Upon the Old Campus To-Night.

"All quiet upon the old campus to-night,"
Except here and there a stray student
Is seen as he cautiously walks to and fro,
By an officer artful and prudent.
'Tis nothing—the ringing of bells now and then
Will not count as a great breach of order ;
Just a little sleep lost by a few tired men,
Who are robbed by a midnight marauder.

"All quiet upon the old campus to-night,"
When the students lie peacefully dreaming,
Their Summey-House rooms in the rays of the moon,
Or the light of far gas lamps, are gleaming.
Soft, tremulous snores, riding fast on the wind,
To the ears of the listener are creeping,
While the stars up above, with their bright twinkling eyes,
Keep guard while the students are sleeping.

There's only the sound of a lone joker's tread,
As with care he approaches a building,
And thinks of the bell in the belfry o'erhead,
With gray dust spread over its gilding.
His caution is great, but his face dark and grim,
Grows fiendish with laughter sardonic,
As he thinks how sleeping ones waked by the bell,
Will growl in low curses harmonic.

He passes in silence the blasted oak tree,
With footsteps slow, cautious and wary,
Then carefully opens and enters the door
Of the chapel so dismal and dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
And what ghostly form, onward dashing,
Grasps so tightly his arm, reaching up for the rope?
Can yon badge be a watchman's that's gleaming?

"All quite upon the old campus to-night,"
Naught but snores break the calmness of order ;
Save the noise of a bolt in the calaboose door,
As it shuts on a midnight marauder.

How our Alumni will Spend the Summer.



KNIGHT: "RUNNING A NEWSPAPER."

The Modern Philosopher.

Respectfully Dedicated to "Mr. Lewis Green"

His skin was black, his head was bent
To meet the blasts of the wintry weather,
Upon a stout oak stick he leant,
As he slowly crossed the College heather.

From far and near the Freshmen gaze,
Upon this strange and uncouth being,
But from the ground he does not raise
Those orbs bereft of power of seeing.

On, on, he moves with weary tread,
Upon a staff his frame supporting,
The rain beats rudely 'bout his head,
And through his rags the wind is sporting.

"Oh, Seniors great," the Fresh exclaim,
"Ye men of mighty learning,
To know yon weary pilgrim's name
Our hearts are madly burning.

Is he some great Diogenes,
Without his tub condemned to roam,
Forever in this land of ease,
Without a hearth, without a home?"

"Nay, verdant youths, just there's the rub,
This man is not, so fate decrees,
Diogenes without his tub,
But Tub without Diogenes."