

MISCELLANY.



Rienzi's Address to the Athenians.

HOW for two long years have ye, O Athenians ! seen me as I came and went among you. Have ye seen me in my historic cutaway which has so faithfully protected me from the snows of winter and burning rays of the summer sun for so many years ? Ye have seen me with my tan kid gloves and Captain Willcoxon's cane as I walked before the Home School to give joy unto the future partner of my misery. Having seen me thus bedecked in all the glory of an Athenian ready-made clothing store, ye have stepped aside, and while your hearts burned with envy your lips would fain utter "How great is he !" For two years have I been the admiration and pet of the young ladies of the Home School, and every evening ye have noticed how they play baseball in the front yard to see me as I pass in my evening stroll, yet, O mortals ! I am unhappy. Thoughts, burning thoughts, crowd upon me in my waking hours and in sleep make my pillow grow scorching beneath my burning brow. Why am I called "Soda Water?" O ye moon and heavenly bodies ! lend your aid to me, most miserable. By thine everlasting power help me to solve the one great question of my life. In the majesty of your greatness, in the pity of your love, aid me, thine undefending child ! Well do I remember that fearful night ! How my heart throbbled, wavering between doubts and hopes. Fears, fearful, dreadful fears, filled my heart and for days had tortured my very soul. Like a thief in the night did I crawl from the bed of the afflicted Patsy and

wrapping my thin sheet around me, close mine eyes and drop off to sleep upon the hard bare floor, while the thermometer in Charby's room stood at five degrees below. Did the water upon that fearful night really foam under my burning and feverish gaze, or did the fiends incarnate gather around to taunt and mock me? Why! O why! did I turn pale when I realized my fearful affliction and curse the fates who thus were punishing me? But enough! The time will come when ye, O Athenians! will turn pale under the scourging glances of Rienzi. I will inject into your every vein the poison with which I was tainted, and then your blood shall boil and your brain whirl, and I shall stand apart and laugh at your discomfiture. O, ever avenging Jove! lend thy all powerful aid to avenge the insults and persecutions of thy child, and visit upon this doomed city the thunderbolts of thy everlasting wrath. I am done!

The Rape of the Hyacinths.

A lovely bed of hyacinths
Was basking neath the moon ;
Most all the human kind were 'sleep,
For night was at its noon.
As the soft nocturnal zephyrs
Were wafting to and fro
Their sweet and celestial odors
From petals white as snow,
I stole out in the silence
With a light and stealthy tread,
But the zephyrs heard me coming ;
I heard them as they said,
"Farewell, my dearest hyacinths,
Your fragrance we will miss ;
No more your soft and velvet leaves
Our sable waves shall kiss ;
We hear the roguish student now,
His mission we can tell ;
He'll take you from us, dearest ones,
Farewell, O loves, farewell.

College Hopes.

AT THE BEGINNING.

The Freshman bright with pure delight
Surveys our classic hall ;
With pictures fair and drawings rare
He decorates the wall.
With hopes most high and beaming eye
He greets us when we call.
What grades he'll make ? Which honors take ?
He'll win the first of all.

AT THE END.

The Senior lad, with record bad,
In sorrow says "farewell."
For the last time he hears the chime
Of the good old college bell.
With eyes all tears, with heart all fears,
He hears us wish him well.
What now he'll do ? What course pursue ?
No man on earth can tell.