

editor. It made its first appearance on November 20th, 1874, and contained a programme of the Fifteenth Anniversary of the C. L. S. It also contained a well written article on "Memory," by one of the professors of the college. An article on "Man's Influence upon Man," by a student; another article on "Our Native Silk Worms," by Prof. William A. Buckhout, and several other articles of interest. The paper throughout showed a live energetic movement among the students.

If old England, from her stolen lands and blood-stained hills and cod-fish ponds, looks on our sunny climes and free shores with as stolid a look as England from his lofty perch in the college vineyard. No wonder the Democrats swell protection's ranks. There's England watching every avenue and lord of all we survey, while every mother's son of us stand round reading bulletins by sunlight. And thou who rulest the vineyard by sunlight teach us to read by moonlight, lest our steps be directed toward unhallowed ground. There's free trade over there. Four plucked rows for four empty rows; yes boys, there's a free trade over there! As we with watering lips and an inward desire stand round, we see the bulletins, the defiant look of old England, standing over the clustering stems of life, and — Hurrah, the Preps. are coming around the end! Good bye free trade, good bye! Loaded down with grapes and stems! Good bye free trade, good bye!

CREMATIO A PREPIS AB CLASE '92.

Collegio Status Pennsylvania
Pulvis ad pulverem cineris ad cinerum.

CARMEN CREMATIONIS.

[*Tune: Clementine.*]

In a dungeon, in a stone pile,
Lived a lonely, lanky chap.
He was mournful, his feet were cornful,
And his name was A Pe-Rep.

Chorus.—Oh my wretched, Oh my wretched
Oh my wretched A Pe-Rep!
You are lost and gone forever—
Dreadful sorry A Pe-Rep.

Lean he was and sometimes cranky,
And at base-ball made base hits;
He was yoppy, whiskers croppy,
And was good in rifle Pits.

Chorus.—

Rode his pony to the class-room
Every morning just at ten,
But that pony slim and bony,
He will never ride again.

Chorus.—

But he floundered, then he foundered
While at work in class one day;
On his brain was found a—"layin'"
Part of Newcomb's Algebra.

Chorus.—

On a ball ground, on a campus,
You may see his box of pine.
We will burn him, yes, we'll burn him.
Gather up his ashes fine.—*Chorus.*

LUCIDUS LANSICULUS.

NENIA.

[*Tune: Old Grimes.*]

A worthy Prep has passed away.
Well, happy may he be,
He's gone to where all good Preps go;
A lucky dog is he.

Now when he came to P. S. C.,
A chromo rich and rare,
He was as green as grass in May,
Had hayseed in his hair.

'Twas not long ere he a swell
And dude did prove to be:
His clothes were of the latest cut,
A masher too was he.

He was a lad both good and bad,
A lad both true and kind;
If e'er you sought a chicken thief
No better could you find.

He's left his Prepdom dwelling place,
No more he'll there abide;
He's gone where there's no study hours
To a home on College Side.