

ed her to reach her former home ; to find her husband on the verge of the grave, both daughters married, [one of them the author of this sketch] and with their first born in their arms."

Such a tale as this is stranger than fiction. But the nature that will not be crushed by affliction such as is here related, but will rise above it ; together with the courage that will lead a woman alone, unguided and unprotected through hundreds of miles of forest, are characters which have left their impress on thousands of descendents—characters which reappeared in those descendents when England's yoke was cast off, when slavery was overthrown, and which now is only sleeping until roused to action by some stern necessity. Such characters were common among the colonists, and the study of American colonization is, throughout, a study of character.

H. T. FERNALD.

SHARPS AND FLATS.

Nothing is great or small. It all depends upon the point to which you direct your glass. The boys for whom foot-ball now envelopes the whole firmament will be wondering half a dozen years hence how on earth they can save enough money to get married upon. When our enterprising little friend "Dutchman Grimm" was asked to order an extra supply of papers for the first Wednesday after the first Tuesday in November, he inquired, "Who's goin' to play?" And the Republican landslide fell but he wot it not.

A dandy business man, der Kleine Grimm
Mein vrents der don't was no viles on him
If there aren't enough of Sunday Presses
Ten cents his price—that's what success is.

* * *

Talking of politics, the Governor-elect has our congratulations. He's the biggest man of the occasion in more ways than one. His election would have been unanimous if it had depended on the college. Good fortune attend him!

Then here's a health to P. S. C.
And here's one to the Governor-to be.

The Philosopher was bearing for his room, his hands clasping "Coffee and Repartee," "The Story of the Gadsbys," and the "Birdie Book," when he was arrested by the genial voice of the autocrat of the janitor's parlor, who was picking a lock on third floor with the practiced hand of a "kanoozer." "How did you wote?" the voice inquired. "Straight Prohibition" replied the Philosopher. "If you weren't a Republican I'd believe you," said the astute Ben. But the Philosopher passed on smilingly for he was but newly returned from despoiling the mugwumps of many shekels.

Ben Beaver you're an honest man,
I'd trust you with my lastest cent ;
The problem is what will you do for me
When my lastest cent has went ?

* * *

Look out for these winsome maidens who try to get you on record as to your favorite flowers, favorite tree (the Freshman says "yew"), favorite occupation (spooning with — — —" answereth the Sophomore), your favorite name ("Cousin J.—") favorite motto, pudding, tooth powder &c., &c.

Ask the round, yellow moon,
That floats so calm o'er Nittany,
Ask the man who went up in a balloon
But please, dear girl, don't ask me.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

A SOLILOQUY.

A flunk or not a flunk—that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to enter
A class-room and take a zip,
Or to pony and make a ten,
And by ponying pass? To pass,—to flunk,—
No more ; and by passing to say we end
The horrid fear and a thousand shames
That flunking would incur—'tis a consummation
Goodly to be wished. To pass,—to flunk,—
To pony! perchance to be caught! ay, there's
the rub ;
For in that detection, what horrors may come !
That's what makes ponying so apprehensive ;