and, the train not being yet in sight, each identified his overcoat and claimed it. When everyone had supplied himself, however, an extra overcoat remained, and the question was, "Whose is it?" We concluded it must belong to the man at the drawbridge, so we sent the thief back with the stolen article, to follow us to Boston when he could. The more fortunate and more honest remainder boarded the train, which was already in the depot, and rapidly bowled along toward the Hub, dreaming of cross sections, longitudinal sections, and injections which we were to make upon our victims on the morrow.

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Sine Qua Non.

Sadly I sit on my empty trunk,
And vainly, madly ponder;
The rhyme I want is far away
As the jewels of Golconda.

Forlorn was I when my board-bill came,
But now, alas! forlorner,
With every stitch that is fit to wear
In the laundry around the corner.

Here's a bang-up poem I know will sell,
Complete save the final passage—
O hang it! That isn't the word I want;
Will anything rhyme with sausage?

I. W. L.

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The Poet Laureate of '87.

"Here's to '87!
She is the crème de la crème."

To the genius to whom we owe those deathless lines, G—l—s Ta—nt—r, P. C. S., this tribute is offered by one of his profoundest admirers. Rarely has the litterateur such an expansive subject to deal with. It is a delightful task to dwell upon the merits of such a poet as Ta—nt—r, as the many qualities which his poems possess offer such chances for contemplative research. There is no doubt but that he is the greatest expounder of the style in which he writes extant, and the vigor and symmetry of his productions are unequaled. It may be interesting to trace the events which combined to develop that poetic imagination. It was in the country that our poet spent his earlier years. Communing with nature, growing up with the daisies, all the influences around him of a tendency toward fostering the poetic germ that was hidden in his soul, young Ta—nt—r thrived and blossomed into manhood. How he must have felt when he first was aware of his poetic powers! What a thrill of ecstasy as he composed his first verses, and trembled at his audacity! Alas! We of the common herd can never know the rapture of the soul when first expressing itself in verse.

Ta—nt—r was peculiarly fortunate in his choice of a place to cultivate his powers; for where but in Boston could he obtain the desired aid? His associates have been happily selected, as they are souls of a kindred spirit. To his mentor, Mr. —— Ta—nt—r undoubtedly owes much of the terseness and beauty of expression so noticeable in all his work. This association with sympathetic minds, minds sensitive to all the higher influences, and who yearningly strive after the ideal, can but be of benefit in producing such thoughts as emanate from his fertile brain.

In the production of odes, Ta—nt—r shows how easily he can, by his masterful command of language, appeal to the feelings. When set to music and sung with a spirit, sung as the French sing the Marseillaise, in fact, sung as he sings them, the responsive chords in the souls of his hearers are touched instantaneously. Who could remain passive when hearing those stirring words,

"You can bet your boots
'87 '11 never bust."

Few, indeed, are they who could listen unmoved to such animated utterances!

But it is not alone in the ode that we find this sincerity and truth. It is rumored that a work is in progress which will surpass all that has been heretofore accomplished. A grand epic poem after Milton's style is what is promised us. We would caution Ta—nt—r from following Milton too closely, as there is such a superiority in his own style. Perhaps he will show us how he can adapt a style to himself so as to improve it,