The Lounger has been glad to observe from the columns of the press that one perturbed spirit has found rest. Calm and quiet prevails; the torn and bruised heart is healed. The troublous times of the war god's month are past. In short, the present incumbent's flighty predecessor has found a snug berth in New York Harbor, whence his eagle eye is of much service in descrying dutiable goods, and detecting microscopic criticisms,—and the Lounger is duly thankful.

In the simple but expressive language of a forgotten writer, the semiannual vortex has begun to vort. Its sinuous gyrations are ready to entangle many a brave soul who, with utter recklessness, has boasted that he never opens a book till a week before exam. time, as well as a few others of the elect. Many evils that we undergo can be deferred to a certain amount, within the limit of elasticity. Futile, however, are the efforts to stave off the relentless day when one must stand alone in the awful presence of the blue book, and inscribe within its covers the results of fifteen weeks' absorptive effort. The Freshman certainly has an easy time, and the Lounger rejoices with him. To the unlucky Junior and Senior, struggling desperately under twelve or fourteen "crushers," the Lounger extends his sympathy, and would also extend his hand, if he thought it would be of any aid in once more fooling the profs. The Lounger has often thought that a judicious application of the Chinese system might find well-deserved favor, if suitably applied in Technology. Conceive each trembling neophyte securely ensconced in a brass-bound, terra-cotta cell, there to work out Descrip., or penetrate the mysteries of Thermo., in becoming solitude. Where would be the use for the lynx-eyed proctor, who, newly invested with a brief authority, gazes about him with eager glance, hoping to discover some wretched man who has been clever enough to condense Lanza's Applied to the meager confines of a cuff. The Lounger has always felt that it was a cruel mistake to punish effort so painstaking and serviceable as this. However, such worthy doings are under ban, and woe to him who employs them. For the honor man who approaches exam. time with such calm certainty the Lounger has small envy. How monotonous it must prove after a time! Contrarywise, how much more inspiring to have the glorious element of uncertainty floating joyously about, which, until reports are received, permits such exciting speculation. Any such agreeable diversion in Technology life is surely welcome, and the Lounger hails exam. time with his usual unruffled spirit,—exam. time, bristling with joys, sorrows, surprises, undeserved flunks, unsuspected P's, and other curiosities. Meantime, let every man contribute his share to the wealth of the Standard Oil, and after the exciting period is over, celebrate with all joy and wantonness.

Not to pursue further a possibly distasteful subject, the Lounger will relate an incident which he recently witnessed. It was not long ago that he was prowling about the steps in the early shades of night, his eye well peeled for a possible Loungerism, when an express wagon halted silently at the curb in front of Rogers. This particular day was one of those marked F in the calendar, signifying "faculty meeting," and the profs. had long been sitting in council over some interesting cases. The debate had been long and heated; but whether or not it was on Linus Faunce's patent marking system, the Lounger is not at liberty to say. Oratory was on tap in large quantities, throats became parched and dry, and metaphorical fur was flying about by the bushel. Difficulties were finally adjusted, however, and quiet prevailed. It was shortly after this that the aforesaid express wagon drew up at the curb. The driver descended from his perch, and proceeding to the door of the subterranean apartments, received several kegs, evidently not designed to hold nails. The Lounger approached carelessly, and endeavored through the descending gloom to catch a closer glimpse. Owing to the dusk, accurate inspection was difficult, and he cannot, therefore, say positively whether what he saw was a revenue stamp and an imposing XXX or not. However, the Lounger wishes it understood that he attaches no significance to the appearance of these "bar'ls" closely subsequent to the end of the Faculty meeting, but it might, nevertheless, prove a subject worth investigating.