Hail to the snow, the beautiful, white, fleecy snow, the dark, sloppy slush, and the delightful galosh! Greeting unto the dainty rubber, to the muffler, and the mitten, and the festive concomitants of the winter season. Hail, likewise, to the pretty girl, the cozy sleigh, and the self-driving horse,—to the moonlight, and the unheeded mile post, and to winter's patron saint, the livery-stable man. Welcome the slippery sidewalk and the careful strewer of ashes, the frozen water pipe and the humble plumber, the cold, brisk breezes, and all the other festivities of the season.

Verily, winter is upon our heels.

And so is the minstrel show. The Lounger has heard dire threats and whisperings over this latest perpetration, and is prepared for the worst. He has watched the diligent preparations with interest, and he trusts, therefore, that the strenuous endeavors of the participants will not have proved vain. The Lounger would direct especial attention to the gentleman on the extreme right of the circle, who is a shining example of what may be accomplished by a persistent end man in a conscientious endeavor to enlarge the mouth. The interlocutor, too, has been cultivating an extreme polish of manner, and has devoted much time to the essentials of a graceful introduction; from which the Lounger judges that if Mr. Johnsing, Rastus, David, and all the rest do not have a proper presentation on Saturday, the audience will have lost a large share of the evening's enjoyment, not to mention the consequent futility of certain gruesome sounds which have emanated from the rehearsal room. The Baseball Association ought surely to reap a golden reward from the performance, and in anticipation of the festive evening the Lounger's expectations have been decidedly on the "wax." As the day for the performance draws near, the Lounger's misgivings also have increased, which leads him once more to counsel the Profs. to devote themselves with renewed assiduity to the imitation of the heroes of Uncle Remus's interesting fables.

A phase of college life less amusing probably than the antics of the amateur minstrel, seems now to be displayed among the seniors, who are surely having a merry time of their last year of grace. To be frank, things are not running with the degree of smoothness which should characterize the proceedings of a well-ordered body of men; neither do the unpleasant tales that the Lounger has heard lead him to believe that the class of Ninety-six is conducting itself in the way best calculated to reflect credit upon itself and upon the college. The source of the recent difficulties is in the election for Class-day officers, which has proved a stumbling-block not easy to be removed, and which has evoked a species of political chicanery not wholly edifying to behold. Not the least unfortunate aspect of the affair has appeared to be the ill-advised communications which the correspondent of a Boston paper has seen fit to write for its columns. The familiar fault of permitting prejudice to warp a native fairness could have been scarcely better displayed than in these letters, in which unappreciated misrepresentation has been so patent as to be almost ridiculous, were it not for the serious reflections implied. A certain lack of perspicacity is doubtless accountable for the extraordinary effusions, which have, indeed, provoked much comment not favorable to the college at large, and for which the Lounger can only express his regret. He is thankful that an experience with former Class-day elections has fitted him to judge with some clearness, perhaps, of the question now at issue among the men of Ninety-six. With the fruits of this experience at his command, let the Lounger urge that no selfish policy of exclusion or no mistaken sense of pique be suffered to dominate the selection of men for the important positions of Class Day. Above all, let him advise the utmost openness and fairness in the whole business. Apropos of any presumptive evidence of unfair actions, let the Lounger remark upon the delightful uncertainty of success which these methods always entail. Then, too, just for a bit of worldly wisdom, he might urge the display of less eagerness and more astuteness, as better calculated to mitigate any possible prospective discomfort.