Our next scene opens with a crowd of listeners, standing nose to nose in front of one of the college buildings, who, instead of retiring to their rooms to prepare their lessons, have stopped to witness a dog fight and decide to which of the combatants the plaque shield of victory is due: whether to the growling, black-spotted bull-dog or the whimpering, diminutive pie "with a ring 'round his neck." This important question being decided fairly and satisfactorily, the next topic of discussion is the politics of the day: and then the subject of known nothing is very naturally introduced. Providence Young America, slias, know nothing, roar—down with the politicians, and breathe forth eternal curses on the head of the poor foreigner, who seeks shelter under the folds of "the tri-colored flag," while the patriotic young democrat cries away with religious intolerance. This is the home of the oppression of all nations! The discussion grows warmer and warmer, the crowd grows larger and larger, even a fight seems brooding; when a brownish African suddenly seize the bull-dog and immediately the crowd disjues, all scattering to their several recitation rooms.

The curtain is again drawn and we find ourselves in Prof. B—s recitation room. Here are between thirty and forty students in the room. The recitation commenced. Prof. B—, calls upon Mr. M—, with the aid of the Prof, and by frequent reference to a translation, ingeniously slided into his book, Mr. stumbles over a sentence in demosthenes. Prof. B— concludes that he does not on the dictionary.