

Mr. Editor

As any news from our fellow students, during that glorious period ycleped Vacation, is always interesting; I thought I would communicate to through you to his classmates & others a little vacation incident in the love scenes of your Senior Puccinian brother Flavius Vespasian.

It was by mere accident that the following ditty fell into my hands. I had seen the amorous pair, the day before, walking in a wood. Here is Orlando & Rosalind thought I, I shall soon find hanging from some pendant twig —  
"Why should this desert silent be,  
For is it unpeopled? no;  
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
That shall civil sayings show."  
Or perhaps



"From the east to Western Ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind."<sup>20</sup>

But no, their loves were of  
a more vigorous & substantial charac-  
ter, and although the following  
effusion, which I picked up in a  
bye path, smacks more of the ardent  
South than of the ~~leaf~~<sup>bare</sup> trees, deep mud,  
and bitter cold of our northern April;  
yet I can not withhold such striking  
evidence of the lusciousness of your  
venerable classmate's "love's young dream".

These are the verses

To my beloved.

Let her kiss me, let her kiss me ~~with the~~  
With the kisses of her mouth  
For her virgin lip is glowing  
With the glories of the South

2

Oh! the rosy wine is luscious  
In its chalices of gold,  
But her love to me is sweeter

Yea a thousand, thousand fold,  
3

And the very air that dances  
Neath the numbers of her name,  
Smites my soul with dreamy music,  
And my heaving breast with flame.

4

For I love her, yea, I love her;  
So that e'en her name shall be,  
Like the breeze that brings the odor  
From the blossom-laden tree.

5

And I can not, when I'm with her  
Cannot then my love restrain,  
& I must to my bosom press her,  
Press & press <sup>her</sup> yet again -

6

O! Alas! that college duties  
Tear me from my dearest's arms,  
Hide from me her precious beauties,  
And her thousand winning charms!