

associations we must tear ourselves rudely away, to enter upon our *inevitable* and *glorious* duty. All the long list of names connected with this *unrivaled* institute will burn in our memories. They will be to us *ignes aeterni*, and even the humblest in peril within her walls will go down with us in remembrance.

"How in the mists of memory will linger the picture of that good old soul, King, the janitor?"

"His tender, almost fearful eye—his kindly smile—his humble deportment—his locks beautifully mingled with gray—all these, blending in our imaginations with a host of remembered attentions to our smallest wants, will form a picture never to be forgotten.

Mr. Sublimatidus closed a lengthy address with a tender allusion to the ladies, whom he denominated flowers, stars, the angelic sex,—constellations of beauty—exquisite combinations of the true, the beautiful and the good, &c., &c.

This address was, unfortunately criticised very severely by a leading newspaper of the country, and the whole University turned for the time being into ridicule, to the disgust of the more sensible of its members.

Next year, the students determined to take steps to prevent the repetition of such a disaster, and a general meeting of students was held, at which members of the 'final' class especially were called upon to express their opinions as to what a valedictory address should be.

There was one member of this class noted for his steady, hard-working habits as a student—and alike for his shrewd common sense and his peculiar manner of expressing the same,—for his general taciturnity and unostentatious bearing. He said little at any time, hardly or never spoke in public; but on this occasion, he, Mr. John Matter-of-Fact, was among the first to express his views on the matter in question. He addressed the meeting as follows:

I must first disapprove of any such *stuff* as was the address of last year being laid before human beings for *sense*.

Your man of last year (if man you'r goin' to call him) talked about the 'exalted honor' he was enjoying. Well, I do think that feller told enough lies in that fifteen minutes to send any man to State's prison for two years. He said somethin', too, about the 'fibre' of his economy and nucleus: Fibre! there's no more fibre to him than there is to a pot of jelly got from billing a pig's head. 'Nucleus' of biscuits! such a feller never was anythin' but a nucleus, and the parent cell has very little to boast on.

Presidential chair!—Why, that chair would take a convulsion if that critter's very shade was to fall on it.

Then he went on about magnificent buildings; well I s'pose the houses are good enough—but I don't see that that has much to do with the men in 'em. The main prison buildings are mighty fine; but there's a pretty lot of rascals boarding there. Unrivaled museum! Well—that museum never will be complete till that same chap's put in himself—and then Darwin may perhaps faint, or actually expire with joy at findin' the missin' link.

He let out a good deal about the professors—and he saw so much in them that no body else ever could see, that I began to think he was atalkin' of another lot o'men altogether. I grant you our profs. earn their salt about as well as any you can find; but I rather reckon if they all were to *vacuase* some day, we could find somewhere on the habitable globe, another lot of men just as good. And as for one of them makin' the reputation of any other institution—it seems to me the sooner any such establishment sells out the better.

But the students,—it was over the students that "nucleus," as I must call him, went clean mad.

Well boys, I did think up to that time that the chap was a little excited by the occasion, you know; but when he went on a ravin' about "perfect men," "polished manners," "unrivaled physique," and such like; I did wonder whom the fellow was a talkin' of at all. "Polished manners!" was that lunatic ever in a dissecting-room in his life? The manners there *are* very polished. Now I do not like to hear a man lie in a regular *crescendo*, though perhaps I can agraze the truth now and then myself.

*Ignes aeterni*, he had to go quoting Virgil. Well, if these grads of last year are the *ignes aeterni*, there's a poor look-up for the human race, that's all. "Profoundly versed in human nature." Well, now just tell me how much a boy cooped up in school and college all his days can know about human nature.

At last, of course, he had to get sentimental. I always notice that those critters that abuse the profs. all through without fail, get the most pathetic at the close. Well, I s'pose they do feel very grateful they got shoved through without a pluck.

As for our janitor,—tender-hearted, tearfully sympathetic, &c., that picture, allow me to say, would wonderfully change if his palate had not such an affinity for—, well, I needn't say.

"Very attentive,"—yes, when you let him feel a twenty-five cent coin.

"The ladies,"—well, if he means women, for I didn't quite understand whether the critters he was alluding to were on the earth or not,—if he means women, I s'pose they *are* necessary to keep the world in running order.

"Angelic sex,"—now I do not know much about the angelic species myself. I never met one on 'em that I know of. But I do know something of gals and women, and if all on 'em are angelic, then—I don't want to be an angel!"

Mr. Matter-of-Fact closed thus abruptly. But he so impressed the meeting that he was not likely to fall into the extreme of the writer of last year, at least, that they forthwith elected him their next valedictorian; quietly hinting that it might be well if he got someone to brush him up a little in grammar, elocution, &c., &c.

—"Where is color?" said the professor. "All in your eye, sir." Agitation in the class.

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