

needless elbowing and many other equally misspent efforts, everyone had succeeded in getting into the place where he didn't want to be, a hush fell upon the vast assembly and all eyes were directed to a youthful figure that high upon a lofty snowbank surveyed the attentive throng. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, and clearing his throat of rising impressions, which instantly froze on the spot where they fell, the orator of the day, we mean of the night, began: Friends, companions of my studious days, lovers of all wisdom, (applause) I stand here to-night (a voice; so do we) to express my indignation (hear, hear,) at the slight which our representative, the Junior Editor and all of us received at the hands of the mighty board of Editors. (A voice: There is trouble brewing;—another voice: hurry up, we're freezing.) Gentlemen, you have seen the February REVIEW. You have seen that we have no place therein, that our department has been eliminated, subducted, removed, weeded out. Many a time and oft have the board of editors sat upon us and nullified our efforts to raise the literary tone and standard of the REVIEW, but this latest and last offense seals their doom, (chorus of voices: tear 'em up; 'liminate them; weed them out.)

Be patient, I beseech you. If I but wished to stir your fiery nature, what short work you would soon make of the board

of venerable editors (all roll up their sleeves); as well you know, I am too tender-hearted to wish any harm to such mighty and such honorable men. (A voice—to the dormitory and ring their necks. Another voice—Hold! the Editor speaks.) But even if you, in the height of your zeal did drop a few of them down the elevator-shaft, would you not have reason to do so? (Applause. Voices—We'll do it, we'll do it, we'll drop them down.) My friends, bear with me yet awhile; perhaps we wrong these honorable men. Yet the blood boils in my veins and arteries, when I consider that in addition to their haughty treatment of us, they refused even to hand us over the proof-sheets of the last number for our customary corrections. Behold the results! And tell me if we have not reason to be offended. Was it some goblin that seized them when they allowed that most solemn of words, *mausoleum* to be corrupted into *mansoleum*; and are we not right in demanding retribution for the crime of changing *compendiums* to *compendiums*. (A wee shrill voice—They can't spell; they don't know nothing.) Are not their evil designs upon the tongue of William Shakespere, and of Mr. Dooley, made evident when we behold the bold innovators change, mutate and transform the beloved preposition *of* into a harsh, unseemly and barbaric *af*; old and familiar *were*