

Minutes of the Senior Class-meeting.

On the evening of November 3, the Senior Class assembled at their favorite rendezvous, the little star chamber, for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization, with sundry and peculiar objects in view, which will appear from these minutes. The following members were present:

Minerva Alcitia, a Latin Scientific, Regina Regna.

Nestor Clarentius, a Classic.

Johannes Archimedes, a Scientific, with mathematical proclivities, Chaplain.

Gorgias Livius, a Classic and versatile kus., Recording Secretary.

After Johannes, the chaplain, had offered up a fervent invocation, on the motion of Nestor, Minerva Alcitia was unanimously elected presiding officer, with the title Regina Regna. Gorgias Livius was also elected secretary.

Gorgias then begged permission to present the draft of a league of fellowship, setting forth the object of the organization. Leave being obtained, Gorgias read:

"Most reverend seniors, you, our fair sister and illustrious brothers, greeting:—Whereas we have recently taken upon ourselves the dignities of our ancient fraternity, and since in unity there is strength, and whereas it befits us to resist all aggression upon our rights, and to protect ourselves from the scoffs and gibes, which the savage horde of juniors, sophs and other underlings may put upon us; therefore we do bind ourselves together in solemn compact, for these objects, namely: to promote our general welfare, to resist external aggression, to quell internal dissension, and to punish all delinquencies and discrepancies in our own body, and otherwise devise means for sustaining our dignity!"

This resolution was finally adopted as read, although Clarentius and Johannes seemed quite unwilling to surrender their individual sovereignty, in trust, to the society. This fear may have been prompted by the dread of punishment for past delinquencies, as the sequel will show.

The organization thus being completed, the Regina smilingly declared that the class-meeting was open for the relation of experiences, and the transaction of necessary business. Thereupon Nestor arose and intimated that he had a very painful duty to perform; in fact, he had a very serious charge to make against a brother. It appeared from his statement, that Johannes Archimedes, during the late summer vacation, had been guilty of an amorous escapade with a certain granger damsel—in truth, he had become hopelessly entangled in the meshes of her charms. Clarentius was of the opinion that it was a violation of class dignity, for a senior thus to stoop to one beneath his sphere, and that the crime could only be expiated by severe penalty. The Regina having sternly demanded of the culprit, whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty, Johannes sheepishly arose and amidst a profusion of blushes and stammers acknowledged the soft impeachment; but, in characteristic language, asked mercy, on the plea that, "She was a perfect polygon of beauty, a parallelopedon of accomplishments, and of most rhomboidal virtue." But the unrelenting Alcitia immediately sentenced him to a diet of garlic and bean porridge and to wear marrowfat peas in his boots for a week. Johannes begged a mitigation of the punishment, because he said, "I did

not do any damage—the jade jilted me." The merciless Minerva remained unmoved, and, with the vindictiveness of Juno, commanded the culprit to kneel at her feet, which he did. This feat he rather seemed to enjoy, though a picture of humiliation. Minerva, then, in a voice, cold as the fiat of fate, thus addressed him: "Johannes Archimedes, erring brother, thy conduct hath pained and surprised us. He who is enthralled and felleth through the influence of external beauty merely, is pitiable—but not beyond the pale of hope and mercy. But did your offence stop here? No! you not only fell but failed. Great Heavens, a senior jilted by a granger milkmaid! Sir, to stoop to such game is most ignoble, but to fail and lose the game is contemptible! Therefore receive our sovereign displeasure; go hence to-night and for a month expiate thy crime in solitude with penitence and supplication, thy loins gird with sackcloth, a fool's cap upon thy head, and let thy drink be hash-house tea, and thy meat Limberger cheese. Arise!" The fraternity was a little surprised at the severity of the Regina. Clarentius even whispered in the ear of Gorgias, that he believed that jealousy at Johannes' flirtation, had made a very Juno of our Minerva; this idea, however, Gorgias scouted in derision.

Gorgias here arose and preferred a double charge against Nestor: First, he had been guilty of most numerous and miscellaneous flirtations; that not a flower, even the modest "Daisy," could bloom upon our desert here, but he must prematurely pick it; secondly, that to wear flaunting brunette chinners, whereas the other three members of the class cannot, is a mark of disrespect, therefore they should off.

Minerva decided that the first charge was valid, and that the penalty should be rigid celibacy for a week. But, as to the second charge, she said she really did like a nice set of brunette chinners upon a man; that to her a bean without whiskers or a mustache, was like cold ham without catchup. Therefore the charge, prompted as she supposed by the jealousy of the canned-strawberry-mustached blonde, was malicious and illegal.

Gorgias then stated that he had frequently of late been mistaken by some of the new Freshes for a Prep, and therefore he thought steps should be taken to prevent such absurd blunders in future; hence he moved that the following class badge be adopted, and worn in some conspicuous place: *Hic est senior; dignus est honoribus.* Johannes moved to amend, by allowing him, as a Scientific, to have his motto translated into German—*Dieser ist ein eller Aeltore; er ist wuerdentlich wuerdig Ehren, bejunkt!* The motion and the amendment were unanimously adopted. All hands then joined in singing the usual doxology, the chaplain, Johannes, singing the stanzas.

THE SENIORS' DOXOLOGY.

Let soph and fresh and festive prep
And solemn junior too,
Dig up Greek and Latin roots,
And tire the flesh both day and night,
To drudge their lessons through;
But our work is o'er—were seniors now,
For we will have our little fun,
And scoff at toll and trouble;
Then be gay and festive still
And let who want to, grumble!

CHORUS.

O, we're a band of festive brothers,
O, we're a band of festive brothers,
And a joll-i sistern too.

We've bid farewell to Julius,
And Homer, Cic., and Tac.

Plato and father Aeschylus,
Demosthenes and Xenophon,
We've laid them on the rack;
For with these we're done—were seniors now,
And we will have our little fun,
And to banish care we'll vow:
We'll ramble, dance, and laugh and flirt,
And let dull study run!

CHORUS.

O, we're a band of festive brothers,
O, we're a band of festive brothers,
And a joll-i sistern too.

We've gurgled *Deutsche* and *parlez-voused*,
And studied ourselves with physics,
Loomis and stuff of like name,
We've buried them for eucire,
Which is a prettier game;
And we'll all take a hand—were seniors now,
For we will have our little fun,
And we'll make a happy row:
Fill up the glass, boys, fill up the glass, girl,
While the giddy moments run!

CHORUS.

O, we're a band of festive brothers,
O, we're a band of festive brothers,
And a joll-i sistern too.

But we've reaped a little knowledge,
We've endured a little toll,
We have gained endearing friendships,
And we've drank delightful pleasures
While (filler) wisdom's soil:
And we'll not forget these joys, though seniors now.

For life's war's before us
And the battle we must bide,
Though still true and tender,
Now we'll let our trouble slide.

CHORUS.

Johannes: O, we're a band of festive brothers,
Gorgias: O, we're a band of festive brothers,
Nestor: O, we're a band of festive brothers,
Alcitia: And a joll-i sistern too!

After the last touching strain of the anthem had died away, the Regina declared the meeting adjourned to the 9th of December.

MINERVA ALCITIA,
GORGIAS LIVIUS, Regina Regna.

Secretary.

THE LOCAL AT WORK AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

—There are 333 Colleges in the United States.

—A University costing \$750,000 is to be built at London by the Jews.

—"So queer," said a little girl whose mother was a blooming and rather fast young widow, "so queer—keep having birth-days—always just six years old!"

—An examination paper in chemistry has the following: Sulphur has been known from remote antiquity, and will probably continue to be known throughout eternity.—*University Herald.*

—The heat had a peculiar effect on that student, who returning home late on the night of the Fourth, carefully locked the door, but found the next morning that he had forgotten to shut it first.—*Berkeleyan.*

—A bashful young clergyman, recently rising to preach for the first time, made a terrible mix of it, announced his text in this wise: "And immediately the cock wept, and Peter went out and crew bitely."—*Institute.*

—"Calamites" is what the Professor wanted the class to answer when he asked for the tribe that flourished in the paleozoic and mesozoic ages, but Mr. H. sang out "Campbellites," which by the way beats even Ray on "church susessor."—*Denison Collegian.*

—And now one of our irrepressible Juniors translates:

"Ach! lebstest du noch, du schone Maid!
Ich wurde dich lieben von dieser Zeit!"

"Ach! wert thou living still, thou beautiful maid,
I might have loved thee by this time!"

—*Denison Collegian.*

—During the recent revival in Coll. G., a Sophomore informed his chum of the conversion of a mutual friend, whereupon the considerate young man exclaimed: "By jolly, I am glad of that, for now I can sell him my Bible."—*Dickinsonian.*

—A good deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churchly and universally unpopular man, put the usual question, "Are you willing to go, my friend?" "O, yes," said the sick man, "I am." "Well," said the simple minded deacon, "I am glad that you are, for all the neighbors are willing."—[Ex.]

—A wicked Soph took his lamp chimney to a Professor and asked for an explanation of a ring which had formed about four inches from the upper end. The Professor gave an hour's explanation about the effect of the flame on the inside and the temperature of the air on the outside, etc., etc. The Soph said no, he was merely cleaning the chimney and his finger would not reach any further, hence the ring was the division line between the clean part and the dirty.—[Ex.]

—A Chicago parson, who is also a teacher, handed a problem to his class in mathematics, the other day. First boy took it, looked at it awhile, and said: "I pass." Second boy took it, and said: "I turn it down." The third boy stared at it awhile, and drawled out "I can't make it." "Very good, boys," said the parson, "we will proceed to cut for a new deal"; and, with this remark, the leather strap danced like lightning over the shoulders of those depraved young mathematicians.—[Ex.]

—A ragged, forlorn-looking boy was strolling around a railroad depot, smoking the stub of a cigar, when a philanthropist in waiting for a train handed out ten cents, and remarked: "Take it, tub; I feel sorry for you."

"No yer don't!" exclaimed the boy, drawing back.

"Why, it's a free gift; I don't ask anything for it," replied the man.

"I know you," continued the boy, his eyes twinkling; "you want me to promise to grow up and become President, and I ain't going to tie myself up for any man's ten cents!"

—Dickens has a scene in the celebrated trial of *Bardell vs. Pickwick* which amusingly illustrates the interchangeable use of *v* and *w* among the uneducated of England. Mr. Sam Weller is called to the witness' stand, where the following colloquy occurs:

"What's your name, sir?" inquired the judge.

"Sam Weller, my lord," replied that gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a *V* or a *W*?" inquired the judge.

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord," replied Sam. "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a *W*."

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud: "Quite right, too, Samivel; quite right. Put it down with a *w*, my lord; put it down with a *w*."

The voice of the elder Weller, issuing from the gallery like the benediction of an approving angel, embalms in its expression a simple philological fact, namely, that traces of ancient usage grow obsolete among the cultivated, may often be found preserved among the ignorant.—[Ex.]