YALE COLLEGE

"SCRAPES:"

—BY—

JOHN D. VOSE,

AUTHOR "DIARY OF A BROADWAY DANDY," "SEVEN NIGHTS IN GOTHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

A novel title for a book—and, in fact, a production of talent. The "SCRAPES" are witchingly portrayed. It is as good as a night at Burton’s.—N. Y. Dutchess.

"YALE COLLEGE SCRAPES!" A capital title and a capital work. It brings back to our mind "those good old times" when fun and frolic were the prevailing paste of the students.—Review.

A book as is a book.—N. Y. Picayune.

The characters of "Jubbles," and "OLD SAM KEEPS," are equal to the best of Dickens.

The work is the most amusing and laughable one issued this season. The author has a brilliant future before him.—Bookmailer.

Nothing of the kind has ever appeared before. It is an episodical work, and one replete with exciting interest. As usual, "JACK Vossi" has used his pen in a very attractive and vivacious manner. As a writer, he is very popular. His former works have passed through many large editions, meeting with a great circulation both in America and Europe. This last production will sell rapidly.—Orbit.

Like the author's former works—pleasing, funny, and exceedingly agreeable. It is like a cool sea bath in August—very nice! Merriment and wit rule every page.—Ledger.

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1853?
Some of the transcendant-transcendental wise-aces of "Yale," with their big bumps of marvellousness, looked exceedingly bewitched and bewiz'arded, when a certain report went abroad, once upon a time, concerning "Old Yale," which it seems was about to pass into the hands, and under the sole jurisdiction of a squad of "Young Philistines," who were students of said Institution.

Many of the reports respecting this "mischief-making move," as it was termed, were of an alarming nature, so far as it concerned decency and strict morality. Professor Brown gave a heavy sigh when he heard of more "secret societies." Professor Jones looked out of both eyes, at 8 A.M., which was an unusual thing for him before 11 o'clock in the day; and an opinion "as is an opinion," went from his sagacious lips, that he actually believed "the past deviltry had been enacted by these very same fellows," known as "Young Philistines." There was war ahead!

But there were more serious mistrusts. Professor Smith was for "giving 'em fits," while at the same time, the verdict rendered by the cool-headed Higemore was plain, and pointed to these young "rebels" and "outsiders." He intimated as much as to say, "go it, boys! go it while you're young—but mind you don't get caught—that's all!" The advice was plain and pointed. Of course the Professor's request was sound and logical, partaking, as it did, of the "Tom and Jerry" school.

The report of the organization of this "clique of students," had a very sudden and unexpected effect upon the minds of the "wise and knowing ones," as it happened to gain publicity at a critical hour—late on a Saturday afternoon, just after Parson Boo had written out "thirteenthly" and "lastly," to his somnolent sermon for the morrow; Deacon Coo had summed up his "weekly accounts," and Ned Shuee's big, brawny hands had clutched the old bell-rope, to warn the steady-going Puritans that all worldly business must be wound up for the week! Had "the cat been let out of the bag," at an earlier date, ere the weathercock on old Holmes' "meetin'-lis" was glittering in golden rays to the sun's face, (who was about putting on his night-cap,) the prayers and invocations heaped independently upon the evil-doers, would have been a fortnight's time in coming, and might therefore have lost much of their force and bitterness on the journey.

As we are obliged to write from "documents," carefully compiled, it will be necessary to look into upon the doings, wondernents, mystifications, and all the divers and manifold ramifications of the
above cliquo, so as to understand the principles of the same, bearing in mind that this was a "secret order," aside from all other societies.

"What's the matter up at Yale?" asked a certain jolly old Judge, of a particular friend.

"Well, Judge, I can hardly tell you with any degree of accuracy, as the reports are so conflicting. One says that some of the "old heads" up there have found out who cuts up so much deviltry in town; while a second one says that a lot of boys have formed themselves into a new society, having left all the other classes, for the express purpose of raising the deuce, just when they deem it advisable. So you see, Judge, one can't tell with any degree of exactitude."

That's a fact. Rather a hard set of boys there, this year, I learn," rejoined the Judge.

"Oh, awful hard, they say; but you know, Judge, that was always the case."

"Exactly so; yes, yes. Well, we used to be pretty fast ourselves, eh, some five-and-twenty years ago, while we were at Yale?" said the self-asserted principal.

"Considerably so, Judge; and by spells, rather too smart for the Faculty," added his friend.

"Well, I must be jogging on; but I'd like to find out all about this new society. Spose if any one wants to know all about it, as well as to get the general news of the times, go to either old Mrs. Johnson's or Mrs. Dewesenberry's, and they'll give it all, eh?"

"Very likely, as they keep the gossip-rum of every thing."

"Well," said the Judge, "I'd like to know who among them stole my watermelons. Good day, Squire."

"Good day, Judge," and they parted.

As handbills had been posted about the streets, intimating that this new society intended to be "very notorious," the report gained quite a hold, in a short space of time.

"Oh, Mrs. Lewistown—oh, my! The—the—the pesky students! but do let me sit down and breathe a moment, before I express my indignation," exclaimed a short, crooked-backed woman, who was a notorious "towns-gabbler."

"Pray, Mrs. Johnson, dear soul, what's the matter?" excitingly inquired another, one of the same school.

"Matter? matter enough, Mrs. Lewistown. I think it's too bad, to be so imposed upon—I do;" and the little-eyed woman began to snivel like a flogged urchin.

"Have them pesky students been playing more tricks upon you?" interposed her friend.

"No, no, dear Mrs. Lewistown; yet I fear 'em—I fear 'em now. It's made me very nervous—very. I'm afraid they will be worse and worse, and worse and worse, arter this—I do," said the widow, in a most lamentable tone.

"You think so, eh? Now, why?" asked her friend.

"Oh, a lot of them are devils have had a big convention, and have sworn each member in to do all kinds of things of evil deeds, and then to let nobody know it. Only think of that!"

"Lor' sakes I you don't say so, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Yes, for I met old Anderson, just now, and he told me all; and says he to me—' Seriously, Poll Johnson, you'll have to sleep with one eye open, or else they may take it into their heads to blow you and your house to the d——— before you could say Jack Robinson; and so—and so, I'm right down here, to tell you all, dear Mrs. Lewistown.'"

"Bless your dear, kind soul," replied the woman, "du tell!"

"Yes, he said so—so—so," and the fidgety little woman boo-hooed at a great rate.

Now, Mrs. Johnson was a queer kind of a female character. Her great aim was to run about town and "tell the news," to about forty old widows, all of whom carried on a continual train of low gossip, and were questionable "gabby-bbers." Family quarrels she gloried in, and whenever she could make trouble, Mrs. Johnson, or, in other words, "Poll Johnson," was gloriously pleased, for she was then perfectly at home. This little, hump-backed, one-eyed widow lived in a very little house, small (about fifteen-by-twenty) and her business was on as small a scale as her own little mind. She vended milk and eggs, but her dealings were not of a very picturesque character.

"Look out, women folks and all good people, for any quantity of scrapes, arter this," she bellowed, just as she rushed into another house, holding a little green hood in her slim, bony hand, "for a big gang of student scamps have mixed themselves up to insult us women—as maidens—as widows—as every body; and they intend to do just as they please, against God, against law, against morality, and virtue."

"No—impossible!" yelled out Mrs. Dewesenberry.

"It's so; yes, yes, and an' no odds of Squire Binks, or Lawyer Everman, or Parson Boo, or Deacon Coo, or even of the 'College-larnt' fellows?"

"Loc'sakes!"

"Keep your eyes open, arter this, especially when you sleep, if you can, Mrs. Dewesenberry, dear."

"Now, Mrs. Dewesenberry was a sister of Mrs. Johnson, and both looked alike, acted alike, lied alike—in fact, went together, and were known as the two "she-devils." Both were on the wrong side of thirty, and exact counterparts in mind and manners.

"Darn 'em! they'll get fetched up yet, Poll Johnson; yes they will. I'd like to know the ring-leader, and oh, wouldn't I wopple him? I think I would. Poll, I'd like to know who broke the lock to my front door, one night in the dead of winter, unhang it, and laid it down upon the wooden steps, and wrote on it with red chalk, in big, flashy letters—"

"Dear Mrs. Dewesenberry, as bad air is bad for the health, and as you need a change, we open a fresh current."

"Buy a big dog, Tild—buy a big one, as I'm bound to," said Poll Johnson, in a stout tone.

"Darn their pictures!" and after Mrs. Dewesenberry had shook her little head, she handed over "sister Poll" the old family tin snuff-box.

This amiable pair were what is generally called "grass widows;"
they were excessively fond of a pinch, in which they indulged to so great an extent as to acquire the sobriquet of "a pair of snuffe." "None of 'em had better dare to nail up another sign over the front door of my house—a big, whalloping sign, in big letters—"Fresh Milk and new laid Eggs, by Mrs. Poll Johnson." "No, they had better not, for I'd States-prison 'em—I would! Tild, dear, if I thought Bill Snapp's son Ben had a hand in doing that 'ere nasty trick, blast my eyes if I wouldn't go all about town, and tell every body I could, that the whole Snapp family live on cod-fish and potatoes, whole weeks at a time, eh?"

"And I'd help, too," added Tild.

"I'd tell all about how old Snappes made his money—the old pirate—and how Mrs. Snapps worked out, when a girl, on a big farm, for her victuals and clothes: and, gout darn it! I'd tell how the 'little Snappes have the itch and scratches,' every summer, eh?"

"That's it, Poll, and I'd swear to it, too; yes, I would—I would."

"And I'd raise a desperate time, I would, dear Mrs. Dewesenberry. I'd fix 'em off for what they've done to me; yes, and who cares if they have got money? I'm going to see Squire Binks about it; and I'm just going to the Faculty too, of Yale College, and I'm going to know who made, who painted, and who nailed that 'ere sign on my house—I be!" roared out the excited Mrs. Johnson.

"So I would, sister."

"I can stand a good deal, but when I'm so imposed upon—yes, we yeoung widows—then my temper is touched, and I'm flash, flash, flash. I'll go to law about it, just as soon as I can find out who did it. If people abroad are going to send their sons among a virtuous community, to raise and kick up the very devil, they must mind what they are about, yes they must. But I'll go and consult the law—that I will."

On her way to another neighbor's house, Mrs. Poll Johnson happened to meet Parson Boo, (on a Saturday afternoon) walking up the street, "slow, sure, and reverential," with cotton umbrella in hand. She seized him by the arm:

"Eh, Poll, have you heard the news?" she asked the crane-necked divine.

"Don't, Mrs. Johnson, don't speak of worldly things, when the Sabbath is so near at hand," groaned he, in a deep, sepulchral tone, which would have thrown Burton's Aminidab Sleek completely into the shade.

"Why, lor' sakes, Parson Boo, 'taint but just about sun-down!" ejaculated the old lady, with much "fire and fury."

"Ah! oh! yes!" moaned forth the Parson, and passed on, "with solemn peace and show."

"Lor' me, how strict! Wonder if he's called on Miss Broker lately? Oh, the sty old devil in white neck-cloth. I'll fix you, yet, I will!" and saying this in a low tone, she gave him one good hard-twisted look, and then hobbed on.
Pennsylvania had a big, fat, strapping chap, to look well after her interests. He was always full of "new ideas." He had his peculiarities—always hungry, and much addicted to cramming an excellent quantity on a strict examination. He was very corpulent. His legs looked as though his body had been down between them, and afterwards pryed up with a lever.

Delaware was very lucky. Her delegate was a "minister's son," remarkable for administering "severe punishments" in a noose. He was young, but a very old chap in his manners.

Maryland had a young Baltimorean, who was eager for "oyster suppers," and a "good time." He was a valuable member, so far as "the pocket" was concerned, and found "needful" on great emergencies. He would match himself against any person in the world, playing at chess.

Virginia had a glorious, generous, warm-hearted son, with a vein of humor as rich and as deep as his own virgin soil. All the girls loved the "young Virginian."

North Carolina had a "loud son" to represent her affairs in this renowned and independent society. He was a tall, lean, lank covey, who was some at a speech. When he perambulated, it was with racing rapidity, as if anxious to outstrip his nasal protuberance. He had a big heart, and a full pocket. Politics he discussed at large.

South Carolina had a hot-headed solon, who feared not the Faculty. He was the son of a very wealthy planter, young and handsome. Pistols, pretty women, and good wine, were the "gods of his idolatry." His reasoning powers were great. He boasted of what he would one day receive from two rich aunts—a plantation, three hundred slaves, and a coal mine.

Georgia was handsomely defended. He was for a "good time," was "death" on the Greek, Hebrew in particular—could sing a good song, and tell a "blood and thunder" story. He was always ready to "match pennies" with any one, or "play a game at all-fours." Dog fights he gloriously enjoyed.

Florida had a little curly-headed chap, who was the pet of all the Society. The little fellow was very bow-legged; so much so that his little pipe-stem legs made one-third of the hands of the town clock, where it wanted ten minutes of two! He had money in abundance, and spent it like a prince.

Alabama was lucky. The President of the "Philistine Society" hailed from that cotton-growing State. He was a "plain young man," and yet, serious as was his ugly phys, he was a "buck," and no mistake. Liquor and segars he always kept in his room, for his friends, and he relished good company and good wine, with the gusto of a gourmand.

Mississippi's son was a whole-hearted fellow. He was an especial defender of "brandy punchees," and "egg-nog." Although he had a hard, Indian look, he had both principle and policy enough to rival, if not excel, many of his compatriots. He had very big, black eyes; wore his hair in curls, and stood "six feet two." He was always boasting of the prodigious size attained by alligators, in his part of the country.

Louisiana's child was a remarkable one. He was for having a
"good bender," a little too often. "Whiskey, raw brand, and gin-cocktails," he gloriously worshipped. He came by the name of "Joggles," and he came to Yale because his mother made him! When he went to make a speech, or tell a story, back a motion, Joggles was, as a general thing, "quite tight." He was one of those tall, slim-built fellows, who looked innocent as the Babe of Bethlehem in the face, and as serious as an astronomer during an eclipse. Yet he was a fine scholar, and one of the best of fellows. He was fearless and independent.

Ohio was represented by a person who was "all for a horse;" and when he talked, he acted as though he had a bolting-mill in his throat. He was always ready to explain, when there was any betting going on, "I'll bet 15 cents." This was as high as he ever ventured. But Tim was "one of the people." Some called him "Fatty," because he appeared like a huge apple-dumpling; and when he walked, his coat-tail flapped in and out like the tail of a river-snipe.

Kentucky boomed up. A "six-footer" defended the noble State, and yet he was inside of two and twenty. He was smart. "Rooner," as he was called, could talk all night to a crowd; and, aside from good speeches, could get the premium for a capital "Western yell." He looked wild, yet he was one of the best of boys.

Tennessee had a "hard boy." He never said much, save admiring and talking about the ladies. This was his highest theme. He would make a speech, or tell a story, and others would "deal broke." Applications were frequent, and always duly honored. When asked why he spent so much money, he would say, in reply, "Father's rich, and mother owns 'the Willows.'" "Jed" only waited on good-looking women. His ready looks were handy.

Michigan was represented by an odd-looking genius, who bore the euphonious appellation of "She-cargo." In dress, he was very careless and rough; always anxious to "lick somebody," or "try a side-hold." He came to Yale expressly to please a "rich old uncle, and yet he was inside of two and twenty. He was "a fine scholar, and one of the best of fellows. He was fearless and independent.

Missouri had a queer representative. His eloquence was considerably below par, but this deficiency was amply made up by his dramatic powers; and the current of his thoughts always ran in the direction of a bowing bumper. His coin flowed as freely as his wine, and he proved himself on all occasions a sterling and high-minded fellow. He came to Yale because it was fashionable.

Missouri's representative was a stout, cross-eyed chap, who went in for all manner of deviltry. He was "on the borrow" to a considerable extent, "until he could hear from home." Madam Rumor used to say that he used to "write home" often.

Arkansas had a "blood and thunder" son. The principle topic of conversation with him was playing at cards, killing Indians and buffaloes, marrying Crocus girls, and doing "Northern principles." He was a perfect master of bowie-knives and sword-canes. His name was "Bloody." He was rough in his ways, but a noble fellow at heart.

The President of the "Philistine Society," on taking the chair, addressed his audience in the following manner:

"Gentlemen:—An Alabamian thanks you from the bottom of his heart for the honor conferred on him. We are now a band of brothers, constituting a circle of twenty-six individuals, each hailing as representatives of the twenty-six States of this glorious Union. Our primary object, gentlemen, cuius multiis alius, is to cause reform wherever it be needed within the circumference of our sphere, and pro bono publico to rebut the charges which have oftentimes been made against us, individually and collectively. As these charges have increased tenfold of late, we have taken it upon ourselves to unbutton our eyefolds, to wake up, and to know something more of these unfounded allegations; and hold, as it were, an iron rod over the beaks of the ignoble fowl who would fain trample us beneath their swinish hoofs.

"Gentlemen, who are we? Boasting is uncalled for. We come from the four classes, and we rejoice to "take into our fold" Freshmen, as well as Juniors, or Seniors, or Sophomores. We are all wide-awake disciples of mischievous and innocent amusements, and, hereafter, are bound to stand aloof from other cliques or societies, and what is more, to rule them all. In this respect, let our motto be what it is respecting our beloved country at large; 'We know no superior but God alone.'

"Gentlemen, you are doubtless aware of our principles. As a Society, we are neither "oars—no hypocrisies—but bold, fearless, and consistent. Our Constitution, our By-Laws, each of you understand. Hereafter, we rule the students. Of our influence with the Faculty, we will say nothing, leaving them to look out for themselves—as we shall for the consequences."

This plain, common sense speech, from the lips of a young gent. of about two and twenty, was warmly received and endorsed.

"Mr. President," said Roarer, of Kentucky, who was the Vice President of the said Society, "We must put matters right straight through, and I am thinking that we can carry our points about as easy as rolling off a log. For one, Roarer stands ready to do his part. Although I am quite a tall member among you, I suppose it would be advisable for me to talk quite softly, for fear that one of my 'Western yells' might escape outside.

"Gentlemen, there are some 'choice scions' springing up amid the good and evil fruit, here at Yale; and, from all appearances, Nature has done much for them. And, gentlemen, allow me to remark, while speaking figuratively, that certain 'airy gents' must be brought down. Even the Adjunct Professor of Mathematics should be lowered a little. A certain member of the Junior class needs advice, in the shape of a slight hint; and, while there are other reforms much needed. Several Seniors are 'strappingly' abusive. Upon all such creatures, we must open rich, and let them understand that we are indeed 'Philistines,' of the old, original school.

"Gentlemen, you are all aware that a report has gained publicity concerning this Society, the particulars of which are unknown. How ever Know nothing, gentlemen, be mum outside of our ranks, and let it be based upon one word, ignominy—dark—done as an oyster!
That we have many enemies, we know; yet, as it happens, we carry too many guns for them. They must, methinks, be always manfully met, face to face. Those students who are jealous because they are "not of us," are the very identical scoundrels who gave publicity to the report; and, sir, for their narrow contractedness, they must be amply rewarded.

"Gentlemen, I have one of these bills with me, and, for the edification of all, I will read it, so as to show the depth of this reigning jealousy, now existing.

"'NOTICE.—MORE MISCHIEF.

"'Be on your guard! Look out for the doings of a new Secret Society. Be watchful! It is a clique of Yale College students, who have (in the dark) no regard for decency. Citizens! all kinds of deviltry they intend to enact. We know them! Their designs are 'not of us,' are the very identical scapegraces who gave publicity to the report; and, sir, for their narrow contractedness, they must be amply rewarded.'

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"'Gentlemen, I say I have found; and that implies a good deal, too—yet I have him. I would expose his name, had I not committed myself; yet, gentlemen, allow me to say that since the intelligence reached me, I have carelessly prepared for our 'Weekly Items' to the public, or, in other words, the 'general news' in burlesque form,—the same to be posted up slyly about town. All of us consider this move a high one. Now, I have been exceedingly lucky to-day, and if I hadn't, I'm not the man who would say it. I have found out who of the Senior class caused those warning notices to be printed and posted, respecting the 'Philistine Society,' and I intend——'

"'Glory to ——,' cried out somebody.

"'Order, gentlemen,' said the President.

"'Gentlemen, I was about to say, and should, have said long ago, had I not been interrupted, what I shall now say to this 'enlightened body,' providing I can say what I wish to say in a fair way, without a second interruption, that I have several valuable motions to make; motions 'as are motions,' gentlemen. And in saying so, it implies forcibly to your mind, that something is about to come, in fact, is coming, sure.

"'Gentlemen, we are aware that our Society intends to give 'Weekly Items' to the public, or, in other words, the 'general news' in burlesque form,—the same to be posted up slyly about town. All of us consider this move a high one. Now, I have been exceedingly lucky to-day, and if I hadn't, I'm not the man who would say it. I have found out who of the Senior class caused those warning notices to be printed and posted, respecting the 'Philistine Society,' and I intend——'

"'Glory to ——,' cried out somebody.

"'Order, gentlemen,' said the Chair.

"'Hear! hear!' yelled out someone.

"'Gentlemen, I say I have found out, and that implies a good deal, too—yet I have him. I would expose his name, had I not committed myself; yet, gentlemen, allow me to say that since the intelligence reached me, I have carelessly prepared for our 'Weekly Journal,' the following few lines, which may, perhaps, cause him to be 'spotted.' They are rough; yet, at the same time, they are telling——

There is a man in our town
Who loves to laugh, and not to mourn,
Who tips his fancy hat with grace
And trims his beard with laurel leaves.

Chorus—Look out for the hat
Look out for the hat
Look out for the fancy hat

This fancy hat one day did go
Up to the tailor's shop, and lo!
He got a bob-tail one, did he?
And with it cut up a pig-a-cut-run.

Look out for the hat
Look out for the hat
Look out for the fancy hat

Of folly now you see the fruits—
For down he goes and takes his stool—
And presto! he's a judge—
Just to show the guilty jester.

His fancy hat
His fancy hat
His fancy hat

This Judge's name I'd like to tell,
I guess it would not please him well;
For if I did, he might be mad.

That he was ever named Here—

Then look out for the hat
Look out for the fancy hat
Look out for the fancy hat

Gentlemen, I, from the best of my recollection, I think I did.
This was decidedly rich. Long before Ogleish had finished, every member present seemed to be highly elated, for they knew exactly where to "spot." They laughed, yelled, clapped their hands, and unanimously demanded a "second reading." Even the President could not help smiling. As Ogleish had carefully read it, he, on repeating it, "sung the thing" through in fine style, the crowd joining in the chorus.

"I move that we immediately drink, on the strength of that—all of us," said Nat, of South Carolina.

"I second the motion," said Josh, of Maryland.

"I'll bet fifteen cents that that will take the Senior down a few pegs, and cut him to the sole, like a knife," roared out the happy Ohio youth.

They decidedly did drink—all, to a man.

"Allow me to say, Mr. President, that I call—that I think—think that that poem—poesy is a d—-a nice little piece of satire—I do," muttered forth a young man, who could hardly stand erect; he feeling "fashionably tight."

"Sit down, Joggles, you're too drunk to give expression to your feelings," replied Ogleish, with a smile.

"Who does the gentle-gentleman call drunk? eh?"

"Ah! I will inform you with pleasure," rejoined Ogleish, in a mischievous way. "I refer to the gentleman who intends, according to the forthcoming "sermons sine sen sue," to speak upon the "Rights of Juniors." If I mistake not."

Here Joggles smiled, and muttering something about being plebeus Bacchi, immediately resumed his seat. He was in too happy a state to make any reply to this retort. He sat with both hands in his pockets, jingling his gold and silver.

"Mr. President," said Harry, of Rhode Island, "in all of our reforms, let us not forget the tongue. claimed to be the personal property of two gossiping widows, old Mrs. Dewesbury, and Mrs. Johnson. They must be silenced, at least be reformed, so that the two may mind their own business after this. We are aware that they have done much mischief, by giving publicity to certain questionable reports, and I hope that when this Society takes into consideration the several reforms at issue, these two women will not escape a severe hearing."

"I'll bet fifteen cents that we'll still 'em," observed Tim, of Ohio.

"Yes—yes—yes sir—yes, sir, we will, all of that," muttered Joggles, in his stuttering way, for he always did so when a little "sprung."

"Mr. President, it seems that I'm a ripe representative for the State of New Jersey, although I hail from Texas," spoke up Bouncer, as he gained the floor, "but I want it distinctly understood that I'm good for both Texas and New Jersey, and you'll always find Bouncer right and ready for any kind of a 'decent scrape,' and if there is any 'fighting' to be done, it will be very essential that I take an important part, if our side don't wish to get kicked, although I say it myself. As we must not 'take any lip' from the members of the other cliques, you may consider me as the 'fighting member' of this Society."
ONE MORNING, at a very early hour, Mrs. Dewesenberry and Mrs. Johnson, the two little hump-backed, cross-eyed, “grass widows,” were both very wry.

During the previous night, while wrapped closely in the arms of Morpheus, a gross imposition had been played upon both of them—at least, upon their front doors—which seemed to be a “sticker,” for good.

“Oh, my dear Mrs. Dewesenberry, good morning,” said Mrs. Johnson, as they met by chance on the road.

“Good morning. Oh, them air pesky students—them—them—”

“But stop, Poll. Pray, tell me what have they done to you? Quick! quick!”

“Posted a big, co-wholloping show-bill, right on my nice front door.”

“And so they have on mine, too.”

“No! no! Eh?”

“Yes, yes, the serpents have.”

“Embrace me, then—we are sufferers together!” cried out Mrs. Johnson.

The post-bill referred to was the first issue by the “Philistine Society,” although it was unknown to the public. It came out under the significant head of

“IMPORTANT ITEMS OF THE WEEK.”

They were to be seen in various parts of the city; while crowds of people perused the same, with great apparent interest.

“Awful papers,” remarked a Judge.

“Some of those d—d students’ doings,” added a rough, blustering “M. D.,” of the “blue-pill school.”

“Too personal, altogether,” said a third one.

“Mighty hard set of boys,” muttered somebody.

“Wonder somebody don’t know who posted ‘em up?” observed a storekeeper.

“Mighty queer! all this is!” said “old Sam Keeler,” as Parson Boo stood by his side.

“They are stuck up all about town. There’s one right on the back of old Professor Jones’ family carriage,” laughingly remarked a young, promising looking lad.

“and all along College Green, too,” said a grinning baker.

“Old Mrs. Johnson’s door has got one too.”

“Too bad! too bad!” interposed one of the “old inhabitants.”

“So has Mrs. Dewesenberry’s door got one of the same sort, too.”

By nine o’clock in the morning the theme of discussion with regard to the bills had become general, through the whole town. Here is one of them—:

IMPORTANT ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

Professor —— declares that he will give $25 to know who placed a live rooster in his desk. How admirable the animal did crow in the Lecture Room! Professor, if you can find out who perpetrated the bold act, then had gratulizes.

The red-haired Sophomore who lives on segars and meerschaums, intends to deliver, ere long, a public lecture; and that, too, before he jumps among the Juniors. Subject—“Visions of Faded Honors.”

He has our best wishes, for—

“Red hair” is a clever boy.

But then he’s mighty lazy;

And what is more, he loves a “tight.”

He’s always free and easy.

Why may we suppose that Mr. Fresh —— is under the especial protection of Apollo? Because he is the god of the Lyre.—(gy. liar.)

Dr. Fox will soon give an exhibition of himself, by appearing on the stage, and look every fan out of countenance; and in attempting to give a lucid illustration of leaving morning prayers, as soon as his name is called, will tumble over a pile of Greek roots, which some Freshmen had placed there for dissection.

We learn, from a very reliable source, that a certain up-startish Fresh will soon have an opportunity of showing himself up, by repeating his autobiography, together with a copy of the College Laws, verbatim et literatim, et punctatim.

By request of the Alumni, the Junior who has a “taste for every thing,” will appear in the costume of ’76, and give a minute description of eleven battles of the Revolution, including the Battle of Bunker Hill, with specimens of life and drum playing of his own day.

Swell Head Beavertoe, (F. B. S. H. A. S., Fellow Boston Aristocratic Soc.) by request, and especially of the ladies, will read from the stage, (after it has been enlarged, expressly on his account,) an Essay on Fashion. His hands will be cased in white kids.

Beavertoe has spent many years in deep research, and has digested many authors on the subject. After which, he will give an ocular demonstration of the most approved method of carrying a cane, and also of sitting at a mahogany table, and sipping white wine and champagne a la mode de Beacon street.” But as the materials cannot be easily obtained here, he will draw up to a white-pine table, and, as a substitution, will sip two gallons of Keeler’s, (old Sam’s) ale.
Perhaps some one may have noticed another certain spunky Junior promenading the streets, who, like weeds, is always where he is not wanted. This is an expensive object. He is the fellow who was on such a "bash" with borrowed clothes, a week before Ball Managers were elected; the fellow who "skunked" the Jew of seven dollars for a suit of clothes, to "splurge on, last. Commencement; the chap who chaws more tobacco than any member of College, and never buys any. In fine, the gent. who "sprees and splurges" so awfully on the quarters, during a session (borrowed.)

We have been putting our Machine in working order, so as to heave off some "Machine Poetry" in his behalf. Whether we have made it out, we leave for the reader to decide, after perusing the following:

**NO QUARTERS! NO QUARTERS!**

**TUNE—"Massacre at Paoli."**

Not a sound was heard, not a whispering note,
As he asked his friends for a quarter;
As our Junior wished his truth to devote
To the black-board—easily to alter.

He led them on softly, at night,
The acid so prettily burning;
And just throwing it on, exerting his might,
He backed to the door without turning.

No strengthening courage entered his breast,
When he feared the tutors might waken;
But he ran like a Soldier doing his best,
He ran—did Mr. Cooked Bacon.

Few and short were the prayers he said,
And he spoke not a word, for sorrow;
But he continually rolled, on the top of his bed,
As he bitterly thought of the morrow.

He thought, as he turned his weary head,
And smoothed down his lowly pillow;
No Quarters again could he get, as he'd find,
And he wished him away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the Junior that's gone,
And after he's sent off, they'll upbraid him;
Yet little he'll reck, if he'll only keep on,
In saving the Quarters they've paid him.

We were asked our opinion of Sophomore Saddlib, the other evening, by a pretty girl. We gave it. Her addition, however, was very nice—

"Now, Saddlib, he cuts extensive dashes,
With long, straight, coak, and small moustaches."

**Why is Charley P— of Carthagenean descent?** Because he is a Punicus. (*penny cuss.*
L I B E R IV.

There was fun ahead. As one week rolled away to give place to another, there appeared, for the second time, another record of "Items." All seemed as mysterious as ever. But for "documents." Here is an extract:

IMPORTANT ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

We are obliged to place before our anxious readers,—and especially for the edification of certain students of importance—two chapters concerning the late disturbance, appertaining to a want of brains among the said class.

CHRONICLES OF THE "MUSS."

CHAPTER I.

1. Now it came to pass that there arose among the Juniors a mighty insurrection.
2. And one said to another, Come, let us rebel from under the grievous yoke the King of Belles-lettres has put upon us.
3. Then assembled they all in the room in which they were wont to meet, save a few, who had the fear of the law and their parents before their eyes.
4. Now it came to pass, when they were all assembled, that there arose a valiant man, and said:

5. "Come, let us draw up a writing signed with our own hands, and sealed, and let us say to the King, "6. 'Oh King! live for ever! This, thy yoke, is too grievous to be borne; therefore, be it known unto thee, that we will not do this thing which thou commandest, for we are able to deliver ourselves out of thy hands.'"

7. Then did there arise one who was hasty in counsel; who, in wrath, began to speak against the King, and in anger did he rail at those faithful servants who would do his will. In anger railed he.
8. Then one of these faithful servants opened his mouth, and spake: "Take heed, my brethren, for ye know not what ye do; neither do ye consider that this service which the King requireth is for our good."
9. Then there arose a great tumult. The cry went forth, "Put him out! Put him out!" and the assembly was swayed violently to and fro.
10. And the cry was so great, that they scarcely restrained themselves, but that they should maltreat, and violently thrust forth, those who liked the service of the King.
11. So, by reason of their violence, those faithful servants fled, trembling, from the midst of the assembly.
12. Thus did these wicked Juniors hearken unto foolish council, and put far from them the fear of the King.

CHAPTER II.

1. But when the King of Belles-lettres heard how these servants had thrown off his yoke, he immediately summoned all his counselors, and mighty men.
2. And they did counsel him to command these rebels to appear before him.
3. And that they be forever banished from his presence, into outer darkness.
4. Then did the hearts of the Juniors quake with fear, and their knees smote together; and they came in and fell down, trembling, before him.
5. Then the King, that he might make manifest his mercy, did command them to rise, and stand upon their feet.
6. And he opened his mouth, and spake—"Why do ye all so foolish, my children? Know ye not that I require of you this service that ye may thereby be profited?"
7. "But if ye will now return, and hearken unto my word, I will show mercy unto you; and the word wherewith I have threatened shall not be accomplished."
8. Then did these servants rejoice in their hearts, for they feared the King, after that he had decreed that they should be banished from his presence.
9. And they did promise that they would obey, in all that he required.
10. Now it came to pass that the faithful servants also went in before him, and did assure him that they had neither part nor lot in this matter, so serious, and reflecting against the King's authority.
11. Wherefore the King did reward them with presents, and they were raised above their fellows, in that they had refused to hearken unto the counsel of their wicked brethren.

Prior to the above "forgiveness," some members of the Faculty held a meeting upon the impositions of the Juniors. As our reporter was "tight" on that occasion, we did not receive a report, but, accidentally, a friend of ours who happened to be present, took notes of the same, for us. It will bear a good perusal.

CONVENTUS FACULTATUS COLLEGI NEO CESARIENSIS DE JUNIORUM REBELLIONE.

The reverend body having been duly assembled, the proceedings were opened by three distinct smacks of the lips from the venerable presiding officer. During the intervals of each, the next in authority retired to the door, and sent five Freshmen to their rooms.
Greek tutor asked to be excused, that he might visit the rooms of a certain part of the College, as he had not yet gone around but four times that day.)

Immediately thereupon, the Adjunct Professor of Mathematics commences to cough, and clear his throat, preparatory to giving an investigation of the pending difficulty, but to the great regret of the reporter, the Belles-Lettres Professor obtained the floor.

"Gentlemen," says he, "was there ever such impudence heard of in these time-honored walls? Our laws have been trampled upon. Order has been destroyed. My express commands have been completely set at defiance, except by a chosen band of men, who dare stand up for right. They have fearlessly asserted that they will not perform the duties which I had implicitly charged upon them. And what now remains to be done? Shall we stand by and see our authority disregarded, our laws violated with impunity?

Are we to be placed in such a humiliating position before those who are committed to our charge, as to be forced to regard their capricious whims? Rather let them be dismissed—all of the rebels.

Still we have a chosen band of followers. Yes, gentlemen, there are still many faithful men, of whom I am proud to make honorable mention. There are Brown, Pippins, Hood, Pepper, Covein, Stucer, and others, who must be remembered when the grades appear. Yes, and may the Faculty remember them all. Brown, Brown, too, must have the valedictory." (Here the Royal tutor in a fit of abstraction repeats tut, tut, tut, &c. Suppressed laughter on the part of the other members. Despite all his efforts, the face of the adjunct Professor above alluded to, wears a broad grimace.)

The Greek Professor here rises to make a speech, where the face of the Mathematical Professor becomes considerably elongated, while the Latin Professor goes to sleep. "Gentlemen," says he, "you must trust this matter to me. I'll make it all right. I'll frighten the rebels to submission—I will. Eh, eh, eh—I'll send them all to their rooms—I mean. I'll tell 'em that they shall write up those lectures or be sent off. There will be no necessity of putting this threat in execution, for where's the Junior whom I can't frighten at once into servile obedience? And if they don't happen to come in to the traces, why it won't matter much. At any rate, it won't hurt 'em any to frighten 'em a little." (Here, in consequence of being dry, the Dr. was compelled to sit down.) The Faculty meeting was then dispersed by the announcement that there were several Juniors tight in the Campus!!

The above is a true report of the said doings. Unfortunately, a few very "nice young Juniors" will be surprised to see it in print, after they played all manner of cards to keep it from gaining publicity. But Diogenes is about.

The young member of Room No.—,— who boasts of attending "the first parties in town," comes justly under the following head—

---

"Items," we would say that Fresh Lang is preparing himself to give a public lecture, for the sake of explaining, with models, the various kinds of hats, and will endeavor to convince the readers that they are amphibious, and will convulse the public with extempore puns, and will give a specimen of opera singing.

Then we learn that Sam Tuke, having prematurely assumed Senior Dignity, will expatiate on the pleasure of dining with the "Belle of New Haven," then correct some of "Old Jones" mis-pronunciations in French, and conclude with reading a few extracts from his own
improved edition of Ollendorf's French Grammar. Ladies in general will please observe the "French airs."

The ceremonies will conclude thus:—Mr. Ned M—— will appear.

He is by many supposed to be the original of the Flying Dutchman. His attitudes are such, that some even go so far as to assert that he formed the model of Apollo Belvidere and Laocoon. He will perform fancy gyrations on the stage. He will also imitate a bull-frog, and sing, in the words of Bill Shakspeare,—

Thy soul is in the sky,
Tongue, loose thy light,
Moon, take thy flight,
Now, die, die, die, die!

And will immediately explode in a retort of nitric-acid.

The above made up the entire "Items." The excitement in regard to the same was great. Many of the students looked "grieved," while certain Professors openly avowed certain future intentions.

"Is Squire Binks in, young man?" inquired poor little Mrs. Poll Johnson, in rather a snapping tone, as she entered the law office.

He will immediately explode in a retort of nitric-acid. frog, and sing, in the words of Shakespeare,—

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"Is Squire Binks in, young man?" inquired poor little Mrs. Poll Johnson, in rather a snapping tone, as she entered the law office, addressing a young, rough, fancy-looking lad.

"No, marm, Squire Binks is not in," was the sarcastic reply of the rattle-headed fellow, who sat chalking out ships upon a large pine table.

"Lor' sakes, Tom Johnson, who finds you in chalk to waste so, you young rascal?" pointing the tip of his finger as he asked the little old widow.

"That's none of your business, marm. How's milk and eggs nowadays?" and here Tom put his fingers on his nose.

"Oh you young understapper!" cried the distracted widow.

"What are you sniveling about, eh?" patted up Tom.

"You have insulted a harmless woman, Tom Johnson; yes, you have, Tom Johnson."

The young fellow laughed.

"Tell me, when will your master be in?" she slyly asked again.

"When he comes in marm," and he continued on chalking.

"I'll, I'll pull your hair—I'll, I'll chuck you under——"

"Come on, widow, and I'll let you have Blackstone right in the face—I will," and Tom stood erect upon the old pine table with the statute book in hand.

"Oh you young villain!"

"Hadn't you better call me scamp, too?" "Spoke you are arter late, eh, old widow?" and Tom's hair was all over his eyes.

"None of your business," she pertly replied, and wiping away tears from her eyes with her little blue apron, she gave Tom one good savage look, then turned and rushed out of the office.

"Go it, old widow," cried out Tom, as he sprung for the door.

She had not been absent for more than ten minutes before in rushed Mrs. Dewesenberry, under a high state of excitement.

"Is your master in?" she abruptly asked.

"Who's my master?" roared out Tom Johnson, the little fellow's eyes flashing and snapping all ways.

"Why, the Squire is."

"We hear enough! Now look a' here, Mrs. Dewesenberry, I don't want you to give me any more of your lip, for I'm savage this morning, now I tell you, and I won't be insulted by no woman, any how."

"Lor' sakes, you need a smart spanking, you young scape-goat."

"Well, you can't do it. Just you say that again, you old brute of a 'grass widow,' and I'll let you have a little of the let zoom in your face," and he swung a big book to and fro in his hands.

"You're an abusive little puppy, that you are."

"Oh, you'd better go home, old woman, go to bed, and then see if you can't get up right end foremost, once in your life."

"I'll report you, yes, yes," and shaking her fist, she left in a hurry.

"Go it, old widow!" he sheepishly exclaimed.

Shortly after this, Squire Binks made his appearance. Tom was chalking out a "man of war" on the big pine table, as he entered. (The Squire was an old man, short in stature, and very puzy.)

"Any calls this morning, Thomas?" he asked, after seating himself.

"Yes sir, two, if it please your honor."

"Two? But I didn't see their names upon the slate at the door, Thomas."

"No sir—thought it wouldn't pay, your honor; cause how, they were the two grass widows, and nobody else."

"What's that, have they been here again?" roared Binks.

"Oh yes, and both come in mad, and went out wrathly," was the boy's reply.

"Both of 'em may go to thunder," said the Squire, "and I must put a stop to it. Glad I was out; for I've been bothered enough with them."

"So have I, your honor," added Tom, very coolly.

"Guess some of the students have been playing more tricks upon them."

"Lor' sakes!" interrupted Tom, "haven't you heard of it, yer honor! They've posted one of their big bills right on both of the widows' front doors."

Squire Binks laughed.

"Next time they come here, your honor, I think they'll both tell you that I was very saucy to 'em, but, your honor, it's a big lie."

"Well, well, never mind, Thomas, never mind what they say."

"I guess they've gone up to the College, yer honor. I think I see 'em, your honor, from this window, away up the street," said Tom, poking his long neck out of the window.

"Never mind, never mind. Go to your breakfast, Thomas."
Nearer had spread its ebon wings over the quiet and comfortable settlement of New Haven, and the staid had retired to repose, when some six students belonging to the "Philistine Society," stole a march upon the Faculty, and sallied forth in search of adventure, when they should have been slumbering in their virtuous beds. The party consisted of three "stiff Southerners," and three "hard Northerners,"—six young gents who could not live if deprived of a "good time," every now and then. It was too early to enter upon any "bold movements," so to "kill time," they marvelled down to "Old Sam Keeler's," the high-old-place of the clique. "Don't want to be seen, I 'spose, boys, eh?" asked the old man, as they rushed into the big back room. "So; close up the shutters, and lock the doors," said the ring-leader. "All O. K. I will, boys." "Hurry up some of that best brandy, Uncle, right off." "Surely, surely, I will." "Out of the black-bottle, uncle." "Surely, nothing else; surely not." Sam Keeler was an original. He had reached the shady side of fifty years, and yet he was a boy for a good genteel time. He was a very short man, awful fat and pussy; if anything, disagreeably so,—big face, large head, and very nosey-red as an onion at the end. The fat about his neck made it look like a net full of lemons, in form; and when he walked, his neck would shake at every motion. Everybody loved him—the students in particular; and they made his place their head-quarters. Then they loved him because he "trusted," and when "dead broke," he would hand over a loan, until they "heard from home." Calls of this nature were frequent, and as the old gentleman considered everybody honest in money affairs, because he was so himself, nobody went away with a refusal. He kept a little book on purpose for this, and eventually, the reader may, perhaps, have a pleasant time in perusing some of its extracts. Perhaps not, however. "Keep a secret, eh?" asked the old man, as he brought on the brandy, sugar, and water. "Certainly, Uncle Sam, certainly we can," replied Dan, the Vermonter. "Sure of it, eh?" he again quizzingly asked. "Just so, never fear, uncle." "Four of your College-fellows left here a few minutes ago. They are going on a water-mellon tour, an awful night's tramp." "How do you know?" "Lent 'em a big bag—ain't mistaken, for they told me all," said the old gentleman. Oysters were ordered, and soon disappeared. Indeed, the boys were very hungry. Cigars were called for, and by times, liquor suffered. Everything seemed safe, for Uncle Sam had "bolted and locked up the premises." "Then you think that Ogleish was one of 'em, eh?" inquired Dan. "Can't say—never knew names, when you come to that." This was one of Sam's keen replies. "But you expect them back here, to-night?" "Guess not," was the laconic reply. "Take another drink of that good old Santa Cruz, Uncle Keeler." "I think the party may call here on their return," said Sam, as they imbibed again. "Just so, very likely," and as Dan said this, he gave the North Carolina member a sly wink. "Had a good many good times in this big back room, I suppose?" asked the Alabamian. "Oceans of good times, yes, yes," and Keeler, who occupied his arm-chair, gave out of his long grunts. "Good deal of deviltry planned here, undoubtedly?" continued the Alabamian. "Wal, some, I should reckon." "Take another drink with us, uncle, for it won't hurt you," said Dan. He did so. "Well, I'm pretty sartin that the boys will come in when they come back along." "We hope so," said one. Presently, as the old man tipped again the glass decanter to add a little more Santa Cruz into his tumbler, he added: "I think they said they should stop." "Good!" whispered one. "I told you so," whispered another. "We will hang on and have some fun yet," added another one of the gang. It was amusing to look upon Keeler, as he sat there whiffing a cigar, with his feet upon one side of the table. Some people said that he took more comfort than any other man. Perhaps it was so. He had always enjoyed himself, and had remained a stiff old bachelor. Some called him "Uncle Sam," some "Clever Sam," some "Old Sam," some "Uncle Keeler," others "Fat Sam," and then "Bachelor Sam Keeler." Any of these nick-names he readily recognized. "Where are you fellows bound to-night, eh?" They laughed, but made no reply. "On some kind of deviltry, I'll bet; yes, some kind of a 'reform' has got to take place, afore you hounds sleep. Well, never mind, boys, if you don't tell me; but let me warn you to have your eyes open and look out about you."
"We will, uncle," replied Dan.

"Any hurry about going?" inquired the old chap.

Dan looked at his gold watch and then observed:

"Not until about ten o'clock, if you are willing that we should remain here, uncle."

"Sartilly, sartilly, gentlemen, stay as long as you please, as I can sit here and think about Napoleon Bonaparte, just as well as though I were in bed."

"What's up?" inquired Dan.

"Laughing at what my father told me just before I left home. He said to me, 'go and see old Sam Keeler, the old chap who talks everlastingly about Napoleon—how he admires him because he once said 'give me a big-nosed man—they are my choice,' for you'll find him a very jolly old fellow.' I promised, and did call, didn't I, uncle?"

"Tell us his name?" asked one, innocently.

"Wal, then, take a fresh cigar," and the President passed round the box.

"At another time," continued 'old fatty,' as he landed himself again into his great easy chair, "a lot of the boys felt as though they couldn't live unless they cut up, on that night, some kind of mischief. Wal, they goes and gets Bill Welchem's old one-eyed horse, and leads him into the main doorway of the College, and there, on the spot where swung the old bell rope. It was an awful dark kind of a night. This was about a quarter of a mile from the College, and a big piece of board roped up over her horns, on which was painted in big letters—

"'Pure Milk For Sale Here.'"

"Up rushes the old one, with silver-bondedspectacles in his hand, and when old Jones saw the fixings, he burst right out 'haw-hawing'—for to keep from laughing he couldn't. There stood the critter, all roped up as stony and as nice as was needed, while everybody within seemed to be sleeping.

"The Alabamian began to laugh at the old man's remark.

"I'll say one thing, however,—he's one of the biggest poli-

"Wal, I'm agreeable," said Keeler.

"This was an old and worn-out expression of his—an oft-repeated saying.

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"This remark pleased the old man, as he had a large "probo-

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"'I How your dad used to go it here,' observed Keeler, in his easy, agreeable tone. "I never shall forget him; he paid me lots of money, off and on, but that was a great many years ago. Say, boys, would you like to have me 'lay myself out' outselling you some old, rich and racy College scrapes, eh?"

All felt anxious that he should "spread himself." He was very politely asked to do so.

"Then I will boys."

"But what will you have to drink all round, before starting?" asked Jed of Tennessee.

"Brandy, of course, followed. After having done justice to the bottle, Uncle Sam returned twice, and began:

"'I hardly know where to commence, seeing how I know so many. Guess you never heard of 'Old Billings' cow, eh? Wal, then I'll tell you. One morning, old Professor Jones got up pretty early, and took a walk about town. He came paddling down about Yale College, but all was still enough thereabouts. This was about four o'clock in the morning. After the old one had taken a tramp all about the lower part of the town, he bolted home along the same old way, anxious, no doubt, to get home in time for his 'morning bits-

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"Uncle, let us all drink now, before proceeding any farther, interposed "Dan."
"Wal, I'm agreeable."
"That chap, the Maryland boy, was a great gal-hunter, a tremendous lady-killer," continued Keeler, as he sat licking the sugar out of his tumbler. "He was well acquainted with all the first ladies in town—took 'em to balls and parties, and sleighing. He got about fifteen gals on a string, at one time; and, lordy, what lots of letters and these little perfumed bill-joseys——"
"You mean billet-doux, Uncle Sam," interposed the Alabamian, with a smile.
"Yes, there's 'em; but it was an awful expensive job for him. I used to laugh when he sent home for money—and how the cunning fellow would soap his mother. One time he wrote her thus: 'Dear Mother,—I'm in a great speculation—must have two hundred dollars more.' He got it, and it wa'n't long before he comes in and says to me, "Spare fifty dollars, handy, Mr. Keeler?" And says I, "Of course." He sits right down then, and pens a letter home to this effect: 'Dear Mother,—Everything looks fine and encouraging—prospects are brightening, and I am in a great speculation; must have only two hundred dollars more.' Back came the money, and——"
"But allow me to interrupt you, Uncle," said Dan. "What was the speculation?"
"Guess."
"They all did, but to no purpose.
"Then, I'll tell you. He got acquainted with the Widow——'s only daughter, away up town, and as she was an awful rich heiress, his great speculation was—her."
"And how did he come out?"
"Got confounded," replied Keeler, "by a young Bostonian."
"And yet he spent a good deal of money in this speculation, Uncle?"
"Dan, he spent oceans of money. The gal made him think that he was a No. 1 in her heart and mind: made him come up and take tea with the family pretty often; rode out together in the old woman's fine carriage; used to send right to the College after him, to come immediately to her, as she had been confined to her bed for three days, merely because he had not called; and then, don't you think, he went one time on such an excuse, and found her playing at the piano, with an old lover of her's by the witch's side. This was the way she used to keep him in boiling hot water! Then he used to come in here, and tell me all, privately, and get my opinion what he ought to do next. She gave him, one time, a big lock of her hair to wear in the toe of his right boot, so many days, and so many nights, as she told him that there was a charm in it; and the fellow believed it, and did accordingly.
"But I must tell you about another time, when this Maryland gentleman played his cards awful nice. One dreadful cold night, he took a young gal out a sleighing, and they went off away out of town. Before they got back, it was the short hours of morning; and unfortunately they 'broke down,' and when they arrived back, it was impossible to wake up the gal's mother. The poor little gal was 'half froze,' at that; so he says, 'Go with me to my room, where I will build up a fire, so that you can get warm.' She did so, and he meant her no harm in the world, for he loved her. Says she, 'I'd rather do that than freeze to death in the cold air!' It seemed that the gal was part Dutch and part Yankee, for she wore squeezing shoes. The fellow had on one of these big fashionable cloaks; he took her up in his arms, and wrapped the cloak all about her when he came to the stairs. Going along stilly, who should he see ahead but one of the Professors, with a lantern in his hand, coming down stairs. It seemed he had been to still some noisy students. The fellow turns right about, and puts down, still keeping the little gal under the cloak; but the old Professor knew too much "'Hallo, there, young man—which way at this early hour of the morning?"
"'Just got back, sir; am going to carry a saddle home, sir, according to promise.'"
"'That will do, that will do, young man; but pull up the stirrups,' and saying this, the old Professor laughed lightly, and kept back."
"'You see,' continued Keeler, with a grin, "the gal's shoes and pantaloons were just sticking out under the end of the cloak.'"
"This story put the boys in high glee, and, of course, all hands had to drink on the strength of the "stirrups.'"
"The next morning, bright and early, over goes the fellow to old Jones's house, and there tells him all—explaining everything in a satisfactory way."
"After the old man had finished, Dan took the liberty of "spreading himself," by telling a few scrambles. After he had done, Keeler was at it again."
"This room has seen a good many big old times, and it's my candid opinion, there's been more deviltry concocted hereabouts, than in any other place about town. When the boys were out "sparking" of a Sunday night, and you had better believe there used to be some sparking—and didn't dare poke home to those college-rooms, they'd come here to my bedroom window, and after rapping, they'd come out, 'Uncle Sam.' So up I used to get and let 'em in. Sometimes there would be eight or ten, then again fifteen or twenty, of a night; and oh! what mighty adventures they used to get off as they laid sprawling about this room. I used to laugh by the hour. One would ask a chance what kind of success did he meet with—what time he took the last kiss; while another one would ask a friend, whether his gal was glad to see him; whether he took tea with the old folks, and what was his candid opinion about his success. Then somebody would begin to inquire about getting home to their own rooms, or who could say, that they had their lessons, while all felt pretty anxious to ake. There used to be a wag of a fellow at Yale, who went by the name of 'Easy Davy,' and I recollect the boys used to 'twit him about 'courting the widow's daughter.' I didn't know about the particulars; but after a dozen of 'em had told their love experiences here one night, 'Happy Davy,' as some called him, rapped on my window for admission. After I'd opened the door and let him in, the boys began to ask him how he left the 'widow's daughter.' He then began to 'blow,' and he told 'em that
he had taken his oath never to go there again; and when asked
how, the wag said:

"Because when I got ready to come away, just now—just after
two o'clock this morning, I found that the old widow, the gal's
mother, instead of going to bed, as she said, about ten o'clock in
the evening, had remained up; for as I passed out of the yard, she up's
with the window in the oVher part of the house, and yells out to me
—Davy, Davy, you must come up again soon, for my daughter will
want to see you again, surely."

As Reeler squealed this out, a la "Miss Nancy" style, it created a
general laughter.

"We must drink on the strength of that forwirth," said Harry.

"Wal, I'm agreeable," replied Reeler.

"Hark!" whispered one.

Several loud raps followed.

"By golly! them boys have come, by jingo!" observed Uncle
Sam, as he got up from out his easy chair.

"Open the side-door, Uncle—open quickly," roared out a voice
outside.

"Yi! hi! helo!" exclaimed the old fellow as he made for the
door.

On opening, in rushed three students—the three hailing south of
Mason and Dickson's line.

"Fasten your doors, Uncle!—what, are you here, boys?" cried
forth Ogleish.

"All in the family," said Dan.

"Uncle; see that the curtains are all down, right, if you please."

"All right, my boy!"

The three had landed upon the floor a large bag filled with water
melons.

"What success, boys?" inquired the old man, in an earnest way,
as one of three began untieing the bag.

"Capital, Uncle; just have seen one of the finest water-melons
ever raised in these parts. Just wait until I loosen this d—n rope
yarn, and then you can see for yourselves."

"Run clear of exposures, eh?" asked the old fellow, as he felt of
them, bag and all.

"All but dogs—"

"And steel traps," added another one of the three.

"That's the fact," added Dan.

"Look at Ogleish's pants, boots and hat—one ripped, another
torn, and the hat all tore in."

"And see Joe's coat, too."

"D—n the rope yarn!" said the fellow who was sweating away,
trying to untie it.

"A wal big feeling ones," said Dan, as he felt of bag and all.

"Gracious! ain't they?" added the Rhode Islander.

"Never mind our looks, gentlemen, for we have got one of the
greatest adventures to relate ever heard of. Ah! I've untied it, at

last. Now, Uncle, give us a lift here, and we'll show you the water
melons, 'as is water melons," said Ogleish.

At the time Ogleish was rolling about the floor, laughing away as
thought he would split his sides. He would eye the pumpkins for a
moment, then he would give a yell and a kick, and the way he would
roar out was a caution. Dan and his company were highly elated, but
the three victims looked green!

What's the matter with all of you? Fact, you all act as
though the devil were in you! Speak up, Ogleish."

"Yes, what the d—n are you all laughing at?" asked Joe.

"Why, my boy! they are big green pumpkins! They ain't water-
melons," said Reeler.

"Are they?" innocently asked one of them.

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried out the old man.

"What a d—n sill!" exclaimed Ogleish.

Here the whole party roared again.

"Then examine that," observed Reeler, after he had split one
with an ax.

"This is a pretty how-do-you-do," said one of the immortal three.

"But give us something to drink, mighty quick."

"Yes, we need something immediately," interposed Ogleish, who
looked "sheepish" enough.

"How did you make such a mistake? was it very dark?" asked
the old gentleman, with a smile.

"Very, Uncle. Oh, d—n the luck! I'll never hear the last of
this, I suppose. But I'll tell you all about it."

"But hold up," cried out Uncle Sam—

"Where on earth is Joggles? Didn't he go with you?"

"Yes, he's on the road some where."

"What, behind, yet?"

"Bring on the hot water, uncle, and then I'll tell you the whole
story," replied Ogleish, as he held tumbler and liquor in his hand.
This was a high scene of merriment.

"Northern, gentlemen, I'll tell you. Yesterday afternoon, I rode
out with a young lady, and as we were returning into town, I hap-
pened to observe a large field of water-melons, hard by a tract of
woods. The young lady said that they were water-melons and so

"That's as much as 'Lize knew."

"Thank you, Dan, it was not Miss Eliza."

"Miss Pump, then, I'll bet."

"Better call it Miss Pumpkin," added Harry, as he gazed upon
the nine pumpkins."

"Well, gentlemen, say what you please. I stopped the horse
and marked the course from the road with my pocket com-
pass, so as to be able to find them from a certain point at midnight; when we went after them. The distance was about three good miles from here. Would you call it so, Peter?

"Just about three miles, Ogleish." "Well, after we left your place, tonight, uncle, we hired Bill Jink's old horse and lumber wagon, on the slip. We were to walk out of town a piece, and he was to meet us with it. He did so, and then he came back. We four started off for the cruise. When we reached my old place were I took the course from the road with my pocket compass, we hitched the horse to a fence, and then started for the water-melon field. We struck it! "Ha! ha! ha!" roared for the company.

"There's four shillings gone," said he. "When we got them in the bag, and all tied up, we started for the road, but such travelling you never saw before. We had to wade through brooks, pass through swampy wet land, mud and ditches." "Should say so, by the looks of you three fellows," interrupted 'Dan.' "When we got the bag into the wagon, Joggles turned the old horse's head toward home, and off we came —"

"Who drove?" interrupted Sam. "We come along the road pretty fast for about a mile, when the horse stopped all of a sudden, and that too, at the foot of a long hill, when we were skimming over the ground at the rate of twelve miles the hour. The sudden stoppage turned 'Joggles' right on the old nag's back, and I went after him, while the other two fellows lay sprawling about the wagon. "But we all got out to see what was the matter, while 'Joggles' swore away like a pirate, that he'd smash two or three of his ribs. We found that the old horse was backing, and had no notion of going ahead, nowhere."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared forth the assembly, who felt in a very laughing mood. "Here's a pretty go," said Joggles. "We took him by the bits—we pulled, we coaxed, we pushed, all four of us doing our best; but it was of no use—he was balky as thumper, and wouldn't go ahead one inch. This was about half-past three o'clock this morning."

"No, no, half-past one," interposed one of his 'pumpkin' comrades. "Yes, half-past one, I should have said. Well, in about one hour's time, the horse took it into his head to start off in a hurry, so we four were obliged to get in, or to tumble in, as we could, fearing that if we stopped him for that purpose, the devil would stop for good. We came along for about half a mile under the jump, yes, at a smashing lick, up hill and down, and then there was no such thing as 'holding him in.' As we came down a hill, under a full head of steam, the wheels sometimes barely touch-

ing the ground, and the beast snorting ahead, he stops all of a sudden, and out goes Joggles sprawling." This made the company laugh. Ogleish told it in a very amusing way.

"There we were," he continued. "All of us began to swear, and yet that did no good, for we had to deal with an awful balky nag. After coaxing, patting, pushing and fretting, we all got into the wagon, and then waited patiently for a go. He finally went about forty rods, and then he took it into his head to stop. Here we were all standing once more."

"Finally, after he had fussed about for some time, we concluded that we had better take the bag on our shoulders, and foot it into town. Joggles, who is an ornament to our society, and a fellow who never yields, openly declared that he would have the best of the horse, anyhow; and so advised us three fellows, to come on ahead, and he would remain to get the horse and wagon home. So, this being understood, we three have backed this long heavy bag; and now to think that we Southerners have been 'taken in' by a lot of Northern pumpkins, for Carolina water-mellons!"

"Oh Lord," shouted out old Sam, who seemed to be full of laughter. "That's rich," said Dan. "These 'Joggles,' undoubtedly is still on the road?" asked Sam. "Somewhere: but give me some more brandy, uncle," said Ogleish.

"Immediately: Joggles will be here soon, then?"

"Can't tell about that; it will be just as the old horse says. If Jog takes it into his head to get the best of him, he'll wait there all night and all day, for you know he asks odds of nobody—in the Faculty in particular. He'll kill the horse, before he would yield." When Ogleish had concluded, uncle Sam, laughingly remarked—

"I guess boys, I can afford to open a new box of soggars on the strength of this night's tour."

"Ah, that's right, do."

"Well Jog was here; but all's right with him, for he took a flask of my brandy with him."

"Did he?"

"Yes, he did, Ogleish."

"There, 'I'll bet he's right!' by this time," said one of the circle. "Never mind, he's a 'tramp,' isn't he?"

"Yes, he's all that," rejoined Dan. One hour passed, but no Joggles had arrived. Daylight would soon dawn. Time passed, and yet he came not. They soon adjourned, save Dan and his clique, as business called them elsewhere.

Morning came, and the god of day rose from his nocturnal couch. Ogleish and his companions were at prayers in due time, but the immortal Joggles was missing. After prayers, they went to his room, but the bed had been undisturbed. Breakfast came, and yet Joggles' chair was vacant.

"What do you think has become of him?" asked Ogleish of his companion, Joe.
"Can't imagine."
"He must have got 'tight,' on the strength of that flask of brandy."
"Very likely; and then fell asleep. Nat has been down to Uncle Keefer's, but he said he had not seen him."
"Very strange, isn't it?" asked Ogleish.
"Perhaps he has got kicked to death by the horse," said Joe, with a half hidden smile.

Some little time after this, as a good number of students stood about the College discussing various matters, quite a racket was heard in the street, when, in a twinkling, there appeared the renowned Keeler's, but he said he had not seen him."

He turned suddenly and rushed the old horse into the large College lumber wagon making a roaring and buzzing noise. In a twinkling, the poor frightened horse dashed off down the street, with the four wheels of the wagon attached to him; while a score of voices yelled, "whoa!" "stop horse!"

"No bones broken!" cried out Joggles, as he picked himself up from amongst the stones and pumpkins, among which he had been so unceremoniously pitched. Had the poor fellow been killed outright, many of the students could not have desisted from laughing, as the scene was so grotesquely comical. Joggles was pretty "tight," and he looked as though he had had a hard seige of it.

"Where the d— have you been, eh?" inquired an "outsider."
"None of your bus-bus-business, you dilapidated Junior," said Joggles, as he began to "gather" himself up.

"Been taking a drive before breakfast?" mischievously asked another "youth."
"Shut up, you green Freshman," said Joggles with much force.

"Come, come, get to your room before any of the Faculty see you," whispered Ogleish, who took him by the arm.

"Hold up!" cried Jog., "who's afraid of the-the-the Faculty? Old Louisiana's son can look out for himself, yes sir-ree; sir, he-he can."

"But come on Joggles, and don't act so."
"Get out! Who's afraid, Ogleish; I ain't. Hasn't some one of the Faculty wrote to my mother that she must take me-me-me home, or else I must be ex-ex-ex-expelled? I'd like to see the whole batch of 'em undertake to force me away from this re-re-re-renowned and glo-glo-glorious institution—I would! Shall I obey-obey them, or-or or shall I obey my mother? That's the question, and a ques-ques-question it is on the square, and no mis-mis-mistake. She sent me here—she did, boys—yes, the old wo-wo-woman, my mother, forced me, her only dar-dar-darling son, to grad-grad-graduate here at "Old Yale," and ain't I going to? I'm thinking I will—I'm-I'm thinking I am. My mother gave me birth, and my du-du-du-du-duty to listen to her kind voice, and to——"

"Oh shut up your gab, Joggles, and come with me to your room," stoutly interposed Tim and Ogleish.

"But shant I, ain't it my du-du-du-du-duty to mind the old wo-wo-woman? Ain't it law and goe-goes-gospel, eh? Joggles was very "tight." They made out to get him to his room. It tickled the by-standers to hear him discuss the points above mentioned; for every one put him down as being the only really independent and fearless student among them all. "Ain't he a perfect brick?" asks one. "Joggles is a high old fellow," said another. "That fellow loves his mother," added a third one. "He does not care a d— for the Faculty," muttered forth a fourth one; while the people in general declared the "Louisiana boy" to be the greatest case out. And yet Joggles was a fine and brilliant scholar.

"This is a pretty affair now, isn't it?" said Ogleish, in a stout tone, soon after they reached his room.

"Don't begin to damn me now, old fel-fel-fellow, for I meant to get-get-get the best of that d—d old hoo-hoo-balky horse; and didn't I do it glo-glo-gloriously, eh?"

Both Ogleish and Tim were obliged to turn aside and smile.

"I want it dis-dis-dis distinctly understood, that Joggles never yields in no case. No-sir-ree, sir."

"Oh shut up, you gassing. Now where have you been ever since half past three o'clock this morning, eh?"

"Don't you know? instantly asked Joggles."

"Know? How should we?"

"Why, I've been waiting patiently for a d—d old balky horse to start."

Neither of them could desist from laughing outright.

"Oh, I've had one of the times, now, you'd better—better believe. When you get old Louisiana fairly star-star-started, boys, I'm a mod-mod-modern Brutus—a young Achilles—one of the infant Gladiators—one of the b'hoys—one of—of—"

"Tut, tut, tut," said Ogleish. "Why did you dare to come up here with the horse and wagon, and thus expose things in such a way?"

"Didn't I turn a short cor-cor-corner handsome, eh? Didn't Joggles do it del-del-delicately nice, eh?"

"Answer my question," said Ogleish, with a sober look.

"And didn't the old wag-wag-wagon take a pretty fair kind of a genteel rev-rev-revolution, eh?"

"Oh, curse the revolutions and upsets. Tell me why you imposed
reckoning that the old fel-fel-felluw would soon put off in a hurry, I fetched my brandy out of my flask. Then bed. "That scrape was a killing time, and no mistake. Now, I'll tell you all about it," said he, as he raised himself up. "After you follow, left me, I took a good horn of brandy out of my flask. Then I smoked; and when I'd smoked up the whole of the se-se-sugar, he was no go. I then took another horn—a light one—of brandy, to keep the morn-morn-morning chills off, you see—see: and then I sat, pa-pa-patiently whistling away, reckoning that the old fel-fel-felluw would soon put off in a hurry, every minute.

"Well, he didn't. I then got out, and went to filling the old lumber-wagon with stones off a wall, and after I'd got in a good load, he took it into his head to start—and he did. I jumped in. He went for about three times the length of the College, and then wouldn't go. I kicked, I pat-pat-patted, I whipped, I got upon his back, and I pushed—but it wasn't of any use at all. I looked over the wall, and 'spied a lot of water-water-melons, so I hove 'em back, and I pushed—but it was of no use at all. I looked over the window, and 'spied a lot of water-water-melons, so I hove 'em into the wag-wag-wagon."

Here both of his friends laughed heartily.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Go on—never mind now, for we will tell you all, soon."

"Well, after waiting for more than two good hours, he star-star started—and what a start! He came rushing ahead for a piece, and then stopped again. It was about eight o'clock this morning, or thereabouts, before he agreed to act decent; and after I got got-got him under good headway, off must go my hat—but I dared not stop, so I put whip, and rushed into town, as though the very devil was after me. So I came up here merely to dis-display myself, and what I?"

It was useless for his friends to undertake to keep in a sober mood. After he had explained all things, one of his friends did the same; whereupon Joggles became very wrathful when informed about the mistake—pumpkins vs. water melons. How the fellow did swear!

"Then see d— "Southerners' sold our selves, eh?" he cried out. "Green pumpkins for water melons, eh? That's the reason the old horse wouldn't go—he wouldn't draw such trash—daren't if he would! I see see see it all now-now-now, clear as mud—clear as mud-mud!"

Joggles was reposing.
The Georgia chap was at "his aunt's," and when asked where she resided, he replied that "she lived private." A Rhode-Islander was at "his uncle's," and he answered to a certain rejolinder, that in his mind it mattered not to the Faculty whereabouts "said uncle resided." Dan, when accosted, replied that he always made it a practice to tell the truth, and would therefore remark that he was "playing at cards with a sociable whist party, at the residence of the Hon. Mr. Brown." The Professor could make nothing out of Dan, so did not question farther. He looked hard toward Joggles, but knowing that it was next to an impossibility to make any boot toward Joggles, but knowing that it was next to an impossibility to make any boot out of Dan, so did not question farther. He looked hard toward Joggles, but knowing that it was next to an impossibility to make any boot out of such a wag, he passed by him. Many other innocent young gentlemen answered in about the same tone.

"Those who were engaged in stealing water-melons last night, will please rise!"

This bold demand of the Professor's was received with a shock of surprise. No one answered to the call.

"Those who were engaged in eating water-melons last night, after o'clock, will please rise!"

A perfect silence ensued. No one obeyed.

Thus proceeded the bold Professor, divulging from time to time, the whole occurrences of the night previous. After he had finished, a great number of students looked surprised, for before the examination they were ignorant of the facts. The Professor took great pains to inform them at large, that a "further investigation" would, perhaps, find out and bring to justice the guilty persons. No one was frightened, however.

As evening dawned, it was the general theme of discussion all over town. Some had their suspicions, others their doubts, while the general impression was that some of the "Yale College Students" could "unroll a tale." The venerable, grave-looking "Uncle Sam Keeler" would cock up his little blue eye, give the fat about his neck a shake with his right hand, and then "wonder who the d---I did them are cutting-up-didoes and scrapes?"

During some part of the evening, the "Philistine Society" held a secret meeting, every member being present. Other secret societies held a meeting at the same time, for the reason that the "late revelations" had caused a deal of indignant excitement in various channels, as the charges had been laid to many an "innocent duck." "Mr. President," said Nat. of South Carolina, and whose gods "Mr. President," said Nat. of South Carolina, and whose gods were pistols, handsome women, and good wine, "we are all aware of the existing state of things among the 'outsiders,' respecting the proceedings of last night. Something must be done to meet those aggravating charges which have been thrown into our face this day, in divers ways.

"Sir, it is hard work for me to command my feelings toward certain 'outsiders'; but as I am among Northerners, who 'love peace and the good things of life,' I have come to the conclusion to forget pistols, the use of bowie-knives, dirks, and sword-canes, and to aim my attacks on my antagonists with my pen."

"Good! good! You're able to do it, too. Read! read!" exclaimed several of his friends.

"Gentlemen, we are aware that some certain members of the

Senior and Junior Classes have taken it upon themselves to throw out insinuations respecting the doings of last evening. The Senior Class must be paid, sir, for their insolence—must be met face to face; for that 'dignified body' now anxiously looking ahead for the 'Honors,' for certain points of eminence and distinction, have taken it upon the stronghold of revenge and jealousy, to charge everything pointedly and openly' to the 'Philistine Society.' Who ever heard of such a bare-faced insult?"

"Sir, as a humble member of this joyful Society, I have taken the liberty of reversing everything, and of charging the entire plot to no one else than the Senior Class."

"Good! good!—decidedly rich," interposed a member.

"Go it, old South Carolina! you're able," yelled out "She-cargo. "Gentlemen, in doing so, I am merely fighting them with their own weapons, and exercising the privilege of a member of this Society by using the Lex Tallones, which, if I mistake not, is the primal principle of this association. And gentlemen, I have taken the liberty of using these very 'blowers' names who have dared to be so bold as to use ours; so bold as to say, publicly, that this Society knew everything concerning the affair. Is not this 'putting it on rather thick,' my friends? Shall we allow ourselves to be rode over in such a manner? Although I am myself a member of the Senior Class, Mr. President, and one who is looking sharply ahead for 'the honors,' as well as a few other anxious gents, yet those notorious chaps who have 'blowed,' must be met, and to do that, the Seniors at large must suffer the consequences, although we did the mischief."

"Gentlemen, with your permission, I will now read the hasty production:—

"WHO PAINTED COLONEL BLARE'S BEAST?"

"Who painted the Colonel's beast?"

"We did, the Seniors said, All answering to a head, We painted the Colonel's beast."

"Who painted his body?"

"I, says Fordon, After swigging brandy-toddy, I painted his body."

"Who mixed up the paint?"

"I, says Hen Rain, With the meekness of a saint, I mixed up the paint."

"Who procured the white lead?"

"I, said Joe Flickhead, Ere I retired to bed, I got the white lead."

"Who mixed in the soot?"

"I, said pompous little Moot, As I thought it would just suit, 'Twas I mixed the soot."

"Gentlemen, we are aware that some certain members of the
"Who caught him in the stable? I says Bainbridge—'tis no fable—
Being willing, stout and able,
I caught him in the stable.

"Who shaved off his tail? I says gallant Ned Hale,
Without heeding his wail,
I shaved off his tail.

"Who helped him up stairs? I says George Larke—
I'm a lark never hark—
I helped him up stairs.

"Who shaved off his mane? I says Hurl Burt,
Tho' my feelings it hurt,
I shaved off his mane.

"Who smeared on more stuff? I says Jack Yoseroo,
With Sam, Bill and Joe,
We smeared on more stuff.

"Who led him by the halter? I says Steve Gay,
In a cool, fearless way,
I held fast the halter.

"Who led him into the stall? I says Willie McBall,
Did on Hoxey, Coy and Moses call,
And we led him to his stall.

"Who hit him the last lick? I says Harry Baxter—
I, with a great big stick,
I hit him the last lick.

"What Senior staid away? Not one, they all say;
We all joined in the play—
There were none of us away."

After the recital of these few verses, they took so decidedly well,
that a motion was made, and unanimously carried, for a "second reading." He did so. Everything was satisfactory.

On the second evening after this, at a late hour, they were printed and posted in various parts of the city, much to the delight of some—much to the chagrin of others. The "returned insult" was highly commendable. The Senior's felt it—the effect was strong; and however ridiculous the imposition was looked upon and regarded, they could not very well overcome it. The blow was so mighty as to have a decided effect, for a short space of time, during which they remained in a state of perfect quiescence.

YALE COLLEGE "SCRAPES."

At a future meeting of the "Philistine Society," this same South Carolinian thought fit to "call out some little sympathy" for them, and therefore begged the indulgence of the meeting while he proceeded to "show up" the said sympathy. Nat. felt well on this occasion.

EPITAPH ON THE SENIOR CLASS.

Ye Muses, pour the pitying tear
For Seniors snatched away;
Oh, had they lived another year!
They had not died to-day.

How sad the bulls and goats appear,
And sympathetic sheep;
E'en pitying swing would drop a tear,
And for their brethren weep!

Be still! I see the mournful throng
Their obsequies forbid;
They still shall live—shall live as long
As ever dead men did.

This move, this publication, was a decided "smasher." The "Philistine Society" reigned triumphant. As for the other societies, their stock (of wit) was at a discount, and totally discountenanced by the brokers, who considered it below par, and not to be put on a parallel with that of the "Philistines." The clique was a powerful one.
L I B E R V I I.

Tom Johnson, the young eccentric clerk, sat beside a huge old pine table with a big chunk of white chalk in his hand, late one summer's afternoon, as Squire Binks entered the office. The queer-looking young devil, with hair hanging all over his eyes, dropped the chalk, and with both hands in his jacket pockets, left his seat, and presented himself before "old grayhead," as he called the Squire, to give an account of the "matter left in his hands," during Squire Binks' absence. He seemed to be about twelve years old.

"Well, Thomas, you may now give me an account of what's occurred since I went away this forenoon," remarked the old gentleman, after he had seated himself at his desk, and had arranged his papers. He was a dried-up little man, old and ugly in looks.

"Well, your honor," said the boy, still keeping both hands in his little blue jacket pockets. "Been chock full of business since you went off—had a good many callers—and guess you'd made as much as five dollars—perhaps ten—if you'd staid here. Old Randall called and took away that ere lease, your honor"—as five dollars—perhaps ten—if you'd staid here. Old Randall called and took away that ere lease, your honor"—and that's what he said, your honor.

"And he paid you money, of course?" interposed Squire Binks.

"No, your honor, for see ha, 'charge it,' and that's what he said, your honor.

"All right then—go ahead Thomas."

"Just after he went, in comes that ere tall fellow what's got the wide crape on his beaver, and told me to tell your honor that it was his old 'Water-melon Joe' who kept talking and then dropped the chalk, and with both hands in his jacket pockets, left his seat, and presented himself before "old grayhead," as he called the Squire, to give an account of the "matter left in his hands," during Squire Binks' absence. He seemed to be about twelve years old.

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"And he paid you money, of course?" interposed Squire Binks.

"No, your honor, for see ha, 'charge it,' and that's what he said, your honor.

"All right then—go ahead Thomas."
and says, 'Boys, how it lightens!' which made the old man laugh, so
the fellows ran for their lives, one leaving a pocket-handkerchief be-
hind him with his name on it.

"Clear case of conviction, then," interposed the Squire.

"Yes, that student is a goner, sure," replied the boy; "but your
honor, another one, left his jack-knife in a piece of water-melon,
and his name on it, too."

"No?"

"Yes, your honor."

"And the Judge said, that Joe, intended to 'bring them up' for
it, eh?" inquired Binks.

"Yes, sir, your honor."

"Ah, that's good—that will make business for me," and the
Squire rubbed his hands together.

"Let 'em off, 'spose, if they fork over pretty freely, your honor?
"Yes, your honor."

"And the Judge said, that foe, intended to 'bring them up' for
it, eh?"

"Yes, sir, your honor."

"Ah, that's good—that will make business for me," and the
Squire rubbed his hands together.

"Come and see me hung, I 'spose," as Tom called them.

"That will do, Thomas. Let me see," said he, "those students
are in a bad fix—very bad fix indeed; but
the law must take its
course."

"Guess you'd let 'em off for an 'X,' wouldn't you, your honor?
"Yes sir, I'll go to my tea," replied the cunning fellow, as he sub-
stituted the last reply for the former one.

"Can't imagine."

"Told her, your honor, that your daily business was to study the
law, not the Bible."

"Did you, Thomas?"

"And it made her rather worse and worse, your honor, but she
went right off, muttering to herself."

"And what had Mrs. Poll Johnson to say for herself, when she
called?"

"All was love, love, love, with her, your honor; and finding that
you was out again, for the hundredth time, almost, she turned round
and told me to ask your honor why the d—-I didn't stay in
your office more, instead of running about after single and married
women. Hope your honor won't feel affronted, cause how I told you
of it?" and Thomas Johnson pretended to look quite frightened, as
the Squire showed sudden signs of madness, when the youth revealed
the widow's message.

"Go home to your tea, Thomas—go, do you hear?" yelled out
the Squire.

"Yes sir."

"I'll fix the old she-devil. Ah won't I?" said the old gentleman
to himself.

"Yes sir," spoke up Tom, as he jumped up for his cap, hanging
beside a post.

"What's that you say?" he stoutly asked.

"Yes sir; I'll go to my tea," replied the cunning fellow, as he sub-
stituted the last reply for the former one.

He left the office in a smiling state.
L I B E R  V I I I.

We are told in the Holy Writ that "inexhaustible was the widow's pot of oil," and likewise inexhaustible seemeth "Yale College Scrapes"—and it is wonderful what an itching the great mass of mankind have to scrape an acquaintance with the frolics of the learned.

We might dwell for some time upon the sport and pleasure derived by the members of the "Philistine Society" who aspired to be the leading students in clevertry, as well as of their classes—who gloried to pass through many brilliant episodes—such as love-frolics, elopements, debating clubs, mock-murder trials, down to the more domestic tune of—

"Dance all night, till broad day-light, and be home at prayers in the morning."

We might "spin many a long yarn" respecting "College Scrapes" in general, purporting to have happened at Yale College, when in fact they actually occurred elsewhere; yet, as Madam Rumor is a contrary jade, the stories will be told.

The "Philistines" were great boys for rushing among a lot of horses, (no matter who might be proprietor,) choosing from the many the best for a "short drive" during "meeting hours," as they stood secured about the church of God. We might tell of the "test of speed" the narrow escapes which many met with, especially when "turning a short corner," how they used to change the hind wagon wheels, and place them on the forward axle; how linch-pins, seats and screws would be found somewhat changed and loosened; how the belly-girt attached to the harness would be strapped so tight as to cause the beast to fall down; how people would swear at one another, and then rose up out of his chair, and in an easy, jocund way, affectionate, and lengthy prayer," he rubbed his eyes for a short time, and then rose up out of his chair, and in an easy, jocund way, delivered the following prayer: "I..."

"Arrived!" exclaimed Tim, as he sprang from his chair.

"Clouched!" said Josh, blushingly.

"Done for!" added the third chap, with a deep blush.

The boys immediately "owned up," asked for forgiveness, offered to pay a tenfold price for the "damages incurred," shook hands, and then sat down and partook of a hearty dinner, although they felt "chicken-hearted," as they freely imposed upon the rights of Professor Smith and family.

Yes, Professor Smith was altogether too smart for them; for, as luck would have it, he was watching their "food play" on the night.

The committee went abroad to light upon their prey. The night was dark and stormy—the risk was great; yet Professor Smith's hench-roost was about to be robbed. Tim, of Ohio, (the fifteen cent chap), was boss of the company, and he felt this trust to a decided advantage.

"Here comes out old Smith by the neck," said Tim, as he handed over a rooster.

"Josh, of Maryland, rang his neck, and then handed him over to Sweeney, of Connecticut, who stowed him away in a long bag.

"Here's old Mrs. Smith," said Tim, as he presented an old hen. This created a laugh among the company.

"And here, in fact, is Miss Smith," presenting a young snapping hen.

After Tim had handed over several of the "family," and then stood "bettering fifteen cents," a noise was heard resembling footsteps, when they immediately hurried, leaving everything in the shape of "old Smith, old Mrs. Smith, and Miss Smith," behind them. They luckily reached their rooms in safety—but the escape was a narrow one.

On the next day, much to their astonishment, the three students received a very polite invitation to dine with "Professor Smith and family." Of course they cheerfully accepted, and were there in due time. The Professor was highly delighted to see them, so were Mrs. Smith and Miss Smith. It was Saturday. An hour's conversation in the parlor passed off very finely, before the hour of dining. The topics of conversation were upon various subjects.

At last, a few light sounds from a small bell brought them to the dinner table. But the sight! Chickens! chickens! In short, it seemed very strange to the Professor's guests, as they gazed down a large table where were to be seen some dozen fowls, or more, all of that species. The scene alone proved that the Smith family were "food living." After the venerable, grey-haired Professor had "offered up a kind, affectionate, and lengthy prayer," he rubbed his eyes for a short time, and then rose up out of his chair, and in an easy, jocund way, delivered the following prayer: "I..."

"Arrived!" said Tim, as he sprang from his chair.

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Yes, Professor Smith was altogether too smart for them; for, as luck would have it, he was watching their "food play" on the night.
in question; and after they took "French leave," he conveyed home the bag and its contents.

This story puts us forcibly in mind of another one. It is not about Professor Smith, but of Professor Jones. Both are, however, "in the family." The scene opens at the "Philistine Society," on one evening when they were holding a meeting.

"Gentlemen," said Steve, of Virginia, who was never satisfied unless mixed up in mischief and deviltry, "I rise merely to make a motion—one, gentlemen, which I am certain will meet with your hearty approval. But allow me to preface it with a few remarks.

"Gentlemen, we live and breathe at a happy and glorious juncture of time. We live in an age of improvement—at a period when reform meets reform upon all sides continually, and every day still continues to bring something new. Gentlemen, this is a great country, and we are wisely told that God sowed three kingdoms to find seed to plant the United States.

"Gentlemen," continued Steve, who, although but eighteen years of age, was an eloquent young speaker, "to make our country, and its institutions more perfect in those departments so essential, so requisite, and so important to the American people, our duty should be to study the powerful lesson of Reform. We should go in rapidly for a change, and as long as I have breath, Reform shall be my aim, for there is nothing like Progress.

"Gentlemen, allow me to ask you to look back upon the past—at least those who are tardy in helping the great cause of reform and progress. What a lesson for us! What a mighty field for observation!"

"Wonder what Steve is aiming at, eh?" interposed Tim, with a smile.

"Order, gentlemen," cried out the President, but he could hardly refrain from smiling.

"Gentlemen, as cities have arisen in splendor, the arts of civilization have also progressed as far into the wilderness as man has penetrated, while the boon of freedom carefully protects our rights. Around us peace and plenty smile; while industry, skill and power is more and more evinced upon all sides—"

"Plenty of seers, but the demijon is empty," observed She-cargo, as the speaker touched upon peace and plenty.

"Since man has visited the clouds of this diurnal sphere, gentlemen, explored the sublimity of the stars, more dazzling, more brilliant than earthly jewelry—"

"Guess he forgets Miss Holmes' diamond. bracat," interposed Bonner.

"Since man, gentlemen, has calculated the magnitude of the planets in their eternal rounds—ranged and surveyed deep into the spacious fields of countless wonders—many a new idea in the progress of the age in which we live has been brought into existence. Sir, Progress is a great word. The regions of space, the circuit of earth, and the canopy of heaven, man has considered; and notwithstanding this, he has traversed the earth's surface in almost every direction—upon the water and upon the land—"

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Jed, of Tennessee.

"Order, gentlemen," cried out the President.

"His powers, sir, have been indulged in every source," continued Steve, who seemed to feel perfectly at home, "and wherever we may look, we behold what reform has done. Is it not a glorious look, sir?"

"Oh, gads!" cried forth Roarer, with a laugh.

"Gentlemen, in defending my motion by a few remarks, I have thus far shown the great importance of reform, of progress, of experiment! The country is growing at an enormous rate, and the minds of the people are brought to bear and to act. It is our duty to help, on a small scale, to bring about these reforms. The bark canoe has given way to the plank, bouncing-stages for railroad cars—steam—while the boon of freedom carefully protects our rights."

"Gentlemen, as you, doubtless, observe the drift of my remarks by this time, my prayer is for Reform—Reform! And now, Mr. President, I move—"

"That Professor Jones' old covered carriage, which, judging from the fashion and display of taste, was built some little time after Noah's Ark, be removed from its present place to the interior of a certain tract of woods well known to every member of this Society, and thenceforth to exist not in the 'old age' to meet with a peaceful rest hereafter."

The speech and motion caused a deal of laughter, as they could not imagine, when he commenced his speech, where the fellow intended to bring out. Before Steve had fairly taken his seat, the motion was seconded and carried unanimously.

"When shall it be done, gentlemen?" gravely asked the President of the "Philistines."

"I move, Mr. President, that that very fine job be put-put-put through on-on-on—"

"Oh sit down, Joggles, you are too drunk to talk," spoke forth Dan, with a smile.

This created a smile all round.

"I move, Mr. President, that I have an important part to act in that—that that scrape," muttered odt Joggles again.

"Oh be seated, Jog," said Steve.

"No sir; I don't do-do do no such a thing, as I won't be overruled," replied Joggles, "I'm purely independent."

This scene was laughable enough.

Will the gentleman hailing from the respectable state of Louisiana, please be seated?" asked the President, in a very polite manner.

"Providing, the honorable mem-mem-mem-ber hailing from the virtuous state of Virginia, will agree to stand treat for liquor and se-se-se-seegars, down to old Keeler's?" replied Joggles, with a half-sleeping smile.

Of course, to get him down, Steve agreed to do so.

During the next evening, plans were laid to carry into effect the proposed scheme. At a certain hour of the night, some four of the students rushed forth with the Professor's old family carriage. They put it out of town, struck upon the main turnpike road, and then on for a distance of some two miles or more. Joggles was one of the four, but on this occasion, he happened to be pretty sober. Steve was the ring-leader.
What do you think 'old grey head' would say if he knew all?" asked Dan.

"Oh, he would be awful mad," was the reply.

"But isn't it right, now, aside from joking, that he should have a new carriage?" soberly inquired Steve, as they slowly walked along.

"Certainly it is. We must stow it far away in the woods."

"Well, I'm all right," added Steve.

On they went, up hill and down, with the old covered carriage.

"'Spose you'll treat to brandy-punches when we get back, eh?" asked Joggles of Steve.

"Yes," said he.

"Good, old boy," said Joggles, with a laugh.

After dragging the said vehicle from the pike into a huge tract of woods; through ditches and over mountains, stones and stumps, they left the "ark" beside a small stream of water.

"Yes, that would be going too far, for take things altogether, the woods; through ditches and over mountains, stones and stumps, they left the "ark" beside a small stream of water.

"What do you think 'old grey head' would say if he knew all?" asked another.

"I'm confounded dry," said Joggles, with a real liquor cough.

"No, no, gentlemen, for that would show a malicious design, and would be carrying the joke a little too far," remonstrated the ring-leader, as he sat resting upon a rock.

"No danger," replied Cnn, "for we are all together as chums.

"Then look for yourself, if you can see in the dark," and he gave Jim a slight punch in the ribs.

"No, I will not be bothered," said Dan.

"I hear footsteps." "Well?"

"Yes, exactly as we found it when we took it out of the Professor's yard," was the reply of "Jim of the Latin school.

"Blow me, if it ain't old Professor Jones," cried out Steve.

"What! A ghost voyage; and Steve, after this debate, was not quite so anxious to spout about "Reform." The retort was too severe.

"Then look for yourself, if you can see in the dark," and he gave Jim a slight punch in the ribs.

"No danger," replied Cnn, "for we are all together as chums.

"What devils we College chaps are, eh?" remarked "Jim, of the Latin School."
stand before them but Professor Jones himself, with a lantern in his hand. The boys trembled.

"Very fine—very fine, indeed, young gentlemen!" roared out the old fellow, as he raised his big hickory cane before them. "I think my carriage has to pass through many hard sieges from time to time. So, yes—you've placed it in a very conspicuous place here, it seems well. I'll go and—"

Before he proceeded any farther, Carl, who was as cunning a lad as any at Yale, walked up before him, cap in hand, and very politely asked if permission would be granted him "to explain everything?"

"Do it, sir, instantly!" roared out the Professor, in a blustering tone.

Carl was ready so to do, yet Carl was not to be frightened.

"Professor, knowing your great regard for the Planetary World—the planet Mars in particular—which you have given several highly interesting lectures upon of late, we came to the conclusion to present to you as a token of esteem and friendship—the chariot of Mars! Sir, behold it!" and Carl, with much dignity and earnestness, turned and pointed to the "old family carriage."

The wag was too much for Professor Jones; so he forgot himself, and laughed freely at the reply so keenly made. He placed his old tin lantern upon the plank platform, then extending his arms, he mildly said:

"Boys, give me your hands."

They immediately obeyed.

"Boys, we will forget this. Go and summon all who assisted you to get the carriage back—pack up the plank and boards—don't make too much noise—go then to your rooms, retire, and let this scene be entirely forgotten."

The Professor then left. Carl's wit had conquered him, and the idea of getting "expelled" vanished.

But we have one more story to relate ere we close this book. The "Philistines" held a special meeting one cold winter's night, to take into consideration the absolute necessity of removing a few of the merchants' signs—those which on a windy night moved, or, in other words, swayed back and forth on iron rods, making a very disagreeable creaking noise, and all for the want of "leger." As there were several of this kind, some of the members addressed anonymous notes to the merchants, demanding that they should stop the "quaking," or else the said signs would be "taken into custody." No attention was paid to the notices which had been sent, and the squeaking still continued.

At the next special meeting, the subject was brought up for discussion, and great was the time. After a deal of "gassing and blowing," by such members as Steve, Tim, Joggles, Roarer, Jed, She-cargo, Bloody, Ogleish, Nat, Josh, and Sweeney, the roaring Bonnor, of the State of New Jersey, brought the subject to a resolution.

"That the signs belonging to the said persons, whose names have already been mentioned, be 'arrested,' and brought to this place, and 'held in confinement till further notice.'"

This being the decision, it is needless to say that it was quickly put in force, and promptly carried through. Yes, on the very next morning after the above decision was made, eight merchants missed their signs. A great hubbub followed, yet no one knew the facts, among the "outsiders." Search was made. At last, up came the "victimized" merchants, with lawyers, friends, and even with the Trustees of the College. Several of the students feared that they had been betrayed.

"Where were those signs put, can you tell me?" asked one of the "Philistines" of another person.

"In the room of the Massachusetts' member," was the answer.

"And where is Dan, or Steere, or any of the leaders?"

"There also, or at least were a few minutes ago."

"Off he went like shot off a shovel."

"The very devil is to pay, gentlemen," he instantly said, as he gained admission.

"All understood long ago—and we are a little ahead of your time," said Ogleish, in a very cool way.

"But where are the signs?"

"Oh, don't be frightened; they are safely packed away in the bed there," said he, pointing that way.

"But they search beds and all?"

"We have it; but we will probably be too smart for them."

"I'll bet fifteen cents we are," interposed Tim.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if we were," added Joggles, who didn't seem to fear them.

"But they will surely detect us," still continued Caution.

"Are you sure of it?" asked Steve.

"But you dare not throw them out of the window!"

"That is so."

"You dare not remove them to another part of the College?"

"That is so."

"And you have not time to destroy them?"

"Even that is so," replied Steve.

"And yet you have them in this very room, and even in that very bed, you say?"

"We have."

"Then, how the d—d do you intend to evade suspicion, deter investigation?"

"You are not frightened—it can't be possible; for Pennsylvanians are generally pretty brave fellows," asked Steere, coolly.

"Far from that, my dear Steere; but what I wish and desire to do is to get the best of the Faculty and the viciss, who are now searching the rooms on the floor below us, and who will soon be upon us."

At this time a rap was heard at the door, and as the usual private sign was immediately given, the door opened, and in came Blower, of New York.

"D—n me! if this ain't a pretty how-do-you-do. But let us fight the whole batch of 'em, before they shall be allowed to come into this room!" said the blustering fellow, who did not generally make it a practice to have anything to say in the Society, unless there was a sign of a man or a fight.
Joggis made his debut in a powerful speech before the "Philistine Society." Unexpectedly, the gentleman had only imbued slightly, and was therefore sober on this occasion. Every member well knew his great abilities, but all were completely surprised, as he had always evinced rather of a torpid spirit on all former occasions.

"Mr. President," said he, in a grave tone, "immediately as I have failed to obtain the floor on several former occasions, when the attempt was made, I now take the liberty of returning my sincere thanks to all of you for the opportunity now presented to me. And rest assured, gentlemen, that the representative of the glorious State of Louisiana does it soberly!"

"Gentlemen, in making certain kinds of motions, legislators have always found it requisite, from the days of Demosthenes up to the oratorical scenes of Webster, to allow plain demonstrations to follow, or, in other words, to present agreeable illustrations, in such a manner as to convey to the ear of the observer the real purport of said motion in question; and, gentlemen, I shall follow the same rule, although all of you, even to a man, are ignorant of the motion about to be made—and looked at by him who now has the pleasure of addressing you, in what, perhaps, you may see fit to call " sober moments."

"Gentlemen, Napoleon was a great man. All admit it—all know it. But the victor of a hundred battles, gentlemen, made many a mistake during his life-time. The same can be said of Hannibal, who, once upon a time, vainly thought that the gates of Rome would open to him. In fact, Mr. President, all mankind are liable to mistakes—yea, our life is a life of mistakes, and every family is a history in itself, while every age has its own sorrows.

"But what I wish to speak of, gentlemen, concerns certain mistakes of all great men like Napoleon and Franklin, who openly declared that "six hours of sleep were enough for any man." Can it be possible that they meant it—Napoleon in particular, at a time even when he gazed for many a long day at the cloud-capped peaks of the Alps? Gentlemen, it may be true, but I take it upon myself to say that the agreeable realms of Morpheus are to me dear and lovely; in plain terms, that sleep is essential to the human family. I don't mean, gentlemen," continued Joggis, smilingly, "that "long, long sleep," but rather a little more than 'six hours of sleep.' But of late we have not had fairly that limited quantity, as our meetings have been held at a late hour; and now, the idea of following Napoleon's notions, especially when the mornings are as cold as Russia, Greenland, Ireland, or even the regions of the Alps itself, is presumption—"

"Wonder what Jog. is coming at?" said Steve, with a smile.

"Go it, old hoss!" yelled out Blower, of New York.

"Order, gentlemen," said the President.

"Haul up those long legs, Joggis, and stand straight!" exclaimed Josh.

"Lick 'em, Jog.—you're able," yelled out Blower, of New York.

"Order, I say, gentlemen," and the President rose from his chair.

"Mr. President, of late, the Faculty have taken it upon themselves to order us up at an uncommon early hour, during these cold, snowy mornings; and now, sir, as there are certain signs of an uncom-
mon ugly, sour morning,' the snow being already eighteen inches deep, on a level, I make the following motion:

"Hear, hear—read, read—listen," and all similar kinds of ejaculations, followed.

"That the tongue of the College bell be stolen on this very night, so that we may, once more, gain our natural sleep, do as—and perhaps a few hours over?"

This motion created an agreeable laughter throughout the entire circle.

"Good on your head, old fellow! I second that motion," yelled out Store.

"Capital idea, that," added another.

"D--- me, if Napoleon wasn't wrong, anyhow," blustered forth the New York member of the Society.

"Where the d--- Joggles was trying to get to, when he opened on Napoleon and his 'six hours of sleep,' I couldn't see, to save my life," observed Ogleish, with a laugh.

The motion was unanimously carried.

"Then you desire to have an important part in this tonguway scrape, you say?" asked the President.

"I do, sir," was Joggles' reply.

This created a laugh.

"And be enacted forthwith?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joggles. "I went to-day, and examined the bell, I continued, and found that the task would be very easy. In displaying, on this occasion, this monkey-wrench and chisel, together with the dark lantern," said he, holding up to view the articles, "you may consider me quite sanguine about this matter; and gentlemen, I am."

"You'll pass," said Dan.

"Yes, sir-cce! Joggles will pass, for he is a hound, and no mistake," rejoined She-cargo, of Michigan.

"I'll bet fifteen cents that he ain't nothing else," muttered out Tim, of Ohio, who felt a little "tight."

"If the Society sees fit to allow me to have Dan's company, I will go forthwith, and agree, (if I don't break my neck in making the ascent, to return here in one hour from now with the tongue of the bell in my possession."

"That's rather a toungey assertion, Joggles," observed the President, with a mischievous glance.

"But I'll do it, sir," replied Joggles, with a nod of his head.

"I'll bet fifteen cents, you will, too," said Tim; his remark, so common, causing a laugh.

The motion was agreed upon. Off went Joggles and Dan, the former with wrench and chisel in coat pocket, the latter with lantern in hand, and matches in his hat. Both were in their glee. It was an awful cold, snowy night.

They slipped slyly by the main entrance of the College, and thence marked their way to the belfry-stairs. Both ascended and easily reached the bell. The job was a cold one.

"Awful windy and cold up here, isn't it?" asked Joggles.

"Never mind, Dan, we'll take a stout horn of this '1818 brandy' out of my flask, before we go at it," and Jog. showed his companion the art of "imbibing long swallows."

"Good gracious! Do you always go so well armed?"

"Yes, even when I go to church, Sundays," replied Jog.

"You're a ticket, Joggles."

"Never mind about 'tickets' just now, Dan. Let's turn the old bell bottom side upwards."

"All right—go ahead."

"Rather a cold bell, eh?"

"Yes, a little frost-bitten Joggles."

"Hold snugly on to the tongue, old fellow, as we turn it up, and look out that she don't strike."

"All right—turn her up slow and sure."

After they had performed that part of the job, Joggles wrapped his cap, and then his pocket handkerchief, about the tongue of the bell, while Dan held the lantern down inside of it. Then Joggles went to work with instruments in hand. Soon he had parted the tongue from the bell, but as his hands were numbed with the cold, he accidentally let the tongue strike against the side of the bell. This was a bad hit.

"Hallo! that's a bad strike; but never mind, all safe, I guess," said Jog.

The wind was blowing a lively gale, and it was snowing very fast. Unfortunately, the Janitor heard it, and so did the members of the "Philistine Society," although they were quite a good distance from the College. They immediately laughed and applauded—and in Joggles' favor; it was a "decided hit:" for they immediately spoke in warm praise of his boldness and assurance.

About three minutes after the alarm, Joggles happened to look down through the scuttle-way, and who should he see but the Janitor, with a large lantern in his hand.

"Turn off the light of the lantern—quick!" whispered Jog. Dan obeyed.

"Now, then, slip over the back corner as quick as sight."

Dan obeyed accordingly. By this time Joggles, who had his wits about him, had reached the after part of the gangway-door. Soon the Janitor puts up his hand, feeling for a timber to place the lantern upon; when the second, he poked his head up, Joggles let him have it right in the back with the tongue of the bell.

" Bloody murder!" cried out the frightened Janitor, as he grabbed hold of the lantern, and made tracks for the ground.

"Follow on quickly, Dan; mind how you step, and all will be right."

Dan obeyed.

By this time Joggles, who had his wits about him, had reached the after part of the gangway-door. Soon the Janitor puts up his hand, feeling for a timber to place the lantern upon; when the second, he poked his head up, Joggles let him have it right in the back with the tongue of the bell.

"Hear, hear—read, read—listen," and all similar kinds of ejaculations, followed.

"Here's the tongue, Mr. President!" and he laid it upon his desk. A rich scene followed, especially in the brandy and segar line.

When morning came, each member slept soundly and sweetly.
Eight o'clock came and passed. At nine, no bell had done the "morning warning."
"What does all this mean?" inquired some member of the Faculty, as they questioned the frightened Janitor.
"Couldn't ring the bell, sir—wouldn't strike," was the reply.
"But have you not inspected the bell to find out the cause?"
"Dare not go up there!"
"What?"
"Heard the bell strike in the night, sir."
"What?"
"The very devil was up there, sir."
"How dare you make such an unwise assertion?" asked the Professor.
"Because I took the lantern and went up there."
"Exactly so; but go on," interposed the Professor; "and did you see him?"
"No, sir; but he struck me in the small of the back with one of his horns!" said the frightened Janitor.
When this excuse leaked out, the poor Janitor had to take it from all sources. It pleased the "Philistines" when they heard of the "devil's horns." Suffice it to say, the tongue was soon replaced.

The drowsy students were again roused from their sweet slumbers by the loud tongue of the bell.

It was very amusing to observe how the students longed for certain days to come, when the "Important Items of the Week" were due. Predictions went forth—discussions occurred, and even betting followed, concerning the next document of the above nature. And it is true that the inhabitants in general anxiously looked for the mysterious papers, as the first seven weekly numbers had made an exciting impression.

There was a deep and bitter hate against these "Items" among the Juniors and Freshmen—more so than between the Seniors and Sophomores, as the two former classes were represented in *propria persona* in so many ridiculous and recognizable characters and positions, as to excite jealousy among the "outsiders," who looked for the "weekly posthills" with as much anxiety as the Collegians themselves.

We have already given extracts from the "Items" which appeared from time to time, both for the purpose of exemplifying the latent talent contained in the "Philistine Society," and the power that may be exercised, and the interest created, by a series of *hits* in one direction, coming from an unknown quarter.

When the following "lines" appeared, they created quite a *furor* among the "classics." The "knowing ones" were well aware who would take them home." But read them:

**LINES**

*Respectfully dedicated to Dullane.*

Meridiana partibus,  
Adventavit asinus;  
Deformis et tardissimus,  
Juniori apsidissimus.  

Hec magis asperius!  
Unguis ingensibus!  
Asinus egregius!  
Asinorum dominus!  

Stultitiae, vincit omnes,  
Socios et fratres;  
Stupefacit semper patres,  
Prestitit long mentes.
As the Faculty demanded of every Junior an Essay, to be written and handed in at a certain time, we learn that the entire class have labored hard in preparing their compositions—seven students in particular. The young man who is becoming ‘bald-headed’ at the early and interesting age of nineteen, has discovered the reason why, of late, the said baldness has increased so rapidly—because he was at a loss for classic ideas; while preparing his essay, and so he very frequently (and it is natural) scratched his head, striving to obtain them, or at least to “wake ‘em up” by so doing.

Now to show how far this Junior succeeded, we take the unwarrantable liberty of presenting our ‘standing readers’ with an extract from his masterly composition. It is expected that the Faculty will welcome these extracts, and we hope nobody will ask the question—save this Junior, the author of the said extract. It is evident that a deal of “scratching” was essential, when we whisper the name of the subject into which he throws his soul. Read it slowly, for instruction:

'The Hippopotamus is an aquatic, non-ruminating quadrupedal, pachydermatous mammal, whose appellation is derived from horse, and , river; the primary and grammatical signification of which is a horse-river. His occupant is of a cubical form; his organs of vision are exceedingly diminutive in magnitude; the only capillary substance which vegetates on his corporeal orifices are a few flaments issuing from the utmost extremity of his abbreviated caudal appendage; and, not to mention the innumerable other peculiarities of his physical nature, his organ of odoriferousness is totally destitute of the horny protuberance which characterizes his bosom friend and constant companion, the Rhinoceros. This pachydermatous mammal being, as I expressed in a more elevated position, (i.e. above), an amphibious creature, enjoys the most excellent felicitousness, and constant companion, the Rhinoceros. This pachydermatous mammal being, as I expressed in a more elevated position, (i.e. above), an amphibious creature, enjoys the most excellent felicitousness, whilst submerged beneath that liquid fluid which circumambulates the surface of the terraqueous oblate spheroid which is the abode of Adam’s posterity.'

This occasioned a deal of talk and merriment among the students at large, and in less than twelve hours after its appearance, two-thirds of the Collegians were striving to repeat it. It was reported that several of the Professors laughed heartily over its construction—Brown in particular, who took the liberty of reading it to his wife (“dear Mrs. Brown”) no less than three times before breakfast. "Old Sam Keeler" undertook to read it, but backed out, fearing that he would “choke to death’ if he undertook to complete the critical task. Ogleish commenced then, but "Uncle Sam" advised him to take a long breath before he started.

The Junior Class became quite rebellious—at least certain members. This “Essay,” attributed to them, or at least one of their Class, was a “killer” to the entire clique. In other words, it was a sure “feeler.” The votes received the appellation of “Scratcher,” ever after that euphonious title was given him. Some declared that in writing his essay, it nearly upset his equilibrium long before he had completed it. He strove to gain a membership of the “Philistines,” but it was “no go,” as it was impossible to find out any one to introduce him, or give him any information about the secret order above named.

Before the excitement and indignation had finally died away, one of the Professors, who had “blown” a little too much respecting the “Philistines,” received a severe “blow” from some one. As he was subject to the “night-mare,” the reader will observe how his mind wandered abroad while under the influence of Morpheus. The following “dream” caused much laughter and ridicule among the social circles in which the gentleman moved as a magnet:

For the edification of ‘all hands, and the cook,’ we give below the last ‘exploring expedition’ of Professor’s wavering cranium. It has been hastily put together, yet it is readable.

Professor——will find it to his great advantage, hereafter, to mind his own affairs, and not meddle with those concerning the ‘Philistine Society.’ Should he see fit to undertake ‘to find out everything,’ as he has already declared, we say to him, ‘Go on, and see how far your discoveries will extend!’ We think that you will have to try for some time. But now for——

PROFESSOR——’s DREAM.

I.

In slumber at midnight Professor——lay, His bedside cracked loud at each turn that he made; But worn out with trying, his cares flew away, And he turned to Virginia, where once he had played.

II.

He dreamt of his wife, and his dear children, three, The loved one that waited his happy return; Through the wide open doors he looks, brimful of glee, And beholds the dear cause of his care and concern.

III.

Ove Zaccheariah he bends with looks of delight, The loved one that waited his heart’s deartot; And the lips of our hero in a sweet kiss unite, With those of young Abraham, whom his bosom holds dear.

IV.

What sound now calls back his wild, unquiet thoughts, And opens wide his wondering eye? In the entry just near, on the loud-sounding floor—

V.

He springs from his bedstead! he flies to the door! Expecting to find his dear wife—Alice; But turns back sorrowful and sad once more, To the mournful reality—he’s standing on ice!
"As a certain Freshman has taken it upon him to lay himself out, on several occasions—especially in 'love matters'—(while he is but a boy!) we think that a slight dose of satire will help him. Perhaps, after he has read this, or some of his friends have read it for him, he will take—it upon himself to denounce the 'Philistines' no more—in fact, to be a man, and not a fool, as he has played the boy long enough. These few lines are quite interesting—:

A boy, well known to college rate,
As being hindmost of a Freshman class;
Endowed with such a mind by cruel fate,
As to obtain the epithet—an ass!

Oh! ye celestial Muses! can you tell
What strange fear unarmed the lad?
Surely some demon round him threw a spell,
For Forman's witch they say did run him mad.

Now, oh! Diana! forth from Olympus run,
Arrayed in all thy queen-like splendor;
Hold in thy sweet embrace this foolish one,
And drive away fear by love so tender.

Quoth he—"By some sweet lady's side,
Having led her forth to tread a measure,
I've waltzed—I've danced till eventide,
Excelling all in graceful pleasure."

Lunatics, I've heard them say,
Are oft possessed with some queer notions,
But never till this luckless day,
Have I heard man boast of clumsy motions.

A boxer, too, of skill divine,
He wears a dagger by his side,
And everything of cowardly sign
He possesses—nor attempts to hide.

As the renowned and independent Joggles had taken it upon himself, at divers times and on divers occasions, to display publicly some of the beauties of "getting tight," several of the leading and influential members of the "Philistine Society" had come to a conclusion to expel him from the said circle, for the simple reason that they considered him no ornament to the Society. His past actions were the sole reasons for such a move.

At a full meeting of the "Philistines," Ogleish, in a very grave manner, obtained the floor, and at once, in the same grave tone, opened his battery upon the unfortunate young man.

"Mr. President," said he, "before adjourning, allow me to say that it becomes my duty, delicate as it may be considered, to cast some reflections upon the general conduct of one of the members of the 'Philistine Society.' I regret, sir, that such is my duty; yet, nevertheless, the defendant has one great satisfaction to give in return—a personal explanation."

"Who does the gentleman refer to?" interrupted She-cargo, with much earnestness.

Ogleish still stood erect, but he made no reply.

"Yes, that's the question," added Bouncer, of New York, who in turn acted as though he was the victim.

"Give us the charges, sir," cried out Johnson, of Delaware.

"Order, gentlemen, shouted the President.

"Who are these charges alleged against?" still demanded the Delawarian.

"Mr. President, have I the floor? asked Ogleish, in a serious way.

"You have, sir; please to proceed," was the response.

"Sirs, it is with a feeling of great hesitation that I pronounce the conduct and actions of Joggles, who seems to have fallen into the channels of intemperance, as disgraceful to our Society; and I regret that I am the chosen one, whose duty it is to ask, in plain terms, that the said member be expelled."

As Ogleish took his seat, some eight or more members sprang up, and demanded to be heard. Stove, of Virginia, happened to gain the floor first. He said—

"Mr. President, in seconding the motion, the defendant is well aware that I do it out of no ill-feeling towards him, but hoping that it may benefit him in the end, and more especially, our Society.

"My friend Joggles, is well aware why I second the motion. Our past conversation upon the subject now under consideration, assures
me that the gentleman understands the purport of the move. Although we are wisely told that each one has his fate already decided by nature when he is born, I do not believe that his mother ever gave him birth to become a devoted follower of Bacoche—in the end, a fallen victim to the intoxicating cup. No—far from it; yet the whiteness of the human heart, offensively, causes me to say—appearances are against him—that everybody loves my friend—that he is known to be a brilliant scholar, and a right-up-and-down A No. 1 kind of a fellow, is a living fact; yet the members of this Society—throwing overboard the Faculty and the public in general—know full well the dangers which surround him, and of an early grave that awaits him, should he still cling to the charming, yet damnable embraces of the god Bacoche. But I am glad that Joggles is here to speak for himself.

"And I'll bet fifteen cents he'll answer the charges," spitefully interrupted Jim, as Steve took his seat.

"Steve, you never drink, do you?" sarcastically inquired She's cargo.

"Not to excess," was the laconic reply.

At this time, Joggles had gained the floor, having remained quiet through the debate. Undoubtedly, he had expected the blow, and was ready to receive it. As he stood up before the Society, with about "three light horns" of brandy on board, he looked calm and sincere, but it was evident that "long-legs" had a "charge to discharge," a la Webster order. He spoke loud and stout, but very slow and deliberate—

"Sir, these are serious charges. Psyche blushed when the god advanced with a lamp to examine her beautiful person; but I was led to blush more deeply at something not so beautiful and touching an order, but rather at the shamefacedness of a person, even when proudly attired in the habiliments of fashion’s wand. Thank God, that although the human heart is one instrument, every heart has not the same chords!

Mr. President, certain charges must be met. I rise to rebut them. They have been anticipated, and I now consider it a duty to answer them. Let it be understood, however, that I can talk without any impediment of speech, and am therefore far from being 'tight.' Reflecting back to a certain period of time, Mr. President, I imagine myself among the cane-fields of the South; I am a high boy, and just the fellow to have a good drink—powerful smoker—constant cheer—be somebody. From that, I rushed by degrees into other vices, until everything got the upper hand of me—until I am now considered a 'good drinker—powerful smoker—constant chear; in fact, a high boy, and just the fellow to 'trav' with!"

"Thus, Mr. President, I have given you a condensed history of myself, since I landed where I never desired to. I do not blush before the public, because it is ideal, but I do before a friend, because he is human—for the reason that a friend is our confidant, and the public is a fiction; one has a name, the other is anonymous; one is human—for the reason that a friend is our confidant, and the public is a fiction; one has a name, the other is anonymous; one is invisible; in short, a friend is some one, but the public is a fiction. Thus, I blush before my friends, not that I care a d—-n for the public at large, but knowing them, I cannot desist from feeling somewhat abashed."

"And now, if it is the wish of this Society, I will withdraw my name from it, rather than be expelled. As it is, the honours are small. That I have grown too far on many occasions—especially on the morning of my pilgrimage within the college-yard with a bully horse, I know to be a fact, but I know it did it all, for it is well known that when I am somewhat drunk, Joggles is not himself—Joggles is altogether another person. But, without further remarks, I humbly submit the case into your hands.

Joggles deliberately took his seat amid cheers.

"Mr. President," yelled out Roarer of Kentucky, "it is not very often that I am allowed to address this Society, but after listening to so sensible a speech, full of beauties and overflowing with truth, I cannot refrain from saying that my friend Joggles is an injured man."
"Yes, and he can't go out of this Society, no how," interrupted Bouncer of New York.
"I'll bet fifteen cents he can't," added Tim.
"Order—order, gentlemen," cried the President.
"Take a vote, and that will decide it," said some one else.
After a deal of discussion, a vote was taken whether the member should be allowed to withdraw, and not be expelled.
No one voted for it, save Ogleish and Steve. Then followed an exciting time; when, endeavoring to plaster over the matter, Ogleish said that he would withdraw the motion.
"Smart young man, to wait until it was seconded, discussed upon, and then voted down—very," said Derby.
To be short, Joggles fell so finely over his popularity, that he got "awful tight" after the meeting adjourned, and had to be put to bed.
The enthusiasm was too much for him—saying nothing about cards and wine, down in Keeler's "big-back-room." Even after Dan got him to bed, he still repeated an old phrase of his—
"Dan, me—me—old—old friend, what's trumps, eh?"

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"DID you ever hear about the pigs what got into Professor Brown's garden?" asked "old Sam Keeler," as some dozen students sat in his "back-room" one cold November evening. "Well, thee, I must tell ye all about that time. It seems that the old man saw a lot of pigs in his garden on one Saturday afternoon, so he says to a lot of students who happened to be setting about, hard by, "Gentlemen, I wish you would catch those pigs—I will put them into the 'city pound,' and as you are all younger than myself, do try your luck, if you please.'
"Wal, they did try, but failed; cause how, the pigs were too spirited, and slipped away from 'em. Wal," went on the old man, in his easy way, "it wasn't long after, afore they got in again, and as it happened, the old Professor spotted 'em, so by chance he espied the very same gang of students, and says the old fellow again, "Rather of a singular coincidence, gentlemen, that I should find you together again when my garden is in the power of the same lot of pigs, but won't you be so kind as to offer your services again, and see if you can't catch the five?'
"Of course the boys assented at once, and away they went after the troublesome pigs, while Professor Brown passed into the College, on some kind of business. Wal now, you had better believe that them are chaps had a time of it," said "Fatty," laughingly, "for they chased and chased, and at last penned the pigs up in a corner.
"About three-quarters of an hour after this, Professor Brown made his appearance.
"Well, gentlemen, what success—did you catch the pigs?" he asked, as he came out about the place where the fellows sat conversing.
"Capital success," said one of 'em, with a big grin.
"Yes, sir, after a long battle we partly conquered," spoke up another one of the gang, giving a long sigh at the same time.
"But where are the pigs?" asked the old Professor, as he looked about him.
"Don't know, but here are their tails," and as the chap said this, he presented to Professor Brown the tail of each pig.
This tale created a jovial laugh, and as Uncle Sam completed this, he gave a hearty yell; then pinching with thumb and finger, the flesh about his neck, he gave it a good shake, adding on the strength of
the merriment, "Boys, what will ye drink? Come, I guess it's my
turn to treat this 'ere time."

It was not long before Keeler told about some students who took
it upon themselves to make a certain Professor leave off touting
about an old green umbrella, which was a custom of his, by day
and by night: how about twenty of them followed him one afternoon
through the public streets, each with an umbrella, the scene causing a
deal of fun to all observers, as everything moved and worked admira-
ably, for the reason that the old Professor never made it a practice
to look behind him when walking the streets, but always bolt ahead,
in deep study.

Among the many scrapes which the old gentleman told, he revealed a
"coffee-scene," which it is said, upon good authority, actually
occurred.

"I'll tell you that, seeing as how you never heard tell on it," said
old Sam, as the gang sat about the table, enjoying themselves,
and it caused quite a spewing time, now I tell you. One morning
when all hands were down at breakfast—and you know they gen-
erally raise the denece then, notwithstanding the steward, and his
enforcement of rules and regulations—old Joe Bangs, who was a
'hard chicken,' took it into his head to have a time among the whole
crowd while all the tables were full.

"Wal, Bangs goes down in the room, and snatching hold of his
chair, he gives a spring and plants both feet in
there, so he could view the whole lot of 'em, he bangs away with a
chair, he gives a spring and plants both feet in
the fur, Bangs yells out—

"Attention! Gentlemen, what are you drinking for breakfast,
aside from cold water?"

"Coffee," yelled out "forty-seven" of 'em.

"Gentlemen, are you sure of it?"

"They all sent back one loud yell of 'yes,' when Bangs jumps right
down, and after stooping to pick up something under the table, he
gives a spring back into the chair, and then held up on the end of
his cane, an old black hat that was completely wet, and even steeped
through; and as they all looked at it, as a hot vapor escaped from
the fur, Bangs yells out—

"No, gentlemen, you are partaking of a compound of 'old hat.'
Passing by the big kettle where our worthy steward makes his
'smoking hot coffee,' I took it into my head to look in, and as I did,
I saw this old hat floating about. Is your coffee agreeable, gentle-
men?"

"Don't you think that Bangs hadn't more than said it," continued
'Fatty,' as his hearers were laughing over it, before there was an
awful spewing among a big lot of the boys. Some were sick as
horses, while other chaps held right back and laughed as though
they'd die. It made a d—l of a mess, and of course it got the
steward mad, and Bangs was carried before the Faculty; yet he told
the truth, for the cook saw the old hat in the pot, and helped Bangs
in securing it. "Rather of a nasty drink, oh, boys?" asked Sam
Keeler, in a jocund way.

"Bah! I should say so," said Ogleish.

"I'll bet fifteen cents that I'd vomited in a hurry, if I had been
there," remarked Tim of Ohio, who was death on betting to the
amount of "fifteen cents," always, and nothing more—unless "a dime
and a half."

"Guess we had better all drink, before we talk any more about
old hat," said the immortal Joggles.

"Wal, I'm agreeable," replied the old man. "Pretty good Col-
lege story, eh?" he asked.

"Yes, Uncle Sam, that's a fact; rather of a French drink, eh?"

"Don't Joggles," said he with a smile.

"Can't help it, Uncle Keeler—must give vent to my expressions;
but here's luck," and Joggles poured down an article called "fourth
proof," as though he was considering it a common beverage.

"Isn't College life a great life, gentlemen?" asked Joggles, after
his "fourth proof" had disappeared.

"It certainly is," rejoined one of his companions.

"Every College and University in the whole world, has a hard
set of students—but my opinion is that Yale is none behind, eh?"

"and Joggles rather chuckled over the dating expression.

"Wal, it's always been sp~for years, and years, and years," spoke
up Sam Keeler. "Why, I might go on and tell you some of the
biggest kind of scrapes which have occurred hereabouts; but after
all, ain't it to be expected that when you put several hundred young
fellows together, under one roof, the devil will be to pay afore they
quit? 'Old Yale' has sent forth great and good men, in my day,
who, while they were at College, were raising the very deuce—just
there, as you fellows are. Lordy! how it makes me feel once in
a while, when I take a retrospect," and as Keeler brought this out,
he sighed, and giving the bunch of flash about his neck a severe
shake, the boys smiled freely at his various expressions.
Liberty XII.

It had been agreed upon by the members of the "Philistine Society," that every Freshman who undertook to show any amount of importance and pomposity on his arrival at Yale, should be duly "smoked out," notwithstanding the severity of all restrictions to the contrary. And this was to be put into execution by some of the clique.

"Gentlemen," said Derby of Florida, one evening while in convention, "there are two late arrivals at Yale—two young, green Freshmen—and they must be "smoked out" at once. One hails from the Blue state of Connecticut—the other from Delaware; and both of them, gentlemen, are exactly what we need in executing the order with dispatch and success.

"Mr. President, I now move that six persons be appointed to "smoke out" these two personages who, since their arrival, and that occurred some three days since, have been swelling themselves out like a bleached shirt on a windy day. For my part, I am willing to be one of the six, and run the risk of all the penalties if caught in flagrante delicto.

"Allow me to say, Mr. President, that I must certainly come in for one of the im-immortal six," and have an im-im-important part to do in that case, "stuttered forth Joggles, who as usual was more than half seas over.

"Sit down, Joggles—you will be all right for a job," said the President, with a smile.

"Then I'm sure of being con-con-considered one of em, eh!" asked Jog.

"Then I'll take my seat deliberately," and down he sat.

After a little discussion, six persons were appointed, viz:—

Derry, of Florida;
Joggles, of Louisiana;
She-Cargo, of Michigan;
Hanger, of New Hampshire;
Tom, of Ohio;
Pepper, of Maine,

Furnish the long pipes, tobacco, and matches. Derby, of Florida, was to introduce the matter to the Freshman, by introducing himself.

"Now then Gentlemen, if everything is in readiness, I will slip out of the room, go and knock at the Connecticut member's door. Let it be understood that after I have been in there for about ten minutes, two or three of you must come up and make an excuse for visiting him. Is it all understood?"

"All right, Derby," said Joggles, whose sobriety, on this occasion, was remarkable.

"Am I addressing Mr. Boggs, of Connecticut?" Derby quietly asked, as he rapped and presented himself.

"You are, sir," was the reply from a slim looking fellow of about eighteen, who looked as though he had come to College for the sole purpose of displaying himself.

"Excuse me, sir, for calling, although, I have never been introduced to you. I feel assured that it is no more than a duty, however, for certain reasons, well worthy of notice—"

"No excuse, sir, if you please—for I warmly welcome you," interrupted the young man.

"I took the liberty of throwing aside my usual studies, for the evening, and making it a point to call," continued Derby, as they exchanged cards, and passed the usual compliments.

This was enough.

"I congratulate you, sir, upon coming to this venerable seat of learning—a place so justly celebrated in the annals of history, and whence so many bright and shining stars have gone forth; for neither your parents nor yourself could have done better, in your selections. You see, "continued Derby, in his easy style," Yale College is so well known that its fame is matchless, and I am certain, that after you have become acquainted with the general body of students here, you will feel perfectly at home. Mr. Boggs, you will find a pretty hard set of boys, take us all together, yet we are a pretty fair gang, however—"

"Yes, but it's very natural to find rather gay circles here, I understand," interposed the innocent new Freshman.

"Very true, Mr. Boggs, very true. As there are a few technicalities which you may not be aware of, I thought I would call and point them out, so as to save you from being duped at given times, merely for the want of information."

"Thank you, sir. You are, indeed, very kind, and I shall highly esteem your good friendship, and consider you as one of my best friends. I am very ignorant in regard to your rules and usages here, but undoubtedly one can soon learn all the particulars." "Oh, yes," rejoined Derby, with a smile, "one can soon 'learn the ropes.' I was thinking of it this evening, that as other students came and told me, it was my duty to reciprocate—and that is why I called on you to perform a similar duty."

All was lovely enough. Derby went on "stuffing" the poor fellow in divers ways. He told him that he must get up at such an hour of the morning, year in and year out; then run two miles; then return and take a cold shower bath; after that, run round Yale College
three times without stopping to rest; black his own boots, draw his
own water, clean his room, make his bed, read two chapters in the
Bible; then peruse the "College Rules"—and all this before "Pray-
ers." Derby gave him to understand it was very essential that he
eat nothing but white bread and butter for breakfast, as he could
learn easier, and "keep back his appetite" for a good, healthy din-
nner! He proceeded to point out with great perspicuity the various
duties of a student, which he said were rather irksome at first, but
in a short time became quite easy and pleasant. "We contrive, here,"
said Derby, "to gain all kinds of exercise."

Here some one rapped.

"Ah, here are some chums—I said you would have callers," ob-
served Derby, as the door opened to receive Joggles, Hance and Tim.

"Then your mission here was to inform Mr. Boggs of the rules
and usages, it seems," said Tim to his chum.

"Yes; all right, gentlemen," said Derby.

"Ah! all is right, then. We have fine weather, Mr. Boggs.

"Very fine, indeed, sir."

Joggles had landed himself on the side of the bed.

"You will find this Yale College a great place, sir," said Jog.

"Yes, sir."

"Some of the bounders here, too, Mr. Boggs."

"It's very natural that there should be," was the reply.

"That's a fact," rejoined Joggles, with a nod of the head.

"Rather a hard Faculty to deal with, but then you must look
out for the odds," remarked Tim.

"And always go in for the odds, mind that," spoke up Joggles.

"One thing is certain—you certainly go in for them," observed
Hance, with a smile.

"I don't know how it is," said Joggles, as he suddenly placed his
hand to the side of his face, "but just as sure as I eat hot cakes for
supper, every Tuesday and Saturday nights, an old, confounded ro-
ten back tooth will begin to jump up and ache like the d—l."

This remark created a general laugh.

"How do you smoke?

"Go where, Joggles?"

"Why, to my room, Tim."

"But don't go."

"But, my dear fellow, I must get my pipe out, for that kills the
tooth-ache. Come," said Jog, "all hands go to my room, and let's
have a good smoke."

"Oh no, Jog."

"Then, if you are too confounded lazy, I'll bring pipes and tobacco
to you, provided Mr. Boggs has no objection," said the cunning
Joggles.

"Certainly, you can smoke here," replied the Freshman, in a meek
tone.

"But, do you smoke?" asked Tim.

"No, sir; I do not smoke; but it makes no difference on that ac-
count. You will please bring the implements."

"Very well, all is rightly understood then," observed Joggles.

"I've got a plenty of pipes, and a plenty of 'Mrs. Miller's,' in my
room."

This was enough; the curtain was lifted—the act a go, for a cer-
tainty. Back came Joggles, with a lot of long pipes, and with him
the remaining members, who had been appointed to assist.

"Couldn't help the intrusion, as Joggles said we must come in and
have a smoke," spoke up She-cargo, after he had received an intro-
duction.

"No, we couldn't help it, I assure you," added Pepper, of Maine.

"Glad to see you—happy to make your acquaintance," replied
Boggs.

After a short discussion, each of the six delegates held in their
hands a long pipe, filled with strong tobacco. The pipes were soon set
going, and the six worthies puffed away with all their energy. In
a short period of time, the small room in which they sat was filled with
a dense cloud of smoke, which had no possible vent, as both the door
and window were closed, owing to the severity of the weather, it
being in the month of November. The Freshman sat himself down
by the window.

"Better join us, Mr. Boggs, for here are other spare pipes," said
Joggles.

"Never smoke—beg to be excused," was his mild answer—and it
was meek enough.

They had placed over the end of their pipes a bit of paper, so as
to enable them to throw forth a large volume of smoke from the
bowl of their pipes, and puffed away with the gravity of Indian
chiefs.

"Hope the smoke has no effect upon you?" said Joggles, duch-
lily.

"Oh, no!" but it was very evident from his endeavor to supress
coughing, that he was almost stifled.

"Give me a good pipe, with one of these eighteen-inch stems, and
you may have all the segars," observed She-cargo, coolly.


"Great fun, this!" added Joggles.

The Freshman began to look very pale.

"Mustn't lisp this, Mr. Boggs; for, should the Faculty learn of us
smoking here, they would haul us over the coals, and you, too."

This remark fell from Tim's lips.

"No fear of that, for Connecticut people in general are no 'tell-
tales,' and—"

"Nothing will go from my lips, gentlemen," suddenly interrupted
Boggs, as Joggles spoke.

"All right, then."

"Do you intend to pass through a general and regular course,
while here, or do you take a partial course through College?"

"Sir?" he very meekly asked.

Hance repeated it.

"Par—par—partial course," said the "sickish" Freshman, who
had too much pride to own that he felt indisposed.

"Have you chosen any profession, out of the many?" asked Tim.
The room was now full of smoke—"so thick," said Jog, "that a fellow might cut it with a case knife."

Boggs began to sigh.

"Gentlemen, you must excuse me for telling you, but I'm sick—very sick," and he had no more than said it, before he began to vomit freely.

"Ah! well, here goes my pipe, if that's the case," said Tim, throwing it upon the floor, with a smash.

"And mine," said Ed Tim.

"And mine, too," added another one.

In fact, the six pipes were instantly smashed, for as soon as a student goods, and "owns up, man-fashion," that he is sick, then they who perpetrate the deed are perfectly satisfied. The custom of "smoking out" a raw one, is practised by the students in almost every public institution, and is intended to test the temper of the new comer. If he "takes it easy," or good humoredly "owns up," he passes the ordeal with edot; but should he prove sulky, they tax their ingenuity to plague him, till he surrenders. This "smoking out" is an ancient custom.

"That was well done, eh?" asked Joggles, as the sixth stepped into his room, after they had put the fellow in bed.

"Capitally well done," answered Tim.

"Old Connecticut is pretty middling sick, too, eh?" asked She-cargo, with a grin.

I'll bet fifteen cents that Boggs never forgets this night," observed Tim.

"He's awful sick, but he'll soon get better," said Pepper, rubbing his chin with his hand.

"Now then, gentlemen," observed Joggles, as he procured bottle and tumblers, "we'll all take a good glass of brandy."

"Yes, this will keep him well," said Pepper.

"Help yourself, Tim, for you're right there. In that remark. You'll find it good brandy, for 'medicinal purposes,' especially."

I believe you only keep it for 'medicinal purposes,' Joggles," asked Hance, with a smile.

"That's all." And then he buys it by the gallon," said Tim, who poured out a mighty big bumper.

"How long does a gallon last?" inquired She-cargo, as he poured out strongly.

"Well, that's according to how many help to drink it. If there are four quarters to a gallon, and all who drink should take as big a 'born' as you've got in your tumbler; why then, a gallon wouldn't more than go the round for a good drinking-clique."

Joggles remarked thus in a very agreeable manner.

"I don't think you should bring—by the looks of your tumbler," replied She-cargo.

"Oh, my! that's true," added Tim, after his attention had been called to the fact.

"What, at that! a tumbler one-third full of good, clear, six-dollar brandy? Why, it is one of my moderate drinks," and down Joggles poured it.

The scene was a fine one. There he stood, with a pistol in each hand, well aimed, and ready to carry into execution his sudden and very unexpected threat—while the six "Philistines" stood there with pipes in hand, and mouths wide open.

"I am not so d—d green as you take me to be; and although I come here as a Freshman, you can't ride over me, if I do hail from the little State of Delaware. Now go on, if you dare!"

"Yes, sir, you have," added Joggles.

"I hope it may prove so, gentlemen," said the saucy-looking Delawarean.

"You need not take the trouble of aiming those pistols this way," said Tim.

"Well," said Tim, "there is no other way to prove it, sir, than this," and here he threw his pipe upon the floor.

The other five did likewise, which, of course, caused a general smash, which ended in a good deal of smoke.

"Perhaps I was a little too fast, gentlemen, but as I had heard about 'smoking out Freshmen,' I came here prepared."

Saying this, he laid down his pistols.

"Yes, you are certainly laboring under a gross mistake," remarked Tim, who gave Joggles a sly wink.

"That is a very fine painting of Napoleon; for a small one, isn't it?" observed the renowned Joggles, as he pointed toward it.

This was merely a "smoke" of Joggles', for as soon as he got the party closely occupied in a critical examination of the painting, he stepped up to the table, and laid hold of both pistols. He then whispered to She-cargo, who immediately left the room. Cocking both pistols, and putting a fierce look upon his features, Joggles held them out before him ready for action.

"Now, then, for the other Freshman, who, it is said, hails from Delaware; what say you all, are you ready to 'smoke out' the airy gent?"

"Yes, sir—ree—sir," said Joggles.

"Have you plenty of pipes?"

"Well, I think I have," observed Jog., with a liquor grunt.

Off started Tim. He made the fellow's acquaintance by introducing, or, in other words, forcing himself upon him. After he had passed through a long sham conversation, the rest of the party, as usual, forced themselves into the room. As it happened, the chap hailed from a little State, and although he was a little fellow himself, he was afraid of nobody, and therefore could not be rode over. At least he said as much. He had resided too near the piratical and warlike borders of New-Jersey, to be frightened, or "taken in"—especially by any Yale College students. After he had allowed the gang to go about far enough, he jumps from his chair in a fit of sudden anger—springs for his trunk—opened it in a brief time, and takes out a brace of pistols. He turns, and then exclaims sanely—"The one who dares to smoke any more in my presence, is a dead man, by the Eternal gods!"

"Before him ready for action."

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"Mr. Delaware," said he, sarcastically, "you observe that I hold the pistols away. Perhaps I have got as much courage (at the present time) as you had when you held them in your possession; but if you doubt it, you can have a chance to test it, Mr. Delaware."

"What do you mean, sir?" he exclaimed hastily.

"How I tremble," said Joggles, in a very sarcastic twang.

"Answer me, sir!"

"Don’t know your name, so I call you Mr. Delaware. But not too fast, or you may get ‘Joggled’ over," said Joggles, with a smile.

"Look the door, and light those pipes," ordered Joggles.

"This is a fine, now, and in my room."

"Go on—but you are green. After you have been here a spell, perhaps, you will learn how to appreciate a good time. Light those pipes—six of ‘em, She-cargo, at least."

"All right, Joggles."

"Little Delaware, will you smoke with us?"

"Oh, be d-d!"

"Not too fast, or I’ll smash you," said Joggles, very coolly. "You don’t come from ‘down South’ far enough to frighten anybody."

"Why don’t you yell ‘bloody murder,’ eli, out of the window?"

"Don’t—I don’t smoke any more, gentlemen—don’t, for I am really very sick."

This was sufficient. They stopped; and after placing the victim in bed, they opened the window, and left him.

"Brought him to it—didn’t we—nicely?" asked Joggles, after they had reached his room.

"Now he hated it, though?"

"But it was no use for him. I think he will be a pretty decent fellow after this; but let’s drink, and then go to bed," said Joggles.

"Are you always so happy, Joggles?" asked Steve, as they stood drinking.

"Yes, sir—re—sir; mother says I always was, and of course, she knows."

"You set a deal of store by her, don’t you?"

"Well, I think I do; and, Tim, I tell you how it is, she’s about the best mother ever born in this world."

"Don’t you know why he says so, Tim?" asked Steve, who had just come into Joggles’ room from his own. "You see he is the only child of a very wealthy lady, and as she was desirous that her son should graduate at Yale, it was with great difficulty that he could prevail on him to come; and finally, she had to agree to give Joggles twelve hundred dollars spending-money per year, (one hundred dollars every month)—said from her regular College expenses."

"Well, what of that? Don’t I give to charitable societies I—don’t I give freely to the poor?" interrupted Joggles.

"Very true; but I guess the old lady didn’t think that you intended to get into the habit of getting ‘tight’ so often."

"Get out. You are drunk now."

"Who?"

"Why, you," said Joggles, pointing toward Steve.

"Yes, and when Joggles is ‘tight,’ how it makes him stutter, eh?"

"Hark!" said one.

"One of the Professors,” whispered another.

"Blow out the light," ordered the third.

And darkness followed. Professor—passed on. They escaped detection.

Morning came. The entire party were at prayers, save Mr. Boggs, of Connecticut. Joggles laughed in his sleeve when he cautiously observed the absence of Boggs. It was not long before each of the “six hounds” exchanged sly winks, for they had anticipated as much. The Professor in attendance prayed on quite fervently, and especially for the Lord to have mercy on all—the Freshman Class in particular. “Little Delaware” was present, but he looked very pale indeed—yes, as white as a sheet. He-eyed Joggles very closely, and his looks were stern; in fact, a little on the savage order. Joggles returned a smile for the scorn and hatred evinced by the new comer.
After prayers, the "six impostors" met together, and at once rushed for Boggs' room. She-cargo felt somewhat frightened—so did Tim; but as for the "immortal Joggles," he smiled pleasantly on their way, remarking, rather mischievously, that he hoped the poor verdant youth was alive.

They found Boggs, on gaining an entrance to his room, in rather a delicate state of health. He was in bed.

"Oh, gentlemen, I feel very sick—very faintish; have had a dreadful sick night of it—very sick, gentlemen," remarked the delicate youth, in a mournful tone, as they crowded about his bed, and made inquiries as to the cause of his indisposition.

"Well, you do look rather white," said Joggles; "but let me feel your pulse."

"Yes, just feel of his pulse, Jog," interposed She-cargo, with a sigh.

"How do you find it," asked Tim, as Joggles seated himself upon the side of the bed.

"Regular, at least—quite regular, I should say," was the reply.

"Oh, the smoke almost killed me—almost," muttered forth Boggs. "But I never drink Spirituous liquor, Mr. Joggles—"

"Well, you've got to learn, so you might as well introduce the custom first as last."

"Especially when your stomach is out of order, as it is this morning," added Tim, with one of his "affectionate looks."

She-cargo soon returned, with bed-clothes and brandy. Boggs was hustled out of bed, much against his wishes—and by the persuasive eloquence of the "immortal Joggles," induced to swallow a stout horn of brandy. The poor fellow looked chap-fallen enough, as he sat in a chair, sighing over his indisposition.

"There, that will do you good, Mr. Boggs—not only settle your stomach, but bring back old color in your face. There's nothing like a little good brandy, when a person feels a little out of sorts, particularly of a morning after a hard night's spree. I actually do think," continued on Joggles, in his easy, locund way, "that it has saved my life oceans of times, particularly in New Orleans."—

"There, he begins to look and act better already," interrupted She-cargo.

"Oh, yes, I know; and there are any quantity of live doctors, who are a d-d sight more ignorant than I am, after all," and Joggles brought this out rather in an important way.

"I must confess that I do feel better," remarked Boggs.

"Good," said Tim.

"Oh, I can never practice smoking in my life—never," sighed forth Boggs.

"Well, it's a bad practice any how," was Joggles' rejoinder.

"And if you should have added drinking, also," observed Tim.

"Perhaps," replied Jog.

At last they got poor Boggs dressed, his room put in complete order, and this they did themselves, for fear of exposure. Then came a long lecture in regard to keeping mum about the whole affair.

Boggs promised, like a man, "never to open his mouth" about the affair, let whatever might happen. This was sufficient, and each shook hands with him on the strength of the vow given. They planned a story for him, should any member of the Faculty question him in regard to his indisposition.

"Call it dizziness—bleeding at the nose," said Joggles.

"But I must not fib, gentlemen, although I must confess that I do feel rather confused in the head just now," and Boggs reeled to his chums—bit his underlip, and looking mischievously, remarked—

"Oh yes, I perceive it, and just have that story to tell, 'dizziness, and so forth,' and you won't fib, Mr. Boggs."

As Joggles made this remark, Boggs observed that he should
lock the door of his room, after they had taken their departure, and lay down on the bed.

"Oh no, oh no, Mr. Boggs, take exercise, eat lightly, and it will be much better for you."

"Certainly, certainly," added Tim.

"Of course," remarked Shego.

"But—but, don't you see, I can't walk straight, gentlemen," remarked Boggs, in a sorrowful tone of speech.

"Why, can't you?" spoke up Joggles, with a smile.

"I'm drunk—that brandy has done it all!"

Joggles was highly elated.

MONTHS passed. The "Philistine Society" continued to hold their secret meetings, from time to time, with great eclat.

Among all the private cliques, none prospered under so strict and vigilant rules, as did the above Society, for every move was systematic and profoundly secret. Other private cliques were jealous, but their jealousy amounted to nothing in the end. The great question to solve was in regard to the "Important Items of the Week," who were the main "wire-pullers"—who the guilty ones? Though a strict watch was kept, and every vigilance exercised to discover the perpetrators, in no one instance had the guilty parties been discovered.

The plans of the "Philistines" were so well laid, so resolutely carried out, and so closely screened from "outsiders," that they puzzled and mystified the Faculty, while the public attributed it to an "unholy alliance" with a certain "gentleman in black," whose residence is below stairs.

During all of this hubbub, the renowned "Philistines" continued on holding their meetings in a certain large room, pretty well up town—drinking good brandy from the favorite old five-gallon demijon, and smoking the best of segars, which said Society furnished.

That these "Philistines" were up to all manner of deviltry, we will not deny; yet their moves were such as came within the eye of the Law! As a general thing, the Juniors rule at colleges, universities, and institutions—and their youngest member is made the pet, or in other words, the toot of their clique, who is put on, while the others stand back and assist him. But here, in this case, there arose above them—yes, above the Seniors—an independent clique, made up from the several Societies, who at once took command themselves, leaving the Juniors far in the rear. And hence arose the disturbance—the jealousy, from every quarter, against the "Philistines."

While the Juniors could stoop to impose upon the Lecture Room, by placing hens, chickens, and roosters therein, on some dark night, the "Philistines" could have lots of fun by daylight, and right in the presence of students, by throwing torpedoes to wandering ducks, who would grab them in their beaks, causing, at once, an explosion, much to the delight of the observers. And while this was looked upon as innocent fun, the Juniors could raise pluck enough to throw candy down from the upper stories of the College to little children, who, the instant they all jumped "for a grab," would let fly a bucket.
of water upon them! This they called fun! By doing such tricks, the Juniors became very notorious, and rendered themselves liable to censure.

The "Philistines" never allowed themselves to stoop quite so low! If there was a newly arrived Freshman, who had got to be "smoked out," then they were ready to do "the agreeable" yet they would not throw red pepper upon a hot stove in a meeting-house, causing the entire assembly to rush out for their lives. This was done, however, by a clique of Juniors, who considered themselves smart! If there were any great and important subjects to be discussed before the Debating Society, the "Philistines" were always ready to conquer: If the students in general desired to have some kind of a classic procession, or a jovial party, or an excursion, the "Philistines" always worked their cards so as to have a commanding voice, or else it was suddenly overthrown. They did not make it a practice, as did a rival clique, of disturbing religious meetings—of "tripping up" persons in divers ways, when promenading along the streets at night—of hiring horses and carriages, and then to bid themselves of paying for the same, drag into town the marriages, and lead the horses, so as to prove that they were bally, when, in fact, a better beast never traveled! And yet a certain secret society who were eternally "blowing" about the "Philistines" pursued these paltry notions. Thus can the reader readily perceive that the "Philistines" stood ne plus ultra.

As the Juniors and Freshmen were about to make a "grand display," in the shape of "showing themselves up" at Commencement, the "Philistines" took it upon themselves to burlesque the regular Programme, in a manner best suited for the occasion, although some of the members belonged to the two respective classes—Juniors and Freshmen.

One evening it was read aloud to the members of the Society, Sweeney, of Connecticut, did the reading part. The formation of it was so good a burlesque that it pleased every member, and was at once unanimously adopted. Who wrote it—who was the author? were hard questions to answer, so several students got the credit of it. From all appearances, Nat, of South Carolina, and Joggles, of Louisiana, had a "finger in the pie," while it was quite evident that Dan, Steve, Roarer, and Ogleish had something to say about it. It was reported that the "still, sedate member," hailing from the "Old Bay State" did it, solo. At least, it was very evident that the hits and the euphonious appellations given, were so striking and characteristic as not to be mistaken.

In granting to Joggles a sight, it pleased him much, for he did not care who knew the truth concerning himself, that he generally contrived to be finely and happily "tight," day in and day out. As he considered himself some on Greek, it was expected that his delivery would be smooth, classic, and elegant, after he had "imbibed four drinks only!" ere he showed his long legs and noble phiz upon the stage.

We will now give a true copy of the Programme. They were posted all over town in a very mysterious manner, on one dark and stormy night, and created an amusing time among the mass.

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SERMONES SINE SENSU.

PROGRAMME OF THE EXERCISES OF THE JUNIOR AND FRESH COMMENCEMENT.

FORENOON.

MUSIC—Kader's Celebrated Whistling Tune.

1. LATIN SALUTATORY—JOE PNAS.

The audience will be furnished with translations by "Jim, of the Latin School."

2. ENGLISH SALUTATORY—DICK BANGS.

He will open by making a notorious remark of himself—

"Tis true my phiz is something odd; If you blame me, you blame my God."

Varied with the Dutch brogue.

MUSIC—Mein Fader Land.

3. MATHEMATICAL ORATION—SPLUEY.

This "promising young youth," wishing to make a "display" ere he returns home, will do his best to decipher out something.

4. BELLES LETTRES ORATION—SAM JENKS.

MUSIC—Baggs' Quicksafep.

5. RE-BELLES LETTRES ORATION—RED HAIR.

Oh! Red Hair, my boy, were it not for your gas, "All the world would combine" to vote you an ass; "And the rest of mankind," without any doubt, Would swear that they'd seen your long ears stick out. You walk around in a lion's skin, And think how nicely you take people in.

6. HISTORICAL ORATION—SNE-CANOO.

He will strive to show the great use of "Water and Land Appropriations." After he has gasped on that subject, he will discuss another important subject—"Africa and the Africans."

MUSIC—"Lively Dinah."

7. GREEK ORATION—Joggles.

It is expected that the "immortal Jog," will give the Greek subject "particular fits." He thinks that "four drinks" will put him
90 YALE COLLEGE "SCRAPES."

in talking order. Should the Faculty strive to "head him off" at any time, (he being confident that they are down on him) he will take the liberty of allowing something to "turn up"—not found at present in the hill.

8. HOME PROTECTIVE SYSTEM—Josh.
   Music—"Home, Sweet Home."

   This "Joe" will suddenly disappear, with a pun on his lips. It will be found essential to eye him closely.

   Dinner Solo—Junior Boggs.

   This will be so low that you can't hear it.

9. COLLOQUY—Muffin Jones, Ned Spooner, Jerry Hinch. (Decimus bursarius.)

   "Brandy for three."

10. ESSAY—HIPPOPOTAMUS—DOCK-EX.

   This remarkable Freshman will speak of the Ichthyosaurus, while explaining "dat other 'animal."' As he professes to know all about snorts of porpoises, teeth of crocodiles, tongues of ornithorhynchus, together with the three animal kingdoms—he will base all his knowledge on common snakes.

   "Not those that in Ilyrik changed
   Hermione and Cadmus, or the God
   In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
   Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline, was seen."

11. PHILOSOPHICAL ORATION—Bloody.

   Music—"I Dress Myself from Top to Toe," &c.

12. HOME INFLUENCE—Slider.

   "There's the mill that ground our yellow grain,
   Pond and river still serenely flowing;
   Cot, there nesting in the shaded lane,
   There's the gate on which I used to swing.
   With Mary Jane!"

UNPARALLELED DISCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH CUR-
RENCY—Young Neems.

On this spendthrift occasion, it is said that young Neems will recite the tables of "pounds, shillings, and pence," and dwell at length on their respective values and uses. But the audience will bear in mind that, as in the table, so in the speech, no sense (cents) will be made use of.

14. VISIBLE TEETH AN INDICATION OF GENIUS—Fox.

   And is it so, that now I am a Junior,
   I, who have just escaped the apron-strings;
   O Dignity! I now art thou here personified,
   And in thy full embodiment.
   It must be so, that each particular grace
   Doth, in completest harmony,
   Meet in my graceful form, and handsome face.

   Music—Duet on the Jaw-bones—By the Crowd.

   This will end the First Part. After "grub," the performances will "begin again." Several of the students are to be held in confinement, lest they get tight.

   ———

   AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

   Duet—"We will now pick our teeth."


   Music—"Oh, I'm too old to Sleep with Me."

17. COLLOQUY—Tom Pembrie, Ned Stacker, Rufie Smith. (Deodatis capitibus.)

   "Gin and sugar for one—
   Brandy and water for two."

   Music—"Here's to the good old times."

18. ESSAY—Hydropathy—Chuckles.

   Oh! how refreshed I feel,
   Through the whole live-long day;
   Let Sophs, and Juniors poll ahead
   Along their weary way;
   I'll take a shower-bath at noon,
   And so be fresh all day
   I'll keep refreshed from year to year,
   As long as I shall stay.

   Music—Opéra of "Robert la Diable."
19. MOUSTACHES—AN INDICATION OF MANLINESS.
Bob Boxy Mells.
A Freshman is a Freshman still,
Though he may splurge and eat great swells.
Then, oh! then, remember well,
"Pride must be pinched," Bob Boxy Mells.

20. ARISTOCRATIC NOTIONS.—JUNIOR BLIX.
A fool I am, and a fool I'll be—
No book can make me better,
I've learned to read, to dance and spree,
"But cannot write a letter."

21. FASHION.—(see advertisement)—Kit Boo.
Music.—"Beau of Baltimore."

22. ESSAY.—"What's your grade?"—New Jersey Jim.
Music.—"I'll never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown."

23. SELECT SPEECH.—(Excused on Account of Infancy.)
Music.—"What would Uncle Gabriel have said—if he'd spoken?"

24. DIGNITY OF SALUTATION.—(How are you fellows? what will you drink?)—New York Joe.

25. INFLEXIBILITY OF OPINION.—LEM. BRACE.
Lem. will endeavor to do justice to this stretching subject; and he is capable of doing it, for when he opens his big mouth, it will put one in mind of Boston Harbor: Mr. India Rubber stands no whar aside of Brace. Look out for Lem.

Music.—"Saw my leg right off."

26. THE JUNIOR RIGHTS.—Pepper.
"Oh! how rejoiced I feel that my kind kin,
Did interpose his high authority,
And with a voice more potent than his rash subscription,
Told me to do the writing—
So now my honors, and my honors are both unsullied."

27. DECAY OF MIND.—LITTLE, SAM.
No sceptre have I ever swayed,
My mind, alas! has fast decayed;
I once took honors as well as any,
But now I am behind Ralbany.
L I B E R  X I V.

The interior of the "big back room," as it was called in the days of the reign of the "Philistines," of old Sam Keeler's edifice, was a museum in itself. Its oak floor was always well sprinkled over with clean, white sand—dust and cobwebs were always well looked after; while the walls were variously ornamented with numerous handbills, reminiscences of sheriff's sales, departed canvases, highly colored and badly executed portraits of circus riders, in all manner of impossible attitudes; while here and there, straggling round, through and under this quantity of appendages we have mentioned, could be perceived the inevitable marks of a disagreement between the foundation of the building and mother earth—these aforementioned traces consisting of numerous cracks in the plastering.

To learn the young idea how to shoot, he had a good many targets (in the shape of spittoons) placed in various parts of the room; for, "Fatty" was a very particular person, as it concerned neatness and cleanliness. In the winter time, he burned sticks of oak and walnut wood, cut eight feet in length, and the back logs generally averaged the size of common mail kgs. By the side of this large—yes, mammoth fireplace—in fact, right in front of it—"Fatty" would sit himself down in his big, easy chair; and he was so large, so thick-set, as to check the heat from coming out into the room to any agreeable degree. In cold weather, he was a nuisance.

Old Sam was a devoted lover of Napoleon Bonaparte. It will need no proof, when it is here remarked that the picture of that great man hung upon the sides of his renowned room—four poorly executed pictures, poorly framed, and showing the signs of age and withered looks, in all manner of ways. "There's a man as was a man!" was Keeler's great expression, whenever his eyes rested upon either of the pictures; for he considered Napoleon in the same light as a horse-jockey does his favorite nag—as being "soon on a long heat.

There were other cheap pictures hanging about the sides of the room—pictures of Washington, Franklin, Perry's Victories on Lake Erie, the Battle of Lexington, General Jackson, and various others. Keeler had a good deal to say about "Old Hickory," especially the scene that occurred between "I and the General," once upon a time, when Sam bolted on to Washington, to "catch a peep at him," hoping to become more inspired in the true teachings of "Jackson principles," whereupon, the General invited Sam to "take a smoke" with him, because he presented him an elegant hickory cane. It is sup-

posed that he has told this circumstance for the ten thousandth time, and still glories in repeating it daily and nightly. "He declares that when he felt "kindler seriously," he always made it a practice to pray, on retiring to his couch—and he always remembered to "put in a word for the future glorification of Napoleon Bonaparte and Andrew Jackson." And this he would tell in as grave a manner as an old woman would a ghost story, at the midnight hour. He used to say to the College boys—

"I can't help it, boys, and you shouldn't laugh, nor consider Keeler as committing a wicked deed, when I say, that I oftentimes pray on going to bed. Every man has his own follies, peculiarities, whimsicalities, nervous twiddlings, ups and downs—and I, for one, am pestered with all such kinds of bad feelings. Sometimes I cry like a child for I fear I'll choke to death one of these nights, when asleep; as I get to dreaming so awfully, and I generally imagine myself looking on one of Napoleon's battle-fields—and then I jump out of a fast sleep, breathing very short, excitably as a mad bull, tearing sometimes, sheets, bed-quilts, pillow-cases, and my shirt. I tell you how it is," continued "Fatty," "this era monstrous bag of extra flesh what hangs down under my chin, and threat so alarmingly, worries me almost to the eve of death itself. My dreams are generally like a woman in bad temper—all out of sorts.

It used to be exceedingly amusing to hear the old one explain his symptoms—get into a state of high hysterical excitement—when he invariably took hold of the extra bag of flesh about his chin, shaking it back and forth as one would Tuttle's baby-jumper. It was amusing to hear him sing a song—Betsey Baker, in particular—for when he touched upon the chorus, he would always be obliged (out of necessity) to take hold with his hand of this monstrous quantity of outside flesh, and twitch it to and fro in such a way as to "turn the tune," in other words, "get the right pitch," as he expounded it, in his own language. A more comical sight no man would ask to see. This deformity hurt the old man's looks. He used to swear that if the bag of flesh could be cut from his chin and throw it back, forth as one would Tuttle's baby-jumper, "it would weigh thirty-five pounds." Perhaps he got the weight a little too mighty.

Joggles used to get him vexed quite often by his low blackguardism, such as asking why he did not go from city to city, and exhibit himself as the man who carried his food under his chin—his daily sustenance; then the mischievous fellow would ask, in wonderment, what Keeler would do if one of his mammoth chaws of tobacco—and they averaged almost a half plug, (eight to the pound)—should happen to slip beyond his mouth, down into the pit of the interior of this pouch of extra outside flesh. This would cause, Uncle Sam to get a little riled, but he dared not reprimand Joggles, for he would only go on the more. Jog used to catch hold of the bag of flesh, giving it a shake, and playing the deuce with the old gentleman—for he was the old man's pet.

Keeler had not only a large, but a very long nose; in fact, his proboscis was of great growth. One of the main reasons why he loved Napoleon at such a rate was because Bonaparte declared—

"Give me the man who has a big nose." Keeler used to boast and ex-
Now, you have 'sufficient confidence to address us ly assured lue~ypn debver hairs of your head prove it. '~our intelle4tual faculties are large, man who, has see~~ much ~f the experience~ of life. Even the grey was 'battled upop all~sides, Joggles, as he stood with his crowd aboutu' him. Bible, Woman, 4nd Napoleon,' the middle 6ne, in particular spre Ld tol~ahhy out of the quesl~ion. teased, fauly t~ntahzing him in s~ nu~ny ways, that a" back out" was devils" pared foi his fiicnds a "good old tashioned oyster ~upper,~ such as "Fatty" 4jways pre- vember evenin.? after the said clique had partaken of the luxuries of three above named subjeets~the same to -.- " ma& by the venerable "blower. ~n4 yenr l~pn~p o~ comprehen~ien l~l~wise~ We would be pleased to exelainitrd: barefaced hatred t6womankiiid"iii ~enera~ because he was crossed flesh to turn as red ~s tin oriionj-made it a ludicrous scene. s~sh.-'--tbe rush of blood ~o the head, 'causing his' face and the bag of disposition up toa high pitch.. This would always please the crowd of tdnch upon the subject of women and "marriage, just to get Keeler's sta~t~ed, as he actually seemed to hate wom~initind general. ~bg- th~ ladies ~ .And~ this waa enough to ge't the old man fairly d~hedts of inatters a~nd things i~~en~ral. im 'ha~p~4 I don't want any better com~an3*.' and the boo'k what's got thegiprioris life of 'NaP~leon in it, and 'then fellow ~6i~ld strut largely when repeating it. terl~ hir~dy on this sentiment, 'addin~

"Uncle," said~tlie'cupping 'Ogleisim, in a ~erious tone, "you are a

"Yrs, Uncle sam, come,, show yourself, a man; come out,, and

"Just you set yourself down, and I will give you my views of the case, "in extenso,' will you?"

"No, no," said Dan.

"Uncle," said the cunning Ogleish, in a serious tone, "you are a man who has seen much of the experiences of life. Even the grey hairs of your head prove it. Your intellectual faculties are large, and your bump of comprehension likewise. We would be pleased to hear you deliver a lecture upon three subjects, of which you have read, and discoursed for years dye~rs. I, for, one, feel ful- ly assured, that you are the man to do ample justice to such a task. Now, you have sufficient confidence to address us extemporaneously.

- Uncle, we will have it advertised in the papers, paraded about the streets in big-lettered posters, have every minister in town read the notice of the lecture, and we will pay the expenses. It is in you, and no man is more able to do the thing up brokes, than Samuel Keeler, Esq. What do you say, sir?" asked the "immortal jog- gles," with a pompous air.

"Wal, I say got out with your soft-soaping—that's what I say," and he gave the bag of flesh another mighty shake with his thumb and finger.

"But only think what a breeze you might raise Uncle Sam,"—

"Oh, several hundred dollars," rejoined Steve.

"Yes, all the inhabitants at large," rejoined Ogleish.

"Uncle, I feel very much interested, and I say you must be har- nessed into the traces."

"Uncle, we will have it advertised in tjre papers, paraded about

"Yes, we can, all of that," added Ogleish.

"Oh, you fellows have made me half price," quickly observed Ogleish.

"Yes, all the inhabitants at large," rejoined Ogleish.

"There, there, that will do ; stop, all of you, for you talk like a pack of devilish fools, you do—I'll be d-d of you don't," and the old chap sprung from the easy chair, whirled round upon his pegs, and began to walk the floor, causing the whole building to shake off the centre to its foundation. "Look a'here now, is that for argument or insult ~ yelled Keeler."

"Oh stop, Joggles, and don't teaze me so."

"But only think what a breeze you might raise Uncle Sam,"—


"Wal, I say

"Oh, no Aint, for I would confabulate my ideas all up in a mess, perhaps excite myself so much as to choke to death on the strength of it," interrupted Old Sam, with much vehemence.

The boys saw that they had him under their thumb, or, to use a more modern expression, on the string; so they poured "flat-iron tales" into his ears, until they almost set him crazy.

"We will have all New Haven after you, even sucking babies, and nervous old maids," observed Joggles. "If you will but agree to go into some public hall, and spread the feelings of your heart in re- gard to the three great subjects—"

"Uncle, we will have it advertised in the papers, paraded about the streets in big-lettered posters, have every minister in town read the notice of the lecture, and we will pay the expenses. It is in you, and no man is more able to do the thing up brokes, than Samuel Keeler, Esq. What do you say, sir?" asked the "immortal jog- gles," with a pompous air.

"Wal, I say got out with your soft-soaping—that's what I say," and he gave the bag of flesh another mighty shake with his thumb and finger. "But only think what a breeze you might raise Uncle Sam,"—

"Oh, several hundred dollars," rejoined Steve.

"Yes, all the inhabitants at large," rejoined Ogleish.

"Uncle, I feel very much interested, and I say you must be har- nessed into the traces."

"Well, I guess I won't do anything of the kind, come now, so what's the use to teaze, teaze, teaze," and again the bag of flesh received another excitable shake

"But Uncle, my dear fellow, we can make lots of 'pin-money' out of the speculation—"

"Yes, we can, all of that," added Ogleish.

"Oh, several hundred dollars," rejoined Steve.

"Five hundred dollars, 'I'll bet," spoke up Dan.

"There, there, that will do ; stop, all of you, for you talk like a pack of devilish fools, you do—I'll be d-d of you don't," and the old chap sprung from the easy chair, whirled round upon his pegs, and began to walk the floor, causing the whole building to shake off the centre to its foundation. "Look a'here now, Joggles, you devil you, do you and the rest of your hounds want to put me up for a show? Is this the game you fellows are driving at?"

"Don't get excited, Uncle Sam," muttered Joggles.

"No, no," said Dan.

"Just you set yourself down, and I will give you my views of the case, "in extenso,' will you?"

"No, Joggles, I can't sit down, for you fellows have made me awful nervous."

"Uncle," said the cunning Ogleish, in a serious tone, "you are a man who has seen much of the experiences of life. Even the grey hairs of your head prove it. Your intellectual faculties are large, and your bump of comprehension likewise. We would be pleased to hear you deliver a lecture upon three subjects, of which you have read, and discoursed for years dye~rs. I, for, one, feel ful- ly assured, that you are the man to do ample justice to such a task. Now, you have sufficient confidence to address us extemporaneously.
"Why, gentlemen," roared out Joggles, "Uncle Sam would draw better than any caravan or traveling show company ever could boast of in this religious city. The fact is, we would want two or three halls to hold the vast concourse of people!"

"Yes sir," interrupted Dan, with a nod of assurance.

"Go on, go on; that's it—blow away—blow ahead," exclaimed the old man, as he stopped pacing the floor, raising both hands furiously.

The scene was a jovial one. Joggles & Co. were in their glory.

The boys teased him for a full hour after the enactment of the above several scenes. Keeler became so exasperated as to swear maliciously of his own make, which vanished, not as man's food generally disappears, but were rushed into his mouth, in huge chunks, by muscular force, like logs pitching over a cataract of the Ganges. He snored like the distant rumble of chain-lightning playing ten'pins

"No, sir; there you mistake my intellectual faculties, for I always spend right out from the heart, and that too without any notes at all. I'm off-hand, right ahead; and I don't know but what I may be spout right out from the heart, and that too without any notes at all."

"Have you the 'letter of invite' with you?" interrupted Joggles, giving his 'chums a sly wink.

"Yes, I stuck it away in among the leaves of my old Morocco-bound Bible; but I'll give you a peep at it." And "Fatty" brought forth the document.

"Now, then, boys, just keep easy, and I'll read the contents to you," said Uncle Sam, as he struttéd about the room with letter in hand.

It was as much as Joggles & Co. could possibly do to refrain from laughing in the old man's face; and, doubtless, it was well Keeler was ignorant of one fact—that these very "College devils" were at the bottom of the whole transaction, having gained permission to use the names of "Joe Crumble, Ned Wishrap, and Sim Gouger"—three very respectable farmers, who seemed to have a deal to say about things to be done, and things remaining undone, in their part of the country. It was evident that there was fun ahead.

"Now, I'll read the letter, and I think a good deal of it, 'cause how, the men what signed and sent it are nice old friends of mine; and, oh, what lots of eggs and butter I've bought of 'em in my days. They are old customers of mine, and, and—"

"Come, come, Uncle Sam, go ahead, and let us hear the letter," interposed Ogleish.

After he read the "invite" in his important way, inquiries were made as to the time and place.

"I've sent 'em word that I'll be out among 'em on next Tuesday night," was Keeler's reply; "and I intend to blow off thar as I used to training days and election times, for they all know me round them diggings."

"Spose you'll write out your address?" said Joggles, in a mischievous way.

"No, sir; there you mistake my intellectual faculties, for I always spent right out from the heart, and that too without any notes at all. I'm off-hand, right ahead; and I don't know but what I may be called an 'at home' of the old school."

"Erratic, you doubtless mean?" interroated Ogleish.

"Yes, that's the idea; and the way I'll give 'em my openly avowed opinions of 'Napoleon, Woman, and the Bible,' will astonish all hands of you fellows. If I s'nt 'College bred,' old Sam has got an idea stowed away up here," placing his hand on his brow.

"Why don't you put the top of your head, Uncle Keeler?" observed Joggles, with a smile.

"Oh, all of you must be on hand to hear me, for I shall put the big ticks in, and address the school-house full of people—I shall. All of 'em know me out thar—boys and gals;" and he shook his head with much important assurance.

It pleased the boys to hear him go on and blow away what he was able to do, particularly how he could have defeated Wellington, had he been at Napoleon's side during the Waterloo campaign; and also, if his 'education had not been neglected' in his young days, what a mine he would have raised in the world of letters.

"It's in me, boys, but it wants cultivating," used to be his great sentiment, when the subject of his abilities came up for discussion. —
The eventful Tuesday evening, at last dawned—and great times followed on that night. It was cold and snowy. Lots of students wished for the “old red school-house,” and long before the appointed hour, the building was rammed, jammed and crammed, with all kinds of people, of all sizes and conditions. The “Philistines” were there to a man, while many an “outsider” popped in to see the fun. The female portion of Keeler’s audience, consisted of young girls and old maids. Joggles & Co. were in high glee, for these mischievous chaps felt assured that great times would ensue.

At last, the “conspicuous Keeler” made his appearance, puffing and blowing away, like the snore of a dyspeptic giant, which caused tremendous applause—particularly from Joggles’ crowd, which was loud and vociferous. It rather made Uncle Keeler excitable, for he bowed and blushed, nodded and scraped, and put himself into all kinds of comical attitudes.

““What ails,” whispered Oglesby to a chum.
“See old Keeler’s flesh-bag shake and tremble,” whispered Dan.
“Now, then, for a high time,” remarked Joggles to his crowd—and they alone nearly filled the building.

The “Orator of the Evening” was dressed in a suit of “sheep-gray.” He wore a white neckerchief, and very screaming shoes. His hair was well set, and he seemed to be about “quarter seas over”—nothing more—nothing less.

At length, the comical, cross-eyed, long-legged, round-shouldered Sim Goger, called the assembly to order, making a few ungrammatical remarks in regard to the particulars of the meeting. After introducing his “worthy friend, Mr. Samuel Keeler, Esquire,” the renowned “Patty” ascended the schoolmaster’s desk, and giving the flesh about his neck, an unmerciful twitching with his thumb and finger, he squeal’d out in a comical tone—

“**Boys and Cronies**”—Here an unfortunate “outsider” giggled, which gave rise to some profane explatives on the part of one of the “Philistines,” who suggested to the “outsider” the propriety of his reserving his wrath until his grandmother’s funeral should take place. The “outsider’s” giggle faded into a sort of bilious choke, when Keeler, shaking for the second time, the bag of flesh, commenced—

“**Boys and Cronies**”—Mr. Keeler was again interrupted by an elderly gentleman, with a mouth resembling a Pennsylvanian peach-basked, who gave vent to a forerous cough, caused probably by the sudden stoppage of his wind by a chew of tobacco.

Five minutes elapsed, before the individual above named, was restored to a state of quietude, during which five minutes, he was regarded by receiving an unlimited amount of punches on the back, and digs in the ribs. Peace being again restored, Keeler once more opened the champagne—we should have said—campaign.

**Boys and Cronies**: this is the third time I’ve said ‘boys and cronies’—and I hope it’s the last, ’cause there is no use of repeating the thing, if folks don’t want to hear it. I didn’t come here tonight, to lecture on boys and cronies—but I come here for to come, to go, to give in to my consolidated opinion on ‘Women, Napoleon, and the Bible—and I wish it to be emphatically under-

stood, that they are three big subjects—of big importance—and oughter be lectured on by big people.”

The Speaker was again interrupted for a moment; he shook his bag of meat, which gave rise to an important query, which was propounded by a short man, with bow-legs and bleared eyes, who asked the big Keeler—

“Why in thunder don’t you keep your ideas in your head—not let ‘em down into that ere bag, so you won’t have to stop your speech to shake ‘em out?”

Keeler looked indignant; but the sublimity of the subject which occupied his mind, wouldn’t permit him to notice anything short of a direct insult, in the shape of a quid of tobacco alongside of his face—so with a majestic air, and the solemn elevation of his right hand and arm, he proceeded—

“Who was Napoleon?—a **human general**; and what is woman?—a **general human**. And now what is that big book, the Bible? It is something that **human generals**, nor **general humans**, can’t never understand. (Immense applause, and one solitary hiss, which caused Joggles to suddenly rise, and immediately sit down again.)

“The Bible, in my ‘pinion, is like Bob Stokes’ pipe fiddle; there ain’t nerry religious tune but what can be played on it. But can you say that of Napoleon’s history?” Here Mr. Keeler was again interrupted by an old lady on a front bench, who observed—

“It’s the first time I ever know’d that Napoleon had a high-story.”

Mr. Keeler, after inwardly anathematizing the old lady, and consigning her to a place, the temperature of which was considerably warmer than Terra del Fuego, proceeded:

“Can that be done, I repeat, with Napoleon’s history? No: nobody can make a fiddle out of Napoleon’s battles. All antiquity knows that he was **thar**, and he said **thar**—and that’s more than woman in the garden of Eden did. What was it that first caused man to fall? Why, nothing but that pesky Eve, who took and squeezed an apple into a pint of cider, gin it to Adam, and got the old feller tight.

“And then what did she do? Why, she took him by the arm, put him outside of the garden, and went off and married old Satan. That’s the way of it!”

Another frightful interruption by the old lady on the front bench, who vociferated—

“Napoleon Bonaparte, whose picture I have, swung up on the of any body—black or white, old or young, big or little, mar-

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YALE COLLEGE: **SCRAFES.**

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ried or single; and the man that sees the same fellow that writes the
Bible, writes Walter Scott's History of Napoleon Bonaparte, is a big
Bar! And one of the proudest acts of his career was his getting rid
of that 'are woman Josephine, who was a near relative of General
Camphene, who took fire, one day, by spontaneous contagious
inflammation. He got rid of her because he didn't want her, and that's a
good reason.

Here a countryman, whose face and hands were both remarkable
for an excessive predisposition to dirt, rose, taking off his hat, (which
he had kept on during the whole proceedings,) growled forth some-
thing after the style of a bass-drum with one head out—

"I'm going hug—the cows have got to be fed—the hogs have
got to be milked—and I expect that internal shot has got a fight-
ing the brindle dog. I'm going hug—I am 11!"

The immortal Joggles once more assumed a perpendicular position,
and made a few remarks, premising the aforesaid remarks with a
highly interesting display of physical strength upon the body corpo-
rate of an excessively small, and an exceedingly weak juvenile, whom
he gathered into a sort of a bundle, by seizing him by the scruff of
the neck and the rear of his inexpressibles, and violently slammed
him into the stomach of an elderly fat gentleman, who unfortunately,
by his interference, interrupted the boy's progress to the floor. At
this juncture, three or four of the "Philistines" (Hance, Ogleish,
and Dan, in particular) contributed toward the excitement of the
proceedings, by patriotically shouting—

"Hurra for Napoleon and Keeler!" accompanying the enthusiastic
outburst by forcibly propelling through the air an empty salt barrel,
with both heads out, which fell immediately in front of the old lady
on the front bench. Crash came the barrel upon the floor—the staves
flew asunder, one of them saluting the old lady by a slight tap on the
side of her venerable chops.

At this time, Mr. Samuel Keeler, the "orator of the evening," be-
came rather wrathful, and he violently shook to and fro the immense
bag of flesh. All at once, the old lady on the front bench began to
sneeze and cough inanimately—so did her neighbors, and finally,
the "epidemic" reached Keeler; in fact, there was one general scene
coughing and sneezing—the secret of which was, a quantity of red
pepper having been sprinkled upon the heated stove, causing the "immense
crowd" to give one rush toward the door. Nothing, for a short time,
was observable except a confused mass of heads, arms, and legs, and
crushed hats, making a sort of cannibalistic hash of humanity. Joggles
& Co. added hugely to the diversity of the scene, by yelling,
orroaring, screeching, whistling, cat-calling, and crowing, with an occa-

sional outburst of

"Hurra for Napoleon and Keeler!"

Joggles & Co. felt gloriously edified.

Do you see that, "yes?" asked the sagacious-looking Sam Keeler,
on the following morning, throwing down a ten dollar gold piece into
a chair, as Ogleish and Joggles walked in, arm-in-arm.
LIBER XV.

The members of the "Philistine Society" voted to award a gold medal, (the particulars of which were given at the time) to the members of said clique who could tell the best story, or "yarn." This offer was extended solely to the twenty-six "Philistines," and done in such a manner as to allow one good time to follow after the laborious duties so conspicuous in college life.

One week was given for the preparation—the stories to be told in propriis persona. The entire body of "Philistines" were present on the evening in question. The scene came off in the "big back room," Sam Keeler, and an old favorite ex-judge, were the umpires. The shutters of the store had been closed at an early hour of the evening—the front door barred, locked, and bolted, and upon a bit of white paper was written—

"Closed on account of sickness,"

which Uncle Sam had posted thereupon, merely to inform his evening customers, who were generally quite numerous, that they must make their purchases elsewhere, or wait until morning, when he should resume business. The fact is, he felt proud because he had been selected as an associate with an eminent judge, as umpires; and hence the grocery business was a secondary consideration on such a glorious occasion as the one about to follow. He considered himself some, and it is naturally to be supposed, he was liberal in all of his dealings. In point of fact, he had imbibed pretty freely on the strength of the compliment paid him, and he felt as though Keeler stood higher in the niche of Fame than ever he had entertained any idea of reaching it.

The scene in that "big back room," about the hour of eight, on a cold November evening, was highly interesting. There could be seen every member of the "Philistine Society," numbering twenty-six, a representative of each of the States of our glorious Union, at that period of time, while upon one side could be seen Judge—and Samuel Keeler, two fat and comical personages, acting as arbitrators. Here were Joggles, Ogleish, Dan, Bob, Hance, Bouncer, Steve, She-cargo, and all those "noted college devils," each seeming to be in high glee, each scions of high birth, and each anxiously waiting for the time to come when he could "lay himself out," and get the premium for the best story.

Everything being in readiness, Judge—addressed them in a few words, informing the members of the "Philistine Society" that his worthy associate, with himself, were ready to hear a story, or in other words a "yarn," from each member.

"The rules and regulations laid down," said he, "are of a very simple and satisfactory order. The member representing the State of Maine is to "open the ball," the member representing New Hampshire is to follow, and thus on through the New England, Middle, Southern, and Western States, each in rotation, as laid down in the map of the United States. Doubtless, this will be satisfactory to one and all."

Here a vote was taken. It was unanimous.

"The prize," continued Judge, and he was a short, thick-set, grey-headed individual, one who had passed the toll-gate of the middle road of life for the last time, "is a gold medal, with various designs and inscriptions. Its value is fifty dollars. As members of a Society, you have caused it to be manufactured for the express purpose of presenting it to him who will prove himself, on this occasion, the king of story-tellers. Each of you have the privilege of rising, whenever your respective turn comes, and of telling your "yarn"—only one, and of a readable character—in the best way which you may consider proper and interesting. Am I correct, friend Keeler, in my remarks?"

"Full in toto," was the response given.

It was evident that the members had their wits about them; also, that each one felt sanguine of success, having prepared fully for the contest.

"I s'pose all understand that the smartest story told, will crown its teller as being the smartest story-teller among us," observed "Fatty Keeler," as he rose up from his easy chair, with much gravity and assurance. "The member representing Maine will 'spin his yarn,' if everything be in readiness."

After a little discussion, the Maine member commenced. His story created much laughter, as there were a good many subtle to it, that is to say, rich points, where wit wore its own web. All listened attentively to the story. After he had finished, he took his seat, when the member hailing from New Hampshire rose, bowed, and commenced his "snake story." It was capitaly well told, and created much applause and laughter.

The "yarn" of the Vermonter was in regard to an extraordinary elopement; that of the Massachusetts representative was full of "blood and thunder," that of the Rhode Islander was in regard to a certain marriage that happened in a country village. It was exceedingly amusing. The Connecticut chap told a "long-lockum" story about wooden nutmegs, mahogany hams, cast-iron cucumber seeds, and horn gun-flints—clear Yankee in its style and plan, full of laughable incident—concerning a certain tin-pedler who was overstocked with any quantity of "rampton and queer eccentricities."

"Now we will interrupt this meeting," said old Sam, throwing aside his pen and paper, "and for the especial reason, that New-England (embracing Maine to Connecticut) is a 'hard road to travel,' unless we all take a sociable drink. As we are about to pass..."
through the Middle States, gentlemen, you will please approach the table, at least the demijon, and help yourselves."

They did "approach the table," to a man. We think Joggles took the brandy A. No. 1.

"Now then, the member representing New York will please tell his 'yarn,' if all's in readiness;" and down sat Keeler and his friend, Judge ———, beside a small table, where they noted the main points of each story.

New York was well defended. The same can be said of New Jersey. Great stories were told by their representatives, and immense applause followed. Judge B——— was a capital judge of a good story, and this was an every-day fact, well known wherever he pitched. Keeler, "on the story line," was of the same nature, and two superior umpires could not have been found in those days of comfort and pleasure.

The Pennsylvania genius told a "rippling yarn," but the beginning and the end were much more interesting than the middle portions of the story. Joggles laughed immoderately; Ogleish made several frightful "bear hunt," yet, after all, the short little, fat fellow, Tim large. Roarer of Kentucky, related a great story of a "New Orleans in fact, received the liberal sanction and applause of the Society at

there was one that "took the rag off anything else in that line." We refer the prize. In one sense, most of them were aware who was

repeated with him," the arbitrators sloped. Of course, in the language of Keeler, they repeated with him, "Well, I'm agreed.

It was evident in the minds of a majority of the members, who would receive the prize. In one sense, most of them were aware who was the lucky fellow. A great many capital stories had been told—but there was one that "took the rag off anything else in that line." Suffice it to say, the verdict of the umpires was a righteous one, and, in fact, received the liberal sanction and applause of the Society at large.

Roarer of Kentucky, related a great story of a "New Orleans Cock Fight!" She coughed told a fine one about a Caravan sprite—Ogleish about killing buffaloes—and Joggles took occasion to "spread himself" in capital style, by getting off a remarkable and frightful "bear hunt," yet, after all, the short little fat fellow, Tim of Ohio, the "fifteen cent chap," lead the entire van, for his "pumpkin story" eclipsed all others. He related it in a very easy and ac-ceptable delivery. To show the reader, at least, to give him a fair specimen of the stories told on this brilliant occasion, we will sketch this remarkable "yarn," as told by "Tim of Ohio."

"Gentlemen, the story that is about to relate, happened in my own native State—Ohio." Thus spoke Tim, who, be it remembered, was one of the "cutest devils" at Yale College. "Gentlemen, it occurred scores and scores of years ago—even back to the days of my great-great-grandfather, when people were more honest for their veracity than their scions are at the present time. It was in the early settlement of Ohio. It has so happened that one of my chums related to us this evening, a story which first received a lift through the principal newspapers of the United States—and he seems to talk as though it was hard to tell, old as it might appear to be. I refer to the cucumber story, where a man, wishing to test the great power of Guano, soon after it was first discovered, placed a half bushel of it in a hole, threw in a dozen cucumber-seeds, and then filled the hole with dirt—but while he stood patting the same with his hoe, a cucumber vine sprung out of the hill (under the power and great effect of the wonderful Guano,) and he, dropping his hoe, ran for his life; the cucumber-vine still following him for more than a half mile, who, like a serpent, wound itself round both of his legs, hastily throwing him down upon the ground with much force—in fact, he was obliged to put his hand into his pocket to get his knife, when lo and behold! he found his hand hold of no jack-knife, but he was grasping hold of a cucumber that had gone to seed in his pocket.

"Gentlemen," continued Tim, in his easy style, "my friend related this 'remarkable yarn,' as he took occasion to call it, in very fine style; but when you come down to principle and fact, and battle against art and fiction, his tale does not begin to vie with 'The great-grandfather's pumpkin story.' Let me relate it. He had a very fine family garden, rich and deep in soil. A man might have dug down two-and-twenty feet, and at that depth found as rich black soil as at the top, for it had been the family garden for almost three-quarters of a century. There was something wonderful about the richness of the soil. Well, it so happened that a pumpkin vine sprung up in the garden; but when you came down to principle and fact, and battle against art and fiction, his tale does not begin to vie with 'The great-grandfather's pumpkin story.' Let me relate it.
pumpkin vine go on your journey, and don't trouble me—for we had to settle up to his eyes, the soil being so loose and rich. Even in after years, when on his way to the North, on horseback, he said that as he was passing along a new road that had been laid out, (and he had to go on the borders of the road in some parts of it), he observed a man's head. He jumped off his horse, picked up the hat, but unfortunately it had an owner under it—there was, visibly, a man's head. 'Hallo! old fellow, let me help you out,' said the doctor affectionately; but the individual sent back a gruff reply—

'Don't trouble yourself, for when you are called upon it will be time enough to give assistance. I've seen about a dozen of these kind of dineings since I've come into Ohio, and I've got rather used to 'em; so go on your journey, and don't trouble me—for Pete got a good horse under me!'

'Now, gentlemen, that is a fair illustration of the state of Ohio soil in those days. But let us return to the pumpkin vine. We left it beside a stream of water. Now through some mystic movement, the vine crossed over this river, (four rods in width), and passed along the borders of the woods on that side of the river. It had cut up so many remarkable ditches, to use the expression of my venerable great-great-grandfather, he allowed it to grow unmolested.

'Now come back with me to this heavy ox sled placed beside the garden wall. Under it a pumpkin sat, and at once began to grow enormously. In a little time it was in want of room; it grew so as to raise the heavy ox sled on each side! In time, my great-great-grandfather was obliged to give it a prop on the opposite side, to keep it from tipping over, for the sled was on a poise! In a short time, the next move was to take the sled away entirely.

'One day, as this vine was cutting up its copals (on the other side of the river in the distance,) an old sow traced the vine to the water's edge; thence, through some mystic art, crossed the river on the pumpkin vine! thence tracked it along from field to orchard, until she reached the pumpkin itself. Tired, and in want of food, she commenced eating of the pumpkin, and on that very day she had guaved and eat so much of it as to gain a resting-place for the night inside of the pumpkin! When she was discovered, my great-great-grandfather laughed heartily at the comicality of the sight, and immediately made up his mind to allow her to go on unmolested, as it was then in the fall of the year. By the by, at this time the pumpkin had reached an enormous size.

'Daily food and sustenance she received, and on every night took up quarters in the mammoth pumpkin. At last a slight frost nipped the vine and it died. Time passed on, and ere the cold days of November had dawned, the sow, after sleeping there for eight-and-forty days, had a litter of pigs (eight in number) in the pumpkin!'

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'Well, gentlemen, weeks passed on, and just before the first snow storm visited that part of Ohio, my great-great-grandfather took it into his head to get the remaining portion of the pumpkin (after they had cut out the decayed part) into the house, as it had already attracted hundreds of curious eyes from all parts of the State, the particulars having been noised about to a good account.

'The old gentleman summoned his neighbors together, and the mammoth pumpkin was placed on an ox drag. Eight yoke of oxen and three spans of horses (so goes the story) drew it up to the back door of the homestead. A measurement followed, and it was found that the door-way was altogether too narrow to admit it. Then they measured the width of the front door, and it was found that, by taking off the casings on each side, the pumpkin would just barely squeeze in. Then the laborious task occurred; and during the next twenty days, it is said, (on the best story authority) that near one thousand people visited the residence of my great-great-grandfather, expressly to 'catch a look at the wonderful pumpkin, said to weigh nearly twenty-seven hundred pounds.' This was the expression as it went forth to the world.

'But now, gentlemen, let me ask you to pass over the winter season, and imagine it to be the spring-time of a new year.

'My great-great-grandfather had a nephew, a farmer, who resided in the far western part of the wilds of Ohio. He came and paid the venerable man a visit. On his departure, the old gentleman presented him with seven pumpkin seeds—seven of the mammoth pumpkin stock; he could not give him more, for he had sold a great many (some as high as $1 37½ a seed) to all kinds of persons, black and white, nearly from all parts of the state.

'The nephew returned to his home; a ten-day journey. Spring and Summer passed. In the Fall, my great-great-grandfather having a little leisure time to himself, took it into his head to visit this nephew. He did so. He rode a smart little horse, and the journey lasted ten days. He had not been there more than a half-hour before up rode a lady on horseback. Nephew introduced Mrs. Belcher. She immediately, after the introduction, squalled out in an asthmatic tone—

'Say, Mr. Blower, do you intend to keep your pumpkin vines on your own premises, or am I to cut 'em off?'

'It is naturally to be supposed that as soon as the word "pumpkin" went forth, my great-great-grandfather immediately asked what it all meant, when he was informed thus—

'Why, my dear great-great-grandfather, I'll tell you. Last fall you gave me seven seeds out of that almighty whopping pumpkin of yours. I came home here and planted one in each of the seven hills, and, believe it or not, they commenced growing alarmingly. Myself and my four sons began of a Monday morning to "fence in" the peasy vines, but we worked for two days, and to no advantage, for
grow and go they would, here, there, and yonder—especially during the night time. Now then, up to this time, they are running all over the country, and here comes Mrs. Belcher, who lives two miles west of me. Last night, Squire Dodge, who resides as good as three miles and three-quarters north of me, rushed up here on horseback, and he had a similar complaint. D—n it all," said the nephew, "the vines have got the devil, or something else, to back 'em."

"The old gentleman staid with his nephew for several days. He had occasion to hear of many complaints in regard to the "pesky pumpkin vines." When he got ready to go home, he came on, for the first day, at quite a rapid rate, but did not pass the end of one of these pumpkin vines until swodown! He stopped at a tavern over night, ordered his horse on the second morning, but, lo and behold! he discovered the pumpkin vine. He rode on, and it was near five o'clock of the day, before he made out to come up with the end of it. "Great soil, this! wonderful? said the old man, as he tramped home alone.

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"After he had passed the end of the vine, he, out of spite, no doubt, rode on for nearly twelve miles, before he stopped for the night. On the next morning he started anew, but, as soon as he struck the main road, the old man became violently wrath. There was the very pumpkin vine!"

"On went the old gentleman for the day. Although he had a smart nag, able to swing two stout men fourteen miles per hour, and work himself up fair and square under harness, the pumpkin vine made out to pass him nights, while he was resting from the fatigues of the day. He had traveled for four days; six more would bring him to his home.

"Now then, gentlemen," said Tim, grimly, "the story ends thus: He drove on, day after day, and my great-great-grandfather always declared, while living, that "If a black frost hadn't visited that part of Ohio on the next night, d—n me if I don't believe the pumpkin vine would have got home ahead of me!"

Tim bowed, amid roars of laughter, and took his seat. Ever, to this day, he takes great pride in showing up the GOLD MEDAL.
usual, it proved to be an impressive scene. Euclid, metamorphosed into the form of a man, nine feet in length, was laid in a car, festooned with evergreens, drawn by four white horses, each horse led by a negro. The Class followed their deceased friend, in white, all bearing torches, which brilliantly illumined the scene. Several songs were sung, an oration and poem delivered, and the body of Old Euclid, preceded by a band of music, was borne to a neighboring hill, and buried, with the usual ceremony.

Among all the students, none passed the "immortal Joggles," whose Greek Oration surpassed all expectation. He left "Yale," crowned with "many an honor" and let it be remembered, also, that on his departure, he was a firm defender and supporter of Temperance. A great change had come over him—so much so, that he honestly declared to his mother.

The paring between him and "Uncle Reeler" was a serious one, for the old gentleman loved Joggles, and in return, he almost adored Reeler.

"Won't you take a drop of something, Jog, seeing how we are about to part for good?" asked the old man.

"No, Uncle Sam—thanks: seven weeks ago, I promised my mother never to put the intoxicating cup to my lips again, and the promise is sacred."

"Good boy—mind your mother, Jog, and you'll surely get to Heaven," said Uncle Sam, as he patted him on the shoulder: "I only asked you, Jog, out of politeness."

"I know it, Uncle, but you will excuse me. But my time is short, —Uncle, we must part," said Joggles, as tears stood in his eyes.

"My God! Oh dear, don't name it," said Uncle Sam, as he patted him on the shoulder, "I know it, Uncle, but you will excuse me. But my time is short, —Uncle, we must part."

"What's the matter, Uncle?" immediately asked Joggles.

"Do you see this 'ere massive lump of flesh?" pointing to his neck, and then taking hold with his hand and shaking it, "I do," said Joggles, seriously.

"That's bound to be the killer of me yet."

"Do you fear so?"

"Ah, Joggles, it worries me. There's as much as thirty pounds of extra flesh all about my neck; and it grows bigger and bigger. Hope I may live a good many years, but uncertainty flies to me constantly," and he sighed.

"Well, Uncle Reeler, I hope you will live a long time yet"——
same. All this had been contrived; but on the part of Keeler, he supposed that he had just been invited to be present as an act of politeness.

When Steve, of Virginia, advanced, holding in his hand the case of razors, he bowed very politely, and then addressed "Uncle Sam" in Latin. "Old fatty" stood and listened attentively, and on presenting them, replied in a laughing way:

"Sir, I'll be darned if you have got the start of me, anyhow, if you did pitch into the 'hog Latin;' for as long as I can guess what a razor is made for, then I can bet that you've hobbled out a lot of words, wrong end foremost, concerning the same. I thank you for the fixings, and will keep 'em to shave my phiz with."

Then the crowd would laugh heartily. When Ogleish presented the brace of pistols, he addressed Keeler in Greek; and to have gazed upon the expressive features of the old man, as he stood listening, would have caused a saint to have laughed. All stood about the room feeling full of merriment, for this was a part not "set down in the bill." After he had finished, he handed them over. The cry now was; "Hark!"—"Listen to the reply."

"From what I could make out," said Uncle Sam, in a jovial way, "of his rummaging Iugo, he wants me to keep these pistols, and when a fellow fairly insults me in downright earnest, to challenge him, or right up and let him have it, slam-bang. I'll do so; and I thank you for 'em, as I can keep away the 'buggers' now."

This speech caused a deal of laughter, as Ogleish merely asked him in Greek, to accept of them from a valued friend. Bouncer, of New York—the roaring member of the "blood-and-thunder school"—presented the old man with a hickory cane, mounted with a gold head. He did it in fine style.

"Yes," said the old man, as he swung it back and forth in his hand, "I'll keep it, and like 'Old Hickory' himself will I say—"By the eternal gods! I'll cling to it as I do to Democracy!""

This "brought the house down," as the saying runs; for the old fellow took the liberty of displaying his eloquence, and the uncommon strength of his lungs. It was a rich time.

After all was over, the entire company marched down to the old man's "big back room," when, to use his own expression, he did the "clean, handsome thing." He not only brought on the "best he had in the house," but gave a supper, when he made a great speech, full of many a queer and comical idea. He then sung an old song known as "Betsy Baker." At a late hour of night they parted.

Morning came, and in a few short hours another scene had dawned. Everything looked gloomy and lonely, for scores and scores of students had taken their departure. As "Fat Sam" sat and wept over the change, he would shake his head, and then, with tears in his eyes, mutter over to himself: "The like of them boys will never be known again in these parts—not as long as Sam Keeler is alive and kicking!" Sobs and sighs followed. Thus ended a good time.

THE END.