

## ORATIO FUNERIBUS.

BY DEACONIS RUNCCELLUS.

The following oratio funeibus was delivered at the "Crematio A. Prepis," by "Deaconis Runcellus, in quinto Die ante Kalendas Julias."

*Friends and Fellow-students*—In the language of the immortal Antony—just revised—"we came to cremate the immortal Cæsar not to praise him." It is said "The evil that men do lives after them" and that "The good is oft interred with their bones." Not so with our departed friend, for with him dies every evil of his life, while to us, after the smoke and fire of purification has died away, is left the gentle but irresistible influence of all that was good in his life, to guide and direct his many followers. It will be the much that is left unsaid, rather than that which will be said, that will paint the true character of the departed. Of his many good traits and amiable disposition we his bereaved followers will testify; concerning his evil propensities we can only refer you to the Professors.

Fellow classmen, 'tis not entirely as a deceased friend, or as for an umbrella we have lent, that we mourn the loss of the being before us, but more as a friend taking a long journey, for Phoenix-like in another year he will rise from the ashes, and if we again have not the right to cremate him, we at least have the privilege of making it so hot for him that cremation will seem mild in comparison. In religion some might say he was a fit subject for a missionary, but be that as it may, this we know: If he wasn't a Baptist, he ought to have been, for his belief in immersion was carried almost to fanaticism. Of course he attended other religious exercises, but he did not believe that was his fault—rather his misfortune. In politics he had Mugwump inclinations, with original ideas how to dispose of the surplus. In sports he was a leader and if he was not always ahead it was only because he "was not feeling quite well that day." He

did not often attend the races, but when he did he always bet on the Pony.

He was a hard worker and a good soldier, and his knowledge of the construction of earth works and especially rifle pits would be a credit to any civil engineer.

But alas! with all his good qualities and phenomenal ability, low at our feet he now lies, teaching us the truth of the old saying that "The good die young." And O, my brethren, as you contemplate his lean lanky features try to realize that you too run the risk of proving the old adage.

Who of us that fully realize the awful solemnity of this occasion can think of the abrupt ending of the life of this ornament to society without a shudder or a glass of cider. Yesterday he moved among us surrounded with a halo of greatness and cigarette smoke—to-day he lies before us with scarce a shadow of acquired greatness, or a clean shirt to his back. Yesterday hale, hearty, and in the freshness of youth, drinking in the pure ozone of life, or Snider's soda water—to-day a mere nothing for the want of breath.

Verily, my brethren, this is a strange world. A man may get up in the morning full of life and vigor, and in the evening be carried to bed full of hard cider or bad whiskey. Truly, it is time we "call a halt" to such a state of affairs and "dress to the right."

Now, since we have lost the friend who so often guided us through the labyrinths of doubt and despair, or to the roost of some unsuspecting chicken, we will have to reef our main-top-sail until we reach the smooth waters of a college course, where we will start in a "fresh."

It is unnecessary for me to further eulogize this fallen hero, for of the many virtues which he possessed, we his mourners stand as living witnesses, and, although we are not quite sure to what division our defunct friend will be assigned, yet let us hope his conditions will be more favorable than when here upon earth.