

a day gone by has prompted a retrospective glance at "the Hill" in the expectation that certain of "the old fellows" may be led to enjoy their "Athenæum" the more in some realization of the oft quoted and somewhat hackneyed phrase of *plus Aeneas: forsan et huc olim meminisse juvabit*.

Chipman Hall was opened in 1875 as an Academy dormitory and boarding house. For five college years, from September 6th, 1876, the writer was a resident. It must be premised that in those days we did not know it by its present pretentious title. It rejoiced in the simpler and cruder name, "The New Building;" and, for example, we would date our correspondence from "Room No. ——— New Building." Its distinctive feature was the boarding department. The majority of the college students roomed in the old college building, until the fire of December 2nd, 1877, which terminated its life, and they took their meals, some at Mrs. Murphy's famous "Village House" and elsewhere in the village; but the majority of them, especially after the fire, became boarders in the "New Building;" and previous to the fire a number who were crowded out of the college building, roomed here. The Hall thus soon became fully occupied. The old Academy building, situated immediately west of the College, and which had previously been occupied in part by the Academy boys, was now wholly given over to the Female Department of the Academy and became known as the Seminary, or "Sem."

The new life of Chipman Hall with the novel and prominent feature of its boarding department, gave rise, as a matter of course, to much freedom of discussion on the merits or demerits of the "grub." Owing to a (perhaps imaginary) undue prevalence of "hash" on the bill of fare the building in its early history became known as the "Hash Mill" and its denizens as the "Hash Brigade." In this connection I submit the following parody, which in its day (1875-1876) found much favor among us. The author is "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

THE CHARGE OF THE HASH BRIGADE.

Half a ton, half a ton,
Half a ton. Onward!
All at the hash tureen
Met the one hundred.
"Forward the Hash Brigade!
Charge for the dish!" he said.
Into their plates of hash
Went the one hundred.

"Forward the waiting maid!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the student knew
Someone had blundered:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to eat and die:
Straight at their smoking plates
Went the one hundred.