

College Note Book.

STUDENT LIFE.

ON the evening of Oct. 16th, the customary reception was given to the new students. At a somewhat later hour than the ordinary tea, the men of all years streamed into the dining-room, and were greeted by the sight of tables that might have done credit to the palace of a Persian monarch (if he wasn't unreasonably greedy). They groaned (I didn't hear any groaning till afterward, but they always say that) 'neath the weight, that had been imposed upon them by the Steward, to the tune of "We'll never get drunk any more." By the way, they haven't broken their pledge yet, although the boys were prepared to treat them with a little indulgence had they done so on Thanksgiving Day. Well, the luxurious provision (the Sophomores called it *the grub*) was abundant and dainty, calculated to satisfy equally the appetite of a Vitellius and the refined tastes of a Parisian epicure. Here were piled golden pears and maiden-cheeked peaches; there were, heaped side by side, the red of the apple and the green of the grape, mountains ruddy with sunrise, kissed by the billows of the sea. The dishes on which the fruits were placed were tastefully spread with the autumn-hued leaf of the maple, and little branches hung about the hall. The writer attended in the capacity of Local Editor. Any man who has taken honor classics knows that the word *editor* is derived from the Latin verb *edo*, I eat. In this light he did ample justice to his capacity, although there were several Freshmen at the table. His progress was eventually interrupted, however, by a burst of applause. He looked up, and found that the speaking had commenced. The worthy President held the floor (this is the way they always put it, but I think it ought to be that the floor held him) Now had commenced the second banquet,—"the feast of reason and the flow of soul." (I hope no reader will misinterpret this capital quotation, as did a gentleman to whom I used it at the time. He thought that by the latter clause was meant the applause with the feet. But he is not a Senior.) Mr. Frew's speech was copiously interspersed with quotations from Burns. We could catch such