

Scotia furnished eight: Miss Archibald, a faithful student; Foote, a good foot-ballist and editor, studies sometimes; Griffin, noted for his persistent plugging and love of Sweetness; Herman, Captain Eddy, who left the *superficial undercurrents* of the Atlantic to dine *sumptuously* every day on Chipman Hall hash; McMillan, sweet voiced tenor, our Socrates in Philosophy; Nickerson who left his strawberry beds for the down-couch of Saint's Rest—a master in classics and a T. D.; Parsons, who has been our legal adviser, politician and an infallible exponent of parliamentary usages; Miss Patten, mathematician and teacher of gymnastics, with also a decided taste for music and philosophy. Massachusetts furnished one:—McCurdy, whose accomplishments and failures far be it from him to record.

These are they who sat down to the Matriculation on this September morning and swept the examination papers as the whirlwind sweepeth the prairie.

And how we did enjoy that first year. Of course we were freshmen, but professors soon saw that we were unusual men (*in many respects*.) They loved us dearly—as individuals. One who has had abundant opportunity to know and whose opinion we highly value, forcibly expressed “Take them one by one and they are fine fellows, but get them together in the class and the very devil gets into them.” In the classical room we enjoyed these same episodes that have so often delighted other generations, and quickly learned to recognize the ob-ob-objective genitive as well as to discriminate between that vivid aorist and that beautiful imperfect. Sometimes the recitations were in one tense and sometimes in another. During these first days we brushed an acquaintance with Wentworth and were at a loss to know sometimes whether we were in the department of the Mathematical professor or of the tonorial artist as that familiar “Next” sounded in our dull ears. Then, too, we took English in the sky-parlor. Who of use will forget those pages in Genung, that Stopford Brooke Primer, Angus' Handbook—the practice days—the systemic essay plans—and *those puns* of the good Dr.? But how we did enjoy Hygiene this year! Those hours with the college physician were the most enjoyable ones of the week and the remembrances of them linger with us still, and we can almost hear the good doctor's tones as he directs us in the way of health, and almost see the merry twinkle in his eye as he pockets the T. D. that lodged in the mouth of the skeleton. In the other sky-parlor we introduced ourselves, through the aid of Professor Tufts, to Myer's History and pass