

A Student's Experience.

PART I.—A FRESHMAN.

BY NESTER.

My first session at McGill was one of struggle. The "woes of a Freshman" sometimes bore heavily upon me. To me the professors seemed surrounded with an awful cloud of mystery.

While the matriculation examination was going on I felt my whole frame vibrating to the solemn tread of one LL. D. after another as they passed up and down the William Molson Hall. I had been at funerals, but what was a funeral compared to this? Why, my future turned upon this examination. Better die than fail, thought I. I felt all the mighty future of a young aspirant for fame resting upon me during those memorable hours. A few months before I had no hope of entering the lists of candidates for collegiate honours; hence I was poorly prepared. When the questions were placed before me, I worked with desperation. One young man came one morning into the hall with such a smiling countenance, that every one could read his comfortable confidence of success. But I drew no comfort from my conclusion in relation to him. As the "exams." changed, I found the candidates for "Freshman Honours" in little groups talking over, with merry laughter and with sportive jest, the "exams." But this poor candidate had no chum. When some sympathizing one addressed him, which was not often, he would sometimes catch a ray of hope, and for a moment the woebegone expression of the candidate for simple admission into the "Freshman year" would vanish, and then as he thought of the answers he had made, he would become sadder than before, and wander down the street refusing to be comforted.

At length the results were declared, and gloom was dispelled, and gladness filled my heart when my name appeared among the successful candidates.

After admission I soon found myself covered with a long black robe or gown, and a strange-looking affair, something like a cap-sized boat in miniature and a (corresponding) raft fastened to the top of it. Then from the centre of this raft there came a large number of silk threads. I was astonished to hear them call this broadcloth and silk threads. I was astonished to hear them call this wool all very well, but as the gown had been made for some one much taller than myself, I found it very convenient in way of giving me an occasional toss down stairs, when I would roll wound up in the large supply of cloth, which contributed to no small extent to the merriment of the fun-loving students. Having conceived the idea that my falls would not help me along very much in my studies, I succeeded in getting the gown shortened, and from that time I did not attract so much attention when coming down stairs. I was for a long time very much terrified when in the class room for classics. Greek was Greek to me; my previous knowledge of Greek was very limited, and hence, I was in constant dread. One day, finding myself wholly "at sea" for the want of a little more knowledge, I ventured to ask a question. My question displayed such utter ignorance of the subject that Dr. Cornish laughed and I was wonderfully confused. However, when the merriment of the class had subsided, Dr. C. kindly enlightened my benighted mind, and I formed the resolution to keep very quiet for a long time and find out things for myself.

During the time of my self-imposed silence, a thoughtful freshman asked the question if a *masculine* could lay eggs, as the article belongs only to a masculine noun. This was appreciated by the "Prof." and the class; the latter rewarding their classmate by giving him ever after the "classic title" of *masculine*.

Time went on without more than a usual amount of difficulty until the Xmas examinations. And here description is too faint to portray the agony consequent upon my going up for my examinations in classics. I pause here to give some gratuitous advice to intending freshmen. Never come to McGill, unless you know more about the work than I did, for the consciousness of being poorly prepared are objects well deserving of dread. Besides, you should have some small amount of pity for the overtaxed professor whom you compel to walk through the semi-desert of your erroneous statements, in which he may find an occasional plant of trash, without which your case would be one of absolute "flaccidation."

Place yourself in the position of one of the professors, and upon page after page of badly worded and worse written manuscript. And is it not bad enough to work through the day and work late at night reading these papers, even when the answers are all right, without shocking the nerves and injuring the tem-

per of the man, by giving answers that are too terribly bad to provoke laughter? How I ever passed my examination in Classics, I can scarcely tell. That I studied hard was true, but then I reckoned myself among the "plucked" ones. In this I was happily disappointed, and had my joy heightened by the fact that I was not quite the lowest of the *passes*. After the holidays I came back and worked on until near the close of lectures for the session, when I got sick and discouraged, and thought I must certainly follow the example of others of my classmates who had already left the University.

But I managed to try, and did so; succeeded in passing the Sessional Examinations, and in one subject came off as Prizeman. I then bade adieu to the name and position of freshman.

Phunigfups.

An old lady recently directed the attention of her husband to a pair of twins, remarking as she did so, "How much those two children do look alike, especially the one this way!"

MCGILL NICKNAMES.—Blowhard, Balls, Carlo, Cock, Colfish, Shark, Jackall, Frog, Goat, Pater, Scipio Tattergownus, Backwoods, Faculty, Kut-my-nose-off, Sport, Plugugly, Eezoon, Heathen Chinece, Katie, Stork, and Moonface.

A FIRST-CLASS life policy: Keep out of debt.

Too full for utterance: The boy who filled his mouth with hot baked apple.

VELOCITY OF SOUND.—Josh Billings was asked, "How fast does sound travel?" His idea is that it depends a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. "The sound of a dinner horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second, while an invitashun tew get up in the morning, i have known to be 3 quarters of an hour goin' 2 pair of stairs and then not hev strength enuff left to be heard."

"How are you to-day?" asked the benevolent Dr. P. of one of his Irish patients at Guy's Hospital. "Faith, Doctor," groaned the poor fellow, "I'm that bad that if any one was to tell me that I was clane dead, I would not be surprisid at all."

A LITTLE boy was sent to a store for some eggs. Before reaching home he dropped them. In answer to his mother, who asked, "Did you break any?" he replied, "No. I didn't break any, but the shells came off from some of them."

THIS is how a paragraph in a Western paper records a suicide: "He blew his head off. Bilious, poor and disheartened. The gun muzzle in his mouth, his toe on the trigger, and up goes his hair."

A YOUNG man asked a young lady her age, and she replied: "Six times seven and seven times three added to my age will exceed six times nine and four, as double my age exceeds twenty." The young man said he thought she looked much older.

In Boston a poor man, who less than a year ago had only one suit of clothes, went into the newspaper business, and now he has eight suits. Seven of them are for libel.

A NEW-BRUNSWICKER, in the Customs Department, having for a long time enjoyed the pleasure of wearing his hair of artistic length, at last determined to visit a barber, who asked if he would like to have his head shingled. "Yes," said he, "if you can do it so well that it will not leak." The barber did his work so thoroughly that our hero on surveying himself in the glass failed to recognize his "physiog." and thought he had a legal claim upon the barber for damages for destroying his identity.

A FRESHMAN of McGill on looking into the room of a brother freshman, who happened to be in stature a little like the Liliputians described by Swift, and finding the room vacant, calls out in an interrogatory tone of voice, "Are you *non est*?" thus sadly mixing English and Latin, and making a bad sentence. The Liliputian at the foot of the stair calls out "Sum." "Some?" repeats the interrogator, laughing, "not much."