

soothed and sweetened by the vigorous and appropriate efforts of a couple of Italian minstrels hired for the occasion. Who will forget the genuine ring of the old college choruses at such times, vast volume of sound, strong-lunged, roaring—rolling, with all its multiplicity of keys, through hall and corridor afar even to the wondering ears of the drowsy Dean. Who will forget the cheery speeches made then, and the hearty outflow of genial good fellowship over the last disappearing morsels of bread and cheese and the last sweet drops of ever flattening beer; or the uncertain waltzes and fragmentary quadrilles, which usually succeeded in the main hall, to the music of the minstrels.

Will the grave senior, in his third year, or still graver graduate, in his law office, ever forget the long, protracted conversations over old times, which he listened to with such reverence, in the long evenings of his first term, perhaps when some condescendingly urbane senior would grant him the honor of sitting in his room and consuming his beer and tobacco, deigning to discourse at great length to a group of awe-stricken tyros gathered about him upon the marvelous and incredible adventures of his previous college career, adding also still more wonderful legends of the dim-remembered past which had preceded him, strange doings in the city, daring freaks in the College, contentions with the authorities, mysterious and intricate devices for smoothing the difficulty of passing examinations—all stirring the spirit of emulation in the listener to its inmost core, and inspiring him to the commission of certain lawless deeds which in time, perhaps, brought down upon him the wrath of aforesaid authorities and convinced him that a quiet course of milder recreation was, after all, most conducive to his peace of mind.

There has been a great change in the last few years in the relation of the years to one another. The line between senior and freshman was strongly drawn in our time. We were seldom invited to a senior's room, and when we were we found it best to be extremely respectful. Any unseemly behavior on our part was sternly repressed by this aristocratic class, who reserved to themselves the sole right of all riotous conduct. In those days strange pranks were played on innocent, unsuspecting freshmen. Can the members of a certain year ever forget that memorable scene at Convocation three years ago, when under solemn direction from the grave-faced head of the College, they marched up to the top of the new hall and coolly established themselves in the chief seats, destined for the honoured fathers of the University, amid the astonished stare of the graduates, the wondering gaze of fair faces in the body of the Hall and the intense and uproarious glee of the demons in the gallery—taking it all in of course as a mark of admiration for themselves. Ah! crimson were the blushes and meek the bended heads when the smiling lips of the Dean showed them the never-to-be-forgotten error they had fallen into.

Jokes there were too of a rather more practical nature—

the gauntlet for instance—resorted to when the unfortunate freshman year happened to be guilty of some offense distasteful to the moral sense of the judicial senior. You will perhaps remember some cold winter night, when you were pulled from your midnight dreams and led, blindfold, to the entrance hall—a dark vista opening on your restored vision of two parallel rows of stalwart executioners armed with pillows—how a tall senior, after recounting grimly to you your crimes and misdeeds and solemnly warning you against the commission of such in future, consigned you calmly to that glimmering fanning-mill of pillows, through which you plunged and waded helplessly to the safe resting ground beyond, where, under guard, you gaze back with unspeakable delight upon your successors, dancing and hopping in the same muscular chaldron.

There was one senior prank, however, in the olden time, more reprehensible than either of these, and which has, we are glad to say, long since been discontinued. That was what was known as "routing," a rather serious and disagreeable jest. For instance: scene—dark winter night in a silent freshman's bedroom—freshman sleeping placidly—enter stealthily two dark, prowling figures on tiptoe—one takes one end of the bed, the other the other—bed turns neatly upside down, freshman buried beneath, right in the middle; a good solid mound of bed mattresses, blankets, &c., resting on top of him—exit prowlers rapidly—freshman, now fully awake to the difficulties of his position, proceeds, with some pain, to excavate himself, which, in the course of the night, he does—proceeds to smooth down his bruises, whispering all the while softly to himself, and searching round for some convenient things to throw up and down the corridor, outside; but finding this of no avail, gathers up the scattered ruin of his bed furniture and settles himself down to a couple of hours of ardent reflection, revolving a dozen or two of etherial schemes of vengeance to be consummated, if possible, in his second year. Such was "routing," a thing which has now, fortunately, become no more than a legend of the forgotten past, the authorities having some years ago wisely suppressed it by requiring every senior of that time to sign an agreement to have nothing to do with it.

We always took great interest in the institute in that pleasant freshman time. Seldom did any of us miss a meeting. The novelty of the thing was vastly attractive, the strange formality—almost ridiculous, considering the smallness of its numbers, the elaborate constitution, bearing the impress of all the embryo wisdoms of the place for thirty years, work of many careful hands that have passed away to the four corners of the earth and forgotten it and its abode long ago; carefully worded clauses, to be ever flung in the teeth of the contumacious member by those sturdy conservative Scribes and Pharisees learned in the law, the members of the Institute Council. Wilt thou ever forget the tremendous ebullitions of party spirit that would now and then result from