

looks, the pulverizing frowns, the withering rebukes, the scathing remonstrances of the stern, implacable teacher.

A mischievous and over-officious friend whisperingly tells him of the unrestricted freedom prevailing in the house, in connection with daily egress and ingress, on the faith of which our artless, unsophisticated hero, candidly and fearlessly saunters forth through the parlor door, and proceeds to discharge the noble mission of purchasing a stipulated quantity of "Sweet Caps" for his wily deceiver. On his return to his great stupefaction and instantaneous horripilation the reproachful and menacing countenance of an unflinching, inexorable disciplinarian, gives him to understand that the much-vaunted freedom is confined within limits narrower than he was led to believe.

Anon, the poor persecuted lad may well imagine that a legion of hobgoblins and elfs, on evil bent, taunt the dormitory wherein he striveth to rest his wearied limbs and restore his exhausted strength, as counterpane and sheets fly from off his couch and leave him exposed to the inclemencies of an autumnal night. If nature hath made him a robust and lusty youth provided with broadly expanded chest, and vulcanian lungs, that rival the bellows of the smithy, he is directed to blow out the incandescent light. At the sleep-chasing sound of the matin bell, after repeated and heroic efforts to unseal his organs of vision, after stretching his arms aloft, dangling his legs through blanket and mattress, in vain doth he inspect the floor round about him in quest of a pair of socks which, if he remembers aright, he had thereon deposited the previous evening. Socks are not to be found,

and compelled is he, ploughman-like, to plod his weary way, down flight after flight of the interminable stairs, contented with a cold and clammy pair of boots.

Such are a few of the impositions, contrivances, manœuvres and wiles the new-boy is subjected to at the incipency of his college life. If he be a bright youth, a month of these proceedings will suffice for his perfect inurement; if he be of duller intellect, several moons will have waned before the same happy result can be brought about.

At all events, the trials do not prove mortal. The wearied and persecuted one manages to keep alive away from home; he grows plump and rosy-cheeked on hash diet; he learns to limit his sphere of action within the precincts assigned to him; in the grum and austere prefect he finds a solicitude and an affection that replace, as far as it is possible, the cares and love of the fond parents he has left behind; he soon realizes that that man is sufficiently free who is shackled by no other chains than those of duty; elfins and goblins no longer haunt the castle wherein he seeks his nightly repose; electricity by its brilliant rays, has partially disclosed to him the mystery of its nature. In a word, he has now passed through the trials of his initiation, he has left the ranks of the profane, and been enrolled among the knowing ones. Nay, the day may come when, forgetful of his own troubles, he will reverse the parts in the play and console himself with the thought of dearly-bought experience, which has made him a master in the land and will enable him to become a leader where he once stood as a raw recruit.

MYSTES.

