

sandwiched with a bountiful supply of refreshments, was very enjoyable and much enjoyed by all present.

BASE BALL is agitating the minds of the students at present. The "Arctæ" B. B. C. is in a good condition to commence operation, as regards implements, and the members hope to be able to compete with some good clubs before the season is ended.

Last autumn this club received from their ex-captain, H. S. Chase, Esq., of Hopkinton, New Hampshire, a present of a dozen bats, four balls and nine sets of shoe spikes. They were received too late to be of much service last autumn, but they are immensely appreciated now. Shortly after the receipt of the implements, a meeting of the club was held, and a hearty vote of thanks tendered to Mr. Chase for his magnanimous gift.

At the first meeting of the club, held March 9th, the following officers were elected:—

*President*—E. R. Curry.

*Vice do.*—J. B. Bogart.

*Secretary*—Chipman Parker.

*Treasurer*—W. F. Parker.

*Captain*—F. A. Hobart.

A SCHOONER, loaded with potatoes, was wrecked off Mud Creek, and potatoes, in a slightly damaged condition, have since been selling at the wharf for ten cents per bushel. The other afternoon as one of the refugees was returning from a tour of inspection, he was somewhat alarmed to meet two of the prettiest Sems., with determination flashing from their eyes, and high resolve written on every forehead, posting headlong along College Avenue, toward the wharf. Backing up against a post, and looking around with a dazed expression on his countenance, he exclaimed: "Can it be possible that ones so young and fair are seeking a watery grave?" He felt somewhat reassured, however, when he heard in a sweet whisper as they passed him: "I guess we'll have something to eat now. Gus, where's that fifty-cent piece? Ten into fifty is—is—is five, isn't it? Get us five bushels, won't it, Gus?"

DATE, March 8th. *Scene*, grounds west of Academy. Time, 8.40 A. M. Great excitement in all directions. Heads, brown, black, tawny, and reddish, poked eagerly

from the windows above. Crowds of Academicians clustered about the doors. Collegians scattered around. Fair female faces flashing from far. Cause of the tumult an innocent band of Juniors, armed to the teeth with garden forks, geological hammers and clam baskets, preparing to fall into line. The object in view, an expedition to Long Island, there to gaze on the remains of an anciently submerged forest, to study a fine specimen of wind-drift structure, and to practically investigate the construction of that species of Molluscs which is most prevalent in these parts. The class happened to be engaged on Molluscs at the time. As the 8.48 bell rang the captain stepped to the front, hoisted the ensign, improvised out of a fish-pole and a voluptuous looking pocket-handkerchief, and arranged the ranks. "Forward! March!" and with slow and stately step they moved on, dressed *à la mudflat*, with forks shining, baskets swinging, hammers firmly grasped, while over the line there flew

"A banner with the strange device,"

"K-L-A-M-B-S,"

while from the assembled spectators there arose an ill-suppressed murmur of admiration. Before the Sem. the line halted and gave the military salute; then amid a shower of smiles and tintinabulation of many little belles, held on its way. Oh! happy Juniors, off for a day on the shore, while the sober Sophomore and the solid Senior alike stare vacantly at the blank walls of the new College, and sigh for a fork and a mudflat. A little latter two teams might have been seen toiling along Main Street in the direction of Long Island. Nine Juniors accupied one, the Scientific Professor and two more Juniors the others. Splash, squash, fizz, went the groaning wains through the mud, while the deeper the wheels sank the higher the spirits of the Juniors rise. Joy beamed from every eye, glistened on every cheek, laughed in every voice, shouted in every song. For as soon as the houses of the village took up a position in the rear, the whole crowd burst in full cry, and from "The Land where Ella lies" to "The Noble Duke of York," and back again to "Sweet Nellie Gray," sang through the whole gamut of sentiment. The wind blew fresh from the west, the kerchief fluttered, the mud flew along the soft bottoms of Grand Pre. Meanwhile the tide was