determined to do ample justice to the cause of
eating. There is no song of the Epicurean herd, that
would not be surprised at the scene. The clash of
the eating utensils is ever and anon, drowned amid the
cries of the cateras for more to come. Figuratively
speaking, the plates and dishes may be said to shrink
from the grasp of those who seem ready to devour them.
At length the demands of the stomach are satisfied, and
by degrees they all retire, leaving marks of their courage
behind them, and all repair to their rooms to await
the announcement by the bell of the time for the next
recitation.

The ringing of the bell and the hurrying of the
students to their respective recitation rooms, opens
our next scene. We follow one particular crowd
and give pride ourselves in Dr. P’s mathematical
recitation room. The Dr. is a venerable old man
with bony locks, wears spectacles, and looks all
the time as though he were trying to discover, ac-
cording to mathematical rules, whether or not the
enroll is in balance or something else beyond
human reach. We respect him for his virtues
and admire him for his labors. This class con-
ists of about thirty, most of them distinguished for
their standing in their class. The recitation com-

ments. Mr. A. is first called upon. He has been
diligent in the performance of the duty assigned him,
and the consequence is that he makes a good