

large scale, giving blackboard exercises to the whole school by sections, in hopes, I suppose, that we might some day compete with sign painters. I remember that when his class was examined at the close of the winter term in 1860, our beloved professor requested section "C" to give an illustration of the method of constructing the letter "E." History compels me to remark that several of his pupils had attained such proficiency that they certainly were fully worthy of taking rank with second-class sign painters, and their capital letters were really almost capital specimens of art.

Our Mr. Hewett was perhaps as much given to bright sayings and happy retorts in those days as he is at present, and on this occasion he perpetrated one of his very best. Passing in review in front of the long blackboard in company with our professor, he quietly remarked: "Section C has performed to-day with great ease." (E's.) Our quiet teacher, not given to wit and humor, agreed with a gentle laugh, and through his mind there galloped no idea of the peculiar humor of the remark. During the evening of that day, at a social gathering of teachers and pupils, some one explained to our drawingmaster, with not a little difficulty, the real point of Mr. Hewett's little joke. When he thoroughly took in the situation, his joy and gratification knew no bounds. "Section 'C' performed with great E's," he repeated over and over again, and seemed at last to fully realize that something truly good had actually been said.

Scene: assembly room. McMackin standing at the dictionary-table looking up a word; no member of the faculty in the room, Dr. Edwards in charge, having stepped out; Frank Searles, going out to the reading-table, meets a greenhorn just in to enter school, who inquires, "Say, Mister, where can I find the president? I want to come to school." Searles directs him to "that man standing by the table," pointing out McMackin. He walks through the room and approaches Mc., with "Say, er you the president?" Mc. (very coolly and complacently), "Yes, sir; what can I do for you?" "I want to come to school." Mc. looks at him a moment in a dignified manner, "Oh,—ah,—yes; well, I never attend to matters of that kind myself; you'll have to see my private secretary."—[Enter Dr. Edwards.] "There he comes now; that bald-headed man. You just step to his desk; he will tell you what to do."

THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

In the fall of 1874, on a certain Saturday evening, a total eclipse of the moon was advertised. The performance was to begin at one o'clock Sunday morning. After society meeting, those who were

members of the "seventh hour class" strolled off in groups, two in a group, or whiled away the blissful moments discussing the critic's report, or the general topic of spelling; feeling all the while that eclipses were a grand, good blessing to those who found it difficult to frame excuses for occupying the parlor late at night and burning so much of the landlady's kerosene. The strictly steady ones went to bed; for, truth to tell, many of them had not heard that there was going to be an eclipse. A few boys, however, determined to "raise a racket" worthy of the occasion. Gathering about forty on the east side, they crossed the University campus to the west side, where were a large number of boys, "batching" and in clubs. Most of them were asleep. Collecting about the houses, the crowd would make night hideous until those within were prevailed upon to join the party. Re-crossing the ground, with numbers doubled, they reached the club house, popularly known as "Saint's Rest," next door to Dr. Hewett's residence, and quieter measures at first were resorted to in order to raise the boys, who were chiefly of the strictly circumspect sort. A committee of two or three went to each room, but some of those within, probably filled with visions of cruel hazing, resolutely refused to admit the callers. In vain the explanation was made that the intention was only to raise as large a crowd as possible, call out one of the professors and get him to "talk eclipse." One burly, broad-shouldered fellow displayed violent symptoms of becoming unpleasantly pugilistic. All but two or three, however, yielded at last, and by this time the eclipse was coming on.

As to which one of the faculty should be called out, was the next question. Edwards wouldn't do. He would probably take it amiss. So thought several of the leaders of the party who did not happen to be on the most amicable terms with the president. "Doc." (Sewall) was just the man, but he was not at home. Professor Hewett was selected as the victim. The company of about one hundred ranged along the street in front of the professor's house. A committee of three "waited on him" by vigorously ringing the door-bell until he was awakened. It would seriously impair the writer's reputation as a truthful historian to say that Dr. Hewett was in full dress when he appeared at the door to inquire, "*What's the matter?*" With a word of explanation from the boys, he took in the situation in a moment. Said he had returned late in the evening from a trip by rail, and too weary and sleepy to sit up till the time of the eclipse, had gone to bed, but thanked the boys kindly for waking him. Then, putting on wraps, he came out, and for more than an hour entertained and instructed us with explanations and facts regarding the heavenly bodies. Altogether, it was probably the best remembered lecture on astronomy that any of those who heard it, listened to during their course in school.