We are more exclusive, and think too much of our health to indulge in either. Cochituate water has recently been analyzed at our expense, and found to contain so many bacteria and other nourishment that, in justice to ourselves and to our boarding-mistress, we have decided to do without it. Neither does the café on the avenue, with its soda-water and pretty (?) dispenser thereof, attract us greatly. Unless we are looking for a certain member of '91, we never venture within its portals.

The "Old Elm" has received a good deal of gratuitous advertising here among the students, but the truth is, we seldom visit there, unless just before an examination in German. It is too public, and then we are in danger of running against a certain instructor, who might misunderstand our intentions, as we do his.

With the exception of our boarding-house table, where milk (?) and coffee (?) are employed as assistants in digestion, we seldom drink in public.

We are never seen, going in or coming out of, any of the cafés or other public places in Boston. We drink at home, or we are at home when we drink. In our easy dressing-gown and slippers, ensconced in our arm-chair, with our friends around us, we drink; what we drink is not the subject of this paper. Whether it be soda, coffee, or "and-so-forth," it is here we imbibe it while listening to the old story, or older song, of our intimates, or indulging in some innocent little game, as, for example, that new Russian pastime, peauxchoeur. Here in the privacy of one's own room, or his neighbor's, where restraint and high collar are discarded together; where plans for the future and regrets for the past are forgotten; where, in a word, man is himself, that lasting friendships are to be formed. And this is where we drink.

The Wreck of the Merrimack.

The Merrimack was an iron steamship of 2,200 tons, and a length of about 270 feet. She had compound engines, and was supposed to be capable of making fifteen knots an hour. She had accommodations, on a pinch, for 500 passengers, and was "acknowledged by experts to be the strongest ship on the Atlantic Coast." She had been refitted for the Boston, Halifax, and P. E. I. Line, and sailed from Boston, July 2d, on her first trip of the season.

I shipped for the round trip, and was enjoying it greatly. There was the full breath of the open ocean without the hope-deferred feeling of the voyage to Liverpool, and the glimpses of the Provinces obtained afforded both variety and novelty.

Returning, we left Halifax, Saturday, July 9th, at 4.30 P. M., expecting to make Boston early Monday morning. The sky was clear, but the wind had been blowing from the southeast for three days, and had raised a heavy sea. My state-room was on the upper deck, and I retired early. At 12.30 that night the ship struck. I was waked by the shock and by the horrible crunching noise, as the ship's bottom was torn on the rocks. I jumped up and pulled on my clothes with difficulty, as the ship rolled fearfully, and it was dark. On deck men were rushing about in a crazy way; women were crying and wringing their hands. Few were dressed. We all expected to go down in a moment.