Professor Atkinson’s lectures were a veritable inspiration.

Such work as this, the conscientiously performed duties of a teacher in general branches, leaves little external and material evidence behind it to remind one of its extent and usefulness. No imposing laboratory or important professional course remains as a monument of Professor Atkinson’s labors. From the very nature of the case that is impossible. His memorial must be sought in the influence which his own personality and the ideas imparted by him have exerted in the formation of the mind and character of his pupils. And certainly there has been no member of the Faculty to whom our graduates and other past students have confessed their obligations more frequently or with greater uniformity than to him of whom we speak, and none for whom they have entertained a warmer personal regard. They have always remembered his sympathy, his warm interest in their welfare, his constant readiness to help them by kind counsel; in short, his entire friendliness to them, whether earlier as pupils, or later, when they had entered into professional life.

And these same qualities were always observable in his relations with his colleagues of the Faculty: cheerful, conscientious, pacific, holding before himself and all others the highest moral standards, ungrudging of his time and unsparing of his labor, he did with heartiness whatever his hand found to do, and seconded every effort whose end was to build up the Institute, whether it worked for or against the immediate interests of his department or himself.

The Faculty are saddened by his loss. They will remember his labors with grateful appreciation, and cherish his memory with affection and esteem.

JOHN D. RUNKLE.
CHAS. R. CROSS.
DAVIS R. DEWEY.

Juan Leal.

I was an officer, then, in the British army. It was the time of the Napoleonic wars. At twenty-two I found myself in Spain, fighting with all the hatred of an Englishman against the French.

To make matters clear, I must acknowledge an absurd fancy of mine,—for you know that we all do have absurd fancies. I had a craze—a mania, you may call it—for boots. However strange this may seem, you must remember that at this time boots were worn almost exclusively. Anything that was odd or fantastic in the way of boots I tried to obtain, and took great pride in owning.

Returning one evening from the fulfillment of a command which had carried me some distance, I stumbled upon the scene of a recent skirmish at a crossing made by the roads. As I rode slowly along, a body lying face downward caught my eye. My attention was attracted by the peculiar shape of the upper part of the bootleg. I started. Could it be a brother officer of mine whom I knew so well wore boots similar to these? I could not make out the uniform, for the upper part of the body was enveloped in a dark mantle. I dismounted and approached the body. Quickly turning it over, to my great relief a strange, foreign-looking face met my sight. Even here my hobby enforced itself, and I almost unconsciously examined the boots. I had never seen leather of such fineness. Well, in one word I concluded to take them. I drew them off and strapped them behind my saddle. As I rode slowly along, a body lying face downward caught my eye. My attention was attracted by the peculiar shape of the upper part of the bootleg. I started. Could it be a brother officer of mine whom I knew so well wore boots similar to these? I could not make out the uniform, for the upper part of the body was enveloped in a dark mantle. I dismounted and approached the body. Quickly turning it over, to my great relief a strange, foreign-looking face met my sight. Even here my hobby enforced itself, and I almost unconsciously examined the boots. I had never seen leather of such fineness. Well, in one word I concluded to take them. I drew them off and strapped them behind my saddle. As I did so I instinctively felt the presence of the other bodies lying around me in the cold starlight. The country was very open; not a thing moved, and the silence was appalling. Had I robbed a dead man? Surely I had never done such a thing before. Even now I hesitated, but only for a moment. Then I mounted and rode like a madman, and glad enough I was to see my own camp light and to roll myself in a blanket in my own tent, and hear the pacing of the guards outside; for the