

STUDENT PUBLICATIONS, "BRUNSWICKAN" HAVE HAD COLORFUL HISTORY

University Monthly Was First; Editor, Sir George E. Foster

Approximately five years ago the supposedly first issue of the "University Monthly" was found and taken to the archives of the University Library. That first issue was published in the month of September, 1867. It was entitled:

THE UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
Devoted to Literature, Science, and General Information
Vol. One Fredericton, N. B.

September, 1867 No. 1
Now note the words "Volume One, Number one." Fifteen years later, the second issue of the "University Monthly" appeared with the same title exactly except for "September 1867" we have the date "March, 1882." Yes, the "Vol. One, No. 1" was still there. We have no record of any other issue being published between the year 1867 and 1882 but there is the first 1882 issue masquerading as the first edition of our U.N.B. college paper! Were the editors misleading the public or was it just a coincidence that they named it the "University Monthly, Vol. One, No. 1, March, 1882?"

The Editor-in-Chief of the 1867 issue, Mr. George E. Foster, stated in his editorial "To the Public" the following:

"In this, our first appearance before the public, we are subject to much the same feelings and tremblings as those that move the orator on the occasion of his maiden speech. We know that in this day, when newspapers of every party, and, we may say, of every grade of moral tone, from the simply ridiculous to the noble and elevated, are scattered broadcast through our Province; when news in the shape of telegrams, and literature, in the form of magazines, abound in our towns and country places, the appearance of another on the stage as an inspirant for public favour and popular patronage will be deemed by some premature and uncalled for, especially when that one comes from a source which has never before given birth to even the semblance of the like."

The First Brunswickan
On page eight of the 1867 issue we have the Prospectus of the "University monthly" which will clear up many questions as to why such a college newspaper was started.

"The University Monthly will be published at Fredericton on the last Thursday of each month. It professes to be a journal devoted to Literature, Science, and General Information; and will supply in some measure at least, the existing want which is felt in our Province

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THE UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

VOL. 1. FREDERICTON, N. B., SEPTEMBER, 1867. No. 1.

THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF THE STUDENT.

(Extract from a College Poem.)
WHEN envious Time, with unrelenting hand,
Dissolves the union of some little band,
A bond connected by those hallowed ties
That from the birth of letters friendship rises,
Each lingering soul, before the parting sigh,
One moment waits to view the years gone by;
Memory still loves to hover o'er the place,
And all our pleasures and our pains retrace.
The student is the subject of my song:
Few are his pleasures, yet those few are strong;
Not the gay, transient moment of delight,
Not hurried transports felt but in their flight;
Unlike all else, the student's joys endure,
Intense, expansive, energetic, pure;
Whether o'er classic plains he loves to roam,
Midst Attic bowers, or through the Mantuan grove;
Whether, with scientific eye, he traces
The various modes of number, time, and space;
Whether on wings of heavenly truth he rises,
And penetrates the secrets of the skies,
Or downwards treading, with an humble eye,
Through Nature's laws explores a Duty;
His are the joys no stammerer breast can feel,
No wit define, no utterance reveal.
Nor yet, alas! unnumbered the joys we boast,
Our pleasures still proportioned labors cost.
An anxious tear oft fills the student's eye,
And his breast heaves with many a struggling sigh.
His is the task, the long, long task 't' explore,
Of every age the lumber and the lore.
Nay, I describe his struggles and his strife,
The thousand minor miseries of his life;
How Application, never-tiring maid,
On mourns an aching, oft a dizzy, head;
How the hard toil but slowly makes its way,
One word explained, the labor of a day;
Here forced to explore some labyrinth without end,
And there some paradox to comprehend!
And there ten folios fraught with some meaning small,
And there ten folios fraught with some meaning small.

Above is shown a section, with the mast head (an actual photograph) of the original student publication at this university, taken from a copy in the archives. The accompanying article was written by Mr. Hay as an essay and published in 1947. Dalton Camp was editor then.

mention in passing, the "Salutatory", I presume being written by the Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Stephen S. Ritchie showed that the staff had formed a definite policy, viz. "The Monthly is the students' special property thereof we shall speak out fearlessly on all matters connected with the students and the college." They did, too, in that very issue! I quote, "We do not hesitate in condemning the action of the Senate and especially that of

"Tis friendship's self, — what cynic will refuse?
O, I could tell how oft her joys we've shared,
When mutual cares those mutual joys endured,
How arm in arm we've lingered through the vale,
Listening to many a time-beguiting tale,
How oft, relaxing from one common toil,
We've found repose amid one common smile.
Yes, I could tell, but O, the task how vain!
I would but increase our fast approaching pain;
The pain so thrilling to a student's heart,
Crouched in that tallman of woe, we part.

THE HASTE AND EAGERNESS OF YOUTH.

It has been observed by long experience, that late springs produce the greatest plenty. The delay of blooms and fragrance, of verdure and breeze, is for the most part liberally compensated by the exuberance and fecundity of the ensuing seasons; the blossoms which lie concealed till the year is advanced and the sun is high, escape those chilling blasts and nocturnal frosts which are often fatal to early luxuriance, prey upon the first smiles of vernal beauty, destroy the few principles of vegetable life, intercept the fruit in the germ, and beat down the flowers unopened to the ground. I am afraid there is little hope of persuading the young and sprightly part of my readers, upon whom the spring naturally forces my attention, to learn from the great process of nature the difference between diligence and hurry, between speed and precipitation; to prosecute their designs with calmness; to watch the concurrence of opportunity, and endeavour to find the lucky moment which they cannot make. Youth is the time of enterprise and hope; having yet no conception of

age we must labor to recall the fire and impetuosity of youth; in youth we must learn to expect, and in age to enjoy. The torment of expectation is, indeed, not easily to be borne at a time when every idea of gratification fires the blood, and flashes on the fancy; when the heart is vacant to every fresh form of delight, and has no rival engagements to withdraw it from the importunities of a new desire. Yet since the fear of missing what we seek must always be proportionable to the happiness expected from possessing it, the passion, even in this tempestuous state, might be somewhat moderated by frequent recollection of the mischief of to-morrow, and the hazard of losing that which we endeavor to seize before our time.

He that too early aspires to honors, must resolve to encounter not only the opposition of interest, but the malignity of envy. He that is too eager to be rich, generally endangers his fortune in wild adventures and uncertain projects; and he that hastes too speedily to reputation, often raises his character by artifices and fallacies, decks himself in colors which quickly fade, or in plumes which accident may shake off, or competition pluck away. The danger of early eminence has been extended by some, even to the gift of nature; and an opinion has been long conceived, that quickness of invention, accuracy of judgment, or extent of knowledge appearing before the usual time, presage a short life. Even those who are less inclined to form general conclusions, from instances which by their own nature must be raw, have yet been mentioned

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