

As gracefully as a duck on the ocean wave he sits in the saddle while the pony demonstrates mathematical figures to the amusement of the ranchers and the amazement of "tenderfeet." Soon realizing the fixedness of the quantity aboard, the pony becomes philosophical and walks off at the ordinary pace, (bos-*puer volens*.)

The passionate love of unbridled freedom manifested by the pony in one circumstance is manifested by the rider in another. Given a cowboy + one bottle xxx + one six-shooter + a town, and you have a practical demonstration of the western conception of freedom. It may be ideal, but it becomes uncomfortably real at times. Perforation seems to become the chief end of this particular man, and fellow-beings take common ground with a pine board. Call it *reductio ad absurdum*, if you please; philosophy is thin and puny before the whizzing bullet. The cowboy is a materialist and propagates his doctrine with certainty and despatch.

Of a slightly higher grade is the miner. Though as full of oaths and strife and possessed of the same intense eagerness for the spirituous, he is on an average more intelligent and more intimately acquainted with the main topics of the day. The daily paper constitutes his library, with a few lectures of R. G. Ingersoll thrown in for ethical guidance.

In buckskin shirts, blue derry overalls and hob-nailed boots, with his pots and his pans, his pack-horse and his "pardner" he hies away to the hills and lives in the lap of nature. All day long he picks and digs with happy spirit illured by the peculiar fascination of his work, and at night-fall when the whip-poor-will's song has died away into stillness this poor shaggy child of the mountain wraps himself in his blanket, turns his toes to the blazing camp-fire and is soon lulled to sleep by the melody of the bubbling beans. He asks no pity. On no consideration would he return to the pernicky affectation and conventional fetters of ordinary so-called society life. He lives at least a franker and perhaps truer life.

But he is a bachelor. I regret I cannot close with a more cheerful picture. It is a lamentable fact that the interior of miner's, cowboy's or ranchman's "shack" is a sight to make angels weep; not to shock the fastidious by giving detail, I simply append the following with philanthropic motive, which I trust will be appreciated by those with whom rests the power to institute reform.

THE BACHELOR'S SONG.

With fingers unwashed and worn, with face unshaven and red,
A bachelor stood in unmanly rags kneading his leather bread;
Batch! Batch! Batch! in poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a pang of conscience sore, he remembered the hole in his shirt.

Batch! Batch! Batch! when the cock is crowing
aloof,
Batch! Batch! with a hen roost on the
roof;
Its oh! to have a wife, though but a barbarous Turk,
For woman is little use for else than doing this sort
of work.

Oh! men with sisters dear—(I'll take one.)

With apology to Thomas Hood for mutilation.

Yours, etc.,

CONVOCATION.

OPENING OF SCHOOL OF MINING.

ON Monday, Oct. 30th, an interested audience assembled in the Carruthers Science Hall to participate in the formal opening of the School of Mining. In the absence of Mr. J. B. Carruthers, the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr. Hiram Calvin, M.P., occupied the chair. He said the history of the institution which was about to be opened had been short; he would therefore not have to refer to the past. "The task of organizing a school like this," he continued, "would daunt a spirit less fearless than that of Dr. Grant, and it is a privilege for us to have such a leader. We have not sufficient means at present to carry on this work, but we hope, nevertheless, to make a success of it. We have already the Government grant, and are now awaiting the grant of the City Council before applying to the surrounding municipalities. There are a sufficient number of students ready to begin work, so we are depending upon the City Council to take immediate steps in regard to a grant. It is impossible to approach the surrounding municipalities until Kingston has first made an appropriation for this purpose. The Legislature was prompt in recognizing the importance of the work, and it is surprising that this city should be behindhand in doing so."

He then called on Mr. Hamilton Merritt, who is one of the three gentlemen in Canada who have attained to an associateship in the Royal School of Mines, London, England. After a few introductory remarks Mr. Merritt proceeded: "The wise choice of a name and an individual position will eventually cause this school to pass in front of the universities of McGill and Toronto, which enable students to qualify in subjects essential to a mining engineer. There was no class so closely banded together in mutual self-interest as the mining community. Nothing brought men together like danger or the appearance of it. Next to that of actual warfare he knew of no occupation where negligence or foolhardiness meets more surely with the summary punishment of loss of life or limb than the occupation of mining. The miner must first of all master the principles of chemistry that he may understand the composition