

seemed to be the fiendish yell of some demon, but which was, in reality, the brakesman dinning into my weary ears, with apparently diabolical delight, harsh corruptions of such soft and euphonic Indian names as Nuwigewank, Apohauqui or Petitecodiac; and when at last in spite of the glare of lamps, the noise of the train and the railway employees, I had overcome drowsy sleep, I was suddenly aroused from my sweet dreams by the conductor. He informed me that, as the train was at Moncton, I should have to change cars. Dazed and barely half-awake, I seized my accoutrements and leaped, or rather stumbled, out upon the platform. Here I passed the most miserable ten minutes I ever spent. The rain was coming down in torrents. I could obtain no information either as to where the waiting-room was or when the train in which I was to continue my journey would put in an appearance.

It is at such a time as this that a man takes a sardonic delight in concocting correspondence for the daily papers, in the which he may vent his spleen and pour forth anathemas on the devoted heads of all connected with the railway, from the cabinet minister himself down to the ubiquitous train boy. In fact whenever I hear of a man writing to the papers, wanting to know what he is paying taxes for, and where the revenue is going to, and winding up with a tirade of abuse against the management of railways and the public works generally, I come to the conclusion that the wrathful individual has passed some short (or otherwise) portion of his life at Moncton waiting for the Quebec express, and that on account of an apparent combination of the weather, the timetable and the railway employees against him, he can, without any very powerful stretch of imagination, remember times which he passed more blissfully than that.

When at last the train did come, and we were safely ensconced in our seats, I discovered that sleep was entirely banished from my eyes; so, after vainly endeavouring to obtain sweet slumber, I arose and went out upon the rear platform. Here a pleasant surprise greeted me. The rain had ceased, the clouds were breaking up, and the moon was rising to add her bright light to that of the twinkling stars.

And now my weary spirit was cheered with hope of seeing the much talked of comet. But, upon consulting my watch, I found I should have to wait full two-hours before the comet would put in an appearance. For, though that luminary is, compared with the denizens of a city, an early riser, I had for once outstripped him. Buoyed up with such joyous hopes I retreated to my seat in the car, and sat ruminating on the way I would boast of having seen the comet, &c., &c. For be it known that on certain and sundry occasions I arose in the hours of darkness and, after smashing up my carcass generally in search of the historic match, (of course to no purpose,) wandered in strange dishabille to the window whence the sleep disturber was to be seen. And, at each of my nocturnal visits to that window, either the sky was shrouded with clouds or the earth with fog. Accordingly I was compelled to again seek my couch, but, as is usual at such times, without the faintest prospect of obtaining more sleep.

But to come back to the night in the train: I sat conning over in my mind the brilliant descriptions I would give to my friends of the general and particular appearance of the comet. Oft and again I consulted my time-piece, but each time I was more convinced than before, that the man ought

to have been hanged as an impostor who affirmed that: "Like wind flies time." When I had spent nearly an hour fidgeting about and disturbing the sleep-desirous passengers who sat (or rather lay) near me, an ominous sound broke upon my startled ears. I thought I heard the patter of rain upon the roof of the car. Instantly I leaped up and made a rush for the rear platform when in nervous haste I managed to open the door. I was met by a gust of wind which nearly threw me over. Rendered breathless by the suddenness of the blast, I let the door slip from my grasp. It closed with a bang. I did not attempt to open it again, for, in the brief minute that it was, it was ajar, I had seen the rain pouring down in torrents. Thus were my hopes dashed to the ground, and there was furnished to me an insight into the difficulties that an amateur astronomer has to encounter. Forthwith I decided that, whatever were my former ideas on the subject, nothing would ever, hereafter, induce me to become a devotee to that ancient science.

In disgust I turned my attention to the writings of certain classical authors. There, at least, I knew I would not be disappointed. For in the reading of Greek and Latin authors I could expect nothing but what I met with, viz: constant difficulties. And so, until I arrived in Halifax, I spent my time endeavouring to transpose classical poetry into English prose. I can assure my readers, if there be any such, that it is more pleasant striving to surmount difficulties than seeking to obtain pleasure.

And now, as I have arrived in Scotia's sombre capital, I will leave for a future sketch my impressions of that city. Now, therefore, with the assurance that I have not yet seen the comet, I will for the present say adieu. W. A.

EXCHANGES.

We have received the November number of the *Rouge et Noir*. The correspondents of the paper are evidently of a poetic turn of mind, considerable space being given up to the said branch of literature. The number throughout is a very creditable one.

About nine and a half columns of the October number of the *Argosy* are taken up with a farewell to the class of '82. The article, which is a very good one, is written by the College Biographer.

The *Kings College Record* for October contains in full the oration of I. Allan Jack, Esq., delivered before the Alumni of the University of New Brunswick in June last. It also contains Researches in the Life of Balbus by Philologus Phipp, Ph. D.

The *Sunbeam* for November has also come to hand. This is a very interesting number and is well edited. Some of the Canadian college papers might improve themselves by taking pattern from it in some respects.

The greatest beauty of Prince Feramory's harem in Turkey, has been interviewed by Mrs. General Low Wallace.

Artists seem to have a mania for lecturing lately. Mr. F. Seymour Haden is coming to New York to lecture on etching.

A studio has been opened at Hartford, Connecticut, by Professor David Simonson of Dresden, late President of the Artist's Association of Germany.