

And ye Bachelors, if this should meet your eyes, be ashamed of yourselves, and make the noble resolve of leaving the discomforts of your present state, and of fleeing to the joys of being
A HENRY DICK.

If the young man who, on the night of Prof. Marten's Concert, sat in Lingley Hall with his legs hanging over the railing of the gallery, will call at room No. 23, Male Academy, he will receive a box of superior blacking, as his boots were sadly in need of it. Or if he will send his name and address to John Bell, Esq., the blacking will be forwarded to him with all due celerity.
"HUNKY."

Found, near the Railway Station, a peculiar ornament, apparently belonging to a lady, but with no owner's name attached. I was at first at a loss for a name by which to advertise it, but have at length discovered it to be an "Elastic Braider." The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. Apply to
"W. LILLY,"
Male Academy.

Query.

How is it that a college containing so much talent and wit as "Mount Allison," has never issued a newspaper? We hope the Collegians will accept this gentle hint from us, and also as speedily act upon it.

A little Light on the Subject.

A few evenings since, one of our students was deeply engaged in reading a "work of fiction" when the bed bell rang. Not wishing to leave the story, he waited until he heard the Professor in charge going the rounds, when he quietly put out the light, and sat by the table in darkness, waiting until the Prof. went past. Unfortunately for the student, however, the teacher carried a lamp that night, and the surprise of both can be well imagined, when the delinquent was discovered reading in darkness. The affair was made light of.
"SAIBOT."

To be Let after 24th May next.

The favorite stand, on Lindsay & Vickery's corner, at present occupied, on fine afternoons, by Collegians of Mount Allison.

This situation, commencing as it does an extensive view in all directions, of interest, and being situated near "Cow Lane," possesses peculiar attractions for Calves and others, who may wish to enjoy a pleasant prospect from a retired place.

Rent will be low to suit the occupants. For further particulars apply to
"NAP."

Enigma.

SENT IN BY "SMALL BOY."

I am composed of twenty-four letters—
My 9, 19, 1, 5, 8, is a precious stone—
"4, 2, 6, 21, can never be fancied.
"4, 22, 1, 19, 4, has taken part in nearly every aquatic contest.
My 23, 16, 12, 18, is a kind of animal.
"13, 15, 20, 7, 22, 1, is a color.
"22, 10, 3, 18, 5, 4, is one who causes a great deal of trouble.
My whole is the style of the students of Mount Allison Male Academy.

We regret that a number of very valuable contributions have been crowded out of this issue.—[Ed. GOSSIP.

We publish the following article to show that there are some very small boys in this Academy, who wield the mighty pen.—Ed. GOSSIP.

Cats is a nice animal. They kill rats and mice. If they don't be fed some milk they get poisoned with eating rats. A good tom cat will kill a thousand rats in a year. So will a terrier dog. I mean the shaggy kind of terriers. I had one once and he got bit with a rat. A young cat is called a kitten. It is great fun drowning kittens before they are old. Cats will scratch you if you bother them, and they will put up their backs and spit at you. I don't know whether I like an old cat or not. If they had no claws, and was a black and white kitten, I think I would like it. I have a cat that has fits.
JOHNNY.

A View from our Cupola.

BY CHIRONHOTONTHOLOGOS.

To obtain a good view of Sackville few spots could be selected having so many advantages as the Cupola of the Male Academy.

A sheet of water is almost essential to a fine view, and of this particular there is no lack. Stretching far to the westward is the head of the Bay of Fundy, about whose waters it might be said, with at least the merit of a truism, "the quality of Fundy is not strained."

Situated on a promontory, which projects into the bay, is Fort Cumberland, a spot commanding the whole extent of the water for many miles. It was built by the French, but was afterwards taken by the English, and it is still kept in a comparative state of repair by the Government. Its ruins are full of interest to the antiquary.

Opposite and across the Bay of Fundy is Wood point, which affords one of the finest views in the country. We'll do I remember taking a twelve minutes walk to prove the truth of its boasted scenery, and well was I repaid.

Ranking next to Fort Cumberland in interest, and certainly second to none in importance, is the Sackville Marsh. When in summer it is covered with its burden of broad-leaf, which, disturbed by the breeze, surges backward and forward, with hare-like gracefulness, what can compare with it in point of beauty. Even in winter it is not entirely destitute of beauty—when with its numerous hay stacks, its numerous crocks, it presents an appearance not at all monotonous. Then again, when it is covered with clear ice, it is a very attractive sight, rendered more so perhaps by the presence of our "fair sisters from the other side," who occasionally enjoy the pleasures of skating.

In front of us, behind, to the right, to the left, lie the houses of the peaceful farmer, to whom the language of Longfellow, when describing Grand Pré in his story of "Evangeline," might well be applied.
And when we think that this is but one of the many thousand inviting views to be seen in our Dominion, we are led to exclaim—"Ride on young Dominion, peacefully and prosperously, nor fear your exacting and covetous old 'Uncle'; ride on, and you shall rule over a hundred millions of people, stretching from the broad Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakespeare and Milton."

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, IF NOT SOONER.—From fifty to one hundred blacking boys are wanted by the subscriber, who wishes to make playthings for some of the boys. The highest cash price will be paid.

James Mason & Co.'s preferred.
DINKEY & Co.,
Male Academy.

A Visit to a Country School.

BY C. O. D.

Just go into a country school for a day and note what you see and hear

There is the village pedagogue with spectacles and that awful stick with which he administers sundry taps to the desk, seemingly to brighten his intellect.

In one corner of the room you will see some luckless student, engaged in drawing a picture of his master on the black board, which being seen by "Old so and so," as the boys call him, the youth is immediately called up and receives a round dozen over the fingers and over the back, after which performance we hear a perfect chorus of yells.

In another direction you may hear the customary cry, "Please sir he's stickin' pins in me," or "Please sir he's pullin' my hair," whereupon the lad who disturbed the public peace is marched up to the desk, weeping with pain, and returns after the punishment, howling with pain.

Then a class is called up. The head person begins, commences, and suddenly ends, and the teacher roaring in touching language, hurries him up and administers several blows to the seat of his pants.

At last it is "Licet pueris exire," and the school hurries out with little regard to order.

The schoolmaster adjourns to his house, where with fond spouse he enjoys a comfortable dinner—the boys meanwhile playing "Tap" over the desks and benches, upsetting bottles of ink, spilling pens and so forth. When school again begins the complainant comes up with rueful countenance and describes the catastrophe which has befallen his property.

The master holds a soliloquy, and at last determines to treat the offender as usual, with "oil of birch."

At last school is out for all day, and boys and girls hasten to their homes.

At this time, we conclude our "Visit to a Country School."

Although the "description" given by our Correspondent is no doubt a true one, we would like to say that Sackville Academy, although "A Country School," is not conducted in the style above mentioned.—Ed. GOSSIP.

The following verses were composed by "An Old Student":—

There is a feeling, there is a plan,
Handed round from man to man;
Its eve is forever, and so is its morn,
It never will cease, it never was born.

Its subject ne'er chastens, issues no rod,
Its essence perfection, it came forth from God;
Men by it are gladdened, men's souls made rejoice,
It manifests friendship, and kindness its voice.

Its apartments all varied, like beauty combined,
To true, to pure, 'tis faithful, 'tis kind;
The whole a perfection that stands far above
The world's comprehension and men call it Love.

IT'S SNOW FUN.—We think that the Commissioner of the streets of Sackville might lay out some money to advantage in cleaning off the snow from the sidewalks, as the students of the Academies find it very inconvenient to turn out into the snow banks for every passing sleigh, particularly on "Church Sundays."

The War.

COMBUTED BY "X SHANGHAI."

No war was read of, either in ancient or modern History, has ever achieved such a succession of brilliant victories, sacrificed so many lives, and caused such general misery in so short a time as the war now raging on the continent of Europe.

France, seven months ago the proudest and occupying a position inferior to none of the six great powers of the world, maintaining an army supposed to be one of the largest and best drilled—having all the improved guns, and other implements of modern warfare, supporting a fleet second only to that of England, has been worsted in every great battle.

Her fortified cities, two of which (Strauburg and Metz) were declared impregnable, have been given up after very short sieges.

Her Emperor, one of the best rulers who ever swayed her sceptre, has been taken prisoner, together with his greatest generals, and the flower of his army.

Her capital, the most beautiful city in the world, has been encompassed, and now lies at the feet of her mortal enemies the victorious Prussians.

But yet her proud spirit is not conquered. Rather than submit to an ignominious peace she is still willing to fight to the death.

Torn by the Prussians from without; torn by political dissensions within, the French flag still waves proudly and calls aloud for revenge.

Sackville.

Sackville is a charming place. But I must say that when I first came to Sackville I was a little disappointed I had always fancied that it was a large town, and in fact I had heard so much about it that I thought it must be a place of some consequence.

But when I arrived here you may picture my disappointment in a small way. For all that, however, I have since made up my mind that it is not so bad after all.

There are several things which make the place perfectly delightful, viz: its beautiful scenery, grand equipages, noble steeds, and the weather.

The first thing that attracted my attention was the beautiful marshes, which stretch away in the distance. It must really be very agreeable here in the summer time, the mosquitoes are such jolly companions, they are so musical, and those marshes are such a fine place for them to rear their young ones in.

And then that beautiful mud bed called the "River," I had often heard of it before I came here, but never did I imagine it was so beautiful.

The weather will take my utmost powers to describe—being either raining or snowing, and always blowing.

If you come to my room any pleasant afternoon, and see those elegant equipages with those noble steeds attached (that is to say a yoke of oxen hitched to an old sled