

## EXCHANGES.

RECEIVED.—*King's College Record, Rouge et Noir, Dalhousie Gazette, Argosy, The Youth's Companion, Philomathean Review, Toledo Blade, Philadelphia Weekly Times, Christmas Casket, Cricket on the Hearth, House and Home, Penman's Gazette.*

The November number of the *Dalhousie Gazette* is a very creditable one. The editors of this paper are evidently not of such a poetic turn of mind as those of the *Rouge et Noir*, as there is not even one line of this number devoted to that noble branch of literature, except as an occasional quotation.

Among the amateur journals of America *Philomathean Review*, of Brooklyn, N. Y. is one of the best. The Christmas number, besides a large amount of local and general news, contains essays on "Protection" and "Ambition," Christmas poetry, and the beginning of a social story called "The Silver Locket; or, the Heir of Lawton Hall."

The *Rouge et Noir*, for December, is a very good number containing Trinity College Prize Poem.

The January number of the *Penman's Gazette* contains a great deal of news which is of interest to all penmen.

Although not among our exchanges, a friend has handed us a copy of the November number of the *University Monthly*. The chief article, in our opinion, is an "Ode to the Moon." We have read the ode and have concluded to pity the moon and any mortal condemned to read the same.

The November number of the *King's College Record* is a very fair one. The article on Richard Hooker is very interesting, and is well written.

The *Argosy* has begun the issue of Oscar Wilde's Poems. As if not satisfied with this it has also published a poem by the college poet. The "Sackvilliana" has fewer poor jokes than usual, but the paper would be greatly improved if they were left out altogether. In its exchange column, it draws the *King's College Record* over the coals for criticising favourably the WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE. We are glad to find that, by the *Argosy's* own confession our worst fault is in not having a cover. The following which we quote as samples, adorn the columns of this number:—

"This is the way a West Pointer informed his parents that he got the g. b.: 'My dear father: fatted calf for one!'"

"Whom was the kiss intended for?"

"We extend our heartfelt sympathies to the young lady who anticipated her chair at the tea table the other evening."

Some of the students of this college must be gentlemen. The WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE has to depend upon its own merits for its support, not like the *Argosy* upon the contributions of a few people who feel themselves bound in honor to give a trifle towards the support of a periodical published by the students of the college at which they passed a portion of their lives.

The December number of *The Youth's Companion* of Boston, is extremely well got up, containing several good stories, and is altogether a very creditable paper, and is well worthy of patronage.

## A FIVE MONTHS TRIP TO THE SUNNY SOUTH.

(CONTINUED.)

The Cathedral is unique, with its belfry, in the form of a section of a bell shaped pyramid, its chime of four bells in separate niches, and its clock together forming a cross. The oldest of these bells is marked 1682. The streets of St. Augustine are very narrow; one, which is nearly a mile long, being but fifteen feet wide, and that on which one of the three largest hotels—the Magnolia—stands, being but twelve feet wide, while the widest of all is but twenty-five feet. An advantage of these narrow streets in warm climates is that they give shade and increase the draught of air through them as through a flue. Many of the houses having high roofs and dormer windows, have hanging balconies along their second stories, which seem almost to touch each other over the narrow street so that neighbours in their balconies can almost shake hands with the people across the street. The principal streets were formerly well paved with shell concrete, portions of which are still to be seen above the shifting sand; and the pavement was so carefully swept that the dark eyed maidens of old Castile who then led in society there could take their walks without any fear of soiling their satin slippers. No heavy wheels were permitted to crush the firm roadbed of this aristocratic town or to whirl the dust into the airy verandahs where, in undisturbed repose, sat the indolent Spanish dons and dames. But "the age of chivalry is past;" since it has become such a favourite watering place and health-resort it is impossible to sit on the verandahs without, in a few moments, getting completely covered with fine sand from the busy road beneath. It is almost impossible to brush it off, for it cuts like a knife into the nap of the cloth, and completely ruins good clothes in a very short time.

Built as a military town the city had formerly a stockade across its northern end which sufficiently protected it, as it stands on a peninsula nearly surrounded by the St. Sebastian River and St. Augustine Bay. The old gateway still stands and is quite an imposing ruin, with ornamental towers and loopholed sentry boxes. On each side of the gateway for the distance of about ten feet is a stone wall to where the stockade began. The ditch before the stockade is clearly marked and even yet partially filled at high tides. It runs from shore to shore and was once evidently both broad and deep. A fine sea-wall nearly a mile in length, built of coquina with a coping of granite, protects the entire ocean front of the city.

We left St. Augustine the following day, Monday, in the afternoon train to Toca. After the usual stoppages and delays we reached Toca. As we were too early for the boat we sat down to rest upon the wharf. The wharf at Toca is built upon spiles driven into the mud, and is not filled in with earth or gravel as is usual in Canada, so that it is nothing more than a flooring laid upon the top of a lot of posts. Through old age and much use the flooring had in some places become completely worn through. After we had been sitting about ten minutes on a sort of raised platform on the wharf, our only remaining piece of baggage, a small handbag, dropped from my hands, and taking a few turns slipped quietly through one of the numerous holes in the wharf. There was not a boat to be had, and the water was about