

great resources, his wide attainments and the wonderful versatility of his talents. At one time or another during his connection with the College he taught Latin, Greek, History, Mental Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Evidences of Christianity, Rhetoric, Logic and Geology, besides giving instruction in the various branches of Theological learning, including Hebrew and Greek exegesis; and he was almost equally successful as a teacher in all the parts of this wide range of subjects. His knowledge was wonderfully exact. Every fact and date, once acquired, was never forgotten; and every item of his multifarious knowledge seemed to be completely under control of his will, so that he could call it to his aid at any moment when the occasion required.

As a public man, Dr. Cramp, though reared under the shadow of a throne, was by nature and temperament democratic. He believed in a "government of the people, by the people, for the people." While holding decided convictions of his own on the various questions of policy in denominational affairs, he respected the opinions of others, and was always willing that the voice of the majority should prevail. This, together with his ability to feel the pulse of public sentiment and thus anticipate the public voice, gave him great influence amongst his brethren. And he used his influence wisely and well. The effect of it will continue to be felt in these Provinces for many years to come. D. F. HIGGINS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, ENGLAND, Oct. 21st, 1881.

DEAR EDITORS.—"What a pity that brains are often attached to *logs*:" thus writes a friend in a recent epistle. By changing one letter in the last word you have the unusual phenomenon of "brains attached to *legs*"—as exhibited in the case of the writer. At present these legs are weary, while the brains are muddled and fuddled, not by English beer, but by a veritable London fog—what is here technically termed "a regular pea-soup-er."

Fogs, as undoubtedly you are aware, are not peculiar to London. Even Wolfville can boast of her abilities in this line; and any inhabitant of a Bay of Fundy settlement will probably think that he has nothing to learn on the subject. But an hour's experience of what Mr. Guppy called a "London particular"

[*vide* "Bleak House"] will very soon dispel any little mist of this sort.

When an east wind rolls the poisonous exhalations of the marshes of Essex and Kent over the city, and mixes them with the half-consumed carbon of thousands of chimneys, an atmospheric compound, or mechanical mixture, is formed, which would defy the most learned and persistent attacks of any of Acadia's budding chemists. Now all the five senses of which you read in the old fifth Reader come into full play. A strange and worse than Cimmerian blackness hides objects once familiar to the sight, while the organs of taste and smell are disgusted by a compound that would do credit to the infernal regions; and all things become greasy and slimy to the touch. In color this compound is yellow. It is penetrating. Entering your ears, it deposits a coating of soot; it works into your eyes and renders the windows dim, and plugs up the tear passages until a muddy torrent courses down each grimy cheek. The nostrils quickly assume the appearance of disused chimney pots; the mouth, all the while, remaining closed, if you are wise, escapes in a measure. The happiest man is he who can stay at home. But even here he does not entirely escape the dirty intruder. So heavy is this scientific puzzle called London fog that it rolls down each chimney and fills every room: so light, that it creeps in under the doors and through the keyhole; so fluid, that if you open the street door for a moment you find, when the door is closed again, that the hall is full; so thick that, standing at the foot of a lamppost at mid-day you cannot see the lighted lamp above you. Fog is taken, fresh from the reeking out-door mass, with your breakfast, swallowed at dinner, and gulped down at supper. The most voracious appetite has no effect upon it. To the gas companies it is both meat and drink—like *real* pea-soup. They grow fat upon it. At the same time it renders the householder, who is compelled to keep his jets burning from morning to night, lean. Out-door pleasure is at an end. Business is conducted with difficulty. Under cover of the dense and unnatural darkness the predatory corps turn out in full force, and wage, with perfect safety, a brisk and successful warfare on walking Honesty.

Allow me to say, before I go further, that this is written under difficulties, i. e. four noisy children [among whom is Wallace Junior] and several talking women. But who cares for difficulties with such a glorious subject before him as SHRIMPS!

Shrimps are a truly English institution. A people unaccustomed to pry into the true inwardness of things would never have discov-