

ered the little monsters, or having once found them out they would certainly have left them in their primitive and briny habitation. The full length of the fish is about an inch—the older ones sometimes attaining the unusual length of two inches. One half of the reptile is composed of tail, and the other half of head. When about to eat one you *remove the head and tail and eat the remainder*. That sounds paradoxical, no doubt, but yet it is true. Now it is that you get at the aforementioned *inwardness* of the little beast; for after removing the head and tail, that is, after taking away the two halves, something actually does remain, and that something is the meat, the *gum-gum*, the delicate morsel that tickles the palate and tempts the appetite. Some eat the whole thing—head, tail, legs, shell and all. Others remove the legs only. Some eat them with bread, some with cheese, and some without any accompaniment.

Speaking of shrimps leads me to another subject—something “next of kin”—*Billingsgate*, the great fish-market of London. One day, while rambling about, I happened to turn down Lower Thames Street. This street had looked quite inviting on the map; but when I came into it, this proved to be a most serious delusion. The sidewalks, only three feet in width, were crowded with men and a few women of the roughest class I ever had the pleasure of meeting and elbowing. Fishermen and fishwives, draymen and heavy porters, loungers and hurrying business men, children, wretched in rags and dirt, and old men in their second childhood just as ragged and dirty; all hurrying, pushing, dodging, crowding, shouting, puffing; men with baskets of fish on their heads; women with fish; children with fish; great wagons laboring back and forth over the rough pavement groaning under their loads of fish; fish stalls on both hands; fishy looking taverns, with fishy-eyed barmaids serving, over a fishy bar, customers who drank like fish. The very pavement is covered with scales, while the air is redolent of the finny inhabitants of the deep. So much for the street as I passed along. But Billingsgate is not a street. It is handsome stone building on the left bank of the Thames, just below London Bridge. It is said to have been named after Belin, king of the Britons, who built the first watergate here in 400 B. C. Here all the fish consumed in London are brought, for it is the principal market for the sale of the finny tribe. The one distinctive feature of the building is *fish*. It may in truth be said that the whole thing is on a gigantic *scale*. Even when, disgusted with Billingsgate slang and Billingsgate odors, you turn and hurry away from the

place, you are compelled to climb *Fish Hill*.

But I might run on in this style for hours. I am not going to do so, however; already this letter is sufficiently long. Farewell. J. R. H.

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## LOCALS.

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The tide of Autograph Albums has again set in.

The notice of Dr. McGregor's lecture is crowded out of this issue. It will appear next month.

A new Constitutional History will be introduced, next term, for the benefit of the Seniors.

While the examinations are in progress, everybody seems to realize the convenience of the new desks in Prof. Jones' room.

Freshy (enters Soph's room in great hurry) Freshy:—“Have you an—oh! I forget the name of the book?” Soph:—“An *Alcestitis*?” Freshy:—“Yes! yes, that's what I want, Al's sister.”

He was on his way to his first Recep., and was looking eagerly at the Seminary lights and thinking of the happiness in store for him, when down went the Prep. into the mud. He rose, shook himself and wended his way slowly home. Never mind; the ladies sympathized with you.

Dr. Scharman left Wolfville, Wednesday, Dec. 7th. After filling a lecture appointment at Yarmouth, he proceeded to Cambridge. There, he purposed to spend the Christmas holidays in reading, making use of the Harvard University library.

Once a month, usually the first Sunday, the Bible classes of the several departments assemble in the Academy Hall to hear a lecture upon some appropriate subject. The speakers, this time, have been Dr. Crawley, Dr. DeBlois, and Rev. S. B. Kempton. The latter lectured on the 11th inst., choosing for his topic the conflict between good and evil and the certain triumph of the former as suggested in the Book of Revelation. He did not aim to give a learned disquisition, nor a polished discourse, but rather to lead his hearers into a realization of the fact that this conflict was in, and of, and about them. His earnestness and evident sincerity, his simple, yet forcible way of stating truth, his insight into human nature and actual life, and above all his warm sympathy caused his words to fall with good and lasting effect.