

Echoes of the Past.

NO. III.

"WORDS FROM THE MUSTAPHA'S CHAMBER."

"Words from the Mustapha's Chamber" was published in 1859. Of this Daily the Mustapha,—as might be inferred,—was the Editor and Proprietor. Terms—One penny per day from each reader. Motto—"Rari nantes in gurgite vasto." Translation of Motto—"Swimming here and there in the wide waters." In order to obtain some faint idea of the ability of the editor, and of the variety and value of the matter contained in this paper, we beg leave to furnish the readers of the ATHENÆUM with a few extracts. Now the following stanza, taken from one corner of this remarkable journal, will serve as an admirable introduction.

"One penny per day—cheap enough, is it not?
The "words" filled with words that can't be forgot,
Each reader must feel that the editor has done
The best that he could both in earnest and fun."

The Seniors of 1882 may read and inwardly digest the below :

"Steady, boys! Only a few more bells—a few more tugs and toil—a few more headaches, and we shall hear *libros deponendi*. When we look over the billowy way that we have come, our track is partially filled in, but it matters not—onward we are bound. Don't crowd on too much sail—steady, boys! Already we begin to descry the far-off hill tops and the glorious land of promise. What happy faces and hot kisses are in port for us!

Vemite hora, Junius instans,
Absque Mora, Nihil cunctans,
Tempus est ludendi; Libri deponendi."

Samples from the advertisement column are as follows :

NOW OR NEVER!

FOR SALE!!

"The subscriber has on hand the following, at the Village house, Wolfville—

2 doz. Germs of tho't—

½ doz. Buds of promise.

Purchasers would do well to call early, as the above are *Ecoties*, and very scarce in this vicinity."

A. P. BLOND, Florist.

NOTICE.

"For sale by the subscriber—a lot of *Cheese*. The above is made from the *Cream of Eng-*

lish Literature, and is well worthy the attention of literary gentlemen.

Also—3 firkins of superior Butter, made from the *Milk of Human Kindness*.

Z. BIGGLES.

WANTED!!

"A summer hat for the Head of Literature—a ring for the finger of History, and a pair of gloves for the hands of the clock of Time. Large sums will be paid for the above articles."

MUSTAPHA.

Let one more notice for advertisement column suffice:

AUCTION! RARE CHANCE!!

"The subscriber will sell at Auction, tomorrow afternoon, at 5 o'clock, on the College platform—

1 Ladder for going down into a subject,
½ doz. Trowels for laying the foundation of an argument.

8 Skeins of the Thread of Discourse.

2 Brooms suitable for a sweeping Assertion.

6 Mallets adapted to a knock-down Argument.

Also—3 Guns for teaching the young idea how to shoot, and 1 Crowbar for prying into a subject.

All the above has been tested, and are warranted A 1 articles."

G. G. GRINNER, Auctioneer.

I find, also, in the "Words," some gems of thought. The following must have been written when the minds of the authors were enjoying *lucid* intervals :

"When the lake is serene, the whole mountain lies reflected in it from base to summit, and with all its forest, not a leaf is lost. The tree below stands there in that lower sky in as calm an azure as the tree above. But the smallest pebble,—any hand may throw it,—but the veriest straw or a withered leaf—can blot out mountain and sky at once. And so it is with the mirror of the mind. Every idle wind that blows is master of our peace. In vain is the world so beautiful, if the soul that should mirror it be so easily perturbed."

"Neither beginning nor end do we ever catch sight of. Some small portion of the thread as it passes from the distaff to the shears, we handle and examine, but to us it comes out of darkness and goes into darkness."

"Man's object here is to find the true laws of things, and to follow these like a sinking star till he dies. Books may help him to find these, though they are written in no book, but on the sky and the leaf, and on the hearts of men:—they are not heard in our schools, but on the ocean, in the fields and great thoroughfares, and in all beneath the stars,