

The Joys of Bachelorhood.

So the end has come. The great goal of the Student's ambition has been realized. The long four years of looking forward to the much desired end of undergraduateship have passed; and some of us will no longer, with you, climb the hill of science, or drink at Acadia's rill of knowledge, or join the sports of the cricket field or other innocent amusements peculiar to the life of a student. This being the case with me, perhaps some jottings under the above caption may prove readable to at least some of your readers.

Mr. Longfellow says "Things are not what they seem," and I begin to believe him. Now I would not on any account be considered an ascetic, but I must express it as my firm conviction, that getting through college, and even rising to the high eminence of A. B., is not such a blissful thing as students are apt to think. When one finds himself launched out from the genial society of tried college friends upon this cold selfish world, the transition is so great that his first experience is generally an almost fatal attack of the "*blues*," from which he recovers only in time to fall into a worse relapse, as the time for College to open comes round again. To say, fellow students, that it would be pleasant to be with you again in your laborious though inviting pursuits would be but to speak moderately. To enjoy the hearty shake of the hand—to listen to the tale of amusements and labours that each has to tell of his experience during the vacation, to drink from the limpid streams of pure classic lore, and last, but by no means least, to assemble around the well spread board at the call of the dinner-bell, having on our way the pleasure of passing in front of the Seminary; these and many other considerations make us turn longing eyes to Horton at this time.

But we cannot always be school-boys. The battle of life has to be fought. With those swords we have brightened, those spears we have pointed, those shields we have widened at College, we must "plunge into the thickest carnage of the fight," and boldly make a way for ourselves to positions of eminence and influence.

The old gloss which the distant future used to throw around the happy state of Bachelorhood

vanishes as we reach that longed for period: but happy is he, who, in the light of the blaze which consumes this gloss, discerns the true road to distinction and usefulness. After all, it is when one gets really at the work of life, in that profession for which his talents render him suitable, that life in earnest begins; and whilst the world around him may be cold and selfish, and difficulties may meet him on every hand, yet if he has improved by his College course, as he has had opportunities to do, it will be only child's play for him to slay all the *Goliaths* that stand in the way of his success.

In concluding this article, fellow students, (for I am yet a student myself) let me say to you, prepare for Bachelorhood. You will soon want all the mental power and acuteness, that it is possible for you to acquire, even in four years.

You take in, of course, my meaning when I use the term *Bachelorhood*. It is used entirely in the literary sense. Had I meant that you should prepare for the position of a Bachelor in any other sense, I should doubtless need to use some more powerful logic than is necessary to support my present position. You are conversant with the views held on that point, by

SOLITARIUS.

The Argosy and Dr. Cramp.

DEAR SIR.—The *Argosy* for September, has been placed in my hands. It contains an attempt of criticism on Dr. Cramp's "Notes on the University Act." The purpose of the writer or writers is to show that the "Notes" are valueless, unfounded in reason or truth, and therefore easy of demolition. Why then did not these learned men demolish them?

Great astonishment is expressed at the comparison of Pope Pius IX with Hildebrand. In some respects, it must be confessed, the comparison will not hold. Pius began public life as a Liberal, and his subjects rejoiced that they were about to receive the blessings of an enlightened and generous government. But that state of things did not last long. His Holiness (save the mark!) turned about, and the popular Liberal became a shriveled Ultramontane. Therein he was no fol-