

# The Progress.

Pamphlet

Published every three weeks by the Boys of the Collegiate School.

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"Nunc aut Nunquam."

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## RULES.

I. Nothing shall be published in the PROGRESS except original matter.

II. It shall be the duty of each Sub-Editor to contribute an article of his own composition for each number of the PROGRESS.

III. All articles to be inserted in the PROGRESS shall be handed to the Editor at least a week before the day of publication, and all articles received after that time shall be reserved for the next issue.

IV. It shall be at the option of the Editor to insert or reject any article.

V. Each correspondent must give his name to the Editor; otherwise the article will not be inserted.

As our readers will see, the PROGRESS Club have undertaken, not without some small expenditure on their part, to have their paper printed. The reasons for this are various. Formerly each Sub-Editor was required to make one copy, and of course none felt inclined to make more; consequently we could not possibly meet the demands of our subscribers. Again, the copies could not be produced until a long time after the day of publication. Besides all this, we were greatly cramped for space, and many articles could not possibly be inserted without making the task of copying the paper altogether too long. By printing the paper all these drawbacks have been done away with, and we hope to be able henceforth to furnish our subscribers with the PROGRESS on the day of publication, containing all the articles that are handed to us, and as interesting to our readers as the joint efforts of the Club can make it. As a matter of course no one need open the pages of the PROGRESS expecting to find therein all the current events of the day, political, and otherwise. We do not intend to dive into politics or any of the party questions of the day. Indeed, should we attempt such a thing, we would be getting "far beyond our sphere." The PROGRESS is the only paper that has ever yet been published in the interest of the Collegiate School; and we will make it our object—and with this we will be content—to stand forth as the champion of the school-boy's rights, and to endeavour to make more fully understood his life, duties, and purposes.

The Collegiate School is an institution of too much importance to be any longer

neglected as it hitherto has been. Many of those who should be interested in its welfare, nay even of those who send thither their children to be educated, know not—nor do they seem to wish to know—who teach them, what they are taught, or how they are progressing in their studies. Surely this ought not to be so. But you say, "how are we to find out these matters? We have no means of satisfying ourselves on these points." But this excuse will no longer avail you. If you wish to have everything explained concerning our school, apply to the PROGRESS and you will receive full information on the subject, and we will take delight in furnishing our correspondents with information concerning the course of study &c., pursued in the Collegiate School. The BUDGET is our only contemporary, and if any part of our paper appears uninteresting to our readers on account of its relation to the BUDGET, we have no excuse to make, for the PROGRESS is the School-boy's paper, and intended chiefly for his perusal.

As we said before, the PROGRESS is published in the interests of the Collegiate School, and we make it our object to make known the wants and uphold the rights of our school-fellows. We wish our readers to bear in mind that in taking upon ourselves this task we do not wish to seek for room to tread upon the crowded paths of Fame, nor do we wish to court the pleasing tones of Flattery; we strive only to do justice to our school-fellows—to uphold their rights, to encourage their advancement—and to exhort them to a diligent discharge of their duties; and if for this we receive no words of approbation we are content. We wish no world-wide fame—we seek no lasting glory; and if it be our lot to finish our task as we have begun, it is with a fervent wish that we may do so with a happy sense of

Having injured no man,  
And by no man injured been.

## THE PUBLIC ORAL EXAMINATION.

THE Public Examination, which has long been an occurrence looked forward to with great interest by the pupils and their friends, is now at hand. We hope and expect that on this occasion the pupils will do themselves and their teachers credit,

and upheld the long standing reputation of our school. A great deal has been done to render this examination as interesting, and even more so, than the many that have gone before. The principal prize is the Douglas Silver Medal, but for this there are only two competitors—F. McInnes and G. Allen. A prize for the best English Essay was then offered by Jas. Tibbetts, Jr. The subject decided upon is *Formation of Character*. We know of four boys who are writing the essay, but whether any of the girls are writing it or not we cannot tell. The essays are to be read on the day of Examination. At former Examinations there has been a Mathematical Prize given by the University, but we do not know whether it will be offered this time or not. The only thing that seems amiss is the great number of good conduct prizes. This is a very unusual occurrence and, we think, altogether out of place in a professedly Classical School. At the Christmas Examination, His Excellency the Lieut. Governor offered a prize for the best behaved pupil in the School; and Mr. Fenety, led away no doubt by the enthusiasm of the moment, followed his example. Two good conduct prizes—one for the boys and one for the girls—were sent out by Mr. Parkin, our former teacher, who is now in England and whom we hope soon to welcome home amongst us. Those who offered the prizes were no doubt interested in the welfare of the school, and desired to promote good behavior among the pupils; but still we think that had the prizes been offered for classics they would have caused more general satisfaction, for we think that our pupils, under the present teachers, can get along very well as far as good behaviour is concerned without such stimulants as these. Besides this the teacher is placed in no enviable or pleasant position when he has to decide what one out of so many orderly and well-conducted pupils is most deserving of the prize.

A prize has been offered for the best reader by ex-Governor Wilmot. At first it was intended that the competition should take place on the day of examination; but this would take up too much time. Mr. Wilmot, therefore, has left it to Mr. Creed and Mr. Rand to decide beforehand who is entitled to the prize. The following are the names of those who competed:

Girls.	Boys.
Miss Gregory,	B. Jack,
L. Symonds,	D. Hazen,
E. Symonds,	H. Fowler,
Tippet,	G. Devitt,
Tucker,	H. Jones,
Fisher,	J. Hoyt,
Hunt,	W. Leonard,
Miller,	A. Straton,
Currie,	W. McInnes.
Perley,	
Temple,	
Lawson.	

We hope, contrary to expectation, that this prize will be carried off by one of the boys.

We regret to hear that our present teachers, Mr. Bridges and Mr. Gaunce, are about to leave us, and we are sure that they will do so accompanied by the best wishes and saddest regrets of every pupil of the Collegiate School. We hope that where they next go, they will gain as much esteem as they have gained among us, and that they will never have occasion to look back with regret upon the time, short though it may be, that they have spent in the Collegiate School.

Just as we go to press we learn that a Mathematical prize will be offered by the University; but there are only two competitors, F. McInnes and G. Allen. We have also been informed that the prizes—the Medal excepted—will be given in the City Hall, where all the schools will be assembled at 3 o'clock, p. m.

The following is the result of the Examinations for the Medal:

	Allen.	McInnes.
Average for year.....	797	751
Final Exam. {	Latin Grammar.....	830
	Cicero.....	740
	Greek Grammar.....	810
	Homer and Xenophon.....	830
	3987	3921
Average.....	797	784

#### ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.

BY Y. X. Z.—(CONCLUDED.)

In a former article we have endeavored to show that America, previous to the time of Columbus, was known and inhabited by Egyptians. We will now turn to the Greeks. In the month of Dec. 1827, a planter discovered in a field near Monte Video, Brazil, a sort of tomb-stone, upon which strange, and, to him, unknown characters, were engraved. In the tomb beneath he found two exceedingly ancient swords, a helmet and shield, which had suffered much from rust; also an earthen vessel of large capacity. Greek words were easily made out upon them, which, when translated, read as follows. "During the dominion of Alexander, the son of Philip, King of Macedon; in the sixty-third Olympiad, Ptolemais."

On the handle of one of the swords is the portrait of a man, supposed to be Alexander the Great. On the helmet there is sculptured work, representing Achilles dragging the corpse of Hector round the walls of Troy. This proves that Brazil was visited by Greeks about the time of Alexander. A piece of silver was found on the flats of the Genesee river, about 3 inches long, on which was engraved in Arabic figures the year of our Lord 600. On the head waters of the Red River is a

tribe calling themselves the Mc. Cedes tribe, whose manners, customs, and speech resemble the Welch. Powel, in his history of Wales, in the 12th century, speaks of a lost colony; and also of the voyage of Madoc, son of Owen Groynewk, Prince of Wales, who, becoming dissatisfied at home, started on a voyage west, in quest of some new country in which to settle. He found there a pleasant home; and after a while returned to Wales and persuaded many of his countrymen to join him; he put to sea again with ten ships, and there the Within the large enclosure is an elliptical Welsh historian stops, for their story was never known at home. Lord Monboddio says that America was visited by Norwegians long before the lost colony left Wales. They came from Greenland, which they discovered in the year 964. He endeavours to prove, in his curious and interesting book, that America was peopled as soon after the flood as any other country as far from Ararat, and perhaps sooner. He supposes the people of the old world to have a knowledge of this country as early as the siege of Troy, about 1185, B. C. The Romans are traced in many ways, the chief of which is their immense walls, forts, mounds, and wells, built many of them of beautiful hewn stone, and according to scientific principles of architecture. At Paint-Greek in Ohio, are works the most wonderful of any yet discovered in America. They are six in number, and are in the immediate neighborhood of each other. In one of these grand inclosures are contained three forts: one embraced 17 another 27, a third 77, amounting in all to 121 acres of land. There are fourteen gateways leading out of the works, from one to six rods wide. At the outside of each of these gateways is an ancient well, from four to six rods in width at the top, elevation 25 feet in height, 100 feet in circumference, and filled with human bones. I have not space to enter into the details of how they are traced to the Romans; but the chief is from their shape, the style in which they are built, etc. Roman and Persian coins have also been found several feet under ground. Weapons of brass have been found in many parts of America; as in Canada, Florida, &c., with curiously wrought stones; all of which go to prove that this country was once peopled by civilized and industrious nations. The remains of a monster were discovered in Louisiana, 17 feet under ground, the largest bone of which weighed 1200 pounds, was 20 feet long, and was thought to be the shoulder-blade or jaw-bone. This immense animal is supposed to have been 125 feet in length. Such an animal would indeed be, as is said in Job, of the Behemoth, "the chief of the ways of God" in the creation. In studying the history of these ancient nations, we are reminded forcibly that

"All that tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes,  
That stumber in its bosom."

The memory of other days has ever been mournful to the soul; and this sympathy pervades all ages. Speak to childhood of the buried world and its mysteries, and the heart-bubbling laugh is stilled, and childish hopes forgotten. The hopes and aspirations of manhood are for a time relinquished in the overwhelming contemplation. The maiden's cheek is blanched as her woman's heart prompts to thoughts of life and its never-ceasing changes. The aged man, with the accumulated wisdom of years, bows his head as he thinks of those bye-gone days; that he, too, must go down to his resting-place in the earth's bosom and sleep with "patriarchs of the infant world." Here, too, young reader, thou shalt rest. The silver cord will be one day loosed, and the golden bowl broken.

"So live, that when the summons come to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death;  
Thou go not like the quarry slave, at night  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and  
sooth'd

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

#### OUR KUSINOSITY BOX.

A correspondent asks: "What constitutes a pretty stepper?"

Why should a student be considered slow? Because he gains a high position by degrees.

The following is the full cognomen of one of our most esteemed fellow-pupils: "Olli," "Subridens," "Drybones," "Mascheena," "Darius" J—.

The following dialogue took place between two well known members of our school:

Pigmie—To his larger friend, assuming a fighting attitude—"Position is everything."

Abe—"Then you must be a point; for you have position without magnitude."

The examination papers contained some points worthy of note.

One boy spelled *skirmish* "squirmish;" another located Issus, where was fought a battle between Alexander the Great and Darius, in Sicily; but *his* imagination was nothing compared with that of the boy who described the same place as a gulf in the northern part of the Black Sea, between Mesopotamia and Palestine.

The PROGRESS may be obtained from any of the Editors at 8cts. per copy.

POETRY.

THE PUBLIC EXAMINATION,

Collegiate School, June 26th, 1874.

BY S. A. W.

FROM out his high ancestral chair,  
Dread Magnus scans his columns fair  
Of stalwart boys and smiling girls,  
With smiling looked and flowing curls.  
Around him the "Triumvirs" sit,  
One on his right, one on his left.  
In hot discussion they debate  
Who the Good Conduct Prize shall take.  
Meanwhile around on either hand,  
The visitors expectant stand;  
They search the school with longing eyes,  
Yet not one stir to claim the prize.  
But lo! dread Magnus stretching forth  
His arm, like storm clouds from the North,  
Points o'er the band, and, speaking, bids  
Our "Phagon" rise — "Tis he who wins."  
Forth from the shouting boys he sped,  
With steadfast look, and joyful tread;  
Quick gained the front, and took his post  
In face of all the admiring host.  
And now the girls, in accents clear,  
Press on, with shouts, their champion dear.  
She left her seat, and, smiling, passed,  
And gained the awful presence at last.  
Magnus arose; and, with a bow,  
She takes the prize he offers now.  
Never yet was conferred, 'tis said,  
Such honor on the "Budget's" head.  
At length the dread ordeal was o'er,  
And Magnus, rising, bids us pour  
Out of the school, and ne'er return  
Until six weeks or more are done.  
"Like ocean on the midnight shore,"  
Resound the ceiling, walls, and floor;  
And even the very cobwebs danced,  
For now our work and "traps" are past.  
The boys, delighted, raised a cry  
That shook the portals of the sky;  
With many a laugh and many a shout,  
They rushed from school in head-long rout.  
But ere we leave our spacious hall,  
Three cheers now for our teachers all,  
And three more cheers naught let us lack,  
For "Olli, Maseheena, Darius, Jack."

LITERATURE.

[For the "Progress."]

THE BROTHER'S RACE FOR WEALTH;  
AND WHO WON IT.

BY VIRGILIUS MARO.

If the reader has never been in the Eastern part of London, of course he would like to know something of that part of the mighty metropolis in which the opening scene of our story is laid. In this quarter of this greatest of great cities of the world, lurk poverty and crime of every kind and description. Here the burglar and murderer hide in safety from the searching eye of justice. Here vice and crime are carried on with impunity. This part of London abounds in old and dilapidated houses, deserted long since by all their inhabitants, dirty, narrow and dark lanes, to one of which we first introduce our reader.

Standing in front of one of the most dilapidated looking houses of Fish Lane, one

of the worst localities of London, was a tall man wrapped in a long cloak reaching down to his knees, for the night was cold as well as wet.

"All seems quiet enough," he muttered at last, "so I think I will enter."

After standing a little longer but hearing nothing except the splash of rain on the walk, and an occasional rumble of thunder, he walked on to the end of the house and plunged down a narrow alley, which separated the two houses, both of which resembled each other both as regards form, appearance, and desolation, whereupon he found himself at the back of the house. Here he paused, as if uncertain which way to turn, for the yard extended behind both houses. "He told me, I think, to turn towards the left and I would find the stone," he mused. "Yes, and here it is." Saying this, he stooped down and raised up the stone like a trap-door revealing by the action a dark-looking hole. Lowering himself down into this till his feet touched something, he replaced the stone and lit a lantern, which he took from his belt. On finding himself at the bottom of the steps, he turned to the left, and proceeded along a narrow, and close-smelling passage, till his progress was arrested by a strong looking door. Here he knocked. A voice within said:—"Here is Mr. Vane at last."

The door flying open, revealed the form of a rough-looking and huge man. He appeared to be about middle age, but a more hang-dog countenance could hardly be imagined. A huge scar deformed the right side of his face, and he looked as if he had not been washed or shaven for some time. His dress was of the coarsest and roughest material, and all torn; and his voice did not much improve him, not being remarkable for its softness.

"What has kept you so long?" he fumed, "Here it is nearly one o'clock, and you were to be here at midnight." Saying this, he replaced in his pocket a huge silver watch, nearly as big as a Yorkshire turnip. Mr. Vane then stepped inside, and, throwing off his cloak and hat, revealed the form of a tall and well-formed man, slightly stooping in his shoulders. Drawing a chair towards him he took a seat by an exceedingly handsome young man, who had an air about him as if once he had moved in better society. Who and what this youth was will appear in the sequel. Next to him sat another man something like the one who opened the door except in size, being somewhat smaller than his companion. What this man's proper name was no one knew, but among those of his own fraternity he generally went by the name of "Vengeance Joe" on account of his vengeful character.

(To be continued.)