

THE ACADEMY GOSSIP.

Edited by an Academic Committee.

SACKVILLE, N. B., FEBRUARY, 1871.

Published at Office of Chignecto Post.

VOL. I.

"Nec quærerè, nec spernerè honorem."

No. 1.

PROSPECTUS OF THE "ACADEMY GOSSIP."

A paper devoted to the Literature, Jokes, Small-talk and Gossip of the Male Academy and neighborhood, will be issued at the end of each term of the present Academic year by the Students of the Institution from Mount Allison Male Academy, Sackville, N. B.

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All Communications must be addressed to the

Gossip Publishing Office, Box No. 18,
Male Academy, Sackville, N. B.

ACROSTIC.

Tho' many a paper comes from press,
It osts both of bad and good,
Each seems to fill a vacant place,
And suit the varied mood.
Civil to all we trust will be,
And hope to send a name
Down to our friends who next may walk
Each on the path to fame.
May every copy do its best
Your varied taste to please;
Gossip and puns and quiet chat,
Or fun or jokes or "tease."
So now we leave it to your hands—
Should you dislike the style,
I'm sure's name, we ask you this—
In less meek not: try to smile.

THE ACADEMY GOSSIP.

Mount Allison Male Academy,
Sackville, N. B., February, 1871.

HAVING long felt the necessity of a paper through the columns of which our friends could be informed of what has been and is now being done by members of the well known Mount Allison Institutions, we have concluded to issue a periodical called the "Academy Gossip." This paper, as may be seen in our Prospectus, will be devoted to the Literature, Small-talk, Jokes and Gossip of Sackville; and will be kept up by the literary efforts of the boys of Sackville Academy alone, whose ability is, in our opinion, fully equal to the task.

The idea was first suggested *only two weeks ago*, and consequently we have had as much work as we could possibly do to get out this issue at all. Indeed, at one time we very much feared that we would have to let the matter drop and retire to our "Sanctum" in disgust, but remembering that "Faint heart never won fair lady," and that "Nothing but perseverance can win the way to fame," and that we resolved that we would not be penned up by any force of circumstances, but would rather pen ourselves up and rise to notice in the columns of the "Gossip."

We at once set to work to organize, and, as may be seen, have succeeded in getting up a staff of which modesty will not permit us to say much, except that they are fellows who will always try to do their best and give to their friends and the public generally as much amusement and satisfaction as they can.

We may honestly, however, that in addition to our Committee, whose names appear in our Prospectus, we have secured the services of a first class "Devil" who was recommended to us as a youth who possessed a large share of the Satanic element, and who on that account would be very useful in an office like ours.

We do not aim to give to our friends a paper containing the "Controversial and Political news of the day," nor the "Latest telegrams from the Seat of War," as in that case we might miss the mark; but rather to inform them what Sackville Academy is, where it is situated, and what it is doing. We will endeavor to enlarge the next issue of this paper so that more of the "Academy Gossip" may be seen by our friends, who, we have no doubt, will appreciate our efforts.

We only ask our readers to remember that the "Gossip" is edited, and its contents written, by boys who hope that their productions may not be sneered at, but rather looked upon in a favorable light by all.

Obituary.

We are sorry to record the sad death of our young friend, Miss Mary Allison, who was taken from our midst at the commencement of the New Year. She was the daughter of Charles Allison, Esquire, late founder of these Institutions, and the cousin of our own respected Principal. She was much beloved, and her death at such an early age leaves an aching void in the hearts of all.

During her long and painful illness, our young friend was sustained by a firm faith in her Redeemer, and she departed in the full assurance of a glorious hereafter.

We sympathise deeply with the friends and relatives of the deceased, but above all with that only remaining parent who is now left childless and alone.

A Sketch of Mount Allison.

CONTRIBUTED BY HENRY.

The Male Academy, the nucleus of the Sackville Educational Establishment, was founded by the late Chas. Allison, Esq., in the year 1843.

The first Principal was the Rev. Dr. Pickard, D. D. The School was opened with only seven students, but the number rapidly increased during the year.

Dr. Pickard ably discharged the duties of his high position as Principal for twenty-six years, when he left for another sphere of labour and usefulness.

He was succeeded by David Allison, Esq., A. M., whose efforts to maintain a high standard of education have been, and we hope always will be, eminently successful.

The Rev. U. Jost, A. M., was elected the first Vice-Principal in 1847. He resigned last year, and the present popular Vice-Principal, Rev. J. Burwash, A. M., was chosen in his place.

After the Male Academy had been in successful operation for some years, a similar institution was proposed for young ladies, and in August 1854, the Ladies Academy was opened.

The Rev. Dr. Evans presided over it as Governor and Chaplain (with Miss M. E. Adams, as Preceptress), for three years.

He was succeeded in 1857 by the Rev. John Allison, A. M., as Principal; his lady, Mrs. Louisa Allison, A. M., being Preceptress.

In 1864, Dr. Pickard assumed management, with Prof. J. R. Inch, A. M., as Vice-Principal.

Since 1869, the latter gentleman has been independent Principal. He has had since 1864 the following ladies associated with him as Preceptresses: Mrs. S. O. Spencer, Misses Harr, Proctor, Pickard, Harriman and Jewell, the present talented Preceptress. Near the Ladies' Academy stands a fine building, erected in 1855, called "Lingley Hall," containing one of the finest organs in the Maritime Provinces.

Mount Allison College was opened in 1862. The Faculty have power to confer degrees, &c., &c., and the

curriculum is not inferior to that of any College in these Provinces.

Dr. Pickard was President until 1869, when the present President, Mr. Allison, for some years previous and still Professor of Ancient Languages, was elected to that distinguished office.

Connected with the College is a Theological Professorship, for training those students, who are candidates for the Wesleyan ministry. The Professor, as may be seen by reference to the catalogue, is appointed and maintained by the Wesleyan Conference.

From the time of its founding, until the close of last year, the incumbent of this office was the Rev. C. DeWolf, D. D.

Dr. Stewart, who has been chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. DeWolf, also occupies the chair of Mental and Moral Science in the College.

The condition and prosperity of all the branches of the Mount Allison Institutions, were never better than at present.

Our Museum.

Although so short a time has elapsed since the Museum, together with the Academy, was destroyed by fire, the list of living and other specimens that we append below will show that our present collection bids fair to rival all previous ones.

Among the feathered tribe we can mention a *Crane*, that never has a pick at any one; and a *Hen*, that never comes out except in fair weather; and a *Snail*, which, true to the old proverb, did not bring a Summer.

First in the list of quadrupeds, stands a *Canal*, that still retains, lingering fondness for deserts; next comes a *Wolf*, whose nature has undergone so remarkable a transformation that he not only lies with the lamb, but always accompanies the *Herd*.

We have a model (?) *Church and Chapel*, the former accompanied by a *Bell*.

From the relics of a by-gone age of chivalry, we have secured a *Pulver*, whose wonderful tales of travel in the Holy Land could hardly be credited were it not that he is followed by a *Harper*, who sings his praise, and a sturdy *Knight*, who is prepared with lance and shield to defend his two more peaceful companions.

To lovers of antiquities, a highly polished *Urn*, bearing the date B. C. 18, and containing notes of the period to which it belongs, will prove attractive.

Among the *luxus nature*, we have a good sized *Stone-bull*, from the Golden State, as well as a sample of *Wood*, which the directors, not having seen mentioned in any work on Botany, have at last decided to be the genuine "chip off the old block." Our specimens of other woods are limited, being confined to a capital piece of *Thorn*.

We have received from Newfoundland a very ancient *Penny*, which is in a remarkable state of preservation. From the same island, we have a case of good things in *Bond*, that will be on exhibition as soon as possible.

Several useful trades are well represented by carefully selected pattern *Smiths and Wrights*, besides a first-class *Baker*, who is as well bred as any in the trade.

The reader will easily see by the above that the present collection of rarities is very great; and as we have very many not mentioned in the above list, and expect large additions to be made to the collection by the exertions of the students in the Holidays, the lover of curiosities can spend an hour very agreeably in examining the cases of our Museum.

All information about the Museum, as well as a trusty and intelligent guide, who will show strangers every attention, will be cheerfully supplied on application to

JOREY.

On Saturday night, February 5th, we learned that one of our students had his hand frozen while going to the spring after water.

We would advise that youth to "let well alone" in future, especially in cold weather.

Our "Devil" says that it was an ice freeze.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.—Sticking your finger in a pail of water, and expecting to see the hole when you pull it out.—George.

Concert in Lingley Hall.

A concert, having for its object the improvement of the Ladies' Academy, was held on the 2d inst., at Mount Allison.

The hall was crowded at an early hour by a very select audience, who showed their appreciation of the performance by respectful attention throughout. We have neither time nor space to give a complete criticism of the various parts of the concert, and besides, the performance was so generally good that it would be difficult to discriminate.

The "Grand Overture," a duet played by Miss C. Hickman and Prof. Martens, was a soul-stirring piece, perfectly performed and received an enthusiastic encore. The solo and chorus, "In her little bed we laid her," and "The birds awakening," a chorus of female voices, were in our opinion the favorite songs of the evening, and received long and continued applause.

Prof. Martens' new instrument "Holz and Strop," was played upon by the Professor himself, whose musical skill needs no tribute from our pen. He was accompanied by Miss C. Hickman and Alice A. Chesley, who ably executed their parts. The audience were in raptures over this performance, insisting on its being repeated again and again, and cheering to the echo.

At about 10 o'clock, P. M., "God save the Queen" was sung, and the company dispersed, evidently highly delighted with the evening's performance.

The performers were then invited to partake of some refreshments in the Ladies' Academy, where in chatting with the young ladies and listening to an eloquent and witty speech from Prof. Martens (who is a great favorite), an hour was spent very pleasantly. "Good nights" were then repeated, and the "boys" departed no doubt feeling very sorry that the concert and supper were things of the past.

PERRIWINKLE.

Review of the present Term.

BY "MELCHISEDEC."

The second term of the Academic year, which is fast drawing to a close, has been to us very short. We have spent the time very pleasantly, and flatter ourselves that we have made good progress in our studies, but of these our friends will be able to judge at the coming examination.

Our time has been passed in the enjoyments of those pleasures which are always provided for the students of this Institution. At Christmas, most of the students visited their homes or friends to partake of the holiday festivities.

They had a jolly time in the cars between Sackville and St. John. One old gentleman very properly remarked, as it was pleased to see the boys enjoying themselves, as they had been studying very hard, and needed the change."

Those who remained, through the kindness of the Principals of the Institutions, were entertained by the two social "re-unions," which are always expected at this season of the year, and are great events in our school life.

The first "re-union" was held in the Male Academy on Christmas Eve. After partaking of a sumptuous tea, we amused ourselves by gazing at the wonderful pictures produced by the magic lantern, or by promenade with some of our fair "Academic sisters." We finished up the evening's amusement by seeing the fair one's home, parting with a long good bye at the door. On New Year's Eve we visited the Ladies' Academy and spent a very pleasant evening with the young ladies.

Shortly after New Year's a deep gloom was cast over the whole community by the death of Miss Mary Allison, a young lady of great accomplishments, and much beloved by her many friends.

On the evening of the 11th of January we attended a missionary meeting, held in Lingley Hall, by the "Theologians" of Mount Allison, who laid before us with great clearness the claims of the heathen.

We have also had a public meeting of the "Eurhotorian" and "Pleides" Societies, and a grand concert, an account of which will be found in another column.

I must not forget to mention the "Receptions" which are held every alternate Saturday in the Ladies' Academy, and where we spend a happy hour talking over the coming drive, and the news of Sackville.

I must now, Mr. Editor, bring my article to a close; not wishing to take up too much room in the columns of your valuable paper, and hoping to give you a longer description of the events of next term in your next issue.

DAILY EXPECTED—A summons to attend the "annual drive," which has anxiously looked for for some weeks.

Correspondence.

DEAR GOSSIP.—Is it fair that Academy Boys, who wear moccasins and do not skate, should be allowed to pull the young ladies around on the ice, appearing, at the same time, to enjoy themselves quite as much as those on skates?

I think that it is not exactly right, if by moccasins were excluded from the ice, some who now skate alone would be able to find partners.

There are two young fellows in particular, who would do well to take this hint to themselves, and keep off the ice in future. ODD FELL W.

We had fully decided to allow no one but "Academy Boys" to contribute to the columns of the Gossip, but as the writer of the above seems to feel badly, we have concluded to publish the communication. (Eds. of Gossip.)

In our closet we have a singing mouse, who is a great songster, and something to boot. "BARNEY."

The election of Speakers for the end of the term, took place in the school room a few days ago. On examining the ballot box, it was found that Messrs. Allan, Thore, Sherwood and C. F. Hanington were chosen, and they were accordingly released from all Saturday exercises until the commencement of next term.

One of our staff, taking a walk towards Upper Sackville, was much amused by seeing a colored lady (so black that one could imagine charcoal leaving a white mark on her) driving a milk white cow into the yard, "touching up" the animal gently with a hickory gad, and crying out at the same time, "G'lang you nigger."

"Eurhotorian Meeting"

BY "MELCHISEDEC."

On the evening of Tuesday the 26th ult., we attended a public meeting of the "Eurhotorian" and "Pleides" Societies, held in Lingley Hall. The hall was well filled, considering the coldness of the night.

The meeting was presided over by Prof. R. C. Weldon, who, after a few appropriate remarks, opened the exercises of the evening by calling on the Rev. Dr. Stewart to open prayer.

We were then favored with a chorus called "The Forest King," by the choir, under the leadership of Prof. Theo. Martens.

Next came Mr. Ralph Brocken, who delivered in his usual eloquent style, an oration entitled "The German Rhine."

The "French Salutatory Address," delivered by Miss Chesley, showed a thorough knowledge of the language. The "Parody" by Miss Daley, was a rare production, and must have had a good effect on a certain class of gentlemen present.

Miss Buckley favored the audience with an essay called "King 1871," which was listened to with great attention, and contained good advice to all present. The "Duet," by Miss Jewell and Miss L. White, called forth loud applause.

The debate of the evening was on the subject, "In the event of a European Congress, would it be a judicious policy, on the part of Great Britain, to concede to the Russian demands for a modification of the treaty of 1856?" Disputants affirmative, Messrs. Lawrence and Heard; negative, Messrs. Baker and Bette.

A person listening to these gentlemen would have imagined himself in the British House of Commons, hearing the great statesmen of the day discussing the subject, if he did not happen to be aroused from his reverie by a draught of cold air ascending through the grating of the floor.

The paper of the "Pleides," which was read by Miss Ritchie, was a great literary production, and showed the extraordinary ability and talents of the Society. The reading was marked by a clearness of diction and fitness of accent, which held the audience spell-bound to the end.

The choir then favored us with the chorus "Good Night," which was finely rendered. After singing "God save the Queen" we returned to our sanctorum, having enjoyed a great literary feast.

A modern Mrs. Partington, of our acquaintance, occasionally "gets off" some queer speeches. In talking about the Comet, to a group of young hearers, she remarked that "it was a most mollifying sight," "the flagrancy of its tail was so immense," and in speaking of a very handsome young lady, who had been seen with a gentleman whom she (Mrs. P.) disliked, she said that for her part, she didn't call Miss N— an *epicure* of beauty, if she could fancy a fellow with a moated face covered with as much hair as an Armadillo.

Short Reces.

A man named William Brown, living somewhere between Sackville and Richibucto, was in blissful ignorance of the art of spelling and reading. One day walking along the shore he espied a mallet which had been cast up by the tide, and which had cut into it the initials H. W. "Holla!" cried he. "If for William and W for Brown, that's my mallet," and off he carried it, pondering in his own mind the strange chance that had cast a mallet bearing his initials, at his own door.

That Rink.

We heartily sympathize with the respected Principal of the Ladies' Academy, who kindly undertook to make a skating rink of the Gymnasium; thereby hoping to save the young ladies a long and unpleasant walk to and from the flooded marshes, but who found that it could not be done, as the water positively refused to stay on the floor, preferring to find its way out by the cracks of the building to the cellar below.

Hints for Spring.

In our numerous rambles around this village we have seen nothing so dangerous to the lives of Sackville children as the spring by the side of the road, nearly opposite Rand's Hotel.

It is situated at the bottom of a steep bank, and surrounded by a punchon, which to make "assurance doubly sure," has a gentle slope towards the street. We hope if any of the families in our neighborhood are plunged into sudden grief by the announcement that one of their children has been "found drowned," we will be exonerated from all share of the blame, as we now consider that we have done our duty in warning the public.

The Old Bachelor.

Poor old fellow, how sad his lot! No kindred spirit to ask him in winning accents to get out of bed in the middle of a cold winter night and walk the floor with "Baby," who is supposed to be getting teeth! No chubby cherub to carry around at the hour of distress, whilst it, like Rachel, refuses to be comforted and squalling with all the strength of a pair of lungs, perfectly new, beats time with its fists in "Papa's" eyes, or varies the performance by giving his pet side whisker a vigorous pulling!

No, happy man, is amply repaid for any little inconvenience that he may feel, by hearing ever and anon a dreamy voice from the warm downy pillows cheering him in his pleasurable duty, by suggesting to him that "Baby" would stop crying some he to walk a little faster. Also, poor fellow, he has none of these delights, nor has he a "better half" who never could bear tobacco smoke (of course since marriage, before that, all young ladies like the perfume of a good cigar), and so insists, with loving authority, upon his putting away his beautifully colored merschaum among the other follies of his bachelorhood; and who, if he is sometimes tempted by a feeling of freedom, to join in a cigar with some of his former cronies, always reminds him of it on his return home, by some such endearing affectionate expression as "Ugh, you brute! you're been smoking!" Poor solitary mortal, all his better feelings must have become hardened, when he can see his boon companions fast becoming "sponony," and then Benedictees, without sighing for some fairy foot to nestle by his side for life, "sharing his joys and doubling his sorrows."

Yes, so hardened has he become that he actually prefers being invited out to all the parties, there to be patted as an "eligible young man," to enjoying domestic bliss at his own fireside, with his foot on a cradle rocker, watching "mother's" fingers deftly cutting out and making up "small clothes." He prefers having his boots, fishing rod, &c., kept in places where he knows he can "always find them, to having them put away in closet or attic by the tidy fingers of the chosen one of his youth.

He doesn't like those semi-annual episodes in every household called house-cleaning. He would rather go out of town, fishing, when he hears that they are coming at the hotel, and in place of having pails of water at the foot of every stair, dust in all directions, and picked up diners, like his married friends, he spends a week in the country.

Poor creature! Happy would he have been if in place of flirting so much he had settled down for life. He is pitted by all, but particularly by mammas with marriageable daughters. He must be happy! He cannot be otherwise. Oh readers, but particularly ye gentle fair ones, try and reform him. In place of striving to make his single state bearable, try and make him see that marriage should be the summit of man's happiness as it is of woman's.

And ye Bachelors, if this should meet your eyes, be ashamed of yourselves, and make the noble resolve of leaving the discomforts of your present state, and of being to the joys of being
A HENRY DICK.

If the young man who, on the night of Prof. Marten's Concert, sat in Lingley Hall with his legs hanging over the railing of the gallery, will call at room No. 23, Male Academy, he will receive a box of superior blaking, as his boots were sadly in need of it. Or if he will send his name and address to John Bell, Esq., the blaking will be forwarded to him with all due celerity.
"HUNKY."

Found, near the Railway Station, a peculiar ornament, apparently belonging to a lady, but with no owner's name attached. I was at first at a loss for a name by which to advertise it, but have at length discovered it to be an "Elastic Braacet." The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. Apply to
"W. LILLY,"
Male Academy.

Query.

How is it that a college containing so much talent and wit as "Mount Allison," has never issued a newspaper? We hope the Collegians will accept this gentle hint from us, and also as speedily act upon it.

A little Light on the Subject.

A few evenings since, one of our students was deeply engaged in reading a "work of fiction" when the bed bell rang. Not wishing to leave the story, he waited until he heard the Professor in charge going the rounds, when he quietly put out the light, and sat by the table in darkness, waiting until the Prof. went past. Unfortunately for the student, however, the teacher carried a lamp that night, and the surprise of both can be well imagined, when the delinquent was discovered reading in darkness. The affair was made light of.
"SAIBOT."

To be Let after 24th May next.

The favorite stand, on Lindsay & Vickery's corner, at present occupied, on fine afternoons, by Collegians of Mount Allison.

This situation, commending as it does an extensive view in all directions, of interest, and being situated near "Cow Lane," possesses peculiar attractions for *Calves* and others, who may wish to enjoy a pleasant prospect from a retired place.

Rent will be low to suit the occupants. For further particulars apply to
"NAP."

Enigma.

SENT IN BY "SMALL BOY."

I am composed of twenty-four letters—
My 9, 19, 1, 5, 8, is a precious stone.
" 4, 2, 6, 21, can never be fancied.
" 4, 22, 1, 19, 4, has taken part in nearly every aquatic contest.
My 23, 16, 12, 18, is a kind of animal.
" 13, 15, 20, 7, 22, 1, is a color.
" 22, 10, 3, 18, 5, 4, is one who causes a great deal of trouble.
My whole is the style of the students of Mount Allison Male Academy.

We regret that a number of very valuable contributions have been crowded out of this issue.—[Ed. Gossip.]

We publish the following article to show that there are some very small boys in this Academy, who wield the mighty pen.—[Ed. Gossip.]

Cats is a nice animal. They kill rats and mice. If they don't be fed some milk they get poisoned with eating rats. A good tom cat will kill a thousand rats in a year. So will a terrier dog. I mean the shaggy kind of terriers. I had one once and he got bit with a rat. A young cat is called a kitten. It is great fun drowning kittens before they are old. Cats will scratch you and spit at you. They will put up their backs and arch up at you. I don't know whether I like an old cat or not. If they had no claws, and was a black and white kitten, I think I would like it. I have a cat that has fits.
JOHNNY.

A View from our Cupola.

BY CHRONONHOTONTOLOGOS.

To obtain a good view of Sackville few spots could be selected having so many advantages as the Cupola of the Male Academy.

A sheet of water is almost essential to a fine view, and of this particular there is no lack. Stretching far to the westward is the head of the Bay of Fundy, about whose waters it might be said, with at least the merit of a truism, "the quality of *Fundy* is not strained."

Situated on a promontory, which projects into the bay, is Fort Cumberland, a spot commanding the whole extent of the water for many miles. It was built by the French, but was afterwards taken by the English, and it is still kept in a comparative state of repair by the Government. Its ruins are full of interest to the antiquary.

Opposite and across the Bay of Fundy is Wood-point, which affords one of the finest views in the country. Well do I remember taking a twelve minutes walk to prove the truth of its boasted scenery, and well was I repaid.

Ranking next to Fort Cumberland in interest, and certainly second to none in importance, is the Sackville Marsh. When in summer it is covered with its burden of broad-leaf, which, disturbed by the breeze, surges backward and forward, with hare-like gracefulness, what can compare with it in point of beauty. Even in winter it is not entirely destitute of beauty—when with its numerous hay stacks, its numerous crooks, it presents an appearance not at all monotonous. Then again, when it is covered with clear ice, it is a very attractive sight, rendered more so perhaps by the presence of our "fair sisters from the other side," who occasionally enjoy the pleasures of skating.

In front of us, behind, to the right, to the left, lie the houses of the peaceful farmer, to whom the language of Longfellow, when describing Grand Pré in his story of "Evangeline," might well be applied.

And when we think that this is but one of the many thousand inviting views to be seen in our Dominion, we are led to exclaim—"Ride on young Dominion, peacefully and prosperously, nor fear your exacting and covetous old 'Uncle'; ride on, and you shall rule over a hundred millions of people, stretching from the broad Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakespeare and Milton."

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, IF NOT SOONER—From fifty to one hundred blanking-box covers are wanted by the subscriber, who wishes to make playthings for some of the boys. The highest cash price will be paid.
James Mason & Co.'s preferred. DINKEY & Co., Male Academy.

A Visit to a Country School.

BY C. O. D.

Just go into a country school for a day and note what you see and hear.

There is the village pedagogue with spectacles and that awful stick with which he administers sundry taps to the desk, seemingly to brighten his intellect.

In one corner of the room you will see some luckless student, engaged in drawing a picture of his master on the black board, which being seen by "Old so and so," as the boys call him, the youth is immediately called up and receives a round dozen over the fingers and over the back, after which performance we hear a perfect chorus of yells.

In another direction you may hear the customary cry, "Please sir he's stickin' pins in me," or "Please sir he's pullin' my hair," whereupon the lad who disturbed the public peace is marched up to the desk, weeping with fear, and returns after the punishment, howling with pain.

Then a class is called up. The head person begins, commences, and suddenly ends, and the teacher roars in *touching* language, hurries him up and administers several blows to the seat of his pants.

At last it is "Licet pueris exire," and the school hurries out with little regard to order.

The schoolmaster adjourns to his house, where with fond spouse he enjoys a comfortable dinner—the boys meanwhile playing "Tap" over the desks and benches, upsetting bottles of ink, spilling pens and so forth. When school again begins the complainant comes up with rueful countenance and describes the catastrophe which has befallen his property.

The master holds a colloquy, and at last determines to treat the offender, as usual, with "oil of birch."

At last school is out for all day, and boys and girls hasten to their homes.

At this time, we conclude our "Visit to a Country School."

Although the "description" given by our Correspondent is no doubt a true one, we would like to say that Sackville Academy, although "A Country School," is not conducted in the style above mentioned.—Ed. Gossip.

The following verses were composed by "An Old Student":—

There is a feeling, there is a plan,
Handed round from man to man;
Its eve is forever, and so is its morn,
It never will cease, it never was born.

Its subject ne'er chastens, issues no rod,
Its essence perfection, it came forth from God;
Men by it are gladdened, men's souls made rejoice,
It manifests friendship, and kindness its voice.

Its apartments all varied, like beauty combined,
"Tis true, 'tis pure, 'tis faithful, 'tis kind;
The whole a perfection that stands far above
The world's comprehension and men call it Love.

IT'S SNOW FUN—We think that the Commissioner of the streets of Sackville might lay out some money to advantage in cleaning off the snow from the sidewalks, as the students of the Academies find it very inconvenient to turn out into the snow banks for every passing sleigh, particularly on "Church Sundays."

The War.

CONTRIBUTED BY "X SHANGHAI."

No war we read of, either in ancient or modern History, has ever achieved such a succession of brilliant victories, sacrificed so many lives, and caused such general misery in so short a time as the war now raging on the continent of Europe.

France, seven months ago the proudest and occupying a position inferior to none of the six great powers of the world, maintaining an army supposed to be one of the largest and best drilled—having all the improved guns, and other implements of modern warfare, supporting a fleet second only to that of England, has been worsted in every great battle.

Her fortified cities, two of which (Strauburg and Metz) were declared impregnable, have been given up after very short sieges.

Her Emperor, one of the best rulers who ever swayed her sceptre, has been taken prisoner, together with his greatest generals, and the flower of his army.

Her capital, the most beautiful city in the world, has been encompassed, and now lies at the feet of her mortal enemies the victorious Prussians.

But yet her proud spirit is not conquered. Rather than submit to an ignominious peace she is still willing to fight to the death.

Torn by the Prussians from without; torn by political dissensions within, the French flag still waves proudly and calls aloud for revenge.

Sackville.

Sackville is a charming place. But I must say that when I first came to Sackville I was a little disappointed I had always fancied that it was a large town, and in fact I had heard so much about it that I thought it must be a place of some consequence.

But when I arrived here you may picture my disappointment in a small way. For all that, however, I have since made up my mind that it is not so bad after all.

There are several things which make the place perfectly delightful, viz: its beautiful scenery, grand equipages, noble steeds, and the weather.

The first thing that attracted my attention was the beautiful marshes, which stretch away in the distance. It must really be very agreeable here in the summer time, the mosquitoes are such jolly companions, they are so musical, and those marshes are such a fine place for them to rear their young ones in.

And then that beautiful mud bed called the "River," I had often heard of it before I came here, but never did I imagine it was so beautiful.

The weather will take my utmost powers to describe—being either raining or snowing, and always blowing.

If you come to my room any pleasant afternoon, and see those elegant equipages with those noble steeds attached (that is to say a yoke of oxen hitched to an old sled

