

brought to the ground by Smith, while the ball was touched down by Wallace of Acadia. The try was made, and although the ball had been touched down directly behind the goal, and therefore gave the best opportunity possible for kicking a goal as far as position went, still the slippery ball, aided by the wind, went whirling to one side of the goal. The ball was brought on by King's. Professor Hammond sent it far up the field by a good drop-kick, and lighting very near the west touch line, it was soon over. This brought the King's men up above the centre of the field, but only for an instant, as the ball being thrown out was seized by one of Acadia's backs, and in a few moments man and ball were captured within a few feet of King's goal-line. Then ensued a scrimmage, and another scrimmage, which ended in the ball being touched by Acadia, and another try scored. The ball was again brought out by the King's men, and although they tried hard to force it up the field, the Acadia forwards were becoming more fierce and the ball again shot behind the King's goal-line with an Acadia man on it. This try failed as the others. Time was called, and the teams taking their lemons rested for ten minutes.

On resuming play Acadia began at once to use all the advantages the wind would give them by losing no time in disputes. The ball was only in the field for a few moments when Anderson, half-back of Acadia, captured it, and by a run, which all admired and for which the player was cheered again and again by the spectators, touched the ball down directly behind the King's goal, despite the efforts of at least a dozen of the King's fifteen to stop him. The game from this on presented very little variety. The Acadia boys were evidently shoving their opponents harder every moment. But although Acadia after this gained three touch downs, no goal was kicked. The last three touch downs were gained by another brilliant run from Anderson, a well earned touch down by Lovett, quarter back of Acadia, and a quick dash by Sawyer, forward of Acadia. Thus the game ended, and we leave our readers, having before them just what points were made to measure the qualities of the teams. After some college songs and dinner, at which the toasts were responded to in a manner that would satisfy the most crusty adversary of the game, that foot-ball promotes good feeling, our friends departed. They have left with Acadia students the knowledge that they are *jolly good fellows*, and better still, fair and honorable players. We therefore wish them success in their sports, and look forward with pleasure to another meeting, whether in foot-ball or some other sport.

AN AFTERNOON AT MOUNT AUBURN.

MOUNT AUBURN, one of the beautiful places for the dead, is situated on the Cambridge road, a few miles out of Boston. Taking a horse car at Cambridge station, we have a pleasant ride of one hour. As we cross the long bridge, we recall the 'Bridge of Sighs,' and the words of Longfellow flit through our mind:

"Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thoughts of other years.
And I think how many thousands
Of care encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow
Have crossed the bridge since then."

Passing through Cambridge with its magnificent trees, we see fair Harvard in her pride, a most beautiful place for a student. Through the trees we catch a glimpse of the home of Longfellow, that wonderful poet, and one of our party exclaims: "Who could not be a poet here, surrounded by trees, rocks and rills, each suggesting a poem."

We arrive at the cemetery, and presenting our pass, go through the entrance, and begin to seek the tombs of the illustrious dead. A holy quiet seems to pervade the place. The wind sighs through the trees as if to sing a sad requiem o'er the dead. We are arrested in our walk by a huge monument, having a lion's body, with a woman's head. Ah! it is the Sphinx. Tradition says this was a monster, having the head of a woman of great beauty. It proposed the following riddle to travellers, and tore in pieces those who could not answer: "What is it, which has at first four feet, then two feet, then three feet?" The riddle was guessed by Edipus, a mighty king, and the Sphinx destroyed itself. On one side of this monument, is the following inscription: "AMERICAN UNION PRESERVED, AFRICAN SLAVERY DESTROYED BY THE UPRISING OF A GREAT PEOPLE—BY THE BLOOD OF FALLEN HEROES." From these records of the past, we turn to the tower, a high building overlooking Charleston, and Boston and Salem Highlands. To climb a hundred steps is an unpleasant task, but we felt fully repaid by the view. Here in Mount Auburn rests the body of Charles Sumner, one of America's greatest statesmen. Here, also, lies the dust of Agassiz, his monument being a rough, unpolished block of stone. Our eyes next rest on the inscription "Charlotte Cushman." It is engraved on a pure, white monument, like herself, grand, great and simple. As I stood by her grave, I thought of her struggles with poverty, of her heart burnings, and that genius which would leap forth, and could not be silenced.

We have visited the graves of the great. They have played their part in life's drama, and the curtain has been drawn. From the stage of action they have