

remained but to go on, and we commenced the descent, allowing ourselves to glide noiselessly over the ground with that curious exhilarating sensation of flying which accompanies bicycle-riding down hill in the dark. The moon favored us later, and the road now followed the course of a musical mountain stream. The scene was weird, wild and picturesque in the extreme; the moon glistened on the water as it dashed over its stony bed, while the shadows of great walls of rock fell across our way; the gray outlines of mountains rose on all sides, and all the time we were gliding down the mountain side, winding in and out with the course of the stream. At the top of the Appenines by moonlight, and with a curious sensation of pleasure in the strangeness of the scene, we forgot the time and did not find the distance long or wearisome until we were able to find a small mountain inn and stopped to rest and sleep; and though our somewhat incomplete acquaintance with the Italian language, coupled with our easy-going method of riding without definite information of the places or road ahead had given us this unlooked-for tiresome tramp by night, we felt amply repaid by the novelty of being among the mountain-tops in the weirdness of the moonlight.

But I must not tire the readers of ACTA. With many happy Christmas wishes for all the friends in Canada, I close these rambling jottings.

A. MELVILLE SCOTT, '96.

GÖTTINGEN, Nov. 27th, 1897.

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### VINEGAR.

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**B**ITTER? Ay, so they call me. Cynic? Yes.  
 Scorn their insinuations? Yea, in sooth,  
 Though yielding them thus much, that they speak truth,  
 Saying, I lift my voice to curse, not bless.  
 Fond youth inquisitive, *you* cannot guess,  
 Smooth face, bright eye like *yours* can never know  
 The rankling wound dealt in the long ago,  
 That seared my heart and stole my tenderness.  
 Rise o'er my troubles? Ha! ha! little one,  
 Can the damned leave their all-surrounding hell  
 And smirk and smile and say that all is well,  
 When that they know their torture but begun?  
 Babblor, begone! Not thine, but mine the fate:  
 Let others feed on love, me cherish hate!

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER.