

eager for a second draught as royal, and clamor like fiends for the sacrifice. On a scaffold stained with the blood of heroes and sovereigns, with firm tread—brow reared beautiful and bold to the sky—like a divinity about to go home carrying the trophies of Conquest and crowned with the laurel wreath, stands Madame Roland, queen of the hated Girondé. In her ears is the bay of bloodhounds—the deep murmur of malignant hate, like the roar of a far-off maelstrom; before her heaves to and fro the sea of heads; eyes gleaming with frenzy and madness—yet mounts the blood freely to her cheek while heart and pulse beat regularly as though unmoved by passion and unswayed by love, hate, fear or regret. Did for a moment the weakness of the woman heave a sigh as her memory, quick, moving through the past, recalled happy days, or as her lonely child soon to be orphaned gazed with agonized look into her Spartan face? No, this was not the time for sentiment—posterity should never forget how Madame Roland died. And the iron will triumphed over the weakness of the flesh. The disciple of Rousseau unsupported by any sure hope of eternity, intrenched in her citadel of virtue and upheld by inalienable greatness triumphs over death—such triumph as Socrates enjoyed when he drank the hemlock cup—untouched by fear of futurity. Gazing at the unveiled Statue of Liberty a voice burns the air, impassioned, soulful. "O liberty how many crimes are committed in thy name"! The axe falls. Dumb forever are the lips which ere the fatal stroke pronounced a sentence that shall live forever.

Acadia Athenæum.

THE first meeting of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM for the present College term, resulted in the appointment of the following officers:—

W. O. Wright, *President.*
 G. B. Healy, *Vice-President.*
 B. W. Lockhart, *Critic.*
 E. P. Caldwell, *Corres. Sec.*
 J. G. Belyer, *Rec. Sec.*
 R. Hunt, *Treasurer.*

Things around Home.

THE Sophs. are commencing to spell "Olney" thus: O-l-e-N-i-c-k.

THERE are some new mouths at the Academy banquet tables, and some new curls

"Asly in the College lane."

Just as we are going to press, we hear that there is going to be a Reception in a night or two. We fear that it is too good to be true.

THE Snow-shoes had it for a few weeks, and every one who could beg or borrow a pair was on the wide trail. Then came the rain, and, with the rain, the snow-shoes had a downward tendency. Skates have lately been advancing. Strange to say, however, few keep them on HAND.

A MUSCULAR Junior, who formerly held the high post of Fighting Editor on this paper, has organized himself into a gymnastic society, and patronizes a home-made and home-swayed flying trapeze. He is now "The gay young man, etc." But we prefer devoting our arms to the dumb-belles,—all except the "dumb."

THAT "go-cart" story which is going the rounds has its parallel in the case of the Soph. who recently covered a couple of books with brown paper, and thinking he might fail to distinguish them, wrote G. G. on one, for "General Geometry," and G. G. on the other, for "Greek Grammar," and laid them on the shelf with a complacent air.

THERE are no thermometers in the College. They would be superfluous. We measure temperature now by the ice on our water pails, counting 10° down, to the half inch, down, and vice versa. An inch and a half a night by the stove indicates zero. If the buckets stood in the dormitories we could only measure mild temperatures, as the ice could not go past the bottom.

THEY are a heavy class, are the Freshmen, in one way at least, and, let us devotedly trust, in several. The aggregate ponderosity of six (about a representative third) of the class, at the time of Matriculation, was 1114 lbs. The heaviest turned the scale at 202, the lightest, at the respectable figure, 169. Perhaps, and probably, this is the heaviest third of the class. And now for the gymnasium.