

glimpses of the beauty which once decked this Southern home.

No attempt at architecture is made upon this so-called mansion, a commodious brick building possessing only that beauty peculiar to such structures and in this case enhanced by the attractions which tradition has thrown around it.

On the boulder in the summer house is engraved a child's foot and also the name of the original owner of this estate with the date of its founding, 1640.

A short distance away in another part of the garden is the rock upon which it is said Smith's head was placed when he was about to be killed. There is no engraving upon the rock, but it bears simply a few scratches.

Whether the dust of the Indian chief lies here, or whether such a noble woman as Pocahontas preserved in this place the life of an enemy, are questions, the answers to which are mingled with the labyrinths of history and the incredible tales of tradition.

The story in reference to Smith was published about 1622 in his pamphlet entitled, "New England's Perils." This was five years after the death of Pocahontas, no allusion in letter, or book, printed statement of any kind, having previously been made in relation to the story. Palfrey says: "Smith, in the latter part of his life, had fallen into the hands of hack-writers, who adapted his story for popular effect."

I have already said sufficient and must defer any further account of my rambles.

E. A. C.

### SUPPER TO THE SENIOR CLASS.

At ten o'clock Friday evening, December 15th, the bell of Dr. Welton's beautiful residence pealed forth, and a moment after the men of '83 filed into the hall,—their presence there being a response to an invitation to a class supper given by H. R. Welton. After being cordially greeted by the Doctor's family, our host summoned us to the supper room, whither we went,

"Glad the summons to obey."

Hope and hunger could be read in every eye. Who can describe the feast of fat things full of marrow? At one end of the table a colossal turkey gave forth a sweet smelling savor, incense more acceptable than that from any smoking altar. At the other end of the festive board, in proud rivalry, a goose, broad, brown, and fragrant, shook its fat sides in anticipation of the mirthful evening. And spread on all the "broad expanse of table, the most toothsome accompaniments emitted appetizing odors, and promised *peace and plenty*.

The wit of the first half hour was decidedly Epicurean, and the disappearance of meats, puddings, pies, fruits, confectionery, etc., suggested Juvenal's lines:

"Nam de tot pulchris et latis orbibus et tam Antiquis una comedunt patrimonium mensa."

When the supper was over, Welton proposed a toast to "Our Queen," in response to which the National Anthem was sung. The next toast was "Pleasant Memories of the class of '83," proposed by Welton, responded to by Wallace and White-man, who were so lost in the joys of the present that the pleasant scenes of the past, unlike Banquo's ghost refused to show themselves in the hour of festivity.

"Our Future Vocations" proposed by Welton, was responded to by Corey for the clerical profession, Tupper for the medical, and Bradshaw for the legal. The interdependence of the three professions, and the lofty character of each, were the prevailing and applauded sentiments.

"Our Future Homes," proposed by Williams in a very neat speech, drew from Lockhart a response which nearly convulsed the company and presented visions of future felicity which made our hearts fairly ache with expectancy. He peered into the future through a "rent in the veil," and saw such homes as only a prophet could see. These he described graphically and with *puns*.

Rogers in proposing "Our Alma Mater," made a loyal speech, in which love for Acadia was earnestly expressed, and applauded to the echo, and the sentiment uttered, "We will be true to Alma Mater—Consolidation may take care of itself." Goucher responded.

"Our Host," the last toast of the evening, was proposed by Wallace, who was seconded by Powell. The latter gentleman, though filled with turkey and joy, felt that the supper lacked one thing. *No ladies were present.* But manfully swallowing his grief, he spoke of the pleasant days of our college life, and of this superlatively pleasant evening, for which we were indebted to our host, Mr. Welton. After a short response from Welton, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and the company broke up, all feeling that as a joy-giver even Mitchell's *Critical Handbook* could not compare with a *class supper*, especially when that supper was given by "Herb." SENIOR.

### OUR LECTURE COURSE.

As announced in the last ATHENÆUM, the services of J. F. L. Parsons, Esq., of Halifax, were procured to deliver the *first* lecture of this year's course on the 8th of December. Even Mr. Parsons was not, as he said, prepared to give a lecture properly so called, but rather a sort of talk on how he traveled from Halifax to Cincinnati—the subject being: "Traveling with one's Eyes Open." We have not the space to give a full account of the lecture, but must content ourselves with the merest outline. In opening, the lecturer referred to the wonderful progress of the nineteenth century in so many things, and especially in regard to the progress made in facilities for travel during the last twenty-five