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FRIENDSHIP.

(From Emerson's Essays.)

"A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs,
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled,
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again,—
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red.
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
And is the mill-round of our fate,
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair."

Reminiscences of European Study and Travel.—No. 11.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

About half way from Cologne to Bingen is Coblenz, the most beautifully situated town on the Rhine, standing at the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine, and being the focus of the commerce of the Moselle, the Rhine, and the Lahn.

Just opposite to the influx of the Moselle rises the majestic fortress of

EHRENBREITSTEIN,

justly termed the Gibraltar of the Rhine. It is situated on a precipitous rock 387 ft. above the Rhine, and never succumbed but twice to an enemy, once when taken by stratagem, and once when reduced by famine. On each of these occasions it fell into the hands

of the French, first in 1631 and second, after being four times besieged, in 1799. On getting possession of it at the last of these dates, the French increased its impregnability by additional intrenchments, but in consequence of the Peace of Luneville they blew it up and evacuated it in 1801. This method of quitting the place proved, however, rather costly to themselves. By the terms of the treaty subsequently made at the Second Peace of Paris they came under obligation to pay 15 million francs to the Prussian Government for the restoration of the fortifications. During the ten years beginning with 1816 the Prussians spent 8 million dollars on this great stronghold, and it is extremely doubtful if the French ever succeed in taking it again.

A little above Coblenz on the opposite side of the river is the town of Oberlahnstein, overlooked by the picturesque

CASTLE OF LAHNECK.

This castle has been recently restored; and though not the most interesting of these old structures, it yet calls up some of the pleasantest of my Rhine memories. On the present occasion I contented myself with simply looking at it from the deck of the steamer.

But nearly two years after I left the steamer at this point for the purpose of going through and around it. The path leading to it winds in a zigzag direction by successive flights of steps cut in the solid rock, and is somewhat difficult of ascent; but the summit once gained commands a view a thousand times repaying the toilsome climbing. Standing on the edge of the high elevation on which the castle is built, I could look immediately down upon *Oberlahnstein* at the