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Twilight Musings.

Ye gentle spirits of song,
That come to me everywhere,
I hear your voice in the Summer's breeze,
Or in Autumn's plaintive air;
In the withering leaf, but touched
By Winter's approaching hand;
In the gathering beauties that deck each haunt
Of the pleasure seeking band.

For in the color's commingled hues
In rainbow, in dew-drop or leaf,
In the crimson and golden cloud above,
Or the watery glass beneath,
Where, reflected in beauties new born,
The morning and evening appear,
I read a poetry sweeter far
Than is breathed by the lips to the ear.

For in Nature's eyes of Light
Her lovers detect the spell,
Unheard in the voice that speaks to the ear,
Which the true heart knows full well,
And so I muse and listen,
And listen, and muse alone
But now the light of day has gone,
And the stillness of night is come.

Sep. 16

The Field of Leipsic.

DURING the middle ages, and down to very recent times, it has been the fate of Germany to be the battle ground of Europe. Russia, guarded by bulwarks of ice and snow, and England by her maritime position, have launched the thunderbolts of war over her plains, from invincible and peaceful homes. France has been preserved through causes, similar and yet different. Her compact position, the unity of her people, her long line of sea-board, and her military supremacy, have averted the calamities that drenched the fields of Prussia and the German States in blood. The seven years' war, during

which Russian Barbarian and Austrian hussar, revelled in the rich cities and fertile fields of Prussia; the thirty years' war in which Wallenstein traversed Germany to the Baltic, with a horde of the most licentious robbers that ever sacked a defenceless city; in which Tilly conquered German armies in a hundred battles, and culminated the long scene of atrocities with the sack of Magdeburg; the devastation committed by Philip the Second's Government in the Netherlands, and last, the progress of Napoleon's armies in Central Europe, terminating in the Great Day of Waterloo; such are the scenes which nurtured the Teutonic race, schooled its generals in the art of war, aroused it to consolidation until its armies carry the terrors of the fought field into the countries of the foe, and teach the Austrian and the Frenchman, on the field of Sadowa and beneath the walls of Paris, the lesson so dearly bought. The field of Leipsic is familiar to every reader of history as the arena of the "Battle of the Nations." There the armies of Europe gathered, enclosing the remnants of the army of the Man of Destiny. Napoleon was driven across the Rhine, and the warfare between Thought and Imperialism, in effect, ended. But Leipsic was the witness of a battle no less bloody, no less important in its results to the destinies of Europe, than Waterloo itself, in which Gustavus Adolphus annihilated the finest army of Catholic Austria, and defeated for the first time her ablest general.

Early in the 17th century began the contest between Ferdinand, the Roman Catholic Emperor of Austria, and the Protestant States of Germany. It was a war of great principles. On the one side the spirit of Papacy—the genius of Italian priestcraft,—on the other the spirit of civilization, liberty and progression. Ferdinand confides his cause to the genius of Wallenstein, a man who was as great in mind as he was unscrupulous

M.