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THE THIRST OF THE MIND.

As Tantalus of old assayed in vain
To quench the burning thirst that parched his lips,
And sent a poignant madness through his brain,
So eager mind, athirst, unresting, sips
The copious draughts of knowledge—which the
years
Have richly poured upon the present—but
In vain. An ocean limitless appears,
And rolls its surging tide of ponderous thought,
Of sage reflection, fruits of fancy's flight,
Descriptions grand of deeds by heroes done,
And of upheavals which have made the right,
Burst brightly forth, clear—shining as the sun,
Until the billows rise, surround, submerge
And whelm the mind. Impatient, restless e'er,
It seeks to deeply drink; but on the verge
Of hoped success finds hapless failure. Ne'er
Alas! the longing ends. Too oft the mind
Is rudely tossed as on a sea of fire,
The parching billows' plaything; or doth find
That drinking ever multiplies desire.

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN STUDY AND TRAVEL.—No. 10.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

The mountainous district through which the Rhine winds its way immediately above Bonn is called

THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS,

from the principal peaks which compose it. Their names and heights are respectively as follows: Drachenfels, 1,066 ft.; Wolkenburg, 1,076 ft.; Lohrburg, 1,444 ft.; Oelburg, 1,522 ft.; Loewenburg, 1,505 ft.; Nonnenstromberg, 1,105 ft.; and Petersberg, 1,096 ft.

The first of these—the Drachenfels—is perhaps most worthy of notice. The view from it is the most picturesque; besides it is crowned with the Castle of Drachenfels, which was erected by Arnold, Archbishop of Cologne, at the beginning of the 12th cen-

ture and ranks among the most interesting of the Rhine ruins.

The name Drachenfels, or "Dragon's rock," is drawn from the mythological story of the dragon, which is said to have housed in the rock, and been slain by Sigfried, the hero of the Low Countries, who, having bathed in its blood, became invulnerable. The cavern in which the dragon lurked may be seen from the Rhine, half-way up the hill among the vineyards. I shall not soon forget the excitement which prevailed on board the steamer as she passed this point, every tourist doing his utmost to get a glimpse of the cave.

It was the ravishing prospect which the top of Drachenfels commands which inspired the following lines of Byron:—

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine;
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls among them shine,
Have strewed a scene which I could see
With double joy wert thou with me."

Indeed there is not a ruin along the whole course of the Rhine—and they may be counted by the score—that does not borrow additional interest from some historic or romantic association hanging over it. Take for instance that of

ROLANDSECK,

only a solitary arch of which remains. It is believed to have been built by Roland, peer of France and Paladin of Charlemagne, who fell at the battle of Ronceval. Immediately below it, on an island in the Rhine, is a convent, half buried in trees, in which lived for a time, and finally died, the fair creature whom Roland had hoped to make his bride. The story runs as follows: "The brave