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(Original Poetry.)

## The Deserted College.

A HUSH that is almost heard,  
A quiet that seems to speak,  
The moonlit walls begird,  
And into the studies seek.

No foot-fall awakes the stair,  
No echo disturbs the halls;  
But a ghostly silence drear  
On study and stairway falls.

Alone in my upper room,  
With the fire murmuring low,  
I sit in the quiet and gloom,  
And my thoughts are strange and slow.

The spirits of shade and pain  
That have haunted my darkened soul  
Draw close to my heart again,  
And the knell of old longings toll.

Old griefs that were buried deep,  
Old hopes that had ceased to glow  
From the graves of the by gone creep,  
And whisper me words of woe;

Till I long for the tread of feet,  
And for voices along the hall,  
And the harshest sound were sweet,  
When there comes no sound at all.

No sound! Did I say 'no sound'?  
Weird noises are in the air,  
Strange whispers are breathing round,  
Soft footsteps are on the stair;

And echoes, hollow and deep,  
Fly, spirit-like, to and fro,  
And silence awakes from sleep  
With the voices of long ago.

Strange forms that are more than shade  
Move silent across the floor,  
And their shadowy hands are laid  
All softly upon my door.

The students of other years  
Who have travelled the earthly lane,  
Come trooping in gloom and tears  
To visit the room again.

And year by year, as the feet  
Of the students homeward tend,  
Weird forms in these studies meet  
To see the old year end.

## A Glance at what Canada has done for History.\*

In the historical department of literature, Canada has produced works that deserve a place alongside the world-renowned histories of which England or the United States love to speak. If the former had only Grote, the latter only Hildreth, Scotland only Robertson or Germany only Niebuhr, who would say that the laurel-crowned Clio had never struck the lyre in those countries? And if Canada had only Kirk, who could taunt her with the absence of historical genius. *The History of Charles the Bold* (3 vols.), by John Foster Kirk, is a truly great work. The author is a native of Fredericton, N. B., and was a companion and friend of the immortal Prescott, a revised edition of whose works he has lately issued. The historian of the fallen glories of Mexico and Peru was himself indebted in no slight degree to the aid of Kirk, which he does not hesitate to acknowledge. *The Rule and Mis-Rule of the English in America*, and *the Historical, &c., Account of Nova Scotia* by Haliburton, are the more sober works of one to whom nature had given talents that have rendered him famous by writings of another cast, and in another name. The extensive researches of F. M. Bibaud and H. R. Casgrain have resulted in works that come only from such investigation. Canadian history has been fully and ably written by Canadian pens. Among the historians of our country may be mentioned McMullen, M. Bibaud, Christie—whose *History of Lower Canada*, (6 vols.) is a monument of ability, industry and research,—Withrow—a rising Canadian author,