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### THE LEGEND OF GLOOSCAP.

Bathed in the sunshine, still as of yore,  
Stretches the peaceful Acadian shore;  
Fertile meadows and fields of grain,  
Smile as they drink the summer rain.

There like a sentinel, grim and gray,  
Blomidon stands at the head of the Bay,  
And the famous Fundy tides at will  
Sweep into Minas Basin still.

With wondrous beauty the Gaspereau,  
Winds its way to the sea below,  
And the old Acadian Grand-Pre  
Is the home of prosperous men to-day.

The place where Basil the blacksmith wrought  
In the glow of his forge, is a classic spot,  
And every summer tourists are seen  
In the fairy haunts of Evangeline.

But the old Acadian woodsand shores,  
Rich in beautiful legend shores,  
Were once the home of an older race,  
Who wove their epics with untaught grace.

Long ere the dykes that guard for aye,  
From the merciless tides, the old Grand-Pre,

Built by the Frenchmen's tireless hands,  
Grew round the rich Acadian lands;

The Micmac sailed in his birch canoe  
Over the basin calm and blue,  
Speared the salmon, his hearts desire—  
Danced and slept by his wigwam fire.

Far in the depths of the forest gray,  
Hunted the moose the livelong day,  
While the mother sang to her Micmac child  
Songs of the forest, weird and wild.

Over the tribe with jealous eye  
Watched the Great Spirit from on high;  
While on the crest of Blomidon,  
Glooscap, the god-man, dwelt alone.

No matter how far his feet might stray  
From the favorite haunts of his tribe away,  
Glooscap could hear the Indian's prayer,  
And send some message of comfort there.

Glooscap it was who taught the use  
Of the bow and the spear, and sent the moose  
Into the Indian hunter's hands—  
Glooscap, who strewed the shining sands.

Of the tide-swept beach, of the stormy bay,  
With amethysts purple and agates gray,  
And brought to each newly-wedded pair  
The Great Spirit's benediction fair.

But the white man came and with ruthless hand,  
Cleared the forest and sowed the land,  
And drove from their haunts by the sunny shore,  
Micmac and moose, forever more.

And Glooscap saddened, and sore distressed  
Took his way to the unknown west,  
And the Micmac kindled his wigwam fire,  
Far from the grave of his child and sire;

Where now as he weaves his basket gay,  
And paddles his birch canoe away,  
He dreams of the happy time for men,  
When Glooscap shall come to his tribe again.

ARTHUR WENTWORTH EATON.

[In the Boston "Youth's Companion."]

THE Senate has decreed, that hereafter degrees shall be conferred in alphabetical order and not in order of class standing as heretofore. This change will meet the appro-