

# THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

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Vol. XIX. No. 3.      ACADIA UNIVERSITY, WOLFVILLE, N. S.      January, 1893.

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## ON A CERTAIN PROVERB.

There is a saying which, though meant for good,  
Is so expressed to give impression wrong  
That "all things come to him who waiteth long—"  
A proverb making most delicious food  
For the Jull palate of the laggard brood,  
Or for the ill-rewarded 'tis a song  
Which dims despair, tho' only to prolong—  
But for ambition 'tis a stumbling wood.

Wait not beside life's deep, storm-tortured river  
For waves to fall and tempests to subside,  
Or magic bark to bear thee smoothly o'er;  
Plunge in the torrent's rage nor fearful shiver  
Buffet the billows, on the surges ride,  
Turn not nor pause and thou hast gained the shore.

March, 1892.

E. BLACKADDER, '94.

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## TWO OLD WORLD PROFESSORS.

SOME years ago I saw on one of the shelves in the Mathematical alcove at Harvard a book entitled: "The Elements of Quaternions, by Peter Guthrie Tait, M. A., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh." The book to outward appearances seemed harmless enough, but on the fly-leaf was a warning note: "All hope abandon ye who enter here." The words had been written by a poor fellow who had spent the previous year in preparing his own grave, for he never got through the June examination. Many an amateur whose one anchor has been certainty of self has sailed in gaily on the sea of Quaternions and come out at the end hopelessly adrift. *Possunt quia posse videntur* is as true now as ever—for never was it literally true.

The author of the "Elements" holds a place of proud distinction in the School of the Mathematicians. To the minds of many, indeed, he occupies a position very similar to that held by Milton among poets: a poet for the poets, a mathematician for the

mathematicians. Certainly, to ordinary folk, reading the words of either is "very like the process of dining on gold plate in the presence of kings, very splendid, very ceremonious and not a little appalling."

A year or two after this introduction to Quaternions I had the pleasure of meeting the author in Edinburgh. "The lion in his den" is at first sight quite as formidable as some of his books would lead one to expect. While he was reading my letter of introduction it was not strange that I found myself eyeing him rather fearfully and wondering what he would do as soon as he was through with it. A few words disarmed all fear; his first sentence was a hearty welcome, his second some joke on transatlantic colleges. Before the interview was over I could easily have imagined myself talking not to one of the greatest of living mathematicians and physicists, but to some rollicking, overgrown school-boy. It would not be difficult to conceive him at kites and ten-pins still, eager for success or alarmingly worked up over the prospect of defeat.

One glimpse of Tait—one does not say *Mr. Milton*—and you remember him forever. Big, burly, broad-shouldered, with a loose gray coat buttoned at the chin, his whole dress wearing a decidedly careless and unprofessional look; he can be seen regularly every morning crossing the university quadrangle in the direction of the large theatre-like room in which he holds his lectures. There is a gleam in the small twinkling eyes that is fascinating—a strange concentrating power that seems to transfix the object looked at. When they flashed round the room it was as if he had drawn a rapier. And yet those eyes can be as merry as a boy's. Edinburgh men delight to tell of the time when he turned a tub of water on some students who insisted on crowding too near an experiment which he was performing. He is a wonderful teacher—clear, keen, with a genius for sticking to his subject, and an enthusiasm that never fails to arouse even the dullest and most careless of his hearers. Rarely does he fail in an experiment. When he does it is because the atmosphere has been too much for him, or other hostile influences have been at work. Tait always warns the students of these before he proceeds, but they only smile. They have learned to take the announcement as calmly as if he were some crack marksman declaring that they should not hold him accountable for possible stray shots. Never can there have been a more successful, a more brilliant demonstrator.

While he was a student at Cambridge, so I am told, it was flung in the face of the mathematicians that they never stood high in Scriptural knowledge. Tait and another student, a competitor with himself for the position of Senior wrangler, agreed privately to wipe out this stigma from mathematics. This they did by taking year about the prize which was said to lie beyond

their reach. And when, at a more recent time, some German scientists threw down the gauntlet by declaring, in brief, that it was a mistake to suppose that the great Newton possessed as much wisdom as Englishmen have claimed for him, Tait with characteristic combativeness accepted the challenge and defended most vigorously the cause of the Britons.

He has written many books all of which have contributed, in greater or less degree, to his fame as a scientist. But to be fully appreciated he must be heard as well as read. Then only is it possible to see something of the fire within—the enthusiasm which makes his whole word glow with life and the driest and most abstruse subjects seem full of interest. A brilliant lecturer, a superb teacher! Edinburgh, to-day has not his equal.

IN the heart of the busy German capital, a good half-mile along the Linden, if you enter that thoroughfare by way of the Brandenburg Gate, stands Berlin's great University. The main building, an historic though not an imposing looking structure, was formerly the palace of Prince Henry, brother of Frederick the Great. It stands back a little from the busy avenue, and there is a garden in front adorned with statues of the Humboldts.

It was near the entrance to this garden, one afternoon in early spring, that I caught my first glimpse of Helmholtz. "A handsome, a striking-looking man!" exclaimed my companion, a Yale student, who had attended the lectures of the great scientist the preceding year. A "handsome" man he is. Tall, well-formed, with a face cleanly shaven, save the iron-gray mustache, and a pair of remarkable, penetrating, steel-gray eyes, his whole bearing that of a gentleman of fine culture and distinguished rank, he can be seen often walking in the Dorotheen strasse, between his handsome home and the Institute of Physics over which he presides. It was in that home that he declined to receive Dr. Schwenniger, the physician of Bismarck, whom the great Chancellor insisted on making a professor despite the protests of Helmholtz and many of his colleagues. "A man such as you," said the great teacher to Schwenniger, "shall never receive an introduction to my wife." Helmholtz is naturally proud and conservative.

The University of Berlin, glorious as have been its eighty years of history, can boast of no prouder name than that of Helmholtz. It would be impossible to find a man more popular, one more loved and venerated. Day after day his great lecture-hall is crowded to the extreme limit. Not only are the thousand seats filled; men stand in the aisles, on the platforms, or in the halls leading to the room. Each morning as he enters for his lecture the students receive him with applause and they endeavour in a hundred ways to express the regard in which they hold him. One cannot call him an eloquent lecturer. He speaks

slowly, deliberately, and with little fire; his language is simple and as free as possible from long and useless phrases. But his words are well chosen and serve to make the most difficult subjects clear and easy of comprehension. He does not possess the boyish enthusiasm of Tait, yet he seems to be as successful as the latter in imparting to his hearers a love for work. No idler could listen to him long.

The career of Helmholtz has been quiet and uneventful. His days have been days of work "from his youth up," his whole life a steady devotion to the cause of science. He takes no part in politics; he never ascends the platform except to speak upon scientific subjects; he never writes except to proclaim some new theory. After spending twenty years as professor of physiology in the Universities of Königsberg, Bonn and Heidelberg, he was called to Berlin in 1871, as the successor of Gustave Magnus, professor of physics. This place he retains to the present day. He still labors diligently and hard. He is not content with his works on "The Conservation of Force," "The Handbook of Physiological Optics," his celebrated *Tonempfindungen*, and the discovery of the ophthalmoscope, but, although he has attained "life's Biblical limit," he still looks forward, it is said, to further discoveries.

The German is nothing if not profound even in the matter of making jokes. Occasionally, however, we hear of one whose lighter vein we can all appreciate. At the dinner given in Heidelberg in honor of Helmholtz's call to Berlin, Professor Kirchhoff delivered the formal address and wished him long life and prosperity. "Ah!" exclaimed Professor Bunsen at the time, "the fame of Helmholtz is assured. When even the Kirchhoff wishes him long life, he is certain of immortality." And so he is.

X.

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### DANIEL O'CONNELL.

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DANIEL O'CONNELL was born in the year 1775. He came from a line which traced its descent from the early Irish chiefs. Being a Celt, the treatment of his native people by the Saxons was thoroughly impressed upon his youthful mind, and he grew up with a feeling toward them not far removed from hatred. When very young he attended a school at Cork, and, later on received additional education at the English College of St. Omer and the French College at Donar. At these seats of learning his uncommon abilities became a subject of comment among his instructors. He remained in France long enough to witness the beginning of the French revolution, and when that revolution verged toward its height, he escaped to his native land. In the year 1794 he began the study of law, and in 1798

he was admitted to the Irish bar. And, although excluded by his religion from the free exercise of his rights, although not allowed the legal gown, yet in a few years he had no equal among Irish lawyers. In examining witnesses none aspired to rival him, being naturally possessed of that tact which characterises the artful interrogator. But, though he rose to great eminence in the legal fraternity, yet it was in the field of Irish politics that O'Connell's real greatness displayed itself.

From the time in which he entered upon this work until his death, probably no man received such extravagant commendation from his friends and such violent denunciation from his enemies. Writers of high standing in that day place before us a man filled with inconsistency and hypocrisy. Simple facts bring to our view a man who sacrificed everything, even his life, for his country's welfare. Looking back toward that period it cannot for a moment be supposed that one became the hero of a nation and influenced such vast concourses of people by a conscious imposture.

Into the conflict, where his great opponent was established custom, he brought powers not often excelled. As an orator he has had few equals. He possessed a commanding stature, a stately presence, and a voice capable of modulation to any extent. It had the iron ring in abuse, and the mild pathos in appeal. When he appeared on the floor of the British House of Commons, before England's representatives, from the speaker to the gallery reporter, all was attention. It was supposed that the manner of address he had acquired in pleading before juries and haranguing mobs, would fail when applied to the unsympathetic ear of the British Parliament. Lord Jeffreys, a professional critic, stated that the other members seemed talking school boy talk when O'Connell sat down. Lord Roebuck says he was the finest speaker he ever heard in the House of Commons. His speech was purely extempore, and he had all the defects of that style, but he attained the peculiar success of those who can speak without preparation. His words came from a nature in deadly earnest, and went right to the hearts of his hearers.

But it was among the native Celts that O'Connell's oratory had its great effect. They looked upon him as one capable of doing what he said he would do. He had borne the leading part in carrying Catholic Emancipation. No doubt this would have come to pass had O'Connell never lived. The influence of wise statesmen and the eloquence of great orators were arrayed in its favor. But the Irish Celts did not make such distinctions. They knew he had demanded Catholic Emancipation and had been refused. They knew he had said he would compel its concession, and in the end it was conceded to him. And whenever his voice was heard they embraced every syllable. O'Connell knew the Celtic nature and framed his speech to suit it. When in his

native Kerry he was addressing a public gathering he turned round and appealed to "yonder blue mountains where you and I were cradled." He spoke of Ireland as the "land of the green valley and the rushing river." At Mullaghmast, standing on a spot where a number of Irish chieftains were supposed to have been massacred in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he thus alluded to the scene:—"They came confiding in Saxon honor, to a friendly conference. In the midst of revelry they were surrounded and butchered. Their wives were widows; their children fatherless. In their homes was heard the shrill shriek of despair, the cry of bitter agony. Oh! Saxon cruelty, how it cheers my heart to think that you dare not attempt such a deed again." It can readily be imagined what effect such allusions would have upon the Irish peasant. Lord Lytton has given a description of one of O'Connell's great gatherings, when, according to Justin McCarthy, fully a quarter million were present. He says:—"As I beheld the human ocean around me, I not unnaturally thought that no clarion could send its notes even to the centre of that crowd.

"Then as I thought, rose the sonorous swell  
 As from some Church tower swings the silvery bell;  
 Aloft and clear from airy tide to tide,  
 It glided easy as a bird may glide.  
 To the last verge of that vast audience sent,  
 It played with each wild passion as it went;  
 Now stirred the uproar—now the murmur stilled  
 And sobs or laughter answered as it willed.  
 Then did I know what spells of infinite choice  
 To rouse or lull has the sweet human voice.  
 Then did I learn to seize the sudden clew  
 To the grand troublous life antique—to view,  
 Under the rock stand of Demosthenes,  
 Unstable Athens heave her noisy seas."

To the power of oratory O'Connell added the qualities of a shrewd statesman. Having the condition of his people firmly engraved upon his mind, he conceived the plan of forming the Irish millions into an immense league against the existing order of things. He had a firm belief in his own skill to keep within the law, and to conduct his work upon constitutional grounds. Soon Catholic Ireland was arrayed to a man, and claimed her lawful freedom. O'Connell was elected to the British Parliament in 1828. He was not, however, allowed to sit as representative, as he was unable being a Catholic to take the full oath required of each member. He then set in motion an agitation which led to stirring discussions in the House of Commons, and in less than a year he forced that body to pass the Act known in history as the "*Catholic Emancipation Act*." Thence, allowed to take his seat in the Imperial Legislature he never ceased to proclaim against British severity, and, amid many stormy scenes, he guided a series of movements which culminated in 1840, when he

demanded the Repeal of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland. He believed that nations should be governed by the will of the people. All rational men of the time acknowledged that the Union had received the sanction of the Irish people through unjust means. And O'Connell showed by the protests of the Irish that it was retained in the same manner. He formed alliances with the most popular parties in England, with the Democracy and with the Free Traders. And later his sagacity led him to think it possible to form a party in parliament which would treat with all parties, but coalesce with neither. He believed that the desires of four-fifths of a people, when peacefully and perseveringly expressed, would in the end prove triumphant. He obtained seats in parliament for his sons, nephews, and his sworn retainers. When a vacancy occurred in any constituency he immediately sent a Repeal candidate to contest it. And at his elections he always insisted upon law and order. "The man who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy," was his favorite maxim. When the temperance movement started in Ireland O'Connell at once turned it to account. He urged his followers to join it, and spoke of them as his "Grand Army of Teetotallers." He instituted the system of monster meetings, which is now recognised as the most powerful means of attaining political ends. And if O'Connell had lived a few years longer, if a worthy successor had taken his mantle, if famine had not completely broken the spirit of the Irish people, who can say that his cause would not have triumphed. "None," says the historian, "except those who think nothing can happen, which they do not want to happen."

Did O'Connell spend his life in a just cause? As early as the reign of Henry II the Irish were governed by a parliament of their own. This was first composed of Protestants and when the British sway extended over the whole island it was made up of Protestants and Catholics. After the English conquest, the natives, especially the Catholics, received treatment far from just. They were debarred from all civil and religious rights, and were given a government to which they never constitutionally assented. And when the unknown lawyer took up their cause their oppression had abated but little. What was the cause of England's unjust treatment? Why do not the Irish today rule themselves? It is claimed by some that they are unfit to govern. It is said they are a people of peculiar temperaments adapted only to be ruled. If they demand a reform and it is not immediately complied with, they appeal to arms. Strange that the Irish should be condemned for an act which is perfectly allowable to the English. Canadians fighting for a fuller measure of responsible government is not on a much higher plane than the Irish fighting because they have no government at all. The English nature

which beheads a king is strongly allied to the Irish nature which desires to behead a Union.

Again it is said that being Catholics unfits them for ruling. It is difficult to understand how any particular creed can unfit a man for civil duty. If the fault be in the Catholic faith, then this fault must cease when the Catholic is away from Ireland. A staunch member of that body now performs the functions of Lord Mayor to the City of London. We may be allowed to move nearer home. A Catholic is now Premier of this fair Dominion. We may get nearer still: a Roman Catholic is now Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Nova Scotia. And if the Irish nature, or the Irish faith, does not stand in the way of his successfully governing himself, it must be the two combined. The trouble must proceed from the Irish-Catholic. Ireland has produced enough eminent honest men to refute such a statement. The Irish Nationalists now in the British House of Commons, "whose ability none deny," should be a final argument against it. There is the same right to judge of the Irish by their prominent citizens as of any other people. No race should be judged by what they are, but by what they may be. And the recognition of this principle by prominent English politicians today, proves beyond a doubt that Daniel O'Connell fought in as just a cause as ever called forth the genius of a statesman.

At one of his great gatherings, toward the end of 1843 O'Connell was seized by the English authorities for attempting rebellion. He was tried, condemned, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment with a fine of £2,000. An appeal was made to the House of Lords, and he was released. He appeared in the House of Commons for the last time in February, 1847. Writers tell us of an old man muttering before a table, so feeble had he become through his untiring exertions; but so deep was the respect paid the great parliamentary orator, that during a speech of two hours all were as orderly as if the fortunes of a party hung upon his rhetoric. On May the 15th of this year O'Connell died at Genoa, having gone abroad for his health. He was a great man in every sense of the word, and Catholic Ireland calls him her "Liberator" still. And when the oppressed Celt shall cease to feel the Saxon yoke, one name upon her annals shall far outshine all others, the name Daniel O'Connell.

A. E. D., '94.





## LIFE IN PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

AS long as Parliament is in session our capital city is full of bustle and excitement. Parliament Hill is the great centre of life. Here excellent opportunities are afforded to study man in his many different degrees of accomplishment. This is true, more especially, in the case of the members of Parliament. We meet with almost every type, from the intellectual Nova Scotian to the rough, illiterate Frenchmen of the back counties in Quebec province. On the occasion of the last Dominion elections there was a number of members elected who had never been in Parliament House. Some of these were clever enough to conceal their ignorance of the plan of the House by not venturing into it unless accompanied by some veteran member or employee. Others, anxious to familiarize themselves with their new quarters, stalked right in and soon became lost in the winding corridors of the Senate and Commons. Hither and thither they wandered in their pitiable attempts to find their way out. One poor old farmer, who wore a slouched hat and coarse boots, strayed about for a whole forenoon and was finally rescued by a page, who found him in the basement of the Senate, nearly one hundred yards from the main entrance.

The Commons Chamber is the scene of many amusing incidents. During the summer of 1891, a peculiar character, whom all called Abel, made himself familiar with the employees of the Commons. Abel was quite rational on all subjects except one. He believed himself to be the only Canadian qualified to succeed Sir John MacDonald. The clerks and messengers of the House, took advantage of Abel's hallucination and made him the instrument of a practical joke on the members. One quiet Saturday they ran an election among themselves, the result of which was his election to fill the vacancy caused by Sir John's death. After congratulating him on his victory, they informed him that he must now take his seat in the House when a great speech would be expected from him. Abel believed that he was really raised to the premiership, and was delighted beyond measure. As the House did not sit on that day the doorkeepers were off duty and he passed quietly into the Chamber. Standing at the desk of Sir John MacDonald, he began a spirited address in which he referred to his recent honor, "an honor which would have been his long ago but for the lack of foresight on the part of the Canadian people." Immediately the eyes of a score or more of astonished members, who sat at their desks writing letters, were turned towards him. Soon the chief of the pages appeared on the scene and hurried poor Abel away. A score of grunts followed and all was quiet once more.

Generally speaking the members are not as dignified and as orderly during debate as one might suppose. They often neglect to remove their hats, but retain them to shade their eyes, or to cover their faces while sleeping. In the heat of debate groans, cat-calls and other odious noises are made; or, when in a more playful mood, they resemble a class of naughty school boys. Then they love to pelt the bald heads in the front seats with darts and paper balls, generally culminating their sport by drenching some sleepy unfortunate with ice water.

The ringing of the division bells is followed by intense excitement. The Conservative and Liberal Whips scramble for the telephones that they may warn the members at a distance. The object of each whip is to get all the members of his own party into the Chamber before the motion is read. In case a member does not hear the motion read he loses his vote. Should he be at his hotel, he must exert himself to the utmost in order to reach his seat in time, as only a very few minutes are allowed to elapse between the ringing of the bells and the reading of the motion. No matter where he may be, whether attending a theatre or in a hotel lobby, or in bed, his whip never fails to warn him, and he seldom refuses to respond. In a moment he is on the street and begins the race for Parliament House. The short, corpulent Frenchmen, as they go dashing up the curve at an amazing rate of speed, with their hats in their hands and their bald heads glistening in the moonlight, present an awkward appearance.

Our Canadian members of Parliament discharge their duties with varying degrees of faithfulness. Some while away the time in luxurious ease in the smoking rooms. Others may be found in the alcoves of the library quietly studying. The latter are the law makers of our country. The former are only figure-heads.

W. I. M., '94.

### DE MILLE, THE NOVELIST.

THE name of one whom Acadia should feel proud of, has been brought to the notice of the public lately by one who is a great admirer of him. I speak of Prof. James De Mille and Prof. Archibald McMechan, the late novelist and, it is to be hoped, the future biographer. Last spring Mr. McMechan lectured before the Athenæum on the subject of De Mille, and on that occasion he painted him in glowing but not untrue colors.

Acadia has a special interest in De Mille. She is the only institution in Canada that can claim as a student the greatest Canadian novelist. He spent two or three years here in the Academy and College and then went to Brown, where he took

his degree. Later he returned to Acadia to occupy the chair in English for a few years. Thus, Wolfville knew him in his bright and lively youth and in his accomplished, cultured manhood. The best years of his life, however, were given to Dalhousie.

De Mille began his career as a novelist when quite young. He commenced with short stories dashed off rapidly in odd moments. Then he advanced to long stories of school life, the chief of which was the B O. W. C. Series, founded on facts connected with the life of himself and chums at old Acadia. These are very interesting to us who are having similar experiences. They show that life was very much the same in the old days as in those of the present. They had then the equivalent to the junior expedition, the troubles with the ruder element of the place, the racket in the boarding hall and all such accompaniments of school and college life. We will not consider these stories from a literary point of view, though they contain some pretty descriptions of scenery and some graceful historical allusions. They are mainly natural, rousing school stories. They were eagerly sought by the American youth and found a ready sale.

He next devoted himself to novels of love and sensation. These were very hastily thrown together, but they caught the popular eye and though they did not last long they were much read while they endured. They appeared in the magazines such as Harper's, and later in book form. They flowed with great rapidity from his pen and showed that he wrote not for fame but for pecuniary remuneration, a fact sad to tell but nevertheless true. The want of revision was evident and the style was frequently very faulty. But in many places he rose to a real sublimity of description, delicacy of delineation and masterful handling of a situation that could not fail but impress the reader with the power that was lying dormant in the breast of the writer and that needed only effort and industry to make him produce a great novel.

Among the stories which he wrote at this time may be mentioned, "The American Baron" and "The Castle in Spain," the rollicking fun of which would break the sternness of the gloomiest man in the world. The ridiculous situations, the harmonious interweaving of the various complications of the plot in the startling denouements, the picturesqueness and freshness of his character portraiture, all are very enticing to the reader. His humor it has been said, is like Thackeray's, with sting, rollicking and infective. The situations are sometimes overcoloured and unnatural, but we can forgive this, our sympathy is so great for the writer and his creations that we can throw off the critical spirit, overlook his frailties and give ourselves to solid enjoyment in them.

"Cord and Crease" represents another phase of his work. Here he is more serious but not so pleasing. There is more thought but not so much individuality, his grasp of nature is more

psychologic but his work seems more artificial, and so we turn from these to his novels of humor preferredly.

De Mille died at the prime of life, yet he produced about thirty novels, many of them very lengthy. The greatest of these, one that is truly a great novel, did not appear until after his death, and then anonymously. It is entitled "The Mysterious Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder." Both internal and external evidence make it quite certain that it was De Mille, and it shows what the novelist could do when he wrote with the purpose of doing his best. It describes the country of the Kosekin at the South Pole, where men loved darkness rather than light, death rather than life and poverty rather than wealth. It was every one's aim to reach the high estate of pauperism. We see in this, if we look beneath the surface a clever satire on modern society, showing the frailties of society now by painting it under directly opposite conditions. But this *motif* of the story is so hidden as not to hurt our appreciation of the novel as a novel. We are enchanted by the weirdness of his description of that land of iron, of "Shrieklike hags," of enduring night. He depicts things with the grim and terrible strength of Poe. The daring conception of his story appalls us, but he proves equal to the task of describing the horrors of the "nightmare land," he falls not back but holds the attention throughout. To write such a novel requires a peculiar temperament and an extraordinary skill, it requires the genius of a Poe, but De Mille accomplishes his task.

Many other talents belong to the late professor. As a poet, teacher, linguist, musician and artist he displayed much native skill. But these cannot be treated in a short article and so we speak of him as a novelist, wherein he made his greatest fame.

W. G. M. '93.

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### ENGLISH—ITS SOURCE AND GROWTH.

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EARLY English may be said to date from the time when our piratical Saxon fore-fathers moored their roving barques in Britannia's sheltered bays. But far different is that crude speech of the fifth century from the English of to-day. Different in form, pronunciation and appearance it must be learned almost as a foreign tongue, yet the sameness of the language as well as the sameness of spirit remain to the present. With these the body of man was rooted deep into the soil of nature, and in this instance still deeper, for as civilization advances it removes man further from nature. In those lands there was no living without plenty of solid food, bad weather kept them at home and strong drink was taken to cheer them. Leaving the women and slaves at home to care for the stock, they fearlessly dashed to sea in their two-sailed ships, landed anywhere and destroyed everything

before them, leaving nothing but the red lights and smoking ruins of their pillage. Under such circumstances their language would be naturally of a harsh and common nature. The Romans christianized this savage people, but here their culture and civilization ceased. Beyond this they could not graft upon so barbarous a stock any fruitful or living branch, and the Saxon language outside the church remained unaltered.

This state of affairs continued much the same till after Alfred's time. He, being a good scholar, did much for the advancement and fixing of the language. By him was commenced the Old English *Chronicle* which continued to record events till the reign of Stephen. Soon after Alfred, however, appears Baeda, who, it is said, was the first to attempt to make English prose a literary language.

Glance briefly at the effect of the Norman Conquest and its effects. The Norman-French influence had been felt as early as Edward the Confessor, but after the battle of Hastings though never the language of the mass, yet its supremacy was complete. For years and years the two tongues lived side by side, each striving to conquer, one upheld by the common people, the other by the court. The invasion of Britain by the English made the language English. The invasion of the Danes left it unaltered for they were of our own stock and tongue, therefore by us were absorbed. What happened to the Danes likewise happened to the Normans and for the same reason. The Normans were, in the old country closely allied to the English both in blood and in speech, and in Normandy had become French merely in manners and language. On entering England they felt their kindred in spirit and speech and eventually became Englishmen. We in absorbing the Normans took into our language some of the French elements which in many respects have proved very beneficial. With this union came Chaucer and his contemporaries. The English which Chaucer used is almost the same as that of the present, and in its simplicity shows a language especially fitting a people of that period.

After Chaucer's death not many changes appear to have taken place till Spencer's time; then come a marked development. As people's thoughts deepen and broaden, their language must be correspondingly affected, so Spencer does not show that simplicity of thought and speech which characterizes Chaucer but introduces more complex forms and ideas. But his allegorical production interested the common people and thereby gave a set to their dialect, greatly improving the common speech.

If we consider the growth of language contemporaneous with the growth of literature, English, it is evident, was making rapid strides; for now such artists as Shakespeare and Milton appear on the stage—the former the father of English Drama, the latter the father of English Epic. Shakespeare's Latin and Greek

education was small, but he possessed a vast store of English wielded by a masterly hand. He used mostly Teutonic words, and thus his work preserves an abundant vocabulary. Milton, on the other hand, was a good classical scholar and his writings bear much of that style, thus bringing into English many classical terms. The Bible and many prominent writers made valuable contributions about this time. After the Restoration the productions of such men as Dryden, Locke and Pope show that English had gained a permanent wealth, expressiveness and clearness of structure that no other language excels. Now it may be said, this growth ceases, for thenceforth the language has not undergone many changes.

Before passing on, however, look for a moment at the particulars of development. Evidences of growth in general have been presented, but of the actual growth of the elements little notice has been made. Owing to the necessities of the age and the progress of thought, many changes were made and many new words introduced. Others originate in the wants of circumstances, but in all it is the manifestation of the fruitful mind struggling to express its meaning.

The fifteenth century was rich in words of Latin origin, and whenever a writer wished to be ornamental he used many Latin expressions. They, however, never took root in the language, but to this vain ostentation of learning we are indebted for a large number of useful words. We also owe much to the Reformation. It encouraged the Saxon element, but also encouraged the revival of learning, thus appealing to every class in the language of the learned as well as the vulgar, so that for a while it was feared that the English tongue in its original form would cease to be spoken. The result, however, was a language much more copious and delicate though overburdened by its new and sometimes useless wealth.

There are a number of sources such as spelling, accent, and the like, from which information concerning the introduction of words may be drawn. A few examples by way of illustration may not be out of place, for instance, in Shakespeare's day "Pyramids," which is now English, was spelt "Pyramides;" and synonym was, in Milton's day, "synonyma." These are only two examples of many that might be given, but they serve to show how spelling of words became altered; and a change in meaning might be shown in a similar manner.

The outcome of all was a language far excelling anything of the day. The peace that ensued after the accession of the House of Hanover afforded an excellent opportunity for the advancement of learning, and the common people became more accurately acquainted with the language of their country; so, as English dominion extended its boundaries, thither was conveyed its noble speech.

Through all its vicissitudes, English remained essentially Anglo-Saxon. Other languages contributed largely, but the greater part traces its source to the original stock. Moreover it may be said, our tongue sums up all others and calls them taking what it deems fit and giving a polish and sweetness possessed by no other. "The English language," one has said, "which by no mere accident has produced and upborne the greatest and most predominant poets of modern times, may with all right be called a world-language; and, like the English people, appears destined hereafter to prevail with a sway more extensive even than its present over all portions of the globe. No other language at this day spoken deserves to be compared with it—not even our German, which is torn even as we are torn and must rid itself of many defects before it can boldly enter the lists as a competitor with the English." By it we are able to express most forcibly and simply, what we wish to; and it is said to possess the power of affording to mankind an unlimited liberty of expressing their sentiments.

Our worthy speech might with propriety be likened to a man in his different periods of life—in childhood simple and unsteady, swayed by surrounding circumstances; then verging into youthful vigor, gay and sportive; but later, casting off many childish ways, develops true manly strength. Or like an immense river, first finding its source in some small stream, flows along gradually joined by others till it has attained the dimension and fame of an Amazon—excelled by none. Such thoughts cannot but be prolific with feelings of exultation and heartily do we proclaim with the poet,

"Now gather all our Saxon bard, let harps and hearts be strung,  
To celebrate the triumph of our own good Saxon tongue;  
For stronger far than host that march with battle-flags unfurled,  
It goes with Freedom, Thought and Truth, to rouse and rule the world."

S. J. C. '93.



# The Acadia Athenæum.

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Business letters should be addressed to F. W. YOUNG, Sec.-Treas. Upon all other matters, address the Editors of the Acadia Athenæum.

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## The Sanctum.

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TO make the ATHENÆUM pleasing to all its readers, we feel that variety in the choice of matter for the literary department is necessary. But as yet there is very little opportunity for choice, since contributions have been chiefly of the one style. For these we are truly thankful and by no means wish their discontinuance. They, of course, are indispensable, but wont to become monotonous unless variegated with something of a different sort; and, as the success of the paper depends much upon the matter presented in this department, it is incumbent upon us to seek diligently for contributions from every source. Most of our readers are interested in our welfare and could not many of them lend a helping hand by frequently offering contributions? Many literary productions of college life are pervaded by a sameness of style owing to the same channels of thought being open to each. Life and thought have not been varied by diversified surroundings. In order to avoid the sameness which is so apt to creep into this part of the ATHENÆUM it is proposed in the future to obtain if possible, in addition to the present matter, something of a gayer and lighter style than the philosophical essay. Short sketches and stories in their proper places are equally important, and surely there are some who could give assistance in this direction. Are there not even now in our institutions some in whom the fire of genius has been kindled for such work? If so, let no modest feelings restrain them from giving to others the benefit of what has



been bestowed upon themselves. The number of ladies enjoying the benefits which the various advantages of Acadia's institutions now give is large, and why should they not break down the barriers of established custom and formality and come to our aid? Upon them is usually bestowed the enviable gift of this pleasing style which we are seeking. Every one who has Acadia's interests at heart should feel it his or her duty to assist the ATHENÆUM, for in so doing Acadia's influence is being extended.

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THE advancement of Wolfville town is always a matter of interest to our alumni readers, for with their residence here are connected some of their most pleasant memories and they like to hear of the place's prosperity. The ATHENÆUM has on several occasions spoken of the improvement and extensions being made in the town, but there is always something new to tell. This year, besides private residences, two large buildings of a public nature have risen, a fine commodious school-house and the Skoda Company's warehouse. The telephone has been introduced and there is now communication with Halifax and other towns on the line of the Windsor and Annapolis. But the matter of chief importance is the work being done by the Wolfville Fruit Land Improvement Company to boom the place. This company with a capital stock of \$48,000 is laying out the hill slopes back of the town into streets, residential blocks and fruit gardens. The land in rear of the University is reserved for a projected horticultural experiment station and botanical gardens. To the west of that are being laid out University and Earnscliffe Avenues, Highland Park, Fruit-Land Court and Victoria Square. At the eastern end the highlands will be opened up by the extension of College Avenue and Church Street, and the laying out of Blomidon Avenue. Longfellow Heights and Blomidon Block are the suggestive names given to different sections of the hillside here. Building lots are now being sold, the chief promoter of this work being Mr. W. C. Archibald, of Wolfville. The company, by the way, was incorporated in May last, and there is some English and Halifax money in the concern. It is to be hoped that the efforts of the company to make Wolfville a prominent summer residential town will meet with good results, for in furthering the interests of the town the interests of the institutions are furthered, and increased population means increased enrollment on our registration book. We heartily wish success to the undertaking.

THERE appeared in the last issue of the ATHENÆUM a communication from Mr. C. M. Woodworth, Secretary of the Associated Alumni, to which we invite the careful attention of every Alumnus. This statement shows a state of affairs which certainly should not exist, but we cannot believe that the Alumni will have any difficulty in accomplishing what they have undertaken, or that the present showing indicates any indifference to Acadia's interests among the Alumni, and no doubt the Secretary's appeal will meet with a hearty response. Acadia needs the active support of every Alumnus now as much as ever before. In these days, stagnation is retrogression in the growth and development of a college, and Acadia must be kept moving; one improvement must follow another as fast as possible, else we shall be left behind in the onward march; and who can aid in this so well as the Alumni? The society is to be congratulated on their good fortune in securing such a talented gentleman and thorough teacher to fill their professorial chair, and may rest assured that every dollar contributed to the support of the Alumni Professorship of Physics and Astronomy, could not otherwise be employed more to the advancement of their *Alma Mater*.

## The Month.

THE officers of the Athenæum Society for the present term are:—President, E. H. Nichols; Vice-President, M. B. Whitman; Treasurer, H. A. Stuart; Corresponding Secretary, R. R. Griffin; Recording Secretary, F. S. Morse; Executive Committee, J. C. Chesley, F. M. Munro, J. E. Ferguson, F. W. Foster and G. B. Cutten.

E. BLACKADAR, '94; Miss H. Morton, '94; N. J. Lockhart, '95, and D. P. MacMillan, '95, have been elected Assistant Editors of the ATHENÆUM, and J. Creed and G. B. Cutten were appointed on the Managing Committee.

DURING the past term there has not been manifest that interest in our debating society which we would like to see, and which is necessary if we are to reap the full benefit to be derived from such an organization. The thoughtful student does not consider the time spent in this way wasted by any means, but by attending and taking part in the debates finds himself stronger intellectually, and enjoys a much needed hour of diversion from his studies.

THE Annual Rhetorical Exhibition of the Junior Class took place in College Hall, Tuesday evening, December 20th. The size of the audience, considering the absence of the Seminary and Academy

students, indicates that these occasions have not lost their interest to the intelligent public of Wolfville. Promptly at 7.30 the class, which numbers twenty-two, among whom are four of the fair sex, took their places on the platform and proceeded to carry out the following programme:—

## MUSIC.

## PRAYER.

## ORATIONS.

Virgil and Thompson compared as Lovers of Nature—

H. S. DAVISON, Wolfville, N. S.

Womanhood in Chaucer, Shakspeare and Tennyson—

M. HELENA BLACKADAR, Albert Village, N. S.

The Poetry of Tennyson—

B. K. DANIELS, Paradise, N. S.

## MUSIC.

Daniel O'Connell—

A. E. DUNLAP, Shelburne, N. S.

Should Newfoundland be Admitted to the Dominion?—

F. C. FORD, Port Williams, N. S.

Freedom by Obedience—

J. E. FERGUSON, Hantsport, N. S.

Seneca as a Seeker after God—

R. E. GULLISON, Beaver River, N. S.

## MUSIC.

The Iliad: The Product of One Mind—

W. J. MOORE, Wolfville, N. S.

The Dramatic Action, of King John—

ALBERT M. PARKER, Wolfville, N. S.

Vox Populi—Vox Dei—

W. C. VINCENT, Canning, N. S.

## NATIONAL ANTHEM.

THE opening piece of music was a chorus by the whole class, the other pieces being selections on the violin by the Misses Churchill, of Hantsport, accompanied on the piano by Miss Jones, of Wolfville. In the orations there was room for adverse criticism, room for approval. On the whole, the essays were carefully written, original in thought and generally well delivered, one or two particularly so. Two of the essays appear in the *ATHENÆUM* and are good samples of the whole. At the close, the class was entertained at the home of Prof. Tufts.

THE electric light has at last found its way into Chipman Hall, and the denizens of that dark and benighted region will no longer strain their eyes by the dim rays of an oil lamp. The Electric Light Company of Wolfville are going to establish a new station near the centre of the town, and increase their power. It is rumored that, when this change is made, College Hall and the Seminary will also be wired.

THE Athletic Association last month presented Mr. and Mrs. Keddy with a beautiful album, as a recognition of their kindly aid in entertaining the Dalhousie foot-ball team. Mr. Keddy responded in a fitting terms on behalf of himself and Mrs. Keddy, who are deservedly very popular among the boys.

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## The Review.

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*Current History*, an instructive and reliable quarterly magazine, places before the public, in concise and systematic form, all important events of recent date. Not too exhaustive, yet comprehensive enough in its treatment to give thorough acquaintance, it deals in an interesting way with international affairs and continental occurrences. Recent political and social history of every country in Europe, Asia, Africa and America is found reviewed in its columns. Under the title "Record of Progress" are recorded all latest researches in science, literature, art, archaeology and religion; while "Necrology" notes all deaths of prominent men with graphic sketches of their lives. To say that the last issue displays an amazing breadth of scope and variety of topics treated is no exaggeration. Throughout, numerous illustrations of a first class order serve both for instruction and ornament, while facts, which might by some renderings be made dry and tiresome, are so presented as not only to be instructive but pleasing. The result of attentive perusal cannot help but be a broader knowledge and a clear apprehension of existing conditions in all parts of the globe. Those who give any care to the consideration of this valuable magazine will have no hesitation in saying that it is both an important and necessary adjunct to every man's means of keeping abreast of the times. Being especially adapted to the needs of educated men, and containing reliable matter treated in so interesting a manner, its successive volumes will form a most reliable encyclopedia.

*Varsity* comes to us regularly, freighted with its burden of news. Most of it is interesting, especially the issue of December 7th which noted some successful work of Mr. H. N. Shaw, who for so long a time held such a warm place in our hearts. Assuredly we can never forget him and his diligent work among us. The literary department of *Varsity* seems somewhat crowded out by weekly news thus rendering it in some respects more like a weekly newspaper than a college journal.

*McGill Fortnightly* is a new exchange with us this year. It shows that our friends in Montreal have attained to a good degree of excellence in college journalism.

Our exchanges have been slowly arriving during all the first term and now the list is about complete. Among those we have not been able to notice are, *Amherst Literary Monthly*, *Theologue*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *Presbyterian College Review*, *Colby Echo*, *Niagara Index*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Cadet*, *Acta Victoriana*, *Haverfordian*, *Owl*, *Academy*, *King's College Record*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *Trinity University Review*, *Normal Offering*, *Delaware College Review*, *Monthly Bulletin* and *Sydney Academy Record*.

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## Acknowledgments.

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J. E. Tiner, W. P. Blenkorn, G. P. Payzant, C. A. Eaton, \$1.00 each. Miss Hattie Morton, 75 cents. W. B. Crawley \$3.00.

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## De Alumnis.

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A. DEW. BARSS, M. A., M. D., '59, is taking a special course at Harvard Medical this term.

SILAS ALWARD, M. A., D. C. L., M. P. P., '60, was re-elected to represent St. John in the recent provincial elections in New Brunswick.

T. H. RAND, M. A., D. C. L., '60, this year enters his duties as Chancellor of McMaster University.

REV. S. B. KEMPTON, M. A., '62, celebrated his silver wedding at the Upper Cunard church on the evening of Oct. 1st. He was presented by his flock with a purse and a silver tea service.

REV. D. A. STEELE, M. A., '65, has completed the twenty-fifth year of his Amherst pastorate. His church celebrated the anniversary by the presentation of an address and silver tea service. He has just returned from a trip to the Pacific coast.

REV. GEO. TUFTS, B. A., '66, resigned his pastorate in Maine some months ago and spent the summer touring through Europe. He is now visiting Prof. Tufts and has occupied the pulpit of the church on some occasions.

REV. J. W. MANNING, B. A. '67, has been appointed Sec.-Treas. of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board for the Maritime Provinces and has taken up his residence in St. John.

PROF. J. F. TUFTS, M. A., '68, made a trip to the Pacific coast during the summer to study up the resources of the occident province.

REV. A. COHOON, M. A., '71, has removed his residence from Hebron, Yarmouth Co., to Wolfville.

F. H. EATON, M. A., '73, has bought the *New Star* of Kentville and will conduct it as an educational paper.

A. J. EATON, M. A., '73, professor of classics at McGill, read a paper before the Dominion Educational Institute this summer, on "Pronunciation of Latin."

REV. E. W. KELLY, B. A., '76, who has been laboring for two years in Burmah under the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Board, came home this summer for a rest.

C. D. RAND, B. A., '79, is the head of Rand Bros., real estate brokers and financial and insurance agents, Vancouver, B. C., and London, Eng. He is a true friend of Acadia.

REV. A. C. CHUTE, B. D., '81, has returned from Chicago, to the east, and has just been inducted into the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Halifax.

H. B. ELLIS, B. A., M. D., '84, stands well in his profession at Los Angeles, Cal. He is conducting the *Southern California Practitioner*, and also fills a professional chair in the College of Medicine of the University of Southern California.

A. K. DEBLOIS, Ph. D., '86, entered upon the principalship of St. Martin's Baptist Seminary, this year.

REV. T. S. K. FREEMAN, B. A., '87, has been ordained, and has charge of a church at Logansport, Ind.

E. R. MORSE, B. A., '87, after a successful course at Harvard has returned to Wolfville, and this time brings a wife with him.

H. H. WICKWIRE, B. A., LL. B., '88, has opened a law office at Digby, and has received the appointment of crown prosecutor there.

E. M. BILL, B. A., '89 and H. S. BLACKADAR, B. A., '39, have completed their course at Dalhousie law, and have been admitted to the Nova Scotia bar.

J. HOWE COX, B. A., '89, has entered the matrimonial ranks. REV. F. C. HARTLEY, B. A., '89, has followed suit. He was married on October 19th to Miss Grace Yerxa, of Fredericton.

MOCKETT C. HIGGINS, B. A., '89, has received a call to St. Clair, Mich. He graduated at Rochester, last spring.

A. J. KEMPTON, B. A., '89, has the pastorate of the Carleton Baptist Church, St. John. He is one of Rochester's class of last year.

W. W. CHIPMAN, B. A., '90, took three first class honors and two second at Edinburgh, last year. There was only one other Canadian who took honors, and he took only one second. He spent the summer in Cornwall.

J. E. EATON, B. A., '90, has entered upon a course in law at Harvard.

L. F. EATON, B. A., '90, is engaged in business at Eatonville, Cumberland County.

F. M. SHAW, B. A., '90, has retired from his position in the Academy, to take a course in theology at Rochester.

H. F. WARING, B. A., '90, after a period of pastoral work at Athens, Ont., has resumed his studies at Rochester.

C. M. WOODWORTH, B. A., '90, was admitted to the Nova Scotia bar this fall. He this year occupies the secretaryship of the Alumni Association. His address is 120 Dresden Row, Halifax.

J. E. BARSS, B. A., '91, graduated with honors last year, at Harvard, and is now taking a post graduate course in classics there.

D. B. HEMMEON, B. A., '91, has entered the theological department at Mount Allison.

L. R. MORSE, B. A., '91, entered McGill this fall for a course in medicine.

M. S. READ, B. A., '91, has resigned his position as principal of the Wolfville school and is taking a course at Cornell.

H. N. SHAW, B. A., '91, is making a great impression at Toronto. In several recitals in which he has taken part he has

made a deep impression upon the public, and the press have united in bestowing upon him well deserved encomiums.

J. L. CHURCHILL, B. A., '92, has entered Dalhousie Medical and A. M. HEMMEON, B. A., '92, has gone to Boston to pursue studies in the same profession.

#### A NEW ENGLAND BRANCH.

At the June meeting of the Alumni Society the following resolution was passed:—"Whereas, Dr. M. C. Smith has brought to our notice the desirability of having formed a New England branch of the Associated Alumni of Acadia College, in which we heartily concur, we suggest the names of Prof. F. H. Eaton, Dr. M. Smith, B. A. Lockhart, Rev. R. M. Hunt and Dr. W. S. McKenzie, to consider the matter and take such action as they shall deem best." Messrs. Lockhart and Smith are moving in this matter and they have our sincere wishes for their success. Their addresses are—B. A. Lockhart, 61 Comb St., Boston, Mass.; and Dr. M. C. Smith, Lee Hall, Lynn, Mass.

### Collis Campusque.

We copy the following mottos for the present term :

SEN'S MOTTO—"Omnia Vincit Amor."

GEOLOGIST'S MOTTO—"Omnia Vincit Hammer."

PROFESSOR'S MOTTO—"Omnia Vincit Examer."

STUDENT'S MOTTO—"Omnia Vincit D——r!"

Why is a certain freshman

So very very strong?

A question that was asked me

In time that's past not long.

For reasons two, I answered,

Without a thought of harm,

Because he's strong in mind and heart,

And liquewise strong his arm.

Through some freak of old "Father Time," or through the dreaded interposition of the powers that be, our fair neighbours whose bewitching presence is so grateful, except perhaps to some base churl, the seat of whose tenderer emotions has become petrified by the removal of all human feelings (or shall we say weaknesses therefrom) and is manifestly necessary to the happiness of several of the collegiate fraternity whose hearts have been cast in an unusually susceptible mould.—Alas! they departed early, leaving an aching void that we strove in vain to fill.

The pleasant little town, despite the donning of its holiday attire, became less and less inviting to those whose logging fancy had been

urged along the path of knowledge (?) by the stimulating influence of bright eyes and witching smiles. Life at Acadia became stale, flat and unpalatable. As the usual hour for promenade approached, students might have been seen walking in the town and suburbs, who, by their uncertain step and searching glances, plainly showed to the most casual spectator that they felt the absence of an indefinable something, they knew not what. At church, our eyes continually wandered from the preacher to the rows of unoccupied seats; and our truant thoughts, leaving his theme, followed through the intricate windings of imagination, those who but a short time before had occupied them. It seemed like profaning sacred things when a few daring and calloused spirits tried to fill the vacancy. What could dissipate that vague consciousness of something lacking, save the presence of those whose absence had occasioned it.

All the happy and sunny portions of our lives, due to the fair residents of the hill, and the charming sociability, promoted by frequent receptions, that characterises life at Acadia, had been removed, casting a gloom over all. The wheels of existing organization seemed to clog and rotate with difficulty. The very time seemed "out of joint."

Yet our term of affliction was short, and we endured with as much fortitude as we could command, trusting that the future held better things in store.

By Classics only here we rise or fall  
If weak in them thou art a dunce in all  
In Science, English, French or German, there  
Is not salvation—students wise despair  
He who knows Shakespeare is not worth a clam  
To him who "satis" hath devoured of "jam."

The sweet Freshette after her first experience at reception translated "Arma virumque cano" thus—The arm, the man and the corner.

A question in Infinitesimal Calculus—The Sophs. say that the professors know nothing; then "tell me ye winged winds," what do the Sophs. know?

Chip-Haller's song :—

Take me to my dinner, mother,  
Dress me in crumb-catching bib,  
Then O take me back dear mother,  
Put me in my little crib.

Too much time I take, dear mother,  
At foot-ball breaking many a rib,  
There's then no time to get my lesson  
So I get me to my crib.

Now exams. are coming, mother,  
And my boat hath not a jib  
And I cannot stem the tempest  
So I'll rest me in my crib.

Sick in heart and spirit, mother  
Far too earnest for a quib  
I will take unto exams. and  
Sweetly lie upon my crib.