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THE Acadia Athenæum.

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ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

SENIOR THESES.

The Senior theses have been read, April saw all completed in preparation for the work of the final months. The same course was pursued as last year, the papers being presented before the faculty and duly criticized. As at present conducted we consider the preparation and presentation of these theses as of decided advantage to the student. Formerly they were looked upon with favor on this ground. "Being so much longer (than the monthly essays) they admit of a more exhaustive treatment, and as they are read instead of spoken without manuscript, less attention is paid to rhetorical effect and more to detailed analyses." The attempted exhaustive treatment on the part of the student, knowing that he must hold himself in readiness to answer questions, is decidedly of great benefit. To the task is added the pleasure of research. More than this, they are an index of facility in the use of our mother tongue. From the Freshman year until the close of the course, there are prescribed essays. The theses, as to form and general plan, should evidence the benefits of our English training. Surely an adept in the art of writing is looked upon with

more favor than he who is to all appearance a novice, and surely there should be a striving after that skill in the use of languages which enables us to boast of a Shakespeare, a Milton, and a Tennyson.

THE GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.

One of the events of the year occurred on Thursday evening, March 17th, when Mr. H. N. Shaw and his pupils gave their gymnasium exhibition in College Hall. The galleries were well filled, while the exercises proceeded on the main floor. It consisted principally of class drills and marches, which were characterized throughout by military precision. Though seventy or more took part, event succeeded event without a hitch and the classes went through difficult and complicated movements in perfect unison. The tendency has been in exhibitions to bring forward specialists in fancy work. This, however, does not show what is really being done in the gymnasium. It is only when a large number are brought upon the floors that the spectator can have any idea of the benefit that is being obtained by the students generally. The faculty and all others who saw the exhibition that night are now assured that the gymnasium is being made a place for benefit to be obtained as well as fun to be enjoyed. The benefit is not merely that of all-round physical exercise but also the mental benefit that is derived from *system and discipline*.

The exhibition this year was probably one entirely novel in the history of gymnastic exhibitions in the Maritime Provinces and it will have a very palpable influence in raising in the minds of people the value of gymnastics as a part of college training. Athletic exercise is being more and more recognized as indispensable to the student, for facts show that the best athletes are usually the best students, and it is evident that a sound mind requires a sound body. Such training as Mr. Shaw has been giving this year is just what the students need, for it does not sacrifice the rank and file for the sake of the natural gymnast, as is the case too often in gymnasiums. Every one has the benefit of good exercise that disciplines as well as improves physically. The exhibition showed conclusively that every one had been taking as much interest in his gymnasium as in his other class work and there was a general feeling that the college owes

much to those whose funds went into the gymnasium building.

The ladies of the college are on a par almost with the young men in the way of opportunity for physical training and they have evidently made as good if not better use of those advantages. They did excellent work in the dumb bell, wand and marching drills, but it is of the *delsarte* drill that we would especially speak. Mr. Shaw introduced the *delsarte* drill into Nova Scotia and this was the first exhibition of that drill in the province. The ladies wore Grecian costumes throughout the drill and they added charm to the movements. The statue posing, representing some of the finest classic sculpture, was very affecting, and the last representing *Jocasta's* grief stirred deeply the emotions of the spectators.

Variety was given to the exhibition by some good fancy work on the horse, buck, parallels and mattresses, and by the ludicrous actions of an awkward squad who fairly brought down the house. The exhibition concluded with a grand patriotic tableau in which the ladies formed a pyramid on the platform, the young men a W on the floor, the motto—"Canada our Home"—was displayed, and Mr. Nelson's stirring patriotic song—"Raise the Flag"—was sung with true patriotic fervor. Mr. Arch. Murray performed efficiently at the piano. The programme was as follows:

PROGRAMME.

1. Free work, Leg and Shoulder Exercises, Breathing Exercises, Sophomores and Freshmen.
2. Wand Drill, Head and Torso Exercises, Ladies' Class.
3. Robert's Dumb Bell Drill, Seniors and Juniors.
4. March, Sophomores and Freshmen.
5. Exercises on Horse.
6. Stepping Exercises, Pizzicati Dumb Bell Drill, Ladies' Class.
7. Wand Twists, Seniors and Juniors.
8. Work on Parallels.
9. Polo Drill. Sophomores and Freshmen.
10. *Delsarte* Drill, Ladies Class.
Swaying.
Relaxing.
Stretching.
Statue Poses.
11. Fancy March, Seniors and Juniors.
12. Club Swinging, Selected Class.
13. Buck-Work, by an awkward Squad,
14. Pyramids.

M. S. Read, B. A. '91, Principal Wolfville Public Schools, has been seriously ill for several weeks. He is not as yet able to resume his duties, but his health is improving.

SOME NOTES ON THE TROUBADOURS.

Can the Middle Ages be regarded as a period of intellectual hibernation? Did the human mind, in general, remit the effort to expand, and to enlarge its territory both within and without? We are not unaccustomed to the affirmative answer.

The writer of a recent magazine article says: "During the long stretch of the Middle Ages weary Europe could not keep awake. She lay and dreamed of chivalry and romance, of lance and lute."

They must have been heavy sleepers who dreamed in presence of the armed hosts that mustered and fought for cross or crescent, or with the more avowedly selfish aim of securing land and authority. The masses were no doubt lethargic in all that concerned mental development and progress; yet, now and then, some part of Europe aroused itself to literary wakefulness.

Michelet says, "The struggle of the Middle Ages had been continually directed against a relapse into nature. With partial and temporary successes, they encountered frequent and long rebuffs."

We have only to call to mind the court of Alfred or of Charlemagne, to think of the acuteness of the Schoolmen—often misdirected though it was; we have but to name the *Nibelungenlied*, the Round Table, the Troubadours, the Trouvères in order to justify Michelet's description rather than that previously quoted.

To France we must credit a large part of the literary activity that relieved the darkness of the Middle Ages. Literature, fostered in the Greek of Massilia and other cities of the South, maintained in the Latin which spread over the whole country, honored in the German of Charlemagne's court, cultivated by vassal and knight in the rich language of Provence, or making its home with the Trouvères of the North, was not wholly dead in France for any considerable time during this long and generally dark period.

Although under the Cæsars Gaul had become scarcely less Roman than Italy itself, yet she yielded with the best grace to the not very gentle wooing of the Goth and the Northman, upon whom, in their turn, she exerted her assimilating power; and at the beginning of the last quarter of the ninth century in the South, and forty or fifty years later in the North the Romance languages were fairly established. The

beginning of the active literary period of the South antedated that of the North by a somewhat greater interval.

For three centuries beginning about 1050, Southern France was especially a land of chivalry and song, and the Troubadours who vied to fill Provence with brilliant poetry were numbered by thousands. Italy, and Northern Spain where the same language was then spoken, caught the spirit, and even England was not too far off to faintly echo back the strain. The lion-hearted Richard—quite as much French as English, we must confess, and bound to the South by the possessions which his mother Eleanor had carried over to the English crown—added Troubadour to his other titles. Nor was he without knightly and royal company in cultivating the muse. We find in the list the names of Frederick Barbarossa of Germany, Alfonso II. and Peter III. of Aragon, Frederick III. of Sicily, and a large number of knights and nobles, while many others were patrons of humbler bards.

While the poet of lowly origin was pretty sure of recognition and material aid, yet it seems not at all improbable that rank and power enjoyed by the author imparted, at least according to the taste of his contemporaries, a special flavour to his verse. Frederick of Germany met, in 1154, at Turin, Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence. The latter was attended by a great number of the poets of his land, most of them nobles, and Frederick, who spoke several languages, testified his appreciation of their literary productions by these lines :

Plas mi cavalier Francez,
E la donna Catalana,
E l'onrar del Ginoes
E la court de Castellana
Lou cantar Provencalez
E la danza Trevisiana
E lon corps Aragoes
E la perle Juliana
La mans e kara d'Angles.
E lon donzel de Toscana.

This will afford a glimpse of the *Languedoc* as well as would a better poem. Here is a translation supposed to be from Mr. Bowring :

A Frenchman I'll have for my cavalier
And a Catalanian dame,
A Genoese for his honor clear,
And a court of Castilian fame,
The Castilian songs my ear to please,

And the dances of Trevisan,
I'll have the grace of the Arragonese
And the pearl of Julian.
An Englishman's hands and face for me,
And a youth I'll have from Tuscany.

Since limited space will prevent more quotations of the Provençal, it may be permissible to suggest here a comparison between the original and the translation, or paraphrase, while bearing in mind that the former is not selected as a favourable specimen of the Troubadours' poetry. The English, if not so musical, strikes one immediately as fuller and more varied. The necessity for this is in our language—say its poverty or its strength. It does not sufficiently abound in musically rhyming syllables to permit a dozen verses to be written with only two or three terminal sounds, or to reconcile the English ear to mere assonance, or to bring the English writer to fully acknowledge that "*L'art c'est la forme*." Sismondi, in translating a longer passage into modern French, speaks of the great difficulty of finding in the latter language words to render all the rhymes of the wealthier Provençal.

The opinion that "art is form" is from a modern source. Hegel goes so far as to say that "metre is the first and only condition absolutely demanded by poetry, yea more absolutely than a figurative picturesque diction." England and America have lately produced some writers whose work seems to be based on a different conception. But who shall lay down the law? Who shall tell us with authority just what is poetry and at what level the effort to reach it fails? Where shall we find an invariable standard? Was Byron right in declaring: "So far are principles of poetry from being invariable that they never are nor ever will be settled, these principles mean nothing more than the predilections of a particular age, and every age has its own, and different ones from its predecessor?" Marmontel, speaking of the pleasures derived from rhyme, says: "*Il ressemble à l'usage de certaines odeurs, qui ne plaisent pas, qui déplaisent même à ceux qui n'y sont pas accoutumés, et qui deviennent une jouissance et un besoin par l'habitude.*" Probably it might be shown that there are both essential and variable principles, but I content myself here with stating the question.

The Troubadours took the side of form. When poetic energy appears in their poems, it is usually in spite of poetic art. They were at once masters and

inventors of form, and slaves to their invention. And we can easily understand how, in addition to the charm which we all confess in poetic measure, the manner of preserving and communicating these verses tended to promote attention to harmonious and regular endings. The bard or jongleur who learned these poems to recite or sing in the king's court or noble's hall, would have his memory greatly assisted by the frequent recurrence of similar sounds, while the listeners, expecting them at regular intervals, would experience the pleasure of anticipation gratified. Almost every measure that has a recognized place in European literature may be found amongst these ballads, aubades, tençons, serenades, and sirventes. Perhaps it is not less an argument in favour of the assumption that "art is form" than it is an admission how far the beauty of this poetry was dependent upon rhyme and measure, to say that its sweetness and flavour are lost in a literal translation. I will borrow two stanzas from Mr. Thomas Roscoe's translation of a characteristic song by Bertrand de Born, an ardent warrior and one of the more celebrated Troubadours. His lady love is jealous, probably with sufficient reason, and Bertrand sings :

So may I lose my hawk, ere he can spring,
Borne from my hand by some bold falcon's wing,
Mangled and torn before my very eye,
If every word thou utterest does not bring
More joy to me than Fortune's favoring,
Or all the bliss another's love might buy.

So with my shield on neck, mid storm and rain,
With vizor blinding me and shortened rein,
And stirrups far too long, so may I ride,
So may my trotting charger give me pain,
So may the ostler treat me with disdain,
As they who tell those tales have grossly lied.

Love was the favourite subject of these southern poets. Of nature too—the coming of dawn, the falling of night, the return of spring—they sang in polished verse; nor did they wholly neglect the martial muse, though this was more assiduously cultivated in the north. Despite all the beauty, the tenderness and delicacy, the finished art of these productions, one must choose those that may be properly reproduced, for if these poets were very regular in their rhyme, they, *en revanche*, were frequently rather irregular in their habits; though they might not take great liberties of poetic licence, yet they held themselves liable to but slight moral restraint.

Their apologist must plead the times, the moral standard of their age, as their excuse. No doubt, as Sismondi and others claim, they were rather above than under these standards. If they did not condemn vice, they refined away some of its grossness. They tended to soften the manners of a warlike age, to lessen the too prevalent cruelty, and to elevate the condition of woman and surround her with that almost reverential respect which we are accustomed to speak of as chivalrous.

So many of their songs are devoted to the joy and beauty of returning spring that I give one stanza from Earl Conrad of Kirchberg :

May, sweet May, again is come,
May, that frees the lands from gloom,
Children, children, up and see
All her stores of jollity ;
O'er the laughing hedgerow's side
She hath spread her treasures wide ;
She is in the greenwood's shade,
Where the nightingale has made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody ;
Hill and dale are May's own treasures,
Youth, rejoice in sportive measures ;
Sing ye ! Join the chorus gay !
Hail this merry, merry May !

It cannot be fairly taken as an argument against the alleged beneficial influence of the Troubadours, that Folquet, one of the most cruel and treacherous leaders of that infamous crusade against the Albigenses, had been one of them, or that Izarn, a Dominican Missionary and inquisitor, borrowed their measure. He testified at least his zeal in about eight hundred alexandrine verses containing an argument with one of the Albigenses. I borrow a translation of one stanza, which will illustrate the convincing nature of the argument and the spirit that animated these crusaders :

As you declare you won't believe, 'tis fit that you should burn,
And as your fellows have been burnt, that you shall blaze in turn ;
And as you've disobeyed the will of God and of St. Paul,
Which no'er was found within your heart, nor pass'd your teeth at all,
The fire is lit, the pitch is hot, and ready is the stake,
That through these tortures, for your sins, your passage you may take.

The poet may find abundant opportunity to revel in this bright literature of sunny France. Much he

will discover that speaks to his Soul—many of the creations of real genius, the products of correct feeling and taste, that neither age nor antique dress can conceal. To the mere layman, perhaps the question of greatest interest is, Where was the model after which this literary building was done, whence the seed that grew into this golden harvest, or was here indeed a case of spontaneous generation?

Various theories have been held, and have in fact not yet been reconciled.

"Greek influence," say some writers, "The spirit of Greek poetry, of the pastoral poetry especially is very evident." Ampère, like many later men would, I think, favour this view, for he tries to find the Greek spirit and idiom in the French language, although his honesty drives him to overthrow his own arguments.

History would seem, at first glance, to justify this opinion. Massilia, founded B. C. 600, had to be appealed to in the fifth century to furnish a translator for a Greek letter which Nestorius had written Celestine I., Bishop of Rome. There were other Greek cities along the coast and even inland. Ampère, referring to this period, says: "Nous verrons une aureole de civilisation grecque resplendir sur notre littoral Méditerranéen." But Bonnefon, who is at least a later authority, says of Marseilles, "La civilisation grecque fut circonscrite à cette ville."

Let us allow these two witnesses to pair, and form our own judgment from such facts as we can gather.

It is not claimed that the influence of the Greek language is to be traced in the Provençal. The verse of the Troubadours was from the first rhymed. No knowledge of the Greek literature, no classic quotations or references are to be found in its poetry. Is not this of itself sufficient proof? Duruy, in his *Histoire du Moyen Age*, in enumerating the different races that went to make up the population of southern France, does not mention the Greeks. The fact seems to be that Greece and the Greek language, with all the treasures it contained, had, for the time, dropped out of the knowledge of this country.

Did it grow out of the Latin? The principal arguments against the possibility of its having arisen from the Greek will apply also against its supposed Latin origin. Some would make the argument turn on the fact of the Provençal poetry being rhymed; others maintain that, soon after the fall of the empire, rhyme

was introduced into ecclesiastical Latin. There is room for considerable discussion here, but it would not contribute to settle the main question. In fact it does not rest on this point, and it is pretty generally admitted on other grounds that the Troubadours did not find their models in the language of Rome.

There remains another theory, which Sismondi urges with some show of plausibility. It makes the Provençals, imitators of the Arabians. It is well known that the followers of the Prophet were advanced in literature, arts and science, and that modern Europe is in all these respects greatly their debtor. Before they had passed the limits of their own peninsula, they had a poetic literature, and had taken advantage of the facility which the richness of their language in synonyms afforded for rhyme. It is argued that during the early period of the Troubadours, some of the Provençals came into contact with the Moors, through the wars of the latter with the Spaniards, and thus were reached by the influence of Arabian culture, and made pupils of the Moorish poets.

There are not wanting objections to this alleged solution of the question under review. It seems a little strange that those who assert that the north and south of France exerted scarcely any mutual influence at the beginnings of their respective literatures, should find it more easy to believe that the south was subjected to Arabian influence through the occasional assistance afforded by some of her knights to the Spaniards in their Moorish wars.

Are we obliged, in spite of difficulties of race, of language and of geography, to prove a foreign origin of Provençal song? Though the Romans built their fleet after the model of the enemy's derelict, yet the South-Sea Islander hollowed his craft, and the Indian fashioned his graceful canoe after a hint that nature had furnished by some drifting log or wind-driven fragment of bark. Must we trace for every poetic literature a lineal descent from Homer or Sappho ere we admit its claim to gentility? Then the modern Pegasus is harnessed, and more than that, his pace is measured by the fancied tracks of his winged predecessor. But is there not somewhat of absurdity in our common desire to trace everything back to Eden, or, at the very least, to Hellas? Given the same general conditions, is there not enough of sameness in the human mind to produce similar

results? In southern France the conditions of race, of society, of climate and natural scenery were favourable to poetic sentiment. The language, too, was so adapted to poetry that we might apply to it what Marmontel says of the Italian, "Les Italiens ont plus de peine à fuir la rime qu'à la chercher." It may be a question whether poetry is an effect or cause of such a language, or whether both alike spring from and prove the poetic instincts of the people.

Did that river of poetic literature, of which we trace the uneven flow through the centuries, have its sole fountain head in one favored land? Or is it more natural to suppose that an affluent rippled from many a wooded hillside, that a rivulet trickled from many a mossy nook; that the frozen north contributed from its glaciers, and the smiling south sent on her gathered dews and showers? I strongly incline to the latter supposition, and to the belief that the stream which flowed, shallow but broad and limpid, in the *Langue d'Oc* was not an outburst from a subterranean channel that had its source either in Greece or Spain, but was started and fed from the skies of merry Provence.

THE CANADIAN UNIVERSITY AS A FACTOR IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF A CANADIAN NATIONALITY.

At the present moment there is probably no question of greater import to the Canadian people than the destiny of their country. The recent upheaval in political circles has excited the attention and astonishment of the civilized world. Whether the National Policy has been a national blessing or a national curse, the true inwardness of Canadian politics is alike inexpressibly painful to decent men of every party. What shall come of all this unfortunate business it would be rash to proclaim. But with all the complex problems of our economic situation, with racial and religious animosities with the grossest forms of political immorality, with feeble beginnings of a national aspiration, is there not the greatest necessity for cultivating a true *Canadian* sentiment? It seems to me that above all else there is needed at this time a strong and widespread feeling that Canadians have come on this continent to stay. There is no need of jingoism or the political stalking-horse, but a calm and firm determination to maintain our national

existence. Amidst all the difficulties that surround us, let us stand up and say to all the world that the Canadian people have a united aim. It is not implied from this that my fellow-countrymen are of all men most lacking in patriotic endeavor and unanimity of spirit. Indeed there is good reason to believe that so far as his native town or province goes, the love of country is as deeply rooted in the average Canadian as that of his parental fireside. But my observation in New England and the Maritime Provinces leads me to believe that with the masses this sentiment is too provincial and superficial. Among the more intelligent and educated Canadians it is pleasing to know that there is a strong and healthy growth of national aspiration. With them Canada is no longer a mere dependency, the united provinces of which are destined to disintegration and decay. They cherish the feeling that upon the foundations laid by those patriot fathers in tribulation and blood there shall one day rise a prosperous and mighty commonwealth whose corner-stone is justice, and whose top-stone is liberty. As Mr. Bourinot says "We see it in the larger aspirations and the higher patriotism that are animating a large body of our young people and especially of the young men who, proud as they are of their parentage, at the same time are beginning to feel a natural gratification in the reflection that they are Canadian."

There is certainly some inspiration in this. But our present relations to England and the United States will not allow us to stop here. There must be a sentiment to pervade *all* classes. The fisherman who sinks the net, the farmer who drives the plough, the mechanic who follows his trade, the lumberman who swings the axe, in short every citizen from the humblest cottager in the village to the Prime Minister himself, must feel and know alike, that they are participants in this common national life. In every large enterprise let the great productive classes of our community be considered, for they too want not only to live, but to live well. It is not my purpose in this brief survey to enter into party problems and their solution. Nor shall I attempt to point out the numerous ways whereby a greater interest in our country and its resources could be aroused. Just now I am concerned only with the question, what work can a University do?

That the Universities in Canada are today doing a

grand work among young men, nobody will deny. That their influence upon the thought and lives of our people is tremendous, the most superficial observer must admit. But I cannot help feeling that in many cases they do not take that interest in the historical and political relations of their country which they might. Young Canadians by the hundred come away from academic life, cold and indifferent to Canadian interests as such, and this lethargy begets in too many instances, an absolute ignorance of the historical meaning of our country and people. But some will say, "what difference does it make about the struggle between the English and French? Of what significance is the Quebec Act, Conquest of Quebec, or the war of 1812? The contest for responsible government, Confederation of 1867 and our present economic problems have no value for us." I reply that they do. Show us the man who will pretend to give an intelligent and able review of these questions who does not know something of their historical basis, who does not find their roots deep in our political annals. Will anyone have the hardihood to say, that they have not just as an important bearing upon the social, religious and political institutions of Canada, as the abolition of those abominable restrictions in 1789 had upon the subsequent history of France, or the Norman Conquest and the signing of Magna Charta had upon the future condition of England? The fact is that a knowledge of our early history, and especially that of Quebec is the *sine qua non* to any clear apprehension of our political condition. Notwithstanding the progress of our Schools and colleges, it seems to me that there is a pressing need for scientific study in Canadian history, and if you will, Canadian political economy. Let us turn the attention of our young men towards this for a time. The details of a Roman Senate, or a Medieval *Bund* may be interesting in the extreme, but let us not forget the work of our forefathers who, hoped to found in the forests of the west a state in which there would be justice for all, free scope for all, fair reward for labor, a new home for freedom, freedom from grinding poverty, freedom from the galling chain of ancient feuds, mutual confidence and righteousness between man and man, flowing from trust in God." We have not it is true the institutional growth, the mighty wars and conquests, the industrial development and all the other wealth of historical fact that belong to the realm of

England. We have not the country of Grote and Mill, Faraday and Tom Brown. The sages and philosophers the poets and statesmen that have adorned the name of England have not thus far fallen to us. We cannot, therefore, aspire to such proportions. But one thing we can do. We can teach the rising generation that they have a country whose history is lit up by such characters as Cartier and Champlain, Wolfe and Montcalm, Papineau and Baldwin. We can teach them something of the romantic, yet noble side of the Regiment, we can tell them the price of constitutional French liberty, the value of Confederation and its fruits—how Canada from small and scattered settlements has been gradually built up into a great Dominion, with fine institutions and government so marvellously like those of that grand old mother, from whose loins we have sprung. Our constitution is a subject of interesting study and may favorably be compared with the Federal systems of Germany, Switzerland, and the United States.

The study of comparative politics would give increased pride in our own institutions, and while relieving us from the provincially of our own judgments, it would likewise give us more solid reasons for confidence in ourselves. A greater attention to political economy would materially aid us in the settlement of national questions to-day. It would give young men something deeper than the average newspaper twaddle. It will cost them some effort it is true, but as Spiroza puts it "All things excellent are as difficult as they are rare." No one, in my judgment, is able to give any helpful opinion on our present economic position unless he has studied in part the incidence of taxation, causes of trade, effect of tariffs, production, markets and wages. The truth of this statement can be demonstrated up to the hilt, from the silly and superficial talk which may every-day be found in public speeches and columns of the press. A brief historical view of economics combined with its theoretical study would interest young people in our social and political relations, and at the same time render their assistance of increased value to the masses. Unless the college man is prepared to become the leaven in Canadian society, unless he can carry out to the people a respect and love for his own country, and above all unless he be the living example of a patriotic Canadian, in vain will he inspire his countrymen

with zeal for national attainments. In all this I have no desire to under estimate the work our colleges do. All I ask is, that the study of history and political economy, be conducted by Professors and students with due attention to Canadian progress.

But outside the teacher's work there is a special duty for the student to perform. I do not know exactly what the character of the ATHENÆUM debates is at present, but a few years ago there was need for great improvement. And here again I hope the students will not feel that their organization is of no avail. Is there not a splendid opportunity in the programmes of the ATHENÆUM to develop an interest in questions of our national history and situation? I am glad to see that they have made a start in that direction this year. Two of the most prominent debating clubs at Harvard University to-day have for their object almost exclusively, the discussion of American politics. While a similar practice at Acadia would be impossible, cannot a part of the time be given to Canadian concerns? Follow the questions as they arise in Parliament and the most suitable could be chosen for discussion. It is not desirable, of course, that politics alone should engross the attention, for party feeling is apt to run high, and just now it must be owned the subject is in certain respects a most repulsive one. But there is no solid reason in general why a decorous and fair debate on public questions cannot be frequently given. Drop Irish Home Rule, married life vs. single, sword vs. pen, etc., for a time, and see if there be not questions nearer at home of equal import to Canadian students. Our college papers also can encourage these movements. The talents of young men can be employed in no better way than by directing the attention of the reading public to the works of our own authors and influence upon our national life. For those who are fond of poetry, the study of Fidelis, Lampman, Campbell, Frechette and Roberts may form an interesting field. In history and politics they may seek the rendition of Bourinot and Stewart, or peruse the brilliant pages of Goldwin Smith and Principal Grant. In science they may follow the lead of Sir Wm. Logan and Sir Wm. Dawson. It is not too much to say that in every department, they will find men, whose works not only bring great credit upon our young country, at the same time extend their enlightening influence to all mankind. By carefully studying some portion of the field, the student who has the taste, may stimulate others to a greater admiration of Canadian scholars.

It may be said, however, that the student has little time for all this, that his college course engrosses so much of his attention, he can never do it. There is force in this contention I admit. But no one student is expected to do it all. Introduce the principle of division of labor and let each one perform his little part. It must be remembered that a

student is not a machine, with no sympathy for matters outside his daily routine. Unless there is something more in life than the hum-drum process of academic study, a man might as well never see a college. Let us throw away that old idea that a student must be closeted like a monk, study aesthetics and a lot of other theoretical nonsense, when a world of activity and passion is loudly calling for his assistance in notifying national concerns. If a college course does not enlarge his sympathies, if it does not make him a better and more intelligent citizen, if it does not quicken his interest in our own people and history, if in brief, it does nothing but make him an intellectual iceberg with no affection for home, friends and his own dear land, then I say, the sooner we close up the doors of our colleges the better. But there is another method of no less importance than the proceeding by which our college can directly affect the common life of our people. We all know that many of our young men and women are engaged as teachers in public schools. A large number of these receive some training at our colleges. They naturally will carry into their profession these habits of thought and action which our higher institutions inculcate, and the public schools will receive the stamp of their sentiments and character. Is it not exceedingly important, therefore, that our teachers should sow the good seed of moral and patriotic principles which they gather at the normal schools and colleges? If that be true and if it is worth striving for, then by all means let our teachers themselves be taught to take pride in the resources, climate, political institutions, and social condition of Canada. In a recent address by Mr. Frank Eaton before the Canadian Club at Harvard, he alluded to this much needed reform in our public schools. We need not be ashamed of our public school system, but I really think if the above influences could be intensified, the result would be of immense benefit. I am sure every earnest and intellectual Canadian must recognise that in the near future, when our children shall occupy positions of trust and responsibility, unless they have been taught to respect and love these essential elements of a rising nationality, how can we expect to become a great and united people? In the United States their school-books are full of such national traits, sometimes *ad nauseam* and why should not we, the inheritors of English liberty, be equally active in setting before our schools the value of our great characters and events from the time when Champlain first sailed up the St. Lawrence until the present hour. There is possibly also another field for those students who have the means and opportunity. I refer to the organization of National Clubs, whose doors shall be open to men of every party, and people of every clime who have made with us their home. For several years there has been a National Club at Toronto, and any one who has ever known anything of its work will, I think, agree that it has been a

useful institution. During last winter several eminent men gave addresses of great value before this Club. The questions were dealt with from a non-political point of view and yet with freedom of conviction. It seems to me that similar organizations in our towns and villages would be exceedingly helpful in attracting the interest of people to our national objects and aims, and any young men who have the time as well as the educational equipment, could gather into such centres fellow-citizens of every party, trade, business, or profession to the great profit of all. Public men could be invited to give addresses on political questions, scientists could instruct the people upon our mineral and agricultural resources, and in fact almost every question of our social, religious and educational condition, could from time to time be dealt with, either by way of debate or public addresses. Such associations would take the attention of our young men away from the fairy tales of western life, or the fine-spun stories of one who has spent a few years in a Texas sheep-ranch, or a New England boot-shop. They would in my humble opinion be a source of intellectual and social advantage for large numbers of our people, who are deprived of higher education, in holding up to their view the great blessings and comforts of that land which has fallen to us as a heritage.

I have attempted to point out several ways, in which a Canadian University and its work can influence the growth of a Canadian nationality. All I have said consists mainly in hints and suggestions, for any exhaustive discussion of the question would require more time than I have at present to give, and probably more space than the ATHENÆUM has to spare. It appears to me as a subject of great importance to educated Canadians. They, especially must lead in the future developments of our country and, while it is necessary that all classes should feel their due responsibility, it is upon the more intelligent citizens after all that the burden of reform and progress must fall. The value of a national sentiment in Canada to day in the true sense of the term is greatly to be desired. Not because there is no patriotism at all, but because it should be more united and intense. Sentiment of course may seem a trivial thing. But as Mr. Mowat has recently said, it was sentiment combined with unjust taxation that drove the American Colonies into revolution. It was sentiment that moved our Loyalist fathers to come to Canadian lands, and it was sentiment that fired those German Peasants in the days of Stein to drill their armies and set in motion those forces which ultimately hurled Napoleon from his throne. And when at this day some curious croakers would annex us to the neighbouring Republic, it is the sentiment of a Canadian people that will resist it to the bitter end. Mr. Goldwin Smith has told us that "the beat of England's morning drum will soon go round the

world with the sun no more." Whether that be so, only the great future will reveal. But at all events we may feel assured that "as its last throb dies away will be heard the voice of law, literature and civilization still speaking in the English tongue." No one has a greater desire than myself to see industrial and commercial freedom between the two great English speaking communities on this continent, but I submit that no Canadian who has the slightest regard for manhood and independence will consent to have rammed down his throat the proposition of political absorption of that country and people which he loves so dear. With the most profound respect for English institutions and people, I submit too that as Canadians born and bred our first and greatest duty is to our native land. All history attests that a young and enterprising country like Canada cannot always remain as she is, and however much our views may differ as to the ultimate position she will assume, I am satisfied that the sober sense of Canadians will never blot out a brilliant future in subjection to a foreign yoke or sell their national birth-right for a dish of pottage.

The sentiments of John Bright are as applicable to you to day as they were to the tradesman of London thirty years ago "Dynasties may fail, aristocracies may perish, privilege will vanish into the dim past; but you, your children, and your children's children will remain, and from you the English people will be continued to succeeding generations." Let those memorable words of Lafontaine ring in your ears "Avant tout soyons Canadiens."

C. H. MCINTYRE.

Harvard Law School, Feb. 22nd, 1897.

EL PENITENTE.

BY J. F. HERBIN.

"Americano, I shall match you some day."

His dark, Spanish eyes and swarthy face looked all the hate of his heart as he turned away and left me. I had gained a wife and an enemy at one stroke.

I often thought of my dark-eyed Mexican love; yet, as I pictured the future, the revengeful face of Antonio Duran always broke in to mar it.

Three years in New Mexico had done much towards weaning me from Eastern customs. The perpetual sunshine of the mountains, and the peculiar conditions of western life had, unconsciously to myself, become a necessary part of my existence. Completely captivated by the beautiful Castilian tongue, and held in thrall by a beautiful Spanish maiden, life seemed to be only begun.

According to the Spanish custom I had become engaged by proxy, and in three months I was to be married. I was eager for the day to come, for, in Mexico, all the sweet days of courtship come after marriage. As yet there had been but the exchange of glances and smiles as we met going to, and coming from church. A few dances together, but always under the close surveillance of a parent or duenna, permitted the indulgence of courtesies only. The assistance of a *patrona* had done the rest.

The union had been consummated without the interchange of words. Words! What are words to the hearts of lovers?

But Antonio!—he was the marring feature in a blissful dream.

Antonio Duran had asked for the *senorita* Manuela only to be refused; and the disappointed Mexican looked upon me as an enemy.

The season of Lent is a long one to lovers in Mexico, for then they see each other only while attending to devotional duties.

I was promised by my Mexican friends an opportunity to see the *penitentes*, of whom I had heard so many strange accounts. I had never been able to see them while practising the peculiar rites of their order. The *penitentes* are a society of men who punish themselves in various ways, and in severe manner during Lent, and who observe the season with secret rites and great solemnity. To escape the notice of strangers and enemies they march in procession at night. Often while lying in bed I have heard the weird chanting of their singers, and the loud grinding of the heavy crosses dragged along the ground by the half naked men, accompanied by the sharp sounds of the scourges laid upon bleeding backs. Often with a feeling of horror I had heard this, yet I had long desired to see, with my own eyes, these things done. It fascinated me as the guillotine fascinates the people who desire to see the victim's head fall from the knife. No amount of discouragement from the clergy and people had been successful in breaking up the society, as mysterious and permanent as Freemasonry and Oddfellowship.

The people of the house where I lived had prepared a meal for the *penitentes*, and for all who would be present.

The time came. People began to arrive early in the night, and with each addition of old and young the

excitement of expectation increased. By midnight at which time the *penitentes* were expected, the rooms were crowded. One o'clock saw few of them gone, and yet no *penitentes*.

A sudden thrill went through the assembly. An uneasy movement and then complete silence followed, when the full burst of the unmistakable sounds that accompany the procession filled our senses. The expectation of it to me, was of a horror. The glimmer of lights lit up the ground without. The grinding became harsh and loud, the wailing chant filled my ears, and the sickening blow of the whips seemed to smite the brain of the listener. In a moment they appeared in front of the broad opening of the court forming the main entrance to the house. Shall I ever forget the effect it left upon me? Women all around hid their faces in their shawls and moaned; children cried, and for a few moments I lost my own head in the general excitement. Recovering from the first shock of their appearance, heightened as it was by the actions of those around me, I was able to observe, with a fair degree of calmness the ghostly spectacle. Save those who acted as leaders, and who carried rattles, and sang to drown the cries of agony occasionally wrung from the self-inflicted torture, they were naked to the waist and unshod. I doubt not many in the audience recognized husband, brother, or father disguised as they were with masks. The crosses they carried were immense. And the bearers staggered under the weight of them.

Quiet was at last restored, and the business of the evening commenced, namely, the meal.

It was found that four of the *penitentes* would have to be served in another room, and mine being the most convenient, and unoccupied, it was given up to them.

It was at last over. Tired out with the events of the night, I sat in my room as the faint sounds of the departing *penitentes* died out in the chill of the night. I gazed into the fire with a feeling of loneliness. I had lived through an experience the strangest of my life. The reaction that followed the awfulness and excitement of the night, brought a tinge of melancholy which kept away sleep. My thoughts found comfort in one sweet comforter only, Manuela. Suddenly my eye fell upon a mark on the wall which till now had escaped my notice. There, in bold and distinct outline upon the white wall was a red cross—a bloody cross—marked by a finger with the blood beaten from the

wounded back of a *penitente*. Below the cross were the letters "A. D."

"Antonio Duran" I cried, aloud, as if he stood before me with his fierce, flashing eyes.

Wonder followed the shock of surprise. What did it mean? He a *penitente*, and an enemy at this time, and declaring it with his own hand on my wall?

No! not an enemy.

It came to me like a flash. His passion had given way to a better feeling. By the sign of the cross in his own blood he had declared it. He forgave as he hoped for forgiveness.

It was morning before silence and sleep came. The dream of that memorable dawn came to pass. In my sleep I had found a bride and lost an enemy.

VICTOR HUGO.

When the present century dawned on France, she was still smarting from the cruel blows of the First Revolution; but amid this general gloom, there was born a child whose name was destined to bring glory and renown to the torn and tortured land. In 1802, the royal heart of Victor Hugo began to beat in the old city of Besançon. The young Victor had flowing through his veins the red Republican blood of his father, and the blue blood of his Royalist mother; and, when old enough to take an interest in state affairs, his boyish worship of his mother led him to adopt her political opinions, and, it was not until after years that his judgment pointed out to him the truth of his father's creed.

His father, an army officer, was seldom with his little family, so the care and education of Victor devolved upon his mother, a woman of rare intellectual powers, but of inferior judgment.

Victor Hugo is one of the many great men whose early education depended on a mother's care; and his rare talent would have filled that mother's soul with joy had she but lived to see it. She died in the early days of his fame, and the devoted son was almost wholly given up to remorse; his father was as a stranger to him and could not console him in his sorrow. At this time, Victor found himself thrown on his own resources, and obliged to fight his way through the world. Work was what he needed to bring forth the talent that was in him; but, at length, his solitary life grew wearisome to him, so he wedded the young and beautiful Adèle Fouché, his former playmate and school friend. After his marriage, he exerted a great influence on literature, for from that time dates the real beginning of his literary life. His house was the meeting place of a number of talented young men,

who formed a literary society with the brilliant young couple. Frequent guests at the little house, on the Rue Vauquard, were such men as Soumet, Sainte Beuve, de Vigny, and Emile and Anthony Dechamps.

While Victor Hugo was in the morning of his glory, the Romantic School of French poetry began to assert its claims to recognition and approval, and found in him a powerful advocate and firm supporter. Such a position placed him in an unfavorable light before the public; but, dauntless, he adhered to his principles and boldly avowed his disapproval of classical fetters.

In support of his theories, he wrote the preface to "Cromwell," his first drama; then followed "Hernani," "Marion De Lorme," and others. "Hernani" is considered the best of all his dramatic attempts, and yet its appearance was greeted with a tempest of opposition. He defended himself eloquently, and continued to criticize the Classical School in a most scathing manner; he ridiculed those who were bound to the Aristotelian rules of the drama. But at length, he rose above the clouds of unfriendly criticism into the clear sky of popular favor, and then he turned his thoughts toward prose and gave to the literary world, "Notre Dame de Paris." In six months, a half year of untiring labor, the mighty work was written; by a French writer, this romance is called, "a marvel of interest, a masterpiece of style, and a wonder of archeological studies." Such unlimited praise is not bestowed upon it by all. "Les Misérables" is commonly considered his finest prose work. Its many pages seem a formidable mass, but it is replete with interest; in it, the reader is carried "out of the world into an atmosphere of romance."

As poet and novelist, Victor Hugo won distinction, but his aspirations led him beyond those seemingly narrow limits, into the broad and open field of political writing. He had been an admirer of Napoleon I, and so naturally supported the claims of his nephew, Louis Bonaparte, who aimed to be President of the Republic; but when the prince made known his intentions against the nation, the author zealously defended the rights of his people. The sad story of his oppressed countrymen still lives in "Histoire d'un Crime."

Powerful man though he was, he was obliged to flee from his native land, and seek refuge on the bold and rocky isle of Guernsey, where for twenty years he lived in solitude. Some of his best works date from the period of his banishment. On that lonely isle, where sea and sky alike mingled their varied voices in praise of nature's God, the poetic spirit of the man soared aloft, and gathered the inspiration which his poems breathe.

At that time, he wrote "Les Chatiments" which present a rare example of what indignation and patriotism can inspire: in some instances, he is said, to rival even Juvenal. His political writings brought

him no particular fame as a literary man, but the opinions he proclaimed were gladly received by his fellow sufferers.

While dwelling in his island home, the Angel of Death thrice visited, and took away his loved ones. The once gay Victor Hugo was transformed by years and mental anguish into a sorrowful old man. One child, a daughter, was left to him, but she was hopelessly insane; his two sons who died in Guernsey were remarkably talented and gave promise of a brilliant career. The strong heart was well-nigh broken, but he bore his grief with manly resignation. One by one, his household idols had vanished from his sight and he was left alone,—alone to dream of the happy past, to think of the sorrowful present, and to ponder on the mysteries of the future. Long and bitter as those years of exile seemed, they did more to develop Victor Hugo as a man and as an author, than had the time been spent in the midst of bustling Parisian life. The water lay between him and his foes, so he thought more kindly of them, and they in turn were softened toward him. His strong principles of morality were echoed across the sea to his people sinking deep in vice. He owes his great popularity in a measure to his exile.

With the re-establishment of the Republic in 1870. Hugo returned to France, and in the pure air of his beautiful land, he lived for fifteen years, and then passed away amid the general mourning of his countrymen.

But few men in all time present to view such a diversity of genius as Victor Hugo. His talents were many sided, and in every department of literature in which he worked, he left indelible traces. Victor Hugo has been called "a mirror and not a light;" as the manifold feelings of the age in which he lived are reflected in his writings. All types of humanity and all conditions of society are revealed in his poetry and his prose. "From the crudest impressions of the boy to the ripest convictions of the man, one common quality informs and harmonizes every stage of thought, every stage of feeling, every change of spiritual out-look, which has left its mark on the writings of which that collection is composed; the quality of a pure, a perfect, an intense and burning sincerity."

Many sided though his talents were, Victor Hugo was essentially a poet—it is in his poems alone that he best displays the sovereign power which sways the emotions of his fellow-men. But, whether regarded as poet or novelist, he is rightfully entitled to his place in the foremost ranks of French writers.

G. E. Tufts, '66, is spending a few weeks in Wolfville with his brother, Prof. Tufts. On several occasions he occupied the pulpit of the Baptist Church during the illness of the pastor, Dr. Higgins.

ANCIENT AND MODERN TRAGEDY.

The primal elements in poetic literature—epic and lyric—are represented in that of olden Greece by the rhapsode and the chorus. The former was a narrative recited by wandering minstrels; the latter a song of revellers at feasts of Bacchus. In process of time the rhapsodist was made to recite his tale before the chorus, whose leader replied with words of comment or question. Here is the germ of dramatic dialogue. Dramatic action found its origin in the gesture with which the rhapsodist accompanied his relation of events. Thus lyric and epic combined to produce tragic. Their betrothal is ancient or choral tragedy, their marriage is modern or romantic tragedy.

Tragedy in its completeness begins with Æschylus, but it is carried forward on the wings of evolution to the form which it attains in Shakespeare. For we must not think of the modern as a separate creation. It is the same tree, but when it had before only grandeur of stature it has not multiplicity of branches, greater profusion and luxuriance of foliage.

The development from Æschylus through Sophocles to Euripides is easily perceived. But between the last Greek tragedian and the first English tragedians there is a broad blank, for Roman Seneca and mediæval French, Spanish and Italian writers of tragedy are merely imitators of the Greek. We have to look to comedy for the steps in this progress, and we find that the evolution in dramatic art proceeds through that of Greece and Rome, (for art is the same in both varieties of the drama) until it attains almost the form in which Marlowe and Shakespeare clothe their tragedies.

The main point of distinction between these two unities in form relates to the chorus. In the ancient, the choral and epic constituents are merely mingled, in the modern they become a concrete unity. The chorus, as a chorus is lost, but it is preserved in other forms. The Greek choruses take a very high place in the world's lyrical literature, such was their purity of thought, richness of imagery, vividness of colouring and grandeur of expression. Their inspiration remains in the fine lyric poems of modern drama, such as "Hamlet's Soliloquy." It is seen also in the music of the orchestra, melody not of words but of sounds. Further, that flexibility produced in the ancient by variety of metrical construction is met in the modern by interchange of prose and verse.

The chorus is the determining force of Grecian tragedy, and so it is accountable for the dramatic art of that tragedy, especially for the unities of time, place and action. It was wont to remain in view of the audience throughout the whole progress of a piece, and so the action could not cover a greater extent of time or distance than the chorus could follow in harmony with natural laws. In other words,

the time of the action did not cover a greater period, and the action itself did not stray farther from one place than the time employed in presenting the play might allow. Unity of action required oneness of story, and the unities of time and place permitted only the crisis of that story. The events leading up to it had to be narrated, not acted. Yet there is another restriction arising from the chorus. The story could be presented from but one point of view,—the point of view of its sympathy for the hero, its reverence for deity, its desire to impart some ethical or religious principle.

This is the unit—this dramatization of a single-sided crisis—of which modern tragedy is the multiple. In later days the fetters of the unities are broken, there is unbounded license as to extent of time or place, and oneness of story has passed into the harmonious blending of several stories, by contrast, parallelism or interlacing. Singleness of perfection has changed to rich variety. "produced by the delicate development of many-sided character, and the complicated grouping of contrasting forms." Yet the same process which effects this breaks down completeness. For, directing the thought simply upon one story, one crisis of that story, and one face of that crisis, the situation can be worked out thoroughly. But when the attention is divided between several stories and conflicting phases of events, fragmentariness ensues. Yet this fault is more than compensated by the virtues which accompany it. Plot is reduction of human experiences to artistic form, and that plot is the most admirable which covers the widest range of experience, and shows the most art in combining, as can modern, unhampered by antique restrictions. Which is the grander product of the sculptor's skill—the marble limbs or the marble man? The limbs, to be sure, arrive nearer perfection, for it can have more of the artist's care and attention in details. But the wondrous symmetry of the man, arising from the harmonious arrangement of a multiplicity of parts, is by far the more wonderful achievement.

Another feature, wherein modern surpasses ancient in dramatic art, is the by-scenes. In tragedy there must be suspensions of the plot, in order that the emotions of the audience, excited by some strong scene, may be rested. In the ancient drama this is done by the introduction of choral songs, argumentative discussions and epic narratives, which detract from the dramatic effect. The modern introduces incident of a lighter nature, but still dramatic. The ancient tragedian led his hearers along by-ways, passing through lovely gardens of choral odes, among the scene paintings of epic narratives, into the cloud regions of philosophic thought. The modern tragedian leads us not away from contact with men, but where men are seen under the influence of the more airy emotions, and in this way the excitation of the

hearer is relieved without suspension of dramatic action.

As the chorus determined the forward art of the ancient drama, so it determined the theme. The primal purpose of the chorus was didactic. It stood in the play as a body of ideal spectators, whose duty was to teach the audience what sentiments and emotions should be aroused by the action. In later days with the chorus has passed away its didactic function: for men have attained to more freedom of thought and feeling, and they require no one to show them the ideal influence that the action should exert upon themselves. In an open way the ancient, in a hidden way the modern, exerts its elevating effect upon heart and soul.

The theme of the chorus was religion, and so we find ancient tragedy drawing its inspiration and subject matter from the pure, profound depths of mythology. Its characters were gods and heroes, its action was a mirror of the noblest life. But this very ideality, this possession of particular natures, made of ancient characters, types and classes, they became cold and conventional. This quality is brought into stronger relief in comparison with the romantic tragedy which takes all humanity in its infinite variety as its dramatic personæ, and produces that reality, that diversity of characterization, which gives to modern its vigor, originality and warmth. Modern drama shows life as it really exists, "Coarse with fine, mean with heroic, grotesque with tragic." The ancient gives us life, but only select portions for æsthetic handling. It casts a mystic veil over life's stage and involves it in clouds, hiding the crudeness and extravagance in life, and showing men and things only in their ideals. Modern tragedy divides the veil, rolls asunder the clouds, and life appears in a natural light.

The ancient is religious tragedy, the modern is ethical tragedy. The principle of external, divine interference is replaced by that of the self-conscious, self-acting individual. In the modern the principles of the ethical world enter into man, and become the main-spring of his activity, and the tragedy in his life is the result of collision of ethical principles in himself. He is then a dramatic individual endowed with character, and developing according to the inherent necessity of his nature, not according to divine necessity. The religion of the ancient is outside of life, and acting upon life; that of modern is acting in life, and so comes nearer the heart of life. In the Elizabethan tragedy men's lives are depicted as they proceed under the guidance of natural law, not as they are "bound down by fatality, not as they are disorganized and denaturalized by irruption of the miraculous." Irony of fate replaced by irony of circumstances, destiny replaced by providence, retribution replaced by revenge, illustrate how the controlling principles of the two tragedies have changed.

Very different is the beauty of these. The ancient æsthetic ideal is expressed in its sculpture, the modern in its music. Ancient beauty is, like its statuary, sublimely grand, but cold and stately,—the product of a mind that observed men in but one phase at a time. But there comes an age when the mind delights in movement, harmonious movement, of course, when it flees from sculpture to music, when it enjoys looking upon men in their ever changing moods, ever assuming new positions with respect to one another, when the beauty is sparkling, mobile, all activity. The architecture of the ancient drama shows singleness, magnificence, austerity; that of the modern shows elegance, ornament, variety.

Drama is life, and that drama is the highest which approaches nearest life. The antique conforms to life in the letter, the modern in the spirit. In time and place of action the ancient follows natural laws, but in subject matter and characterization ideal not real life is reproduced, and so the action is unnatural. Which then is the most important—the letter or the spirit, the body or the soul, of which the body is but the shell? Answer this and then award the laurel to Shakspeare and the Elizabethan tragedians rather than to Sophocles and the Greeks. W. G. M., '93.

AT HOME

The annual reception of the ATHENÆUM Society was held in College Hall, Saturday evening, March 12. Of the seven hundred invited guests large numbers were present. Wolfville, Hantsport, Cornwallis, Kentville and Windsor being well represented. About eight o'clock crowds of people thronged through the entrance, and made their way to the library where they were cordially received by the President and Vice-President of the Society. Assembly Hall presented a very cheerful appearance, owing to the skill and good taste of the committee in charge. Music furnished by the College quartette added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

Personals.

ENGLISH C. INSTRUCTOR.—The resignation of C. A. Hight, L. S., from the English department, causing a vacancy in English C., C. H. McIntyre, L. S., has been appointed in his place. Mr. McIntyre is a graduate of Acadia College, and is a first year law student.

The above extract is from the *Harvard Crimson*. Mr. McIntyre graduated with the class of '89.

C. H. Day, B. A. '86, was ordained to the gospel ministry in Quebec, on Thursday Feb. 25. The *Quebec Chronicle* says: Pastor C. H. Day, M. A., enters upon his work with every prospect of a brilliant and useful career, and is a welcome addition to our citizens.

Exchanges.

The *Bates Student* although usually late in its arrival is always worthy of a perusal. A change has recently been made in the cover which is an improvement. The last number we have received, February, contains editorials bearing on different phases of college work. Inter-collegiate contests are encouraged because of the healthy rivalry such contests beget. The saying of Pope, "True ease in writing comes from art not chance," is indirectly referred to, and the attention called to *limae labor*. "The terse or polished writing has become such through a careful rubbing off of all flaws and blemishes."

The *Student* is published by the class of '93 and is a credit to the class.

The *Colby Oracle* gives the following lists of professors and assistants who have been appointed to the Faculty of the Chicago University; "W. R. Harper, of Yale, President and head professor of the Semitic department; W. G. Hale, of Cornell, head professor of Latin; J. L. Laughlin, of Harvard, head professor of Political Economy; W. I. Knapp, of Yale, head professor of the Romance languages and literature; A. W. Small, president of Colby University, head master of Social Science; H. P. Judson, of the U. of M. professor of History; C. Chandler, of Denison University, professor in Latin; G. A. Goodspeed, Brown '80, assistant professor of Ancient History, and Comparative Religions; R. F. Harper, of Yale, assistant professor in Semitic department; A. A. Stagg, of Yale, director of physical culture; F. F. Abbott, of Yale, assistant professor of Latin. Professor Herman E. Von Holst has also consented to leave Freidburg University to accept an appointment to the chair of History."

So far as mechanical arrangement is concerned, the *Bowdoin Orient* is one of our best exchanges. In general, the articles are short and of such a character as to be of interest to the student and indicative of a healthy condition of literary work at Bowdoin. The *Orient* makes, in a recent issue, some remarks on college journalism from which we take the following: "It is true of college journalism: that its grasp on the outside world life as it actually exists, seems weak. The ideas and fancies are the product of self-inspection and a teeming youth-fired imagination. And so while it is true that college magazines are interesting, pleasing, and well written, yet they seem thin, shadowy, with no firm realism or fact of actual life at their basis. How can it be otherwise? The college man, as a general thing, has not seen the world; he does not live in its strifes and tumults,—his is a life largely of book and thought, not of action and experience." It is well for college men to keep these pertinent remarks in mind. Although the above is a

general opinion, it does not apply in each case. To a favored few the *Orient* grants the distinction of being *Atlantic's* and *Scribner's* in embryo.

The twenty-first report of the School for the Blind, Halifax, has been received. Forty-three pupils have been under instruction the past year. Judging from its lists of committees and teachers, and from the character of the report, the school is doing excellent work. E. P. Fletcher, Acadia '01, fills an important position on the staff.

Our Societies.

MISSIONARY:—The regular missionary meeting was held on Sunday evening, March 13. The order of service was as follows: Opening services, by the President of the Society. Essay, "Thy Kingdom Come," by Mr. McLean. Essay, "Missions in Burma," by Miss Harris. Address, "Christ's power over the hearts of men," by Dr. Jones.

Y. M. C. A.:—A business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held on March 25th, at which the old officers retired and the new took their place.

Pres. Stackhouse on retiring gave a short but an appropriate speech.

The reports of the old committee were read and approved. The reports show that good work has been done, and that there is much reason for encouragement.

The following committees were appointed for the ensuing year:—

DEVOTIONAL COMMITTEE:—A. F. Baker; W. C. Vincent; Herman Peck; J. C. West.

BIBLE STUDY:—A. Murray; Lew Wallace; S. R. McCurdy; Mr. Carter.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS WORK:—J. H. Davis; F. Young; F. Bishop; W. Bezanson.

MEMBERSHIP:—A. M. Wilson; A. H. Morse; A. P. Rogers; C. J. McLean.

INTERCOLLEGIATE RELATIONS:—S. J. Case; M. Addison; L. Slaughenwhite.

FINANCE:—I. E. Bill; B. Daniel; J. W. Todd; J. Bulmer.

MUSIC:—H. N. Shaw; A. Murray; B. Bishop.

The retiring officers and members of the different committees have done their work well, and it is hoped that, those who now fill their place may be found as diligent and as earnest as they were.

N. E. HERMAN,
Rec.-Sec.

PROPYLÆUM:—The following officers have been elected by the Propylæum Society for the coming term: Miss Roop, President; Miss Coates, Vice-President; Miss Cook, Secretary-Treasurer. Executive Committee: Miss Parker, Miss Coldwell, Miss Archibald.

Locals.

Alcides continues restless.

"Will you be so good as to extend my compliments to the other members of this class and"—Alas! False hopes!—come to prayers.

It was the giddy Reception Hall. The evening was wearing away and the conversation was beginning to lag. Bright-eyed Seminarian, breaking the death-like pause: "May I have the pleasure of introducing you to some one?" He, confused and not quite realizing the situation: "Thank you; it would afford me a great pleasure." And the two shortly after parted not to recognize each other for many a day.

Give that calf of a Bill more rope

Tuesday's Lecture: The presence of sulphur in ordinary illuminating gas enables us by its peculiar odor to detect any leakage in the pipes. But when the gas is made from water, the odorless and poisonous carbonic oxide may be given off and the occupant of a room be dead before he discovers its presence.

We regret to say that the new Sem. smokes.

We live in an age of discovery, research and invention, and in a degree it seems that we on the Hill have received the *zeitgeist*. But when the object uppermost in the minds of our *investigators* is simply an attempt to gain information concerning innocent fellow-students by quizzing bar-tenders, we are constrained to think that the quality of their endeavors is not beyond question, especially when one or more of the inquisitors is possessed of proclivities unbecoming a reformer.

He declares that the Sem. has now no further attraction for him. Long walks towards the setting sun in his case are conducive to that heavenly dream, that sentimental folly, that desire of the senses, that union of souls,—

O'e which so many long-haired crazy poets rave,
Till they grow deuced thin and fill an early grave.

He drinketh of nought but the crystal stream,
Except by the fiercest compulsion,
Which affected him so but a short time ago
That his Toddy that day was emulsion.

Thought Dante exhausted, he thought, all the plagues
To torture the spirits in hell,
He missed what ten thousand times passeth them all,
Of hydrogen sulphide the smell.

We are glad to be in a position to negative a rumor whispered in these columns last month. We have it on no less authority than the honorable gentlemen himself that Coon's leg was not pulled.

SONG ON WITNESSING THE ATHLETIC EXHIBITION.

When first in Acadia's halls
I stood as a student booked,
Your sympathies to excite,
I tell you how I looked.

CHORUS:

For my knees bent in like this;
My toes turned out like that;
And my backbone curved in the self-same way
As the back of an angry cat.

My neck had a graceful twist
Like that of a goose at rest;
And my shoulders toiled till they
Rubbed noses across my chest.

I coughed till I thought I'd burst,
Consumption I had for sure;
My voice had the tone of a flute
When plagued by an amateur

But at last on a golden day
A sacred fane there rose,
With bars and clubs and swings,
And gloves to caress your nose.

We vaulted, boxed and swung;
We tumbled and rolled and ran;
Till my form grew as you see,
And I felt and looked like a man.

Then my knees grew straight like this;
And my backbone straight like that;
My neck lost its twist till upon my head
I could keep all untied my hat.

They presented an odd appearance, those stragglers from the Four Nations, as they strolled along in the shadows of the trees and fences. They were scanning with eagle-eye the new ramparts of the Semites, eager for wood of any kind with which to light the fires in their wigwams.

Now one of the bravest and wisest
That lives in the Four Nations wigwams
Is hired by the chief of the Semites
To scalp all the nightly marauders,

Who venture to prowl round the wigwam,
And disturb any wish—wishes, slumbers.
But the chief was asleep at his duty,
So the young Indian braves felt hilarious,—
Pressed their moccasins light to the greensward,
And leapt o'er the fences like roobucks,
To gather great armfuls of kindling
(That would drive Mr. Woodman quite crazy).
They think they see graves, in the shadows,
Of their warriors long-fallen in battle;
And think of the war-paint and feathers
That the Semites appear in on Sunday.
The paint is more mild in its colors
Than it was in the old days of battle,
And now there are only hearts wounded
When the Semites march forth in their war-paint.
But the Four Nations' camp fires burn dimmer,
And they think it is safe to turn homeward,
While Injunclub, bravest of warriors,
Leeds off with a load on his shoulders,
Of pine and spruce boards that make shadows
Upon the grey grass like huge serpents.
As the hunter's horn sinks to the westward,
To the glad hunting ground of their fathers,
They return to their own cherished wigwam.
And listen if any old warriors
Are still talking loud of the foemen
Who scalped in their anger a chieftain,
Sent to the North-West from among them.
But the braves are all wrapped in their blankets,
Perhaps each to dream of his wish-wish.
So silently in through the door-way
They pass with their ill gotten booty,
With a hope that at this the great chieftain,
Who rules both Four Nations and Semites
Will not call them into his wigwam,
And tell them that saddest of stories,
That he cannot give them their "toadskins."

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