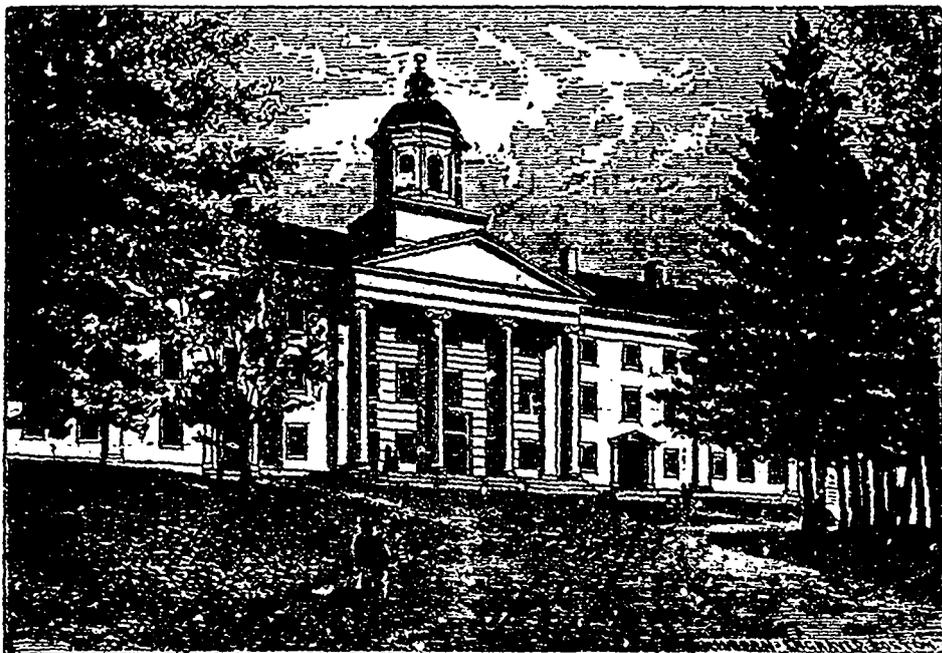


November, 1877.

Vol. IV. No. 2.

The Acadia Athenaeum.



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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. 4.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1877.

No 2.

Twilight Musings.

Ye gentle spirits of song,
That come to me everywhere,
I hear your voice in the Summer's breeze,
Or in Autumn's plaintive air;
In the withering leaf, but touched
By Winter's approaching hand;
In the gathering beauties that deck each haunt
Of the pleasure seeking band.

For in the color's commingled hues
In rainbow, in dew-drop or leaf,
In the crimson and golden cloud above,
Or the watery glass beneath,
Where, reflected in beauties new born,
The morning and evening appear,
I read a poetry sweeter far
Than is breathed by the lips to the ear.

For in Nature's eyes of Light,
Her lovers detect the spell,
Unheard in the voice that speaks to the ear,
Which the true heart knows full well,
And so I muse and listen,
And listen, and muse alone
But now the light of day has gone,
And the stillness of night is come.

Sep. 16

M.

The Field of Leipsic.

DURING the middle ages, and down to very recent times, it has been the fate of Germany to be the battle ground of Europe. Russia, guarded by bulwarks of ice and snow, and England by her maritime position, have launched the thunderbolts of war over her plains, from invincible and peaceful homes. France has been preserved through causes, similar and yet different. Her compact position, the unity of her people, her long line of sea-board, and her military supremacy, have averted the calamities that drenched the fields of Prussia and the German States in blood. The seven years' war, during

which Russian Barbarian and Austrian hussar, revelled in the rich cities and fertile fields of Prussia; the thirty years' war in which Wallenstein traversed Germany to the Baltic, with a horde of the most licentious robbers that ever sacked a defenceless city; in which Tilly conquered German armies in a hundred battles, and culminated the long scene of atrocities with the sack of Magdeburg; the devastation committed by Philip the Second's Government in the Netherlands, and last, the progress of Napoleon's armies in Central Europe, terminating in the Great Day of Waterloo; such are the scenes which nurtured the Teutonic race, schooled its generals in the art of war, aroused it to consolidation until its armies carry the terrors of the fought field into the countries of the foe, and teach the Austrian and the Frenchman, on the field of Sadowa and beneath the walls of Paris, the lesson so dearly bought. The field of Leipsic is familiar to every reader of history as the arena of the "Battle of the Nations." There the armies of Europe gathered, enclosing the remnants of the army of the Man of Destiny. Napoleon was driven across the Rhine, and the warfare between Thought and Imperialism, in effect, ended. But Leipsic was the witness of a battle no less bloody, no less important in its results to the destinies of Europe, than Waterloo itself, in which Gustavus Adolphus annihilated the finest army of Catholic Austria, and defeated for the first time her ablest general.

Early in the 17th century began the contest between Ferdinand, the Roman Catholic Emperor of Austria, and the Protestant States of Germany. It was a war of great principles. On the one side the spirit of Papacy—the genius of Italian priestcraft,—on the other the spirit of civilization, liberty and progression. Ferdinand confides his cause to the genius of Wallenstein, a man who was as great in mind as he was unscrupulous

in morals. Godless, fearless, trusting like the Corsican in his destiny, and reading his glory in the courses of the Stars, he swept from his path every thing that opposed his progress and speedily laid Protestant Germany at the foot of the King, to be bound anew by the fetters of religious intolerance.

When affairs were in such a critical condition, when, to all human appearance, Luther's heroic life and Zwingli's heroic death were in vain, a deliverer appeared from Sweden, the last place to which Protestant Europe would have looked for succour.

Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, started from his poor and frozen realm, with an army of 15,000 men to win back all that Tilly and Wallenstein had gained. But every man had the sinew and the lion-heart, which no toils or privations weakened, and which no reverses daunted. Add to this that, like the puritan veterans of Cromwell, they were all God-fearing men and moved to battle singing a hymn of Luther; and you have a little host, whose superior in everything that makes an effective soldier, this world has yet to see. But all this bravery and devotion was directed by the greatest general of the age. Great in truth; in moral grandeur; in learning and culture; in executive capacity; already had his genius matched itself successfully against Russian and Pole.

Gustavus, on his arrival in Germany, found himself alone. Paralyzed by fear, the Protestant States could only give him a feeble moral support. Tilly, at the head of his invincible legions, fresh from the massacre of Magdeburg, swept down to whip the mad King who had brought a puny handful from their snow-bound hills only to find graves in foreign soil. The first great battle was fought on the plain of Leipsic, Sept. 7th, 1631.

Gustavus is tall, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, and commanding of presence, a true descendant of his Gothic ancestors in physical qualities. Tilly also is tall, thin, even to emaciation. His ghastly face could wear a sardonic smile to behold the havoc of age and innocence. He loved to dress in gorgeous uniform, and a tall plume waved over his wrinkled brow. Gustavus appeared an angel of light—the sword of God;

Tilly the emissary of evil,—baptized at his birth a child of Hell. Tilly had the choice of a position. He posted his men on a slight ridge along the plain. Thirty-five thousand men, inured to war, were opposed to 32,000, arrayed under Gustavus, of whom only about 15,000 or less were Swedes. Pappenheim, the Murat of that age, commanded the best cavalry of Europe. Tilly arranged his soldiers in a single line, winged with large bodies of cavalry, ready to pour down and envelope the approaching army, and his cannon pointing down the descent. Gustavus arranged his Swedes in small battalions. Their uniforms were torn and faded with long marches and conflicts. On the left he marshalled the Saxons, led by Arnheim and the Elector John George. They were a fine looking body of men, clad in costly armor, magnificent in all their accoutrements, plumes nodding from helmeted heads, and banners, unstained, waving. In this case though, as in others, it is to be shown that fine feathers do not make fine birds. The Swedes pray; the battle commences. The artillery begins to play. For two hours this continues with manifest disadvantage to Tilly, for the thick squadrons of his army are decimated and ploughed with ghastly furrows, while the thin squadrons of Augustus received little harm. At last Pappenheim launches his cavalry at the Saxons, and away they go inglorious, led by the Elector, who spends the night in a drunken carouse. Poor Gustavus and his 15,000 Swedes are left to fight alone. Tilly with his victorious heavy troops, and Pappenheim with his invincible cavalry, hurl themselves upon the thin battalions of their heroic but diminished foes, much the same as Napoleon's old Guard flung themselves upon the British lines at Waterloo. But from the thin lines, seven times in succession, were hurled back the mighty mass of men and horse. Firm as their Scandinavian hills, they repulsed each shock. To souls thrilling in silent harmony beneath the power of Luther's hymn,—

“A great stronghold is our God,”
the clangor of steel, clad horsemen rushing on as if they would break through them like pasteboard, had no terrors. Tilly saw his army melting away in their vain attempts to break the Swedish ranks. At last when Tilly's army has

broken itself into fragments again; the granite like ranks—when it was demoralized and disheartened,—sounds the signal of onset, and every soldier rushed upon the flying foe. The cavalry complete the triumph by the almost total annihilation of the fugitives. Then was Magdeburg avenged. Then God bared the sword of Justice; Protestantism forced to combat, conquered.

The results of this victory were such as might have been expected. Gustavus was joined by the Protestant party, animated by new hopes. And at last, after a series of glorious victories—having slain Tilly—Wallenstein was defeated and Ferdinand humbled on the field of Lutzen, where also fell the heroic Gustavus.

The student of history cannot over-estimate the importance of this battle. Chalons, where the last great Roman saved the world from the savage licence of the Huns; Poitiers, where Charles Martel hurled back the hosts of Mahomet, are names familiar to every school-boy, as marking fearful crises in the history of the world. And Leipsic likewise saved Europe centuries of infinite toil. It proclaimed that truth in God's world is not to be crushed by error, and pointed the devout soul to a Sovereign Providence. It shut forever the accursed temple of Dominic in all the cities of the Teutonic peoples, and quenched the fires of the Auto' de' fe'. If the Pope, Chief Inquisitor, persecuted Galileos for discovering that the earth moved round the Sun, when Papal Infallibility declared it did not, and threw the Jesuit experimenter in Balloons into a dungeon for the blasphemy of attempting to navigate the air, it was Leipsic which confined the possibility of such things to Italy and Spain. It gave us science and liberty of thought; the Printing Press and Goethe. Had Gustavus failed at Leipsic, a new Luther must have fought the battles of another Reformation, against a mightier foe, and this era of the world's progress must yet have been an ideal of the yearning, struggling mind of humanity.

THINKING that it would be somewhat interesting to many of our readers, and also beneficial to ourselves, we have thought proper to give a series of articles on some of the most celebrated Colleges. We make a commencement in this issue with Oxford.

Geology.

Geology is a branch of study which hitherto has generally received but a little of the attention of which it is deserving. This science is most happily adapted to give to the mind both expansion and elevation. As Astronomy opens to us the amplitudes of celestial ubiquity, so Geology opens to us the amplitudes of past eternity.

Geology being largely dependent on an accurate knowledge of other branches of study, such as Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, and Comparative Anatomy, has never attained to a position justifying the application of the term science, until within a comparatively recent period. It has, however, in all ages awakened the attention of many of the profoundest minds. In their conjectures some have come wide of the mark, whilst others have made most happy approaches to the truth. Many of the sages of antiquity entertained the opinion that the world had been subjected to successive destruction and renovations by the action of fire and water. These catastrophes they designated by the terms Cataclysm and Ecyprosis. We learn that the views of Pythagoras, with reference to geologic changes, were very accurate. The geographer, Strabo, anticipated some of the grandest views and principles which are now known and settled on this great subject. The Arabians, Omar and Avicenna, are said to have produced some works of merit in this line of investigation. As far back as the year 1517 the Italian, Fracastero, maintained the correct theory with respect to fossil shells. In 1668 Robert Hooke, in England, held views of geologic change and phenomena far in advance of his time. In America but little was done in this field of inquiry until the commencement of the present century. Since then the amateurs of geologic science have so multiplied that their names would be too numerous to mention.

Though this branch of study is yet but in a state of youth, on some points it can even now speak with much confidence. The fact is established that the crust of the earth is undergoing constant change in harmony with a grand plan of progression. Those parts which now form the tops of mountains once formed the beds of the ocean. The causes of change remaining, we readily infer the future.

The allurements to the study of Geology are many and strong. It opens rich fields of investigation for the inquiring mind. Here the philosopher finds every impulse to research, and the fullest gratification to his longings after wisdom. Here may the Theologian expatiate without limit on new manifestations of the power, wisdom and goodness of the infinite Creator.

With the progress of civilization, Geology has the most intimate association. A knowledge of minerals and metals has done much to give man a mastery over nature. The present state of civilization in both hemispheres would have been impossible without the knowledge which has been gathered from the study of this science.

Considerations both numerous and weighty which the limits of this article would not justify us in specifying, urge the young to devote as much of their leisure time as possible to an acquaintance with this noble study. Whilst, as in all cases, its rudiments are rugged and dry, a little advance into its grand arcana inspires with the most transporting enthusiasm. One monitory, solemn, impressive thought may for the present conclude our reference to this subject. The great stone box of nature as with trumpet tongue in a way both retrospective and prospective speaks of death's long, sad reign. Dynasty after dynasty has been and may yet be swept away. The greater book of Revelation, with like utterance, strong and full, declares "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." But here as elsewhere, Divine benevolence clearly appears. This change, from which we all instinctively shrink, is but a link in the unbroken chain of causation fitting for a higher destiny, for

"That land the eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought."

Mr. Fletcher's Lecture.

ON Tuesday evening, Mr. Fletcher, of Prince Edward Island, editor of the *Island Argus*, delivered a lecture in Academy Hall, under the auspices of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM. The weather was charming, and, no doubt, moon and stars, as well as Mr. Fletcher's reputation, helped to crowd the hall to overflowing. The subject was chosen from Ecclesiastes, chap. ix: 4. "Living dogs and

dead lions." The lecturer proceeded to give examples of dead lions, such as Voltaire, Coleridge, and Byron. He showed how men who might have done much, did but little. He drew a wide distinction between dogs and lions; every man is not a genius. Men who might be living dogs aspire to be lions, and turn out to be dead after all. The pulpit has spoiled many a cobbler; the bar many a farmer. While poverty is an evil thing, and money a blessing, the inordinate desire for gold has made many a wreck. Some of the reasons why there are so many dead lions are: I. Want of physical culture. II. Instability of pursuit. III. Want of decision and lack of will. IV. Squandering time and shirking labor. V. Overwork. The number of living lions was small, but they never die.

This lecture was replete with wit and wisdom. It was practical, pleasing and pertinent. It abounded in telling illustrations, depicting to the eye the moral lessons it wished to inculcate. Now and then a sentence of classical finish and poetic beauty was thrown off, e. g.: "See Mrs. Browning sweeping all the chords of human passion with fingers that trembled with the pressure of inspiration,—who soared and sang as never woman soared and sang before,—whose words leapt from her mouth like a bird radiant in plumage and glorious in music,—her whole being throbbing and sparkling like the sea." There were many finely eloquent passages throughout. Mr. Fletcher took pains to express his admiration of H. W. Beecher, as a man admirable in genius and pure in morals. The lecture displayed a mind well-read, capable of conceiving a thing clearly and expressing it tersely and sharply. The sentences were pregnant with meaning, and there were no loose fringes hanging on them. The audience manifested their sympathy and delight by rounds of hearty applause. We shall be happy to listen to Mr. Fletcher again, at some future time, confident that we shall be amply satisfied.

Two Sides of Life.

Everywhere throughout the vast scene of life, we behold sunshine mingled with shade. On all sides we hear sounds of woe mingled with strains of joy and gladness. Some lives appear to be all sunshine, all joyous, though

many whose lives seem so happy are, like the convict ship which Hervey describes :

"All gladness and glory to wondering eyes,
But chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs."

But, looking upon life superficially, two sides appear to us everywhere. The traveller never fails to notice the difference between the magnificent Boulevards of Paris, and the dark filthy Rues. The rich man sits by the fireside enjoying the heat of the coal which some poor labourer has dug from the bowels of the earth. The heroine of the "song of the shirt" works away her life for the comfort of her employers. So unevenly has Fortune dispensed her gifts. Poverty and riches, beauty and ugliness, brilliant talent and starless mediocrity, mingle together in the same world.

Some men are sinking into obscurity, others rising into the light that shines on fame and power. Napoleon, before the fatal Waterloo, stood upon an eminence high among the powerful of the earth. But think of him as he approaches St. Helena, whose rock must have seemed like a cloud hung across his life's sky.

The waves that beat upon that rock washed him no power,—his life's star had set. The fall of Henry's first queen hailed the rise of Anne Boleyn. And so the scene changes, like the waves, some rising, some falling.

Again could we draw the veil that hides man's inner nature, we should discover that "things are not what they seem." What Milton's Satan says, is, to a great extent, true of men. "The mind is its own place and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." Lives that seem to us sad, may be full of sunshine; or those who seem to be on the best of terms with fortune may be tortured by dark visions and fears of which the world does not know. The mind gives a colouring to all around it. No doubt my reader has been in the condition of Hamlet, when he said, "I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all my custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in

reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals. And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, nor woman neither." The prospect is often full of gloom, when nothing in our circumstances would seem to warrant it. We may endeavor to philosophize away the dark visions that flit through our minds, but we sometimes fail and exclaim with David: "The waters are come into my soul."

The human heart is a harp of many sounds. Discordant strains and saddened music it often produces; but at times it vibrates with the melody of angels.

When sadness comes upon us, let us remember how much we have for enjoyment and comfort, and let us endeavour at all times to keep a peace within our hearts above all earthly dignities. Let us look upon the bright side of all things; make light of our misfortunes and extol our blessings.

Are we toiling for some object which we prize? Let us strive for it faithfully and earnestly, knowing there's a good time coming that will reward our toil. We will prize the object more than if put into our hands by capricious Fortune without our endeavour. What we call the rugged steep of toil are smoother than the walks of idleness. Let us not relax our effort and seek pleasure in broken cisterns, but by resolute endeavour let us do some good in improving ourselves and others.

Our Exchanges.

The *Argosy* comes to us this year in a new and improved dress. The engraving of the College on the cover is very creditable, and the external appearance of the paper is all that could be desired. The contents, etc., are fully up to the standard of such papers.

The *Packer Quarterly* is, as usual, packed with readable matter. The ladies can keep up abreast of the times if they have a chance. Doubtless if they lack in quantity of brains they make up in quality.

The *Tufts Collegian* shows itself to better advantage in its new dress.

The *Neoterian* is one of our best exchanges.

Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOV. 1877.

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WHAT is to be put in this editorial column? There is no news since that Scotian Marmion braved "the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall," and got such Highland cheer as tumbled him over into the moat. Whether the Douglas rides across the border to hunt English deer in Percy's preserves, or fights for king and country, he is a good soldier, and strikes a blow that makes stern dint on the iron pots that cover the cranium of the foe. Go in and win Douglas, and you shall eat your porridge—no matter where the oatmeal comes from—none daring to molest or make you afraid. But we don't meddle with politics unless they are far off. If we had time, we would settle the Eastern Question for our readers, but we haven't the time to spare just now. However, we may say this much,—perhaps the Russians will get Constantinople, and perhaps they won't. They want it, and

who blames them? Prussia wanted Silesia. She took it. Prussia wanted a slice of Austria. She took it. She then coveted a slice of France, and took it. England wanted Ireland. She took it. She wanted a part of North America, and she took a part of it. England wanted the fair provinces of Hindostan. She pitched those princes who didn't see things that way into the Ganges. Then she wanted to poison the Chinese with opium, and when the Chinese objected, she just tried the moral suasion of killing a few millions by a quicker process, and she gained her point. Austria wanted Poland, and she took a big slice, while Prussia and Russia came in for a share to keep the balance of power steady. Russia pounces on the key of Europe, just the first chance she gets, and England, unless she squares her politics by the Bible more than she used to do, would do the same thing if she dared.

— "Earth is sick,
And Heaven is weary of the hollow words
Which states and kingdoms utter when they speak
Of Truth and Justice."

Hitherto politics has been as frightened of the Bible as a perfumed dandy of a skunk. And in Nova Scotia dog eats dog with as much gusto as in Europe, only with infinitely more barking and less biting. No! we can't take time to solve the Eastern question now. Graduates! Acadia stands; but the forest primeval is falling fast to keep the students from freezing. Meanwhile, the mathematical course is being worked up. Newton hides his diminished head in the shade of the apple-tree where he learnt the laws of Gravitation. Thus wags the world along.

To write the history of Oxford would require volumes. From what has been written much may be gleaned that cannot fail to interest in some degree the readers of the ATHENÆUM. It is proposed in this and a subsequent paper, omitting much that is deeply interesting, to give a short sketch of the different Colleges, which, together, constitute the famous University of Oxford. In doing so we must, in some degree, act the part of a compiler, culling from such sources, and in such degree as may be deemed advisable. That all here described, however, has

been again and again visited is no small source of gratification.

Who has not heard of Oxford! Ancient Oxford! Well has she been styled noble nurse of skill, a city set in everything that's rich; girt with wood and water, or as one asked in 1850: were ever rivers' banks so fair, gardens so fit for nightingales as these; was ever town so rich in court and tower? Of it Shakespeare says: "I pray you let us satisfy our eyes with the memorials and things of fame that do renown this city." With reverent steptravellers walk her streets. Tourists flock from all points of the compass to visit her stately towers, her pinnacles and groves, her old massive stone academic structures, that constitute at once her power and her glory. Many thousands annually make Oxford a travellers' shrine.

As no particular order need be followed, let us begin with Magdalen College—"the dear old college,—and by the students called "Maudlen"—founded in 1457, by William Patten, of Lincolnshire. Very celebrated are "Magdalen towers and cloisters, lawn and deer, cheering Term's desert." Pass thro' a gateway and you enter, the college area hits the court of St. John, the Baptist. In the corner of this court is "an old stone pulpit, in which a sermon used to be preached to the beheaded saint." On these occasions the grounds and adjacent buildings were thickly covered with boughs, bushes and rushes, to represent in some measure the wilderness in which the voice of the Baptist was heard exclaiming, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." After passing the President's lodgings, we come to the chapel built at the cost of £28,000; and, in shape, resembling the letter T. This chapel has a splendid organ with thirty-five sounding stops. As you enter it, in niches are the figures of St. John, the Baptist, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Swithin, Edward the 4th, and Patten the founder. In the window in the west end of the chapel, which formerly had seven lights, was inserted a picture in painted glass of the "Last Judgment." The author of the "shadows of a cloud" says: "I went to the evening service. I was too late to be taken into the choir, and had to remain in the ante-chapel. I was under a spell. Outside, where I was, all was dull and dark and dreary. The west window frowned upon me with the awful "Judgment Day," stained in upon its surface

.... Out of the dark ante-chapel I was gazing up into the brilliantly-lighted choir, up long rows of chisters and surpliced priests, past fantastic forms carved quaintly out of the old black oak. By the light of two giant tapers which hung before it, I could see in the far background the beautiful white altar, and dim above it, as behind a veil, looking down, the awful features of the Saviour stooping under His cross."

But we must pass over much of interest, to say that on the top of Magdalen tower, which is 150 feet in height, and in stateliness and symmetry not surpassed by any thing in Oxford,—a Latin hymn is sung at 5 o'clock on May morning of every year. Hundreds shake off dull sloth and gather below to hear the melody, which seems to come from the sky. As the strains die away, the bells, ten in number, chime their merriest peal, as a fitting benediction to so strange and time-honored a custom. We give a verse of the hymn:—

Te deum patrem colimus,
Te laudibus prosequimur:
Qui corpus cibo reficis,
Coelesti mentem gratia.

The custom is said to be a relic of sun worship.

The celebrated walks which lead you along the banks of the river Cherwell, are regarded as one of the greatest attractions of Magdalen College. With trees on each side of you, weaving their boughs overhead, and made vocal with the songs of birds, you walk for miles on enchanted ground. Here Addison used to stroll, charmed with the inspiring scene around him, and here his soul would burst forth in rapturous expressions of wonder and love. Here, too, Professor Wilson, *alias* "Christopher North," used to take his walks. Wilson, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, reviewed the first volume of Tennyson's Poems, in 1830, in words of praise and blame. Tennyson, in his second volume, replied to the criticism thus:—

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.
You did of late review my lays,
Crusty Christopher;
You did mingle praise with blame,
Rusty Christopher;
When I learned from whom it came,
I forgave you all the blame,
Musty Christopher;
I could not forgive the praise,
Fusty Christopher.

The income of Magdalen from land, rents, etc., is about £25,000; President, £2,505; Fellows, of whom there are thirty, £12,400; Demies, Exhibitioners, etc., £2,826; the College also presents to forty-two church livings of the annual value of £20,460. Undergraduates in 1875, 91. Members on books, 356. Some of "Maudlen" men have been: Cardinal Wolsey, Gibbon, the historian, Collins, the poet, Addison, poet and essayist, John Wilson, Bishop Fox, Lord Francis Jeffreys, John Hamden, patriot, John Foxe, martyrologist, Charles Reade, novelist, Bishop Horne, etc.

We pass next to Christ Church, the principal "Lion" of Oxford. It was founded by Wolsey in 1525. After the Cardinal's death, Henry VIII. took the interests of the foundation in hand, giving to it in 1532 his own name. It took its present title in 1546. As you enter the great gate, known as Tom-gate, there meets the eye one of the finest quadrangles in Oxford, measuring 264 feet by 261. These dimensions show that Wolsey's original design was a grand one. But we cannot do more than merely refer to some of the objects of interest connected with this famous foundation. There is the kitchen with its bonmots, "Feed the man before the mind," "Meat first, logic second," etc.; the Cloister-house in which Charles and his legislature met; Christ Church Hall, with its roof of Irish oak, emblazoned with armorial bearings. This hall is indeed one of the finest in England. None who visit it should fail to see the bay-window "at the end of the dais, with its rich grained vault and fan-tracery," nor the original portraits which to the number of 120 adorn the walls.

There is Great Tom, than whom there are only 34 bells of larger size in the world.

When recast in 1663, Bishop Corbett styled him the "greatest baby of the age." Pay a fee of 2d., mount a spiral staircase of one hundred steps and get an introduction to him. His weight is 17,640 lbs. It may be edifying to musicians to know that his note is B. flat. Every night, at 9.50, come the inevitable 101 strokes, the strokes representing the original number of scholarships. On the bell is the Latin inscription: Mighty (Huge) Tom, the door-closer of Oxford, renewed April 8th, 1860. There are also the famous Christ Church Walks; the Cathedral, to describe which, with its groined roof, rich pend-

ants and magnificent pillars, would require pages. Christ Church is exceedingly rich. Income of Dean £3,000; the six Canons, £9,750; studentships on old foundation, £67; on new foundation, £200; tutorships, £405 and £246; teacherships, from £150 to £600. The House presents to 90 livings of the annual value of £27,739. It owns 29,959 acres of land. House property, annually, £1,868.

The eminent men of Christ Church are almost legion; the names of a few may be given: Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Philip Sydney, John Locke, Wm. Penn, John and Charles Wesley, Ben Jonson, William Ewart Gladstone, Dr. Hook, Francis Atterbury, Earl of Shaftesbury, Dr. South, Lord Elgin, Marquis of Dalhousie, Prince of Wales, Prince Leopold, Prince Christian, Denmark, &c. Number of students on books, (in 1875) 1145; resident during term, 253.

Oriel College, with its massive, matchless tower, may be selected next. It was founded by Edward II. in 1326. The man to whom it owes its existence was Adam de Brown, almoner to Edward II. Much discussion has taken place respecting the origin of the name of the College, but now it is generally believed to have taken its name from the Monastery of the Oriole, which previously stood on the spot. The College is dedicated to the "Blessed St. Mary." The buildings, extensively improved, have been standing 250 years. The foundation owns about 6000 acres of land, has in its gift 13 church livings of the annual value of £2,280. Provost's income £2,340; seventeen Fellows, £4,680, with other allowances; Tutorships £200 each; Lectureships from £50 to £200 each. House property per annum £1,568; in the rent charges £1,295, Undergraduates (in 1875) 74; members on books 418.

The "memory and renown" of Oriel men are well known: Sir Walter Raleigh, Bishop Butler, author of Analogy, John Keble, author of Christian Year, Dr. Arnold, Master of Rugby School, Archbishop Whately, Duke of Marlborough, Dr. Pusey, Dr. J. H. Newman, called the "Old Lion of Oriel," Bishop Hampden, Thomas Hughes, author of Tom Brown's School Days, John Day, Gilbert White, Prynne, the Lawyer, etc.

"The buildings of Oriel may be said to be comparatively modern. They do not possess any striking architectural beauty, but are

nevertheless extremely picturesque, and the bold ogee battlements are of a peculiarly elegant and pleasing character."

Correspondence.

MESSRS EDITORS,

I have just received the first number of the ATHENÆUM for the current College year. Some of the remarks in the Editorial column as well as some of the Locals of said issue, carry me back once more to the old College grounds, and to the days of yore. I find myself in consequence strongly inclined to indulge in penning "a few lines" in accordance with the line of thought thereby suggested to my mind.

Some of your Locals, particularly, give us who are outside a pleasant peep into student life, and make us almost wish that we were students again ourselves. If the memory of the many happy days which invariably come to the student during his course of study, form a link, ever increasing in strength, to bind him to his Alma Mater surely, Messrs. Editors, the reminiscences which will cluster around your college days, as well as those of your associates, will be doubly sweet. To one thus reviewing in memory the distant past, the old halls are still alive with the hum of familiar voices, and the recollection of faces that may never be seen again, have a power little less than the living presence. If this doctrine be in any degree correct, what bright pictures will be yours to cheer the dreary hours of Bachelorhood (of course *literary*) when college days become for you a thing of the past!

But I must not indulge too much in reverie. I had almost forgotten that I was writing for the columns of a College paper,—a journal which of all others is understood to be guided by the motto: Activity—activity in thought and energy in expression as embodied in the words,

"Act, act in the living present,"

quoted by one of the contributors to your last number. I am glad to note the spirit of this motto pervading your columns to such an extent.

Success to the ATHENÆUM, and success to ACADIA, which it represents, as it goes forth on its mission of greeting and good will to all.

Music.

OFTEN at school, in boyhood's days, has the unwilling pen been called upon to express the thoughts (perhaps borrowed) on some familiar subject; and, with longing eyes, the unhappy composer looked and worked, and worked and looked again, until his production should reach the prescribed length required by his exacting teacher. But from no such motive do I write to-night.

Upon such a subject, in his calmer moments, one is not prepared to write. Ennobling as are the revels which fancy pictures to the understanding, yet these, neither alone nor combined, afford a substitute for that deep stirring of soul, which, by music, is called from the hidden chamber of the heart.

What the sun is to the natural world, music is in the sphere of the emotions. As morning steals upon the night, melting the darkness, so do the gentle influences of song breathe upon the soul, relieving sorrows, quelling resentment, and bringing all to peace. Milton addresses Aurora, the child of the morning:—

"Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-born,"

and who doubts but that some kindred power in the unseen realm of thought and feeling has been delegated to this most elevating of earthly enjoyments. If not, where shall we look for such power? In intellect? This rich gem in man's nature, once sparkling and bright, now glitters only on the brow of the few; and then it stands comparatively polished, only because of the toil necessary to arrive at such a standard of attainment. Is it in wealth, power, pleasure, fame? These all are for the favored few. Though thought awaken kindred thought, and the true value of mental worth be duly appreciated, whether acting upon the more sober judgment, or engaging the imagination in the pleasing scenes which it pictures to its view, still there is a vein all untouched. True it is, that there is a poetry in words, and in it is a power. In nature, it may be the same, but it certainly cannot be the same in degree as that possessed by music, the poetry of sound. To know how to say what other people only think, is what makes the poet and the sage; and herein also lies the secret of poet appreciation in the truly refined and cultivated mind. As poetry thus wields an influence peculiarly its own, so, kindred to it is music. The dance

invites it to its circles of mirth; and without it the warrior's sword would fall harmless at his side, even in the face of him from whom he seeks revenge. Its power is undeniable, irresistible,

"Therefore the poet did fain
That Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change its nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

Chatterton.

THOMAS CHATTERTON was treated harshly by Walpole, but whoever attributes Thomas Chatterton's fate even in the indirectest manner conceivable to Walpole? Thomas Chatterton in intellect was a prodigy of precocity,—in morals a monstrosity. Till the age of six years he could not learn anything. Then suddenly his mind awoke into marvellous power and brilliancy. Circumstances were not very kind to him, but not half so unkind as he was to himself. With a limited education, and that through charity, he was placed, at the age of sixteen, in a store as clerk. Poverty and uncongeniality surrounded him; how much they warped his gloomy soul into its hideous and unnatural shape, it is hard to say. While here he attempted his great literary forgery and failed. He plunged into the whirlpool of London politics, and sold his genius as a partisan to the highest bidder. With Wilkes, he was zealous against the Government, but did not hesitate, for gain, to strike a blow at his own friends, at the bidding of an enemy. Young, inexperienced, entirely destitute of moral control, unrestrained from basest acts by shame or conscience, haughty of soul as unscrupulous in action, he subordinated every consideration to that of fame and fortune. His openly avowed determination in case of failure was suicide; and a ghastly jest was added, in case he did not succeed as a Methodist parson. Failure was the result.

The stipend for which he had prostituted his genius was withheld fraudulently, ruin stared him in the face, and he executed his threat of self-destruction. He bought poison and drank it, wrapt himself in his shroud, and faced death alone and at night.

He proudly declared, "I am not a Christian." He scoffed at piety and God, not from

reckless passion, but from principle—yet he loved his mother. Such strange extremes may exist in the soul.

He had a wild, grotesque, yet powerful mind, which worked lawless, so far as moral laws are concerned; a being in which conscience was dethroned or annihilated, and overshadowed by an impenetrable cloud of agony, misfortune and despair. Imagine an intellect bereaved of soul, a being divested of humanity, impelled by the pride and remorselessness of a demon, and you have Chatterton—perhaps, let us say, in charity, a little overdrawn.

We give below a copy of a letter received from Secretary of Alumni:—

SIR,—

I am directed to inform you that the prize of £20 stg., offered last year by S. Vaughan, Esq., for the best Essay on "Acadia College, its inception and history to the present time, and the influence exerted by its students (as far as ascertainable), religiously, commercially and politically on the world, and especially on the Dominion of Canada, and its future prospects and capabilities," and for which competition was open till May 1st, 1877, was not awarded, only one Essay having been presented. This prize is therefore again offered for competition by members of the Associated Alumni, and under the auspices of the College, and it is hoped that there will be a large number of competitors. The Essays to be forwarded to the Secretary, not later than the *first day of May next*.

Mr. Vaughan's chief object in offering the prize is to secure such an Essay as will give the history of the College in an attractive and readable form, and be a means of swelling the Endowment Fund.

The following is a copy of a sketch furnished by Mr. Vaughan, showing the principle points which the Essay should embrace:—

"Sketch briefly the state of Education in the Province, and especially among the Baptists previous to the opening of the College; the causes contributing to its formation; by whom first conceived, etc.; the continuous, earnest and prayerful efforts made by its founders, succeeding at last in arousing sufficient interest among the Baptists and others to commence operations; the early Professors

and students, many of them since deceased, some sacrificing their lives to carry glad tidings to the heathen, others working in various spheres; the earnest efforts made by its friends to keep the interest in the Institution alive; the departure of the old generation of worthy ministers and others, (foremost among whom was Father Harding), who, while lamenting their own want of Education, did and suffered much that the young who should succeed them might have the means of keeping pace with the improved education of the world; the succeeding generation, no less earnest, yet possibly not so self-denying, who labored and gave to bring the Institution more and more into favor; the opposition of its opponents, sometimes threatening to crush it; the frequent lukewarmness of its friends, worse than opposition; the well-meant but disastrous investment of a portion of its Endowment Fund; the new energy brought to bear upon its affairs when the late venerable President assumed control; his able management during a long and discouraging Presidency; its past smallness compared with its present power; increase in the number of students; its constant keeping ahead of and leading the thought of the Baptists by the exertions of its Professors, who were poorly paid and self-denying men; the students' attachment to Acadia; the grand work to which the College ought to devote itself in the future; in ever, by sagacity and tact in the selection of its leading Professors, keeping the tone of its teaching and example at a high level, and increasing its usefulness each succeeding year."

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

B. H. EATON,
Secretary A. A. A. Co.

Our Lectures.

Thus far our Course of Lectures has been a success. Dr. Lorimer and Mr. Fletcher have satisfied all in whom grumbling is not a chronic disease. Although for healthfulness of locality, retirement and quiet so congenial to the student, and varied beauty of scenery, we believe our College to be unsurpassed on the Continent, we are yet sensible that our remoteness from centres of learning and culture, places us at a marked disadvantage. It

is not necessary to speak here of the importance of a course of lectures as an educator. It is vastly important that young men looking forward to a career at the Bar, in the Senate or the Pulpit, should study their art from the living presence of those eminent in that art; and that too in College days. We don't want dry metaphysics or homiletics or apologetics in our lectures,—we get enough of them in the class room—we want men who will teach us by example how to speak to men effectively and gracefully. We won't object to metaphysics, if they can be served up in Joseph Cook's style, but Butler's Analogy won't do. Dr. Lorimer and Mr. Fletcher are both men of thought, but they are also men of tact and men of speech. They don't believe in talking to people whose brains are gone wool gathering, and so they make them listen.

Acknowledgements.

Malinda Johnson, H. W. Crawley, \$1; Jas. Cox, \$1; Arthur W. Archibald, A. M. Broderick, \$1; J. G. Harvey, \$1; Dan. Davies, \$1; Urias Johnson, Rev. H. Bool, Dr. Bradhurst, \$1; J. Dickson, \$1; B. Simpson, Wm. Rouns-
fell, Rev. J. B. McDonald, M. D., \$1; Rev. Jas. Spencer, F. Andrews, J. C. Archibald, \$1; Pryor Coldwell, E. C. Whitman, A. L. Calhoun, A. Berryman, Ezra Churchill, F. Bauch-
min, H. A. S. Maider, R. W. Goodwin, C. B. Dodge, J. Thompson, Victor Hanson, A. C. Chute, Noah Bentley, \$1; G. H. Wallace, M. T. King, E. J. Grant, C. W. Nelson, B. H. Eaton, Caldwell & Murray, Prof. Tufts; Rev. John Chase, C. Harrington, \$1; Amy H. Casey, M. Tupper.

Locals.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 1, 13, 14 has swayed nations, but without my 1, 2, 1, 16, 6, is silent. My 18, 15, 6, 11, 12, 10, the name of a woman in scripture renowned. My 18, 15, 6, 3, the name of another, in the same place, found. My 4, 7, 17, 6, 7, 8, is an ordinal to which a Yankee always adds the adjective glorious.

My whole is what we wish all our subscribers to do.

All answers acknowledged next issue.

It was our happy lot, on Thursday evening, 15th, to listen to the eloquence of Mr. Dutcher, the Temperance Lecturer. We can now more fully understand the secret of his power. Enthusiasm is his most prominent characteristic. After the lecture an invitation was given to sign the pledge, in answer to which 364 boldly marched to the front and affixed their names. The red ribbon has been donned by the most of our students.

Our old graduates will doubtless be pleased to hear that a want long felt by them while in connection with the Institution, with reference to the study of French and German, has been supplied.

These branches are now conducted under the efficient management of Mademoiselle Huguenin, formerly Lady Principal of St. Hyacinthe School.

Even though much additional work has been added to our regular course, yet her advent among us was hailed with pleasure. Much interest has been manifested in the study of these branches. Already some would feign make you believe that one of the above languages was their vernacular.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 24th, the members of the three Institutions assembled in the Academy Hall, for the purpose of organizing the first Temperance Society ever formed in connection with Acadia. A constitution, previously prepared by a committee, was adopted, and the following officers elected for the remainder of the college year:—

H. A. SPENCER,—*President.*
C. HAVERSTOCK,—*Vice-President.*
G. E. CROSCUP,—*Secretary.*
H. M. CHAMBERS,—*Treasurer.*

The organization is styled "The Acadia Temperance Society."

We wish to inform that subscriber who wrote back that he didn't want his paper any longer, that we have no intention to make it any longer, for this year at least. Our printers have had strict orders to make the paper just the same size, etc., as previously. Don't go and borrow trouble. There is enough sorrow and sighing in the world without looking into the future for ills that never come. Let us all keep calm and hope for the best.

There was another reception the other night. We did not attend. Too much of a good thing is good for nothing. As students, we are determined to avoid any thing which may unduly detract from our ability to study; and if there is any thing which will cause our thoughts to wander from political economy and calculus, it is a reception. Some who have listened to our utterances in the past, may be surprised at these remarks. Let such remember the ancient fable of the Fox and the Grapes, and recall the reason why Johnny wouldn't eat his breakfast. This reception was for the academicians, and they not yet having attained unto the degree of practical prudence and sagacity which characterizes those of more advanced culture, went in almost to a man.

Funnysisms:

Teacher in History, commenting on the dire calamity consequent upon the execution of Guy Fawke's plot, is interrupted by a student who asks with the utmost gravity, "Don't the men who work in the *Gunpowder Mine* receive very large pay."

The question the girls have been agitating lately is "What is man that I am mindful of him."—*Ex.*

When Chinamen part, they say "Chin-chin" which means good bye. That is just the way with our girls, they chin-chin about a half an hour before they can get apart.—*Ex.*

The following dialogue was overheard the other day: He—"Arimint. je t'adore." She—"Shut it yourself."—*Ex.*

We rise to ask if anybody in this city knows the name of the young man who called on his adored last night, and getting short of something to say, remarked: "How sad it is! Frost has come and it will kill everything green." Thereupon the young lady extended her hand and said in sympathetic tones: "Good bye."—*Clip.*

"I make it my point, madam, to study my own mind," said a gentleman to a lady who had exhibited some surprise at an opinion he expressed, "indeed!" she replied, "I didn't suppose you understood the use of the microscope."—*Harper's Weekly.*

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dents of Acadia College during eight months of the
Session of that Institution.

TERMS:

One Collegiate year (in advance) \$0.50
Single Copies (each) 10

The **ACADIA ATHENÆUM** is sent to all Subscribers until
all arrears are paid, and an explicit order is received for
its discontinuance.

Payments to be made to H. A. Spencer, Secretary, and
all communications to be addressed to "Editors **ACADIA
ATHENÆUM**, Wolfville, N. S."