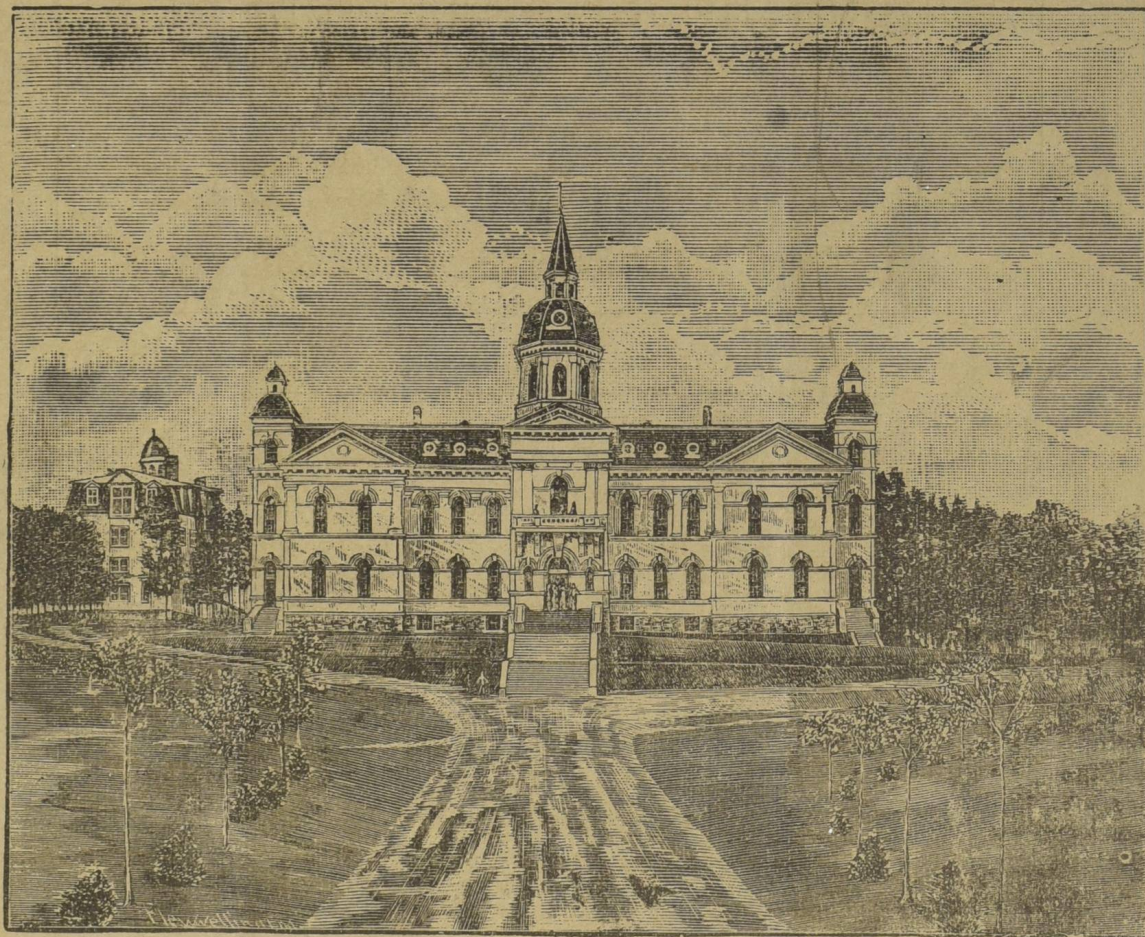


March, 1880.

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The Acadia Athenaeum.



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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR.

VOL. 6.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1880.

No. 6.

A FRAGMENT.

When I have thought on temporal things, I've found

That earth is much a hypocrite. Unsound
The fairest oft; untrue the brightest; and
A monster crew of facts the fairy land
Of hope invades, e'en when the soul hath come
There hungry and athirst. Small is the sum
Of earthly good or rest. The seeming rock
Of promise proves a quicksand, which doth mock
Desire and laugh complaint to scorn. What though
Some sweet is found? It passes soon. But slow
The dragging steps of bitterness. The sweet
Like honey on the tongue, doth never greet
The bitter with disdain and slay its power.
But quickly dies a coward's death, nor our
Reproaches heeds; while bitterness is ne'er
O'ercome by honeyed drops, though rich and rare.
The better dies, slain by the worse; the worse
Upon the better pours a bitter curse.

Leave then th' external. Look within, and find
In treasures of the heart, the soul, the mind,
A cause for gladd'ning thought. Alas! that too
I've tried, and deep disgust my thought anew
Hath seized. My heart is wayward, proud, unclean;
My soul is stained and dwarfed; nor have I seen
In mind meet cause for gushing joy. Confess
That heart and soul and mind e'en yet possess
The capabilities of good renown, -
For cleanness, Godward aims, a ready frown
For evil, do produce a greatness rare,
And fame nor false nor fickle as the air, -
Still *what I might* be gladdens but in vain
Since *what I am*, like clouds surcharged with rain,
Pours out a pauseless, chilly, crushing shower,
And slays content. As by the storm's fierce power
The tender plant is beaten to the earth,
So is destroyed all joy for inward worth. O.

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN STUDY AND TRAVEL.—No. 14.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

THE STUDY OF GERMAN.

A sufficient acquaintance with the German
language to understand it as *spoken* is of

course an indispensable condition of listening with profit to lectures in the German University. My difficulty lay principally in this direction. I had for more than twenty years given some attention to the study of the language, knew something of its grammatical structure, and could make a fair attempt at reading it; but I now found that more than this was necessary to speaking it or understanding it when spoken by others. Words that readily gave up their meaning beneath the eye, refused to do so when falling on the ear. It is not a little humiliating to be familiar with the meaning of thousands of words as they appear on the printed page, and yet not be able to catch the meaning of more than one in a score or hundred in audible discourse. Yet this was my experience. On the first Lord's day after my arrival in Leipzig, I went to the University Church to hear Prof. Luthardt preach; and though his enunciation is remarkably distinct, I understood but few of his words and almost none of his sentences. I was now thoroughly convinced that the training of the eye is one thing and that of the ear another, and that no efficiency in the former can atone for deficiency in the latter, to those who would *listen* to instruction in another language than their own.

As five or six weeks would yet elapse before the opening of the approaching term in the University, I resolved in this time to do something in the way of preparing myself to understand the lectures I hoped to hear. I began the study of the language in earnest, giving six or eight hours a day to the work. Nor did I aim principally at the cultivation of the ear, the acquisition of the power of distinguishing words by sound, but strove also to get a completer knowledge of grammar

tical principles. And this last, I would observe for the benefit of those readers of the *ATHENÆUM* who may be contemplating a trip to Germany, is most essential. It is essential indeed, in the study of any language. The mastery of no language is perfect that overlooks its grammar. Many students would come out of College far better scholars if they knew more of their Latin and Greek grammars before going in. A person may by mingling with French or German people, pick up enough of their language to enable him to converse on common topics, and yet be fundamentally ignorant of it as a whole. The grammatical why and wherefore even of the few conversational phrases he uses may be very imperfectly understood by him. I have met young men in Germany from England and America, who failed almost wholly to accomplish the object of their visit to the former country, from the entirely wrong way in which they went about it. Erroneously supposing that the language could be learned by simply hearing it spoken and that it would be a waste of time to devote months to the study of the grammar, they have passed the latter by or contented themselves with only a smattering knowledge of it, and gone at once in to lectures; but at the end of two or three years, when they should have been ready to stand examination for their degree, they have found that neither the instruction to which they have listened, nor the language in which it has been communicated, has been understood by them.

It is well, indeed, even at the outset, to combine the hearing of lectures in the University with a thorough private study of the grammar, but principally with the view, first of all, of mastering the language. This practice is adopted by many English speaking students during their first six months stay in Germany. Perhaps the two best men to listen to in the Leipzig University for the above purpose are Prof. Luthardt the distinguished Theologian and lecturer on John's Gospel, and Professor Curtins, the famous Greek and Sanscrit scholar. I have

frequently seen beginners, (*anfänger*) in German, though students of Law or Medicine or Philosophy, among Prof. Luthardt's hearers. His words have the clear cut and sparkle of diamonds, his voice is as full and musical as Chapin's, and it is perfectly charming to hear him. In all German towns, English speaking persons may obtain professional instruction in German at a cost of from 50 to 75 cents per hour; but English speaking students in any of the German Universities, may receive equally efficient and much cheaper instruction from the German students, numbers of whom are ever eager to be engaged for this purpose, or to give instruction in German for its equivalent in English. There are many poor German students who will gladly call upon the English-speaking student at his rooms, and look over his German composition and translations of English into German, or converse with him in German, for 25 cents an hour. A notice of a desire to enter into an arrangement of this kind stuck upon the University "Boards" will probably induce a dozen or twenty German students to knock at the door of his room during the next twenty-four hours. Many Germans are exceedingly desirous of learning English,—a fact often leading the Englishman or American to think more than ever of his own language.

If I were asked to name to the English speaking student the best grammar for the study of German, I would emphatically say Otto's. Whitney's is valuable for the light it sheds on the derivation and growth of words, but for beginners in the study of the language, it is much inferior, in my opinion, to Otto's.

Those who are really desirous of mastering German, I would advise to go thoroughly through *Otto's Conversation Grammar*, putting every English sentence into German and every German sentence into English, committing to memory every list of words and familiarizing themselves with every idiomatic expression;—let them go through the book about half a dozen times, and they will

have laid a good foundation for future German reading and study.

It is speaking within bounds to say that the mastery of German requires "double the time and labor that are needed for the French, but no student worthy of the name should shrink from the task though its accomplishment were twice as difficult as it is. The introduction given by the language to the realm of thought, in which some of the mightiest thinkers of the world have their being should be deemed an ample compensation for all the toil necessary to its acquisition.

At the end of my first Semester in the University my ear was sufficiently trained to distinguish between German words, and to catching their meaning as they were uttered to enable me to understand with little difficulty, the lectures to which I listened. And finally so easily were they understood, that I would often forget that I was listening to another language than my own. As the robins come in the spring without our knowing when, only we look out some morning and see them hopping on the green, so one day, being hardly conscious how or when it came about I found, myself speaking and understanding German.

RASSELAS.

"Impressive truth, in splendid fiction drest,
Checks the vain wish, and calms the troubled
breast:

O'er the dark mind a light celestial throws,
And soothes the angry passions to repose;
As oil effus'd illumines and smooths the deep,
When round the bark the swelling surges sweep."

Rasselas, a philosophical tale very popular in the last century, is said to have been written by Dr. Johnson during the evenings of one week, with a view to procuring the funds necessary to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Although written in so short a period it is not a hasty and immature production; but gives, in a different form, much of what had appeared from time to time in the *Rambler*. It deals with subjects which Johnson had much and long revolved in his mind—foremost among which is the

Vanity of Human Wishes. The opening sentence conveys a correct idea of its design: "Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia." To Voltaire's *Candide* it bears so close a resemblance that a knowledge of their almost simultaneous appearance is requisite to dispel suspicion of imitation. This, with other remarkable coincidences of a similar character, demonstrates the possibility of too great haste in making accusations of plagiarism. The plan of the work is very simple. The story is only a thread, of no great value, upon which are strung essays like precious pearls. In the region of the Nile there is a supposed valley, spacious and fertile, and surrounded on every side by impassable mountains. In this valley are all the means of comfort and enjoyment which nature and art afford. Once a year the massive gates are opened, and persons from the outer world enter as candidates for residence. Those who discover ability to contribute anything to the happiness of the place are allowed to remain; and when once they are received there is no release. Rasselas, son of the Emperor, although informed by sages of the miseries of public life, became discontented with his lot. The sole occupation of the place of his confinement was pleasure in its various departments; but art soon ceased to please, and through familiarity the beauties of nature lost their charm. He felt his life to be vacant and was unhappy because it was aimless. His instructor, noticing his distaste for merriment and his inclination to habits of solitude and meditation, endeavored to restore him to his former hilarity by extolling his happy condition, and comparing it with the regions of calamity and discord beyond the mountains. The sage, by telling him that he would know how to value his present happy state if he had seen the miseries of the world, opened the eyes of the young prince and

placed before him an object of desire. Rasselas determined to pass the barriers and mingle with mankind. But for two years he was so absorbed in *visions* of public life that he failed to consider by what means he could carry out his resolution. Then followed four months of reflection upon life's brevity and rapid flux, of regret that so much time had been spent in inactivity, and in resolving to lose no more time in making idle resolutions. After a short period occupied in regretting his useless regrets over the irreparable past, he turned all his energies to effecting an escape. Various methods were devised and tried with failure, until at length the task was accomplished; and Rasselas and his sister, with Imlac the poet as guide, went forth into what was to them an unknown world.

It was now the desire of the prince to visit men of different ranks and conditions, in order that he might be fitted to make a wise *choice of life*. Accordingly they wait upon the high and the low, the learned and the ignorant, men of the world and hermits. Rasselas, as he at the *outset* beheld men pursuing their respective objects of ambition, thought every condition happy, and was led to consider it of no very great importance what choice he should make; but the farther he went in his inquiries and investigations the more fully he realized that appearances are not to be relied upon. The enjoyments of the young and gay proved shallow and volatile. Something real or imaginary marred the happiness of domestic life. Ignorant peasants considered themselves condemned to labor for the luxury of the rich, and hence hated those of higher rank. The rich lived in constant fear that their wealth might be destroyed, or seized by the hands of the covetous. The hermit was dissatisfied with a condition which was prospectively delightful, as it offered a pleasing contrast to tossing upon the boisterous sea of public life. The lives of those who attended to the administration of public affairs were "a continual succession of plots and detections, stratagems and escapes, faction and treach-

ery;" whilst those by whom they were surrounded were constantly censuring them and searching for occasions of fault-finding.

The fruitless search is continued by the prince and his companions until allurements vanish, when they adopt the sentiment *Vanitas Vanitatum* and resolve to return to the "Happy Valley."

This little novel abounds with valuable moral maxims. It is very suggestive in its nature, so that single sentences often serve to start long trains of reflection. Its influence upon most readers cannot be other than salutary. It awakens a feeling of the insufficiency of all terrestrial objects and pursuits to satisfy the longings of an immortal nature. While it does not pretend to give directions as to where unalloyed happiness may be found, it causes the rightly-disposed reader to look with hope beyond the present existence. Some condemn works of this character because they give mournful views of life, and increase the inclination which many have to melancholy. Upon this ground Young's *Night Thoughts* has been made the subject of frequent animadversions. But these are not the designed and legitimate effects of such productions.

That the majority are too much engrossed with the things of the present, few will deny. "To me," said the princess, "the choice of life is become less important; I hope hereafter to think only on the choice of eternity. This remark and what it involves may be carefully weighed by all with lasting good.

BLUNDERS OF THE TYPE.

Any one who has ever had anything of his printed has experienced the misery of having his choicest passages turned into arrant nonsense by some typographical blunder. *Macmillan's Magazine* gives a few specimens of this sort of thing, all of which have actually happened, and most of which are very comical:

"Where *waddling* in a pool of blood
The bravest Tuscans lay."

where for "waddling" read "wallowing."

"This provoked Pope's *ayah*," where for "ayah" read "ire."

In a passage on William Rufus occur the lines—

"Who spacious regions gave,
A wasteful beast!"
where the original has "a waste for beast."
"No triumph flushed that haughty *Brown*."
only differs from the original by the capital and
the addition of the final letter to the last word.

In a reprint of "Lord Ullin's Daughter" occurs
this curious reading:

"Come back! he cried in *Greek*,
Across the stormy water."

Here is a new version of Scott:

"He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer dried fountain,
When our need was the *saw-dust*."

Here a variation on Macaulay:

"And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the *burglars* of
Carlisle."

Another:

"Herminius on black Auster
Grave *chaplain* on grave steed."

From a description of a waterfall:

"From rock to rock, the giant *elephant*
Leaps with delirious bound."

where, of course, "elephant" is a *varia lectio* for
"element."

"If ever two great men might seem during
their whole lives to have moved in direct oppo-
sition, Milton and Jerry my Tailor were they."

A variation on Scott:

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was *infernal* old."

Another on Macaulay:

"Hard by, a *flesher* on a block had laid his *vittles* down,
Virginius caught the *vittles* up, and hid them in his
gown."

Chamber's Journal gives two typographical er-
rors that are well worthy to be added to this list.
A newspaper reporting the danger that an express
train had run, in consequence of a cow getting
upon the line, said:

"As the safest way, the engineer put on full steam,
dashed up against the cow, and literally cut it into
calves!"

A Scotch newspaper reporting the speeches at
a Scott centenary meeting, made one of the ora-
tors exclaim:

"O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Wet-nurse for a poetic child."

—*Examiner & Chronicle*.

Literary Notes.

The title of Dr. Lorimer's forthcoming work is
"Christianity and Modern Thought."

The Memoirs of Talleyrand may be expected
some time next July.

M. Taine, who has lately been admitted to the
French Academy, is a freethinker.

The late Prof. DeMille left a novel entitled
"A Castle in Spain," which is soon to be published.
His lecture on "Satire" is also to be given to the
public in book form.

The subject of Snakes is engrossing much at-

tention in the learned circles of England. Only
a short time since Huxley delivered a lecture on
"Snakes"; and now John Ruskin has one in pre-
paration styled "A Caution to Snakes."

Part II. of Madame de Remusat's Memoirs have
been issued by Harper Brothers. They have to
do chiefly with the multifarious transactions of
Napoleon and his court. Much light is thrown
by them upon the private court life of the great
Emperor of the French.

The latest addition to Morley's Men of Letters,
is Nathaniel Hawthorne, by Henry James, Jr.
The present volume is in no way unworthy to be
classed with its predecessors. If we mistake not
this is the first American author that has been
introduced, as yet, into this series of life sketch-
es; though others are to follow shortly.

Miss Charlotte A. Scott, of Girton College,
Cambridge, has attained the proud position of
"Equal to Eighth Wrangler" in the Mathemati-
cal Tripos at Cambridge. Miss Scott is twenty-
two years of age, and is the daughter of Principal
Scott of Lancashire College. The highest point
hitherto reached by any young lady has been
among the Senior Optimes (Second Class).

The remainder of the celebrated Laing Library
is now being sold in London. The first portion
of this immense collection was disposed of during
December last. This sale lasted for eleven days,
and the sum of \$66,440 was realized by it. This
Library contained many choice and rare works of
literature. During the December sale some of
these brought almost fabulous prices.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is said to yet retain his
wonted vigor of mind despite his seventy-seven
years, and the stories circulated to the effect that
he is fast approaching a state of dotage;
though it is reported that he feels deeply
his old age and the necessarily attendant infirmi-
ties, and is even more disposed to criticise his
own conduct than are others. He delivered a
lecture before the Concord Lyceum, a short time
ago, upon "Historical Life and Literature in
Massachusetts." No diminution from his accu-
stomed strength and beauty of language is men-
tioned in the accounts given of the lecture.

The halo of romance and blighted affec-
tions, which, for so long a time, has encircled the
connection of Gibbon, the historian, with Suzanne
Curchod, afterwards the wife of the distinguished
French banker, Necker, has at length been dis-
pelled. Instead of Gibbon being constrained by
an inexorable parent to stifle his ardent love, it
has been shown by the recent discovery of
letters, that he treated in an insincere and heart-
less manner the warm attachment of this estim-
able young lady. The disclosure reflects no cred-
it upon the writer of the "Decline and Fall of the
Roman Empire"; on the other hand, it brings no
disrepute upon Mlle. Curchod, but rather shows
what a loving and faithful heart, he, in his selfish-
ness and cold worldliness, flung from him almost
in scorn.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM

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Our treasurer requests our patrons, as many as possibly can, to make remittances during the present month, or as early as possible in the next.

By many students, too little importance is attached to what may be called the incidentals of College life. Preparation for the class room, though an important part is yet a small part of education. It is not enough that habits of correct and concentrated thought be formed, nor is it enough that the mind be stored with useful knowledge. We are not only intellectual, but social and moral beings as well. On the campus, in the gymnasium, in our rooms, during our walks, in the boarding halls, and at literary and religious gatherings, educating and moulding influences are at work. The tendency is to underrate the value of these. Take the different students' meetings which are held from time to time. Such as consider that time is wasted by those who give much attention to preparation for these, while they

by absenting themselves from them improve it, certainly labor under a great delusion. These supposed time-wasters, while having that recreation which enables them to resume their accustomed work with new zest, are also gaining the invaluable knowledge of how to utilize their acquirements. This is no unimportant matter; for to neglect it, in order to increase our stores of book-learning, is to ignore certain conditions necessary to a symmetrical development, and to turn away from the practical side of life. Disappointments await those who, looking forward to professional life, think only of mental training while at College, and dream of active and successful labor from the outset of their public career.

By interchange of thought our intellects are sharpened, and what we have learned becomes more surely ours. Through mingling with fellow-students in friendly intercourse our numerous errors, faults, and undesirable peculiarities resulting from habit or improper training are brought to our notice, so that correcting influences are called into exercise. We also discover unenviable traits in the characters of others, and are called upon to practise forbearance and charity. Here is a field for the cultivation of the noblest parts of our constitution—parts which cannot be developed in seclusion.

Regard must be paid to these facts by those who look forward to real life. It is all very well to have ideal worlds, and to visit them and enjoy ourselves there; but he is not likely to be of much service among mankind who cares not to prepare for life's actualities. While we deprecate that narrow and sordid utilitarianism which makes dollars and cents its goal, we would urge the claims of that broad and worthy utilitarianism which aims at fitting men to discharge the duties incumbent on them as social, intellectual, and moral beings.

We feel compelled at length to call the attention of the students to the low state in which our societies are at present. It is a cause of regret that it has become necessary

to allude to this fact. We have waited long for signs of improvement, till the urgent necessities of the case call for some remarks, by way of expressing our disapproval of the present state of affairs, and of suggesting some possible ways and means for the correction of existing evils.

We call attention to this retrograde movement, chiefly in connection with our literary society—the Athenæum, where its effects are the most evident.

This may be unwelcome news to many of our readers, who, in the past, have enjoyed the advantages of attending this honored society; yet the facts of the case must not be overlooked. In former years the Athenæum was a wide awake literary society, and its enterprising spirit was shown in different ways, such as in giving literary entertainments to the public, and in securing a monthly course of first-rate lectures. At present there seems to be scarcely enough vitality in the society to carry on a creditable private debate. The causes of this trouble are not far to seek. They are not altogether due to the lack of literary taste among the students; rather would we consider this deficiency, in so far as it exists, as due, in a great part, to the inefficiency of the society; but the great source of the evil is discoverable in the absence of that manly bearing which ought to characterize the actions of students towards each other in all their relations. It is on this account that many of those who should be the most active members of the society, purposely absent themselves from its meetings, rather than be brought into contact with persons whose social natures are in a low state of development, and who, consequently, have but little respect for the finer feelings of their fellows. Such conduct on their part may not be justifiable, but in so delicate a matter, we must allow that it is at least excusable. We wish to speak as mildly as possible on this point, but we do assert that, while no pains are spared to secure our rapid advancement in intellectual culture here, the low ebb at which the social culture of many seems to be, is sufficient

proof that too little attention is given to this important branch of education.

We do not fear contradiction when we assert that scarcely a person has attempted to speak in the above mentioned society during the college year, who has not been interrupted, and that the grossest personalities are indulged in.

Our hope is, that, as we now seem to have reached one extreme, we shall soon see a change for the better; if not, it will not be for the benefit of the students to have this society continued.

The chief object gained by the society at present is the creating of jealousies and ill-feelings among the students. We have in it, on a small scale, all the abominations of caste, in the division of the classes, and all the baseness of political jobbery, in the packing of crowds to carry particular points, by vote, irrespective of reason, moral suasion, or common sense.

The manifest importance of this society is such as to demand that these abuses be rectified, and we hope and believe that there is enough good sense among the students to make the necessary amends, if only the right means are adopted. We merely call attention to it as a part of our duty, and in as mild a manner as possible. That some change will have to be made is evident. No such state of affairs can long be tolerated among the students of Acadia. If the Athenæum society cannot be improved, then those who wish to sustain a good literary society will have to withdraw from the old one and form one on more exclusive principles, admitting only those who are willing to maintain such a society as shall be creditable both, to themselves and the institution. We shall be sorry to see such a breaking up, as it will cause the destruction of an old and honored society and one in which many of us have seen better days.

From the sentiments expressed in some of our exchanges, of late, it would seem that the competitive system so generally in vogue in our educational institutions, is falling into

disfavor. We read that in the higher Universities in Germany no such inducements are held out, nor are needed. This we think is an enviable position for any institution to hold; but our literary tastes do not appear, to be quite well enough developed, as yet, in this country, to make such an arrangement entirely successful. That such a system does not furnish the best incentives to study, we allow, and hence that the best results cannot accrue from it, is evident, and that in many cases, especially in our common schools, it is carried to ridiculous extremes, is still more evident; yet under the present order of things we do not feel like giving unqualified assent to the statement that it is only an injury.

The following statements recently made by Prof. Huxley, are, however, significant and worthy of being carefully considered by educators:—"Young people who are forced to work at high pressure by incessant and competitive examinations, are conceited all the forenoon of life and stupid all the afternoon. Their faculties are worn out by the strain put upon their callow brains, and they are demoralized by worthless, childish triumphs before the real work of life begins. I have no compassion for sloth, but youth has more need for intellectual rest than age; and the cheerfulness, the tenacity of purpose, the power of work, which make many a successful man what he is, must often be placed to the credit, not of his hours of industry, but to that of his hours of idleness in boyhood."

Gleanings from Acadia Seminary.

(Under direction of the Pierian Society.)

The halls of the Seminary on the evening of the 21st ult., presented a most weird and ghost-like appearance as numberless masked figures, draped in white flitted hither and thither with noiseless steps and in breathless silence—after a few preliminary pantomimic exercises each fair robed one "found her affinity" and arms locked in arms, the ghostly

assembly proceeded in silent procession to the class room, where a very pleasant hour or two was passed in various amusements, and in the vain endeavour, in many cases, to discover the identity of the maskers.

This we believe is the first Sheet and Pillow Case party held in the Seminary.

Bete noire.—Compositions.

The *midnight* air was rendered vocal, a few evenings ago, in the vicinity of the Seminary by the sweet strains of Auld Lang Syne, &c., (of course in many tones.) Such delicate attentions amid falling rain and muddy roads, remind us tenderly of the days of the Troubadours.

PERSONAL.—We regret the loss of our efficient President of the Pierian Society, Miss Laura Clinch, who is unavoidably absent.

Nova Scotia is not forgetting to adorn herself with her chosen emblem—the Mayflower. Several delicate buds were found by some enterprising Pierians on the 28th of February.

Things Around Home.

The Seniors have received the subjects for their graduating essays.

Oh that Fate would send a humorist to Acadia!

The Juniors are beginning to talk of the Geological Expedition.

We want a joke that will make everybody laugh and offend no one,—not even the ghost of Olney.

To whom did that naughty Sem. refer when she, appropriately or otherwise, spoke of a student as "Death on Stilts?"

Fitznoodle wonders if the Preceptress meant to give a hint when, at the last reception, she requested the company to sing "God Save The Queen."

That intellectual dog, property of the "pale faced Freshie," has entered the Freshman class. "Birds of a feather etc."

On the 27th ult., the Juniors presented Prof. Jones with the latest edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary (1880).

The leap-year privilege is making havoc in the Senior class. Another, it is said, unable to say no, is entangled in the engagement web. Who'll be the eighth?

Prof.—“Take the verb first, Mr. C. I wish you would take my cold too. My head is remarkably thick.” Mr. C., solemnly, “So is mine!”

The report of a certain Junior's marriage is proved to be false. We make this statement for the benefit of those who are yet retaining it as truth.

Why are some people so sensitive? It wasn't necessary for the Seniors to look so uneasy a few mornings since, when at prayers the President commenced the scriptural reading with the words, “O ye simple.” We are certain that he meant nothing personal.

The Sophs have reduced Trigonometry to poetry. Happy Sophs! But how about Olney's General Geometry and Calculus? If you meet with the same success in regard to Conic Sections, Cissoids, Conchoids, and Differentials, as you did with Secants, Tangents, and Napier's Analogies, we shall look upon you as the happiest mortals. But beware! for we learn that the “grim professor” has also been courting the poetic muse.

The Freshman of the-auburn mustache has made himself illustrious. Regardless of all rules and precedents he boldly approached two Sems. who were out for a walk, and *favoured* them with his presence and his *smile* through the Village street. One of our poets addresses the reckless youth in this wise:—

Freshman! oh Freshman, beware!
I know it is hard to forbear,
But if a few months you will wait,
You will have a chance to peregrinate.

A former Freshman, now a pedagogue, thinks he will not spend time finishing a college course. He would like, however, to take up philosophy with the seniors; and

thinks he would have no trouble with it, as he can do anything in *Parker* now. “If ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise!”

A precocious Prep., who according to custom hails from Acadia College, gave rise to a little mirth in a country meetinghouse a short time ago, by the following remarks:—“I am not surprised that my young friends should be a little backward in coming forward. I know how it was with me when I was at *college*, and was supposed to take part in meetings before the professors, who knew so much more than I did——than I did *then*.”

Some of our friends in the Academy are in the habit of representing themselves, when away from Wolfville, as students of Acadia College. Boys, it is naughty to lie, and it is contemptible to pretend to be what you are not.

Thursday, the 26th ult., being the Day of Prayer for Colleges, the usual college exercises were suspended. A prayer meeting was held in the Academy hall in the morning. Dr. Sawyer led, and in his opening remarks emphasized the importance of genuinely *seeking God*. A devout spirit prevailed throughout the service, and earnest prayers were offered. Dr. Crawley, in a few impressive remarks exhorted the young before him to seek God in every pursuit, and spoke as one who “must shortly depart and have earthly vision no more.” The leading thought of the meeting a year ago—which was the second religious service held in the new building—was that mind culture is of little benefit unless at the same time the interests of the spiritual nature are regarded. The number present then was larger than on this occasion, as the village friends united in the exercises.

Rev. D. McRae of St. John, N. B., lectured before the Athenæum Friday evening, 27th ult. His subject was, “The Railroad as a Tidemark in Civilization.” In his introduction he gave an extended history of the first railroad, recounting the rugged, and often amusing obstacles which were encoun-

tered by its friends. Attention was called to the marvellous growth of the railroad system during the short period since the first track was laid. By railroads, men are brought nearer to each other. The inhabitants of districts far apart are made neighbors. Thus a feeling of brotherhood is extended. The railroad, too, is a great leveller. Many privileges which formerly could be enjoyed only by the wealthy, are now also the property of persons in poorer circumstances. The lecturer further showed that the railroad prevents the possibility of such horrors of famine, as have been sometimes experienced in the past. Now when the crops fail in one country provisions soon pour in from other countries. Allusion was made to the danger of accidents, and the Tay bridge disaster, and that at Ashtabula, were graphically described. He showed, however, that serious accidents are comparatively rare. Besides these more direct advantages derived from the railroad, the lecturer called attention to the fact that its invention has been the means of stimulating minds to undertake other things, and thus incomparable benefit has ensued. Mr. MacRae speaks in a peculiar manner, but holds the attention of his hearers. From first to last he was listened to most attentively. He is a word painter of considerable skill, and his descriptions of tragic scenes were graphic and forceful. The audience was sufficiently large to fill the hall.

Yes, we were there. About half a hundred went from the Hill. We rode up in the train and walked back in the mud. Kentville is a good place for a tea-meeting. The tables were spread well, and we ate well. We feared the ladies might think we didn't appreciate their efforts. That is why we ate so much. The home-trip was romantic. There was some water afloat. A cloud broke away from its moorings just after we started homeward. Our clothes are drying now. We mean to clean our shoes during the summer vacation. We want to go to another tea meeting.

An eloquent young man from the Academy

was making a temperance speech recently. During his remarks he said :—" But some of you may say that if I am not a drunkard and my friends are not drunkards, what difference does it make to me if others drink? You may say if a hog is warm and his end of the trough is full, why should he care if other hogs are cold and hungry?" Thus he spake; and the audience "smole a funny smile."

We have been expecting it for some time; and now, "the curse is come upon me," cried the Lady of Chalott." Yes, alas! the curse *has* come. We are completely tangled up in it. Our days are spent in horror, our nights in groaning and lamentation. We believe in ghosts. They are a horrible, immaterial reality. Hecuba suffered from one. And now we suffer. We mourn. We sigh. We find no rest for the soles of our rubbers. We shade our eyes with our goggles; but in vain. The hideous apparition creeps *even* beneath our eye-lids, and our heart *makes* one tumultuous skip, and then freezes from icy terror. 'Tis the ghost of Olney, familiarly called "Old Olney" for short. Sometimes an adjective precedes the "old." This occurs only when an exceedingly difficult lesson has been assigned. For a long time we have recklessly cracked jokes upon Olney. We have done it as we used to crack nuts. Olney has been the nether flat-iron, and our pen the upper one. At last Olney is mad. We mean his ghost is mad. We confess it has excuse. It hasn't been a *very* quick-tempered ghost. Only when endurance ceased to be a virtue did it leave the gates of gloom and the realms of chalk-dust. But now the grisly terror walks by our side, points threateningly at every personal paragraph we have made; hisses horrid things in our ears. Jokes which we formerly judged innocent, at command of the offended phantom, have taken shape. They appear as imps in fantastic dress and soul-harrowing form. They grin at us. They point their claw-like fingers at our haggard cheeks. They clatter their cloven hoofs upon our congealed heart. They shake their

fiendish, barbed tails before our eyes. They peep and mutter. Life is a burden. The future leers upon us. The years are prickly with——Hulloa! We've been asleep. Great snakes, what a horrid dream!

Last year an article appeared in the *ATHENÆUM* criticising the loose regard paid to the wearing of caps and gowns and appealing to the Faculty to impose more stringent requirements in relation thereto. Nothing has been done in the matter; and there is cause for complaint. If the custom is to survive it should survive in decency. At present it may justly be called threadbare and ragged. A large number have no gowns, a larger number have no caps, and this in face of the expressed rule of the college. On public occasions a few appear in full dress, and only a few. And, then, instead of putting on his gown and walking to the hall, the modest young man frequently squeezes it under his arm and dons it when he has reached the entrance. This, no doubt, is suggestive of a retiring disposition, but it is not particularly graceful or dignified. We do not much wonder that this "cat-in-a-strange-garret" feeling prevails, when we consider how rarely gowns are worn. From the number we have heard express dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs, we believe that a large proportion of students desire a change and a thorough one. But unless some absolute requirement is made there is no hope of the desired reform. Hence we look to the Faculty. It would be in many ways better if the old custom of wearing the gowns every day were revived, and though we have not space to discuss the reasons in full, one may be named. In the college are some students who have plenty of money, and others who have painfully little. The former are able to wear good clothes, the latter not. When both are in ordinary attire a distinction is obvious. If gowns were worn all would appear on an equal footing. The impecunious student could wear his old coat without suffering continual mortification. In this way the gown would serve an economical purpose;

but at present every cap and gown purchased is an extra drain on the purse. To many this is a consideration of some moment. In view of this fact, and others which a little reflection will suggest, we ask that attention may be given to the subject.

Mrs. Partington is extremely anxious that Ike should be invited to precipitate in the coming concert. She says he has made such progress both in influential and focal *music* that he would do credit to any *museum* in the province, and that he is the most incombatable *schoodent* of the art who has yet come under her operation.

Our Exchanges.

One of our most arduous duties is this writing of exchange notes, and were it not that we might be thought not to appreciate the friendly visits of our contemporaries we would like sometimes to excuse ourselves from the task. As we have been able only to glance hastily over our exchange list for the present month our notices must of necessity be brief.

Many of our exchanges this year have come to us greatly improved both in appearance and in contents. This we are pleased to note. The end to be gained by college journalism is not very well defined, but we believe that it is accomplishing a good work in the interests of our educational institutions, while it gives students a good idea of what is being done in other Institutions besides their own. There is one pleasant feature about college journals, we bear each other's weaknesses with more equanimity than most other literary periodicals do. Occasionally some ardent youth gets hold of the exchange quill, and with ideas no broader than the walls of his *sanctum*, constructs some formidable criticisms, rather might we say, hyper-criticisms. This, we are told, is an age of criticism, and we believe that criticism forms an important factor in the literature of the day; but when it attempts to rule out of existence other branches of literature quite as legitimate as itself, and in many respects its superior, it has stepped beyond its proper bounds. The ideal poetry, and general literature of criticism is not always that which meets the wants of real life; and any attempt to set prescribed limits, or to measure out the living thoughts of writers by a rule-and-compass method, will be as futile as the building of air-castles, or the attempt to twist ropes of sand. One exception to the general leniency of college critics we noticed lately in the

case of an exchange editor, who, judging from his writing, has studied Gulliver's Travels more than Chesterfield's wholesome advice, adopts the Gulliverian style, and, after swallowing all he meets in the exchange line, disgorges strange ejaculations in which we can discover no reason, and for which he brings no proof. Such an individual is not worthy of any further notice from us. The practice of such mental gymnastics is congenial to some minds, and is harmless to outsiders.

The College Journal, from Western University, Penn., is a new exchange with an old name. The *Journal* reports a junior rebellion; such insubordination seems to be characteristic of the juvenile mind. The gallantry of the students finds vent in the advocacy of the Women's Rights question. The article on the above is good, though perhaps, in some respects, a little too good. When the writer proves that in all kinds of work in which man is employed; woman, given the same advantages, is quite his equal, and then takes into account the many respects, in connection with domestic life in which she is his superior, he seems to prove a little more, perhaps, than even his own gallantry would allow him to concede. We only weaken our cause when we add arguments which cannot be supported.

The Emory Mirror, and *The Polyhymnian Monthly*, are both new exchanges from the "solid South." They promise to be good representatives of Southern Education. Both are quite outspoken in their opinions; the former is perhaps rather much so in political matters. Its strictures on President Hayes' position do not show that subjection to the powers that be, that we should like to see cherished by students as loyal citizens of the state.

The Harvard Register is a specialist among college papers. It is an independent journal, managed by a resident graduate, but with the approval of the officers of the College. The *Register* will be a valuable paper for all Educationalists and will be of special value to graduates of Harvard. It is of course our best exchange.

Science Notes.

A concentrated beam of the electric light possesses sufficient illuminating power to enable one, at the distance of seven miles from the lamp, whence the beam originates, to read with ease a printed page.

A new comet in the neighborhood of the sun is reported by telegraph from the Cordoba Observatory, South America. No comet of any magni-

tude has been expected this year; consequently, particulars by mail are awaited with great eagerness by astronomers.

The germ theory of the origin of yellow fever is receiving some considerable opposition. The opponents assert that the disease is non-contagious, and cite instances of doctors, who have in vain tried to introduce the poison into their system through both the stomach, and the blood. They contend that each epidemic is *sui generis*, and that the poison proceeds from climatic and telluric conditions. According to this theory, epidemics cannot be prevented, but may be to a large extent mitigated by suitable sanitary precautions.

Personals.

'73.—A. J. Eaton, after spending considerable time in study and travel, fills the position of Principal of the High School at Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

'75.—B. Rand is taking a post-graduate course at Harvard University. Mr. Rand has proved himself no mean successor to those of Acadia's students who have in times past graduated from Harvard.

'76.—W. H. Robinson in pursuing a course of study at the same University. We understand that he is sustaining the good name of Acadia with much credit to himself.

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