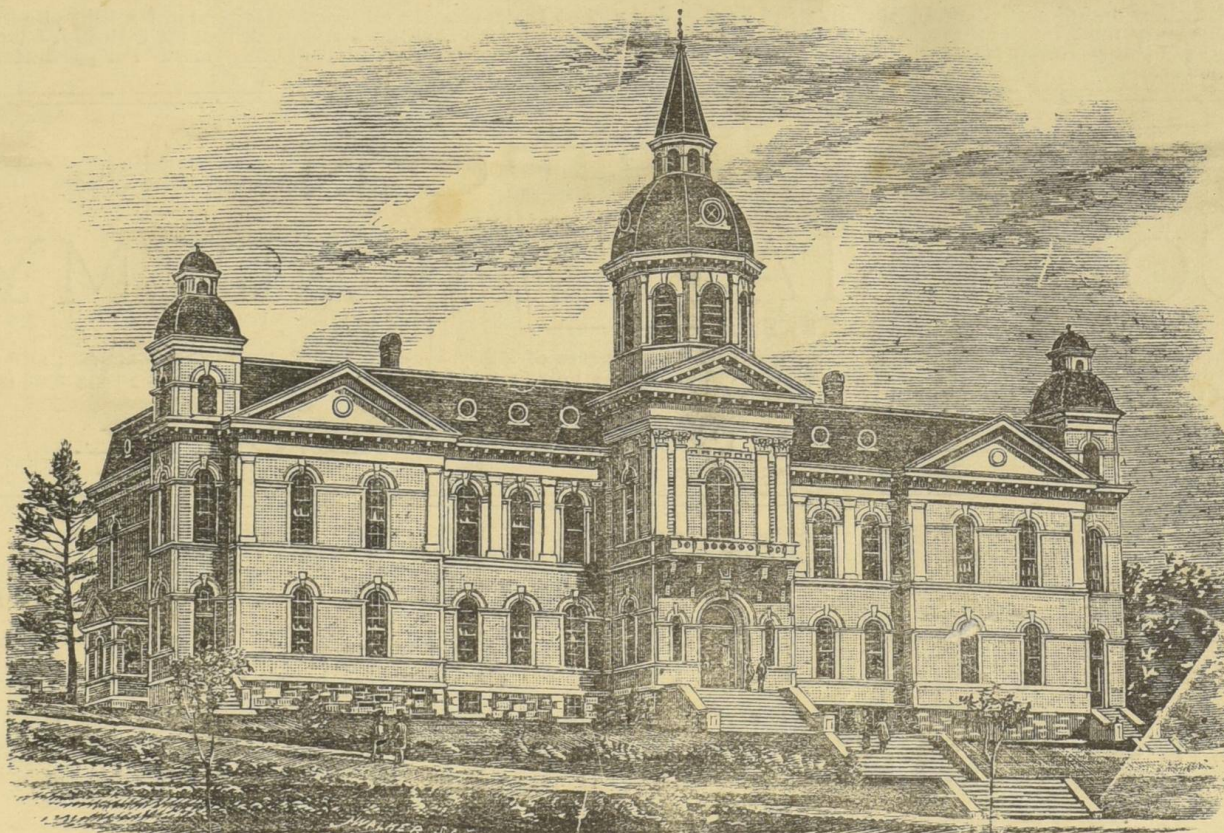


THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. IX.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY, 1883.

NO. 4.



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WE would infer from an account which appeared in the *Christian Visitor* that the new Baptist Seminary, in St. John is proving a grand success. The staff of teachers has proved itself an efficient one, and is giving general satisfaction, while the attendance during the past term was very encouraging. Since October 10th, 1882, when the school first opened, forty-five have attended, and it is expected that there will be a large accession to this number this term. We sincerely hope, now that the Seminary is doing so well, it will prove itself really to be, what its promoters predicted,—an important feeder to Acadia College.

AN 88 page pamphlet, containing the twenty second annual report of the Executive Committee of the Associated Alumni of Acadia College, addresses in Memoriam relating to the life and labors of Dr. Cramp, and lists of the Senators, Governors, Graduates, &c., of the College, has just been published. The pamphlet contains many other matters of in-

terest, and we may take the opportunity to refer to some of these in a future issue. The following are the officers of the Alumni Society, for the present year:—President, E. D. King, Halifax; Vice President, H. C. Creed, Fredericton, N. B.; Secretary-Treasurer, W. L. Barss, Halifax. We would advise all interested in Acadia to procure one of the pamphlets, a limited number of which are on sale at the Baptist Book Room, 104 Granville St., Halifax.

CERTAIN times suggest reflection. The close of the year is an instance. Men hurry along in the real work of life, for a period, without pausing to measure what has already been done, or to speculate upon the possibilities of the future. *Carpe diem* seems to be the motto for our living for at least three hundred days of the year.

But the desire, or perhaps, the necessity of having our exact success, our precise business or professional status, will sometimes prevail.

Christmas over, there is a breathing time, when we may recall the transactions of the year—the expenditure of labor and money and accruing results—and frame our prospectus for the coming year. So, as years are the measures of time, we also make them measures of business, thought, action and character.

But while this estimate of individual concerns is certainly proper, the broad-minded and liberal-souled man will likewise pass to a more general estimate of the world's progress in industrial, intellectual and moral development.

Never before were there so great facilities for such reflective study. True, life has reached almost breathless speed; but all parts of the globe are so connected, that the world is now "the theatre of every man's actions." And surely no comprehensive and impartial observer can doubt the tendency of the times toward improvement. Evidently there is a steady increase in industrial and intellectual activity. Man's power over nature, both as regards methods of interpretation and application of natural force to practical ends,

grows with each year. New realms of knowledge are opening; while common education is daily becoming more general.

But *morally* many say, the world is retrograding. Are they correct? Has the world during the past year been growing worse each day in an increasing ratio? We think not. We believe the influence of the Gospel of Him, whose birth we have been so recently celebrating, is still increasing in scope and intensity.

But while we cannot sympathize with the pessimist who mourns the world's speedy course towards universal corruption, we have no fellow feeling for the man whose faith, in the accumulative force of good, claims that the world has now a sufficient stock of virtue to run itself. The time for folding of arms has not yet come. The millennium is not yet at hand.

What has been attained is the product of effort. So still there must be struggle, not only to hold present ground but also to make truth and righteousness more aggressive. And if the world is really growing better, each year will bring with it a greater accumulation of intellectual and moral force by which we should more rapidly narrow the margin of ignorance and vice.

"THE Errors of our Collegiate System" was the subject of an address lately delivered by Dr. Howard Crosby before one of the Greek letter societies of New York University. Dr. Crosby has delivered vigorous addresses on various subjects of interest, and his opinions, though often at fault, have always commanded the respect of intelligent men. In the address to which we now refer, some of the Dr.'s ideas are not what we would have expected from such a source. He strongly urges the substitution of oral for written examinations, and although he has certainly some strong arguments in his favor, it is evident that they are not sufficiently strong to warrant the proposed substitution. In technical schools, it is quite possible the oral method of examination is the better, but where the student is supposed to receive a *literary* education, we would consider the elimination of the written test a positively retrogressive step in the cause of education. In the first place, large numbers of students, perhaps the majority, are more capable of expressing themselves properly on paper than by "word of mouth;" while in the second place, discard the written examination and not ten per cent

of the college graduates will be able to write a creditable English paragraph. To write one's thoughts rapidly, and in a logical method at the same time, is the great desideratum with many so-called educated men, yet what an important factor it is. The written examination thus answers two purposes,—it is a test of work accomplished, and an indispensable practice. What, we would ask, would Dr. Crosby suggest as a substitute for the latter?

In his view of what is called the elective college course, he will be supported by the most intelligent and experienced educationists of the day. The optional selection by students of their own course of study is one of the great stumbling-blocks to higher education, and the sooner it is removed the better. The elective system has been on probation long enough, and it has invariably proved a grand failure.

Not the least of Dr. Crosby's denunciatory remarks are directed toward college athletics, but his views on this matter strike as those of an extremist. He believes that college athletics not only make the course much more expensive, but that they also have an injurious effect upon the student, as a student. We need make no extended reference to this part of the subject, but we consider ourselves authorized by the facts to state that the expense necessitated is not at all in commensurate with the resulting good, and further, that it cannot be shown that these sports have proved an impediment to the real aim of the student.

SHELLEY'S "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND."

The world has had plenty of heroes, who carried out the wishes of their country in the face of opposition, and have been lauded to the skies for doing so. These men embody the spirit of their age or country. But there is another class of heroes, who get in advance of the age and attack some venerable custom or tradition. These are regarded as dangerous innovators and outlaws from society. Indeed nothing is so difficult to withstand as public opinion. It dictates to us in all things from the cut of coats to our religious views, and expresses all the duties of life in terms of its own conventionalities. "Order is the first law of the universe" cries public opinion; and if any one is bold enough to hint anything to the contrary, he is hustled out the back door of public favor with very little ceremony.

Much of our liberty is nothing more than a tacit agreement to look at things through the spectacles of the omnipotent majority. Religion is translated into the language of sectarian dogmas; civil government is colored by party views; and social customs, whether of native growth or adopted from some centre of fashion, can only be slighted at the expense of reputation.

If such is the case now, it was doubly true in the last century, when men were fighting for the freedom of the press, and before Catholic Emancipation and the abolition of slavery had been thought of.

But at the beginning of the present century, Shelley with the trumpet of prophecy heralded the dawn of a new day of freedom. At that time, "England lay bound under the darkest spells of Tory government and religious intolerance." Shelley hated oppression; as a boy he resisted the petty tyrannies prevailing at Eaton; at Oxford he refused to be mentally shackled by the curriculum, and so conducted himself as to be expelled. As he grew older, this hatred became a passion. He did not denounce religion, for his life was spent in acts truly religious; he opposed the popular view insisted on to the exclusion of all others, "the bigotry, intolerance, and persecution committed for ages in the name of a pure and a holy faith." He did not attack law and justice, but the oppressive government that overtaxed the poor and deprived him of his children. He hated the conventionalities of society, yet he himself said, "Social enjoyment is the alpha and omega of existence." Though in those days of bigotry there were few signs of the mighty changes that have since had beginning, he saw them with the eye of a prophet.

"If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

So turning to the old Greek myth he sang in "Prometheus Unbound" the decay of despotism and the growth of intellectual and religious liberty. Prometheus had defended man when Zeus wished to sweep the whole race from the earth. He had taught them to build houses, to use fire, to cure diseases, and had given them Hope, the foundation of Freedom. As a punishment for this interference Zeus had chained him to a rock, tortured by demons, yet looking forward to his enemy's destruction. At this point Shelley takes up the story, and regarding Prometheus as the champion of liberty, or the embodiment of love to man, and Zeus as the author of oppression of all

kinds, in the release of the victim he works out the triumph of individual liberty in a future golden age.

At the beginning of the drama men are slaves whom Zeus

"Requites for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,
And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,
With fear and self contempt, and broken hope."

But when at last the champion of liberty is loosed, when Tyranny is hurled to the deep by mighty Demagorgon, and his throne stands vacant forever,

"Man remains
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
The king
Over himself, just, gentle, wise."

Then Prometheus is united to his loved Asia, the Love of Man to the Love of Nature; then the "golden time" comes, when love, virtue, and justice reign supreme, and "the earth is made one brotherhood."

"Thrones were kingless, and men walked
One with another even as spirits do;
None wrought his lips in truth-entangling lines
Which smiled the lie his heart disdained to speak;
None, with firm sneer trod out in his own heart
The sparks of love and hope that there remained;
None talked that common, false, cold, hollow talk
That makes the heart deny the *yes* it breathes."

Then had passed away

"Thrones, altars, judgment-seats, and prisons,
Sceptres, tiaras, swords, and chains, and tomes
Of reasoned wrong glazed on by ignorance."

Such is the general scope of this wonderful poem of which we have given the barest outline. It has grown in public estimation as freedom of thought has grown, for it is as fully the expression of the Liberalism of the nineteenth century as "Paradise Lost" is of the higher Puritanism of the seventeenth.

To attempt any criticism of the style of "the god-like Shelley" is almost like attempting to follow the eagle in its flight above the clouds; one thing, however, we can safely affirm: he who has not read this drama has but an imperfect idea of the majesty and melody of English poetry. Shelley is undoubtedly our greatest master of rhythm. His verse is not the laughing, rippling brook: it is the ceaseless swell of the mighty ocean.

This is seen in "Prometheus Unbound." There are no jars, no straining after smoothness; but the flood of melody pours on, "a perpetual Orphic

song," rising in the choruses of the demons to a voice of thunder that "makes the solid mountains quiver," or dying away into the "linked sweetness" of the spirit's songs.

"Like the lutes
Touched by the skill of the enamoured wind."

Everything here is on a grand scale. There is none of that elaborate description found in other poets of that time, for Shelley was impatient of details. Neither was it his design to draw ordinary scenery or ordinary persons; his world is

"Peopled with unimaginable shapes
Such as ghosts dream."

We pass from the "eagle-baffling mountain, black, wintry, dead, unmeasured," where Prometheus is chained, to the home of Asia, the "ravine invested with fair flowers and haunted by sweet airs and sounds," and filled with the light of her presence

"As the aerial hue
Of fountain-gazing roses fills the water."

We look from a dizzy height down a winding Indian vale paved with "billowy mist," then plunge to the "depths of the deep," where a mighty darkness veils all things and Demagorgon "sits on his ebon throne."

Shelley did not expect that the "Prometheus Unbound" would find more than twenty readers, and perhaps it did not during his lifetime find more admirers. But now in spite of its mysticism its beauties are recognized; and although many of its views are fanciful, its confidence in human nature and encouragement to strive for a higher life through all difficulties strike a sympathetic chord in every heart.

"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrong darker than death or night;
To defy Power which seems omnipotent;
To love and fear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan! is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!"

B.

OUR great hope for the future, our great safeguard against danger, is to be found in the general and thorough education of our people, and in the virtue which accompanies such education.—*J. A. Garfield.*

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

No. 9.

When the writer's hair was black, Cricket was the only game in repute at Acadia. Now, it appears, Foot-ball has been naturalized, and athletic sports of more or less violence have been added. We may venture to say that none of these modes of recreation will be found sufficient for the needs and tastes of all, any more than was that fine old game of Cricket in our time.

There comes before us as we write, the gentle form of a fellow student who cared not for Cricket. *Utile cum dulce* was his principle in physical exercise, as in all else. So he obtained permission from the College authorities to make a carriage road on the western side of the College property. There was noticeable a sly twinkle in the eyes of the heads of the College Board, when this request was granted. With pick and shovel, wielded by himself alone, this genial student delved at his sweet pastime. As he proceeded he soon discovered that all the stones which had been unearthed in Wolfville, from the days of Evangeline to the founding of the College, had been carefully deposited on the strip of land over which his road was staked out. We well remember how the beady sweat rolled from that student's face in his prolonged efforts to excavate the "gutters." One can imagine the sweet sympathy so liberally professed to him by each and all of his fellow students as, bat and stumps in hand, they were wont to march to the cricket ground. We can see at this far-off day the blue eyes, and flaxen hair, and firm facial muscles of that plucky fellow. In about two years, we believe, a dim outline of a road came into view, at which time that laborious student received with honors his A. B. A happier man was never graduated at Acadia. That road was more than a match for him, and had he not received an honorable release through graduation, the event might have proved that he had dug his own grave; for he was of too high mettle to abate his purpose. When, gentle reader, you bowl freely along the avenue which passes Dr. Welton's residence, give a kindly thought to the labors of at least one of your predecessors.

The courage and tenacity of purpose of that student have, since he left Alma Mater, shone out in weary efforts connected with General Bank's Red River expedition in the Civil war in the United States, and most gloriously in his life work of providing for the spiritual training of the freedmen.

That college road furnishes a type at once of his life-task and of the determined spirit brought to bear upon it. Let us believe that when his great release comes others will complete his present task as perfectly as his former one. But let us return to our theme.

The great tidal ebb and flow, with its frequent "red flood," has ordained that boating shall not be a characteristic sport at Acadia. Nevertheless we call to mind that in our day a few who were foremost at cricket found delight also in pulling a boat. Old Boys will readily call to mind the little shell, LA NYMPHE, the joint property for a time of "Poor Richard's" friend, and the Mustapha, and afterwards, we believe, of the latter only. Two could carry this shell, and it could easily carry two and Don in the bow, and in smooth water three. What glorious paddles we had in that boat—the Mogul getting courage the second year to share them with us! We explored the caves in the water-wrought sandstone at Starr's Point, tested the splendid fruits in Prescott's garden at Town Plat (always in charge of a genial horticulturalist who delighted to give his visitors his best), inspected Cornwallis Bridge from beneath, and traced the curious windings of the Cornwallis River above the oaks and the matchless cosses which flourished between the Bridge and Kentville. The latter was counted a brilliant feat in a single tide. LA NYMPHE floated on the waters of the Canard River also, past the Big 'Batteau and along the dykes of the Grand Pre, and on the turbid current which sweeps around Boot Island. It was a vigorous pull home against the ebbing tide. More frequently, however, we took a spin far out on the waters of Minas Basin proper. Here we drifted and paddled at pleasure, and drank in delicious sights and sounds. There was a sense of freedom in the largeness of the open heavens. The isolation secured by placing a broad strip of water between one and the place of one's daily work gave a feeling of infinite rest. [The writer has also found this to be true since he left college, and has often obtained relief from nervous irritation and unrest in this way.] On one occasion we were belated in returning from the open Basin, a thick fog having closed over us. For hours we vainly sought the friendly shore. When at last our ears caught the sound of water lapping the sedge, we found ourselves near Town Plat. How weird were the sounds along the unseen shore that night—sounds which we had never

noticed by daylight. We can hear the echoes even now.

As it would not be considered good form to close these jottings without an example of poetry, we append a couple of extracts, Nos. VI. and XXI., from the La Nymphian sketches by the immortal Don. How true was his eye to see, and his hand (paw) to draw! Let the reader note the photographic realism with which the pictures stand out in No. VI.; and let him imagine himself in a boat on the Basin as he reads No. XXI., and he will hear his heart beat as the unique perfection of the bold picture stands revealed.

I sing, La Nymph, O bonnie boat!
The sights I saw in thee afloat.

VI.

I saw the golden plover fly
O'er lowlands, uplands, and on high.

And flocks of shorebirds, pearly bright,
I saw, gyrating in the light.

I saw the crane in reedy creek
Ply his long neck and horny beak.

And on lone foot, his flesh and bone
I saw turn into solid stone.

On solemn wings I saw him, too,
With heavy flap, mount toward the blue.

I saw the raven—heard his call,
Liquid and far and musical—

As from the upper air he broke
The silence with his miscalled "croak."

XXI.

Afar, I saw old Blomidon
In purple haze at set of sun.

And near, I saw the Horton slope
Flush to its brow, like youthful Hope.

While overhead a sea of gold
I saw, in noiseless billows rolled.

And, to, its counterpart beneath!
Ensphered, we floated still as death.

ONE man, perhaps, proves miserable in the study of the law, who might have flourished in that of physic or divinity; another runs his head against the pulpit, who might have been serviceable to his country at the plough; and a third proves a very dull and heavy philosopher, who possibly would have made a good mechanic and have done well enough at the useful philosophy of the spade or anvil.—*Clip.*

KANT.

Somewhere in his writings, DeQuincey divides the total books of a language into two classes, Literature, and Knowledge. Under books of Knowledge he includes the almanac, dictionary, books of travel, in fact all works in which the matter to be communicated is of more importance than the form of its communication. And by Literature he does not mean books which instruct and amuse, for that would exclude *Paradise Lost* and kindred works, but those which impart power. And here is a principle which might be made a plea for the study of Philosophy; for its tendency, like the study of *Paradise Lost*, is to impart power by rectifying the human mind and correcting its mode of seeing. Again, the ultimate facts of our commonest studies have a metaphysical basis. Take, for example, Chemistry and the terms it uses, as substance and attribute, cause and effect, must be referred to Metaphysics to inquire into their origin and validity, and to determine their province and interrelation. Thus Philosophy, as a study will not only be found to be of the highest utility, but absolutely indispensable, despite the protests of a class who, like Lord Jeffery, consider it useless because of its lack of utility.

But apart from the merits of the study in itself considered, the men who have rendered themselves famous in these paths must continue to be objects of liberal interest. If greatness be the measure of interest, certainly no philosopher can claim a greater share of attention than Immanuel Kant, the great thinker of Königsberg; and it is intended in this article to give a brief outline of his personal history and domestic habits, gleaned mostly from the pages of DeQuincey.

Immanuel Kant, the second of six children, and of Scottish descent on his father's side, was born at Königsberg, in Prussia, on the 22nd of April, 1724. His parents were poor, but with some assistance succeeded in giving the future philosopher a liberal education. In 1737 he lost his mother, a woman who, by the elevated tone in which she trained his morals, and the bent she gave his early thoughts, contributed not a little to render him illustrious. In 1740 Kant entered the University of Königsberg. In 1746, when twenty-two years old, he printed his first work,—*On the Valuation of Living Forces*. From that time until 1770 he supported himself by lecturing to private families, and delivering lectures to military men on the art of

fortification. In 1770 he was appointed to the chair of Mathematics, which he soon after exchanged for that of Logic and Metaphysics. In 1781 he published his great work—the *Critik der Reinen Vernunft*, or *Critique of Pure Reason*.

His life was one of strict, almost stoical, dignity and purity, and is characterized by its rigid monotony rather than the variety of its incidents. To describe one day of his life would be to describe the most of them. At five minutes before five o'clock in the morning, the year round, Kant's servant, Lampe, who had formerly served in the army, marched into his master's room and in a loud voice said, "Mr. Professor the time is come!" And five o'clock invariably found Kant seated at his breakfast of one cup of tea, which was more often two or a larger number; after this he smoked his allowance for the day—one pipeful of tobacco. At seven he proceeded to the lecture-room; from that to his writing table. In regard to his dinner parties, which he considered should not, himself included, consist of less than the number of the Graces, or more than that of the Muses, Kant observed two rules. The *first* was that the company should be miscellaneous, for the purpose of securing variety in the conversation; and the *second*, that there should be some young men the company, chosen chiefly from the students of the University, in order to impress a spirit of gaiety and youthfulness on the conversation. At the table every person helped himself, for Kant would brook no delays. His friends considered it a red-letter day in their lives to dine with him. Possessing a great understanding, wonderful command of knowledge, caustic wit, and an air of noble self-confidence, Kant was an instructor in the highest degree without appearing so. He tolerated no calms, and under the delightful flow of his conversation the time passed rapidly and profitably from one o'clock to four, sometimes five, and even later. After dinner he walked out for exercise, always alone, as he wished to breathe exclusively through his nostrils, which he could not do if accompanied. He flattered himself that this practice, so steadily adhered to, secured for him immunity from coughs; colds, and such like complaints. And certain it was, that though of a naturally weak constitution, Kant enjoyed excellent health, which may be attributed partly to his rigid conformity to prescribed rules of living, and partly to the stoical innocence of his life. At six he sat down to his

library table and read till dusk. During the twilight, if worth his while, he reflected on what he had read; if not, he sketched his lecture for the next day, or composed some part of the book which he might be writing. His evenings were spent in study till nearly ten o'clock. At a quarter of an hour before retiring he withdrew his thoughts as much as possible from the work of the day, in order the better to superinduce sleep; a rule students would do well to imitate. He never allowed any light, not even of the sun, in his sleeping-room, nor a fire even in the coldest weather, until very late in life, and then only a small one at the urgent solicitation of friends. His study was kept at seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit. In summer he dressed thinly and always wore silk stockings.

Kant is described by Reichardt, as he remembered him, eight years after his death as "drier than dust in both mind and body. His person was small; and possibly a more meagre, aird parched anatomy of a man has not appeared upon the earth. The upper part of his face was grand—forehead lofty and serene, nose elegantly turned, and eyes brilliant and penetrating." With advancing age came the decay of his faculties. This was shown in the loss of his memory, an accurate measure of time, and the weakness with which he would theorize. As an instance of the latter he accounted for everything by electricity, even his own headaches. A human being can witness no sadder sight than this—a great man whose splendid powers had carried him into regions of thought hitherto untrodden by mortals, and had rendered him famous in his time, and given him a deathless name even to the end of time, now becomes weak, restless, garrulous, and childish, and these same powers failing him as inevitably as fades the morning shadows before the rising sun; and such was Kant's condition. But withal his last days were spent in a state of resignation to the will of Providence, and his life evinced the sentiment he one day told his guests, "Gentlemen, I do not fear to die." In December, 1803, he became incapable of signing his name; this was owing partly to his blindness and partly to his loss of memory, which had so far failed him that he could not remember the letters which composed his own name. But the drama of his life was being rapidly consummated for the final act. The 12th of February, 1804, was the last day Kant was destined to see on earth. "It is enough," he said, refusing the spoon-

ful of liquid offered him by a friend. These were his last words, and soon after his great life went quietly out. He was buried in the academic vault among the noted dead of the University of which he was so long a professor.

One or two points yet remain to be mentioned before closing this article. Kant, though a prodigious student in many departments of knowledge, was probably not a great reader. His power of thought enabled him to take the elementary principles of a writer and work them out for himself. In this way he judged of Plato, Locke, Berkeley, and others. Authors of obscure note, such as Plotinus and Cudworth, he never looked into. This fact will probably account for the introduction of some doctrines into his system of philosophy, which his critics say are merely the reproduction of doctrines better urged and applied by earlier philosophers; and, also, why he missed so many tempting opportunities for applying his own principles to the exposure of errors held by others. The books he read were usually borrowed from his publisher, Hartknoch, and chiefly related to voyages and travels; for his own library consisted of only 450 volumes, mainly gifts from different publishers.

It may be noticed, too, that Kant was an enemy to christianity; and this enmity he carried so far, that, though over seventy years of age, he drew upon himself the rebuke of his sovereign, Frederick William II. of Prussia, in the shape of a private letter. One, though not the only cause of this rebuke, was his book on *Religion within the Limits of Pure Reason*. After the introduction the king goes on to say, "So it is, that for some time past it has come to our high knowledge, with great displeasure, that you misapply your philosophy to the purpose of disfiguring and disparaging many capital and fundamental doctrines of Holy Writ and christianity." The king tells Kant he expected better things of him, and in conclusion warns him to expect "unpleasant consequences" if he should persist in his present course. The equivocal reply is not characteristic of Kant, who held truth in the highest reverence, and who believed in its practice as a sacred duty; but the practical result was that he promised to offend in this way no more.

Of his philosophy we are unable to speak; but those approaching the study cannot do better than ponder the words of DeQuincey, "No complex or very important truth was ever yet transferred in

full development from one mind to another. Truth of that character is not a piece of furniture to be shifted; it is a seed which must be sown, and pass through the several stages of growth. No doctrine of importance can be transferred in a matured shape into any man's understanding from without; it must arise by an act of genesis within the understanding itself." WILL LADISLAW.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The usual number of class meetings and petitions, having for their object the abolition of the annual Rhetorical Exhibition of the Junior class, were doomed to be once more ineffectual. Even that dreadful enemy to boarding schools—the mumps—which so hurriedly put an end to the Academy and Seminary, along with their proposed grand terminal exercises, could not *budge* the manifestly inevitable Exhibition.

On Thursday evening, December 21st, a very good audience assembled to greet the youthful orators. Owing to the smallness of the class, and to the absence of the usual amount of music, the exercises lasted but little longer than an hour. The following is the

PROGRAMME.

PRAYER.

The State and Higher Education.—H. Bert Ellis, Frederickton, N. B.
The Socratic Philosophy.—E. H. Sweet, Newport, N. S.
The Debt of Human Thought to Shakespeare.—F. R. Haley, St. John, N. B.

MUSIC.

The Newspaper as an Educator.—B. A. Lochart, Lockhartville, N. S.
Modern Egypt.—*F. S. Clinch, Clinch's Mills, N. B.
Imitation and Invention.—*Clara B. Marshall, Lawrence-town, N. S.
Historical Portraiture.—F. M. Kelly, Collina, N. B.

MUSIC.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

It is not customary for us to express our opinion as to individual merit, for obvious reasons, but it will suffice to say that the essays were without exception good. The class had arranged with Miss Harding, of the Seminary, to furnish a choir for the evening, but owing to the cause, which upset so many plans at that time, the choir was unable to perform. Miss Hamilton, a graduate of the Seminary in Music, and Miss Bessie J. Robbins, however, came to the rescue, the former with an excellent piano solo, the latter with a pleasing vocal solo, both of which were heartily applauded.

*Excused.

COURAGE.

Courage is the backbone of character; not the physical courage of the bull-dog, but that which displays itself in silent effort and endeavor, that which dares to endure all and suffer all for truth and duty. Such courage enabled a Socrates, a Bruno, and a Galileo to teach and adhere to truth in the face of calumny and persecution. It enabled Luther to declare before the Diet of Worms, "Sire! unless I am convinced of my error by the testimony of Scripture, or by manifest evidence, I can and will not retract." This is the courage essential to true manhood, the source not only of usefulness in life but also of happiness. The persevering and intrepid worker who, like Howard, labors on with scarce a glimmer of success, trusting that the seed sown in darkness will spring forth in an achieved result;—the reformer, as Huss, who under the bane of excommunication, and in danger of the fires of the inquisition, breaks the purified bread of the gospel to hungry souls, starving under the adulterated diet of the church;—the discoverer, who as Columbus, persevered in his purpose, undaunted by long years of wandering and disappointment;—and indeed the great men of any time, who, however reviled and opposed by their contemporaries, have laboured with energy, devotion and self-sacrifice for the enlargement of the domain of knowledge, are examples of the truest courage, compared with which the greatest deeds of physical valor are barren and insignificant.

The courage most needed is not the so-called heroic kind, but the common courage, to be true and honest; to be what we really are and not to pretend to be what we are not; to live honestly on our own means and not dishonestly on those of others; to say no! to the oily and insinuating flatterer who we know would entice us from the path of duty. Many are the grand purposes and noble resolves which end only in word or thought for lack of this simple courage. The will must be trained to decision, otherwise

"Enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their current turn away
And lose the means of action."

It needs no small amount of courage to preserve moral individuality in what is called society. Most people are prone to adopt the opinions and customs of the *sect* to which they happen to belong, and have not the courage to think or act outside of this narrow circle for fear of incurring the sovereign displeasure of *Mrs. Grundy*. But perhaps the greatest exhibition of moral cowardice is found in public life. We would spare any allusion to the ministry, but even here we are inclined to think it is not wholly absent. In the arena of politics we see men of wealth and education pandering to the prejudices of the people. For the sake of a vote their conscience becomes surprisingly elastic. In the field they fawn on the masses, in the chamber they cringe to the *bosses*; their in-

dividuality is lost and swallowed up in party. No wonder that such men bring disrepute upon the noble office of a people's representative. But such weaklings cannot hold the helm of state. It is the strong and courageous men who lead and guide the world both in politics and religion: such as Cromwell, Pitt, and Gladstone; Mahomet, Luther and Wesley. In reviewing the lives of men like these we see plainly illustrated the trite saying that "courage, combined with energy and perseverance will overcome difficulties apparently insurmountable." The habit of persevering in the right direction grows with time, and when steadily cherished rarely fails of its reward.

Courage is by no means incompatible with tenderness. The bravest of men may be the most tender. Sir Charles Napier, one of England's bravest sons, desisted from hunting because he could not bear to hurt dumb animals. The tenderness of women is often accompanied by exhibitions of the highest and truest courage; and though they are for the most part in the quiet recess of life, yet not a few cases of heroic action and endurance on their part have come to light. Many of our most distinguished men have acknowledged the success of an honorable career to their sustaining and ennobling influence; and the strength and purity of our best institutions, both social and religious, are due to the courage and constancy of noble women.

From what has been said, it is evident that courage is an essential element of character, and it should be our object to develop, if possible, this true courage. A wise man was accustomed to say that one of the principle objects he aimed at in educating his children was to train them in the habit of fearing nothing so much as fear. The habit of avoiding fear, of exercising courage, is no less susceptible of cultivation than that of diligence, attention, or cheerfulness.

NELVIL.

○ Correspondence. ○

LETTER FROM RICHMOND, VA.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—I know of nothing better to write you than of how Christmas is celebrated in the South, and of some of the points of attraction about Richmond. A Christmas day in the South is certainly an amusing one for those unacquainted with Southern customs. Here on this occasion might be seen subjects for an artists' sketch book, scenes in which the caricaturist would revel and the poet need not be at loss for a theme nor the minister for a text. Since the late war no attention has been given either to the celebration of the Fourth of July or the National Thanksgiving day. All public expression of hilarity is therefore reserved for Christmas. "From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve" might be heard the roar of crackers, fire-arms and the blast of horns, attended by the ribaldrous song and carousal of those

who seek their Christmas pleasure in the wine cup or bury their cheer in eggnog. Perhaps the most surprising and disgusting scene is the number of men, boys and women staggering through the streets. Young and old, maimed and blind, seem to regard Christmas as a day for licensed debauch.

The day of merry making being passed, I turned my attention to the many places of interest in and around Richmond; among which are the Cemeteries, the Capital Square, which contains monuments of Jackson, Clay, Washington and others, the Jeff Davis Mansion and the Monumental church, which was so-called, because it marks the sight of a theatre in the burning of which, Dec. 26, 1811, one hundred and twenty persons perished.

The morning following Christmas was, to use the favorite adjective of the South, *mighty* fine. I boarded the horse-car, or mule-car, to visit Hollywood Cemetery, which contains a monument to the 12000 Confederate dead which lie there. It was erected in 1869, by the Hollywood Memorial Association of patriotic women of Virginia. It is a pyramid of rough gray sandstone, rising to the height of ninety feet. On each face is inserted a polished block of stone, bearing one of the following inscriptions:—

"MEMORIA IN AETERNA,"

"TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD,"

"NUMINI ET PATRIAE ASTO,"

"ERECTED BY THE HOLLYWOOD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, 1869."

Vines are planted around the base of the monument, which will in time entirely cover it, when the effect will be greatly enhanced. Here also is the tomb of ex-President Monroe and the grave of ex-President Tyler. This cemetery contains 153 acres and is noted for the beauty of its scenery.

Through the cemetery extends a valley clothed with wide spreading oaks and other ornamental trees, and in it a brook flows quietly along. Beautiful Southern vines and weeping willows bend lowly over the carefully tended graves, covered with appropriate and touching mementos. A little to the left is the historic James rushing and roaring over rocks and shoals forming a rich contrast with the calmness and solemnity of the bordering cemetery. A short distance away, in the river can be seen Bellisle upon which prisoners were placed for security during the late war.

Not the least interesting among Richmond's places of interest is Powhatan, an old plantation seat, rendered classic as being the place of the romantic rescue of John Smith by Pocahontas, and also as being the burial place of Powhatan. The boulder which marks the resting place of this Indian chief is enclosed by a dilapidated summer house adjoining what was once the mansion of the estate; but now the untrimmed hedges, the overgrowing shrubbery and unkept walks give but

glimpses of the beauty which once decked this Southern home.

No attempt at architecture is made upon this so-called mansion, a commodious brick building possessing only that beauty peculiar to such structures and in this case enhanced by the attractions which tradition has thrown around it.

On the boulder in the summer house is engraved a child's foot and also the name of the original owner of this estate with the date of its founding, 1640.

A short distance away in another part of the garden is the rock upon which it is said Smith's head was placed when he was about to be killed. There is no engraving upon the rock, but it bears simply a few scratches.

Whether the dust of the Indian chief lies here, or whether such a noble woman as Pocahontas preserved in this place the life of an enemy, are questions, the answers to which are mingled with the labyrinths of history and the incredible tales of tradition.

The story in reference to Smith was published about 1622 in his pamphlet entitled, "New England's Perils." This was five years after the death of Pocahontas, no allusion in letter, or book, printed statement of any kind, having previously been made in relation to the story. Palfrey says: "Smith, in the latter part of his life, had fallen into the hands of hack-writers, who adapted his story for popular effect."

I have already said sufficient and must defer any further account of my rambles.

E. A. C.

SUPPER TO THE SENIOR CLASS.

At ten o'clock Friday evening, December 15th, the bell of Dr. Welton's beautiful residence pealed forth, and a moment after the men of '83 filed into the hall,—their presence there being a response to an invitation to a class supper given by H. R. Welton. After being cordially greeted by the Doctor's family, our host summoned us to the supper room, whither we went,

"Glad the summons to obey."

Hope and hunger could be read in every eye. Who can describe the feast of fat things full of marrow? At one end of the table a colossal turkey gave forth a sweet smelling savor, incense more acceptable than that from any smoking altar. At the other end of the festive board, in proud rivalry, a goose, broad, brown, and fragrant, shook its fat sides in anticipation of the mirthful evening. And spread on all the "broad expanse of table, the most toothsome accompaniments emitted appetizing odors, and promised *peace and plenty*.

The wit of the first half hour was decidedly Epicurean, and the disappearance of meats, puddings, pies, fruits, confectionery, etc., suggested Juvenal's lines:

"Nam de tot pulchris et latis orbibus et tam
Antiquis una comedunt patrimonia mensa."

When the supper was over, Welton proposed a toast to "Our Queen," in response to which the National Anthem was sung. The next toast was "Pleasant Memories of the class of '83," proposed by Welton, responded to by Wallace and White-man, who were so lost in the joys of the present that the pleasant scenes of the past, unlike Banquo's ghost refused to show themselves in the hour of festivity.

"Our Future Vocations" proposed by Welton, was responded to by Corey for the clerical profession, Tupper for the medical, and Bradshaw for the legal. The interdependence of the three professions, and the lofty character of each, were the prevailing and applauded sentiments.

"Our Future Homes," proposed by Williams in a very neat speech, drew from Lockhart a response which nearly convulsed the company and presented visions of future felicity which made our hearts fairly ache with expectancy. He peered into the future through a "rent in the veil," and saw such homes as only a prophet could see. These he described graphically and with *puns*.

Rogers in proposing "Our Alma Mater," made a loyal speech, in which love for Acadia was earnestly expressed, and applauded to the echo, and the sentiment uttered, "We will be true to Alma Mater—Consolidation may take care of itself." Goucher responded.

"Our Host," the last toast of the evening, was proposed by Wallace, who was seconded by Powell. The latter gentleman, though filled with turkey and joy, felt that the supper lacked one thing. *No ladies were present*. But manfully swallowing his grief, he spoke of the pleasant days of our college life, and of this superlatively pleasant evening, for which we were indebted to our host, Mr. Welton. After a short response from Welton, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and the company broke up, all feeling that as a joy-giver even Mitchell's *Critical Handbook* could not compare with a *class supper*, especially when that supper was given by "Herb."
SENIOR.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

As announced in the last ATHENÆUM, the services of J. F. L. Parsons, Esq., of Halifax, were procured to deliver the *first* lecture of this year's course on the 8th of December. Even Mr. Parsons was not, as he said, prepared to give a lecture properly so called, but rather a sort of talk on how he traveled from Halifax to Cincinnati—the subject being: "Traveling with one's Eyes Open." We have not the space to give a full account of the lecture, but must content ourselves with the merest outline. In opening, the lecturer referred to the wonderful progress of the nineteenth century in so many things, and especially in regard to the progress made in facilities for travel during the last twenty-five

years. He then related his own experiences as a traveler over the route above mentioned, adding here and there descriptions of the different places through which he passed and the persons with whom he came in contact. Though all his descriptions were good, that of the Hoosac Tunnel was perhaps the best. The lecturer's opinion of Halifax and Nova Scotia was not at all lowered by comparison with the country of the Americans, and although he regretted our disadvantages in some respects, he was of the opinion that our advantages in others were equally as great, if not greater. Mr. Parsons was as usual overflowing with wit, and his subject gave him a splendid opportunity to display it, so that he was never at a loss to create laughter.

The lecture committee, we believe, have secured a number of gentlemen to lecture for the society during the remaining months of the year. Hon. John Boyd, of St. John, is expected for the present month, while the following are mentioned for the other months, although the time has not yet been set for any of them:—Revs. Dr. Hopper and Mr. Cross, of St. John, Wallace Graham, Esq., of Halifax, Prof. R. V. Jones, and Dr. J. G. Schurman. It is to be hoped that the committee will be able to maintain the course unbroken the rest of the year.

Locals.

The Sem is a gnawful place for mice.

What did the young ladies think of "the two white foxes from Bermuda?"

The Sophs evidently lead the other classes in the consumption of "the midnight oil."

The Seniors have Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* with Dr. Sawyer. The class will doubtless find the article on Kant in this number of special interest to them.

Wanted at once—some willing and determinate individual such as described in the "Echo of the Past," to keep a path clear between the Boarding House and the College.

"Ill blows the wind that profits nobody." Even the mumps proved a blessing in disguise, thought some favored ones as they beheld the number of vacant seats in the Reception room after the Exhibition.

Some of the Freshman should be attended by chaperons while at prayer meetings, or some plan should at once be devised in order to counteract the expectorating propensities of these tobacco ruminants. In case of failure, subscriptions should be solicited for the purchase of a few spittoons.

The students of the three institutions were once more allowed return tickets at one first-class fare on the different railway and steamboat lines. Some seem to be interested in finding out why the W. & A. Railway authorities would not grant tickets for the same period as the other lines did.

A Theologue with a height of over 6 ft. is supposed to be the tallest man at Acadia, while the shortest—a Senior—is 5 ft. 1½ in. in height. The Theologues also have among their number the most "weighty" man in college. He claims to weigh over 220 lbs., and no one disputes him. The lightest student—a Freshie—carries just one half that weight.

At the last meeting of the literary society before vacation, the following officers were appointed for the present term:—

- President C. W. Bradshaw.
 - Vice-President..... F. M. Kelly.
 - Corresponding Secretary..... F. R. Haley.
 - Recording Secretary..... E. H. Armstrong.
 - Treasurer..... H. T. Ross.
- Executive Committee, {
 { H. R. Welton, (Chairman),
 { J. S. Lockhart,
 { B. A. Lockhart,
 { I. N. Schurman,
 { Percy R. Crandall.
- Junior Editors of the ATHENÆUM {
 { F. M. Kelly,
 { W. B. Hutchinson.

The regular literary entertainment was done away with for the evening, and on motion speeches from the retiring, and new officers were substituted for it. Many of the speeches were worthy of more pretentious sources, while others were rather lac(k)onic. Wits were plenty, but Mr. Powell carried off the palm in a speech which called forth tremendous outbursts of laughter, and round after round of applause. The retiring president Mr. Wallace gave the members some wholesome advice in reference to their duties which it is to be hoped will be remembered.

THE MUSEUM.—The following articles have been donated to the Museum since the report in the October number:—

Two foreign bank-notes; donor, W. D. Coffell, Hantsport. Indian stone-pipe, from Nine Mile Lake, Lunenburg Co., and Indian flint arrow-head, from Long Point Mt., Cornwallis; donor, Thos. Moore, Wolfville. Iron Crane; donor, D. D. Reid, Gaspereaux. Specimens of fossiliferous limestone (crinoids and brachiopods) from Anticosti; donor, H. N. Paint, Halifax. A stuffed Goshawk; donor, Miss Annie L. Blackadar, Missionary from Trinidad. Specimens of Manganese ore from Churchill's Mine, Walton, Hants Co., and an old coin from India, date 1519; donor, Geo. H. Lawrence, Walton, Hants Co. Beak of Albatross, captured 203 miles off Cape Good Hope; donor, John W. Dewis. Six foreign coins; donor, W. C. Balcom. Sample of the first web of cloth made by the Windsor Cotton Factory. A collection of Upper Silurian fossils (65 specimens), from Gaspé and vicinity; donor, H. N. Paint, Halifax. A collection of relics from the old fort at Annapolis Royal, sent by Rev. G. E. Good.

The work of arranging specimens is rapidly progressing under Prof. Coldwell. During the last month, great improvements have been made, and, although the work is necessarily a slow one, the Museum is beginning to present something more than bare shelves and empty cases. The friends of Acadia are doing nobly in the matter of donations, but much yet remains to be done.

MUMPS.—The tragical and ludicrous were strangely blended in the premature closing of the Academy and Seminary this year.

Arrangements were matured for a magnificent terminal flourish. A grand reception, a rare elocutionary concert, and an unprecedented public exhibit of literary work, were on the carpet. Yet it was doomed that these, along with the untold *minor* plottings in connection with them, should afford no enjoyment other than that to be had from hopeful expectancy. Never—at least since the fire—was the Hill the scene of such dire frustration; and the wherefore of all this was simply *over-cheekiness* on the part of aspiring Cads and self-conscious Sems.

At one time it seemed certain that the Junior Exhibition would be dragged into the general ruin; but the stern inflexibility of its presiding genius saved it from so sad a fate. The phenomenal and indeed the fatal feature of this mumpish inflation was the accompaniment of that intense longing, yearning, craving, popularly known as homesickness. For particulars see "The Rise and Fall of Cheek." (In Press).

FOOT-BALL AGAIN.

On Saturday, December 2nd, a match game of foot-ball was played between the Dalhousie and Acadia Fifteens. For some days before the time appointed for the game, snow had fallen, and all hopes of the match coming off were given up. On Saturday, however, much to the surprise of the team, a telegram was received, stating that the Dalhousians were on the road. Hurried preparation for the reception of the visitors was made, and a short time after their arrival—about 11.30 a. m.—play began. The visitors had the kick-off, and in a few moments the ball was near the goal line of the home team. By a few spurts, however, it was hurried back to the centre of the field, and thence by a hard struggle it was worked nearly to the visitor's goal-line, where it remained until the close of the first half-hour's heat. Clinch, of the Acadia team, made a very pretty kick, nearly capturing a goal. After a few minutes intermission, play was resumed, and during the greater part of this heat, the ball remained near the centre of the field. Both sides struggled hard, but the ball was slowly worked toward the Acadia's goal. Play was at this time most exciting, but for the rest of the heat neither party obtained any advantages. The game was of course declared a draw. Many speculations were indulged in, as to which team had obtained the advantage, both heats considered, but it would be impossible to decide such a question. The game was "pre-eminently" a draw, and was exceedingly well contested by both parties.

The Acadia Fifteen, remained the same as published in the last ATHENÆUM. The following are the names and positions of the Dalhousians:—

Forward.—Marten, Gammell, Crowe, Rogers, Stewart, Fitzpatrick, Mellish, McDonald, (Captain), McLeod.
Half-backs.—Taylor, Henry.
Backs.—Reid, Bell.
Goal-keepers.—E. M. McDonald, Robinson.

Personals.

H. H. Welton, '81, is teaching at Hantsport.

G. W. Cox, '80, spent his Christmas vacation with his Wolfville friends.

A. C. Chute, '81, was compelled, we are sorry to learn, to leave Newton on account of sickness. He was improving at last accounts.

C. L. Eaton writes that he is improving in health very rapidly. He says he hardly expects ever to return to Acadia, but we hope he will soon be among us again.

We copy the following from the *Visitor* of the 20th ult:—"The Rev. M. P. King, who has labored for more than a year past with much acceptance and a good degree of success at Hammonds Plains and Sackville, N.S., has received a call to the church at St. George, N. B. Mr. King has accepted the call and intends to remove about the beginning of the year. We are sorry that Sackville and Hammond's Plains are losing the services of this worthy brother, but we are glad that the Church of St. George will thereby be provided with a devoted pastor." Mr. King completed the theological course of Acadia in June 1881.

Marriage.

At Hammond's Plains, Dec. 30th 1882, by Rev. E. J. Grant, the Rev. M. P. King, of Chipman, Queens Co., N. B., to Kezia, daughter of John Thomas, Esq., of Hammond's Plains, Halifax Co., N. S.

Death.

On the 15th ult., at Cavendish, P. E. I., of congestion of the brain, David Smith, aged 29 years. [Mr. Smith was well known to the students as a member of the Theological Department during the last two years.—Eds.]

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

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