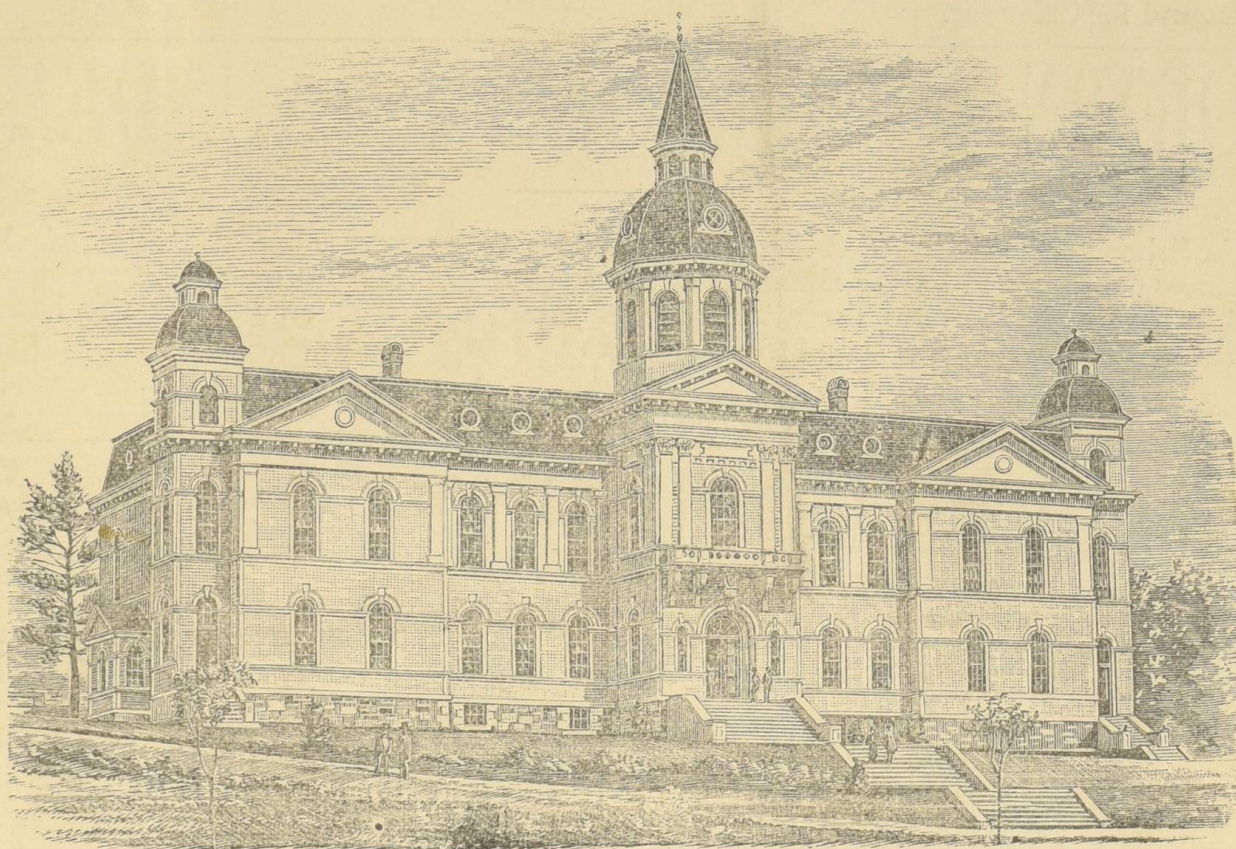


THE ACADIA ATHENAEUM.

VOL. VIII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JAN., 1882.

No. 4.



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WOLFVILLE,

N. S.

The Acadia Athenæum.

VOL. VIII.

WOLFVILLE, JANUARY, 1882.

No. 4.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE
YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF ACADIA
UNIVERSITY.

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Business letters should be addressed to C. O. Tupper, Sec.-Treas. Upon all other subjects address The Editors of the Acadia Athenæum.

THE first number of this paper for the year 1875-6 is wanted to complete a fyle for the library. If anyone has this number, and will forward it to us, he will confer a great favor.

Once more the Sackville institutions have suffered from fire. The destruction on the 8th inst. of the Male Academy must be regarded as a great calamity. We tender our most cordial sympathy,—a sympathy all the greater from the fact that Acadia so recently passed through a similar trial. The proverbial energy of our Methodist friends will doubtless at once be displayed in erecting a new building upon the ruins of the old.

We are pleased to have contributions this month from friends who are not living under the shadow of Acadia. The letter from Dr. Bill will be read with interest, because of the subject of which it treats, and, not less, in consequence of the fact that the writer has

long been an enthusiastic friend and supporter of our Alma Mater. We know, also, that all will be glad to hear again from "Kayoshk," whether they are able to pronounce his *nom de plume* or not. The letter from Brown is kindly contributed by a member of the Sophomore class of that university.

Last summer the Free Baptist Conference passed certain resolutions approving university consolidation, and recommending their youth to attend Dalhousie. The *Dalhousie Gazette* copies these, prefixing a few comments, of which the last sentence is: "With all due sympathy for them in this affliction, we recommend a careful perusal of the following to our Acadia friends." Our friends are in haste to wipe away our tears; but it might be wise first to learn whether we are weeping. If the Methodists should adopt resolutions commending Mount Allison, or the Episcopalians praising Kings, or the Presbyterians lauding Dalhousie, we should not feel afflicted: then why should we lament because the Free Baptists have recommended Dalhousie to their young men? Are the *Gazette* men so profoundly ignorant as to suppose that the Free Baptists form any part of the denomination that established Acadia College? The *Gazette* is deeply moved by these resolutions, and for a moment bows its head and fawningly cries, "This section of the Baptists, though small in numbers, is perhaps the most intelligent body in Nova Scotia." The ability of this body to discover the pre-eminent excellencies of Dalhousie is certainly proof of singular intelligence.

At the close of last term, a public entertainment was given by students of the Seminary and Academy. Some of the parts were rendered exceptionally well. The proficiency of

the young ladies in instrumental and vocal music was the occasion of remarks complimentary to their teachers as well as to themselves. We append the programme :

1. Piano Duett: — Overture to Martha. Flotow. Misses Ruhland and Masters.
2. Essay.—Ill Blows the Wind that Profits Nobody. H. H. Hall.
3. Recitation—Marguerite. Miss Eva Andrews.
4. Piano Solo.—Song without words. Mendelssohn. Miss Bessie J. Robins.
5. Essay.—Decisive Battlefields. Miss Ida Jones.
6. Reading.—The Old Man at School. Oliver Miller.
7. Piano Solo.—Fui Elise — Beethoven. Miss Ida McLellan.
8. Essay—Education. Gurden Locke.
9. Reading—Jane Conquest. Miss Bessie J. Robins.
10. Piano Solo—Polacca....Weber. Miss Julia Church.
11. Recitation—After the Burial. W. V. Davies.
12. Essay—Well Begun is Half Done. Miss Emma Leck.
13. Vocal Duett—I would that my love. Misses Robins and Clinch.
14. French Recitation. A. K. deBlois.
15. Recitation—Little Goldilocks. Miss Helen Read.
16. Piano Solo—Military Polanaise. Chopin. Miss Alice Hamilton.

The number of young men who attended the Academy last term was thirty nine, or five less than the attendance during the corresponding term of last year. The number occupying rooms on the Hill was, however, about the same as last year. The current term opens with the promise of a large increase. It is almost certain that every room in that portion of the building which is set apart for Academy students will be occupied. The matriculating class at present numbers sixteen; and there is a probability of increase. As a successor of Prof. Kennedy has not yet been appointed, Mr. Coldwell's services are still in demand in the college. The excellence of the work done by him last term makes the

need of the immediate appointment of another man less urgent than it might be under different circumstances. Mr. H. D. Bently, of last year's graduating class, has been added to the teaching staff of the Academy *pro tempore*.

The attendance at the Seminary last term was forty four. The number boarding on the Hill was thirty, or, eight more than last year. There have been some additions already this term, and the prospects are that the number of boarders will not be less than thirty six or thirty eight. A year ago there were only twenty three boarders. The graduating class numbers five, and one young lady is arranging her studies with a view to matriculation. The increasing popularity of this department of our institutions is sufficiently evidenced by the facts presented above, and we have reason to expect that next year there will not be an unoccupied room in the building.

Our Lecture Course.

DR. J. G. MCGREGOR.

A large number assembled to hear Dr. McGregor's address on the "Origin of the Solar System." After a few witty remarks the speaker entered upon his subject with vigor. He first referred to the discoveries of Copernicus, of the 15th century; whose theory that the sun is the centre of the Solar system and that the earth with the Planets and Satellites revolve about it, is now generally accepted. The labors of Kepler of Germany and Newton's Law of Gravitation were called attention to. He said that the most probable theory of the Origin of the Solar System was that of Laplace called the Nebular Theory. Laplace held that in the beginning the universe was gas; that the Sun, Planets and Satellites formed one single gaseous mass. This mass was rotating on an axis, and eventually formed a spherical globe. It was to be noticed that the heads of Comets are composed of gaseous material, but the tails are made up of solid substances. Comets do not belong to the Solar System, and move in direct opposition to all the planets. In closing Mr. McGregor said that we should accept scientific theories with caution. Laplace's Nebular Theory was not proven, but

still it had a great degree of probability, and was at variance with no astronomical facts. The Theory was not opposed to the Genesis of the world popularly accepted. It only put God a little farther back; it diminishes in no respect our regard for his wisdom, foresight and divine power. An interesting feature was the illustration of the lecture by diagrams reflected upon a screen. Dr. McGregor's fluent and easy style won our admiration, and we hope that we shall again be able to secure his valuable services at no distant date.

Junior Exhibition.

The closing exercises at Acadia, before the Xmas vacation, have always been looked forward to with a degree of interest by the public as well as students. Had Vennor deferred the inclement weather, of Dec. 15th, to some subsequent date, undoubtedly fewer expectations would have been disappointed; and a stormy day would not be added to the list of fair ones which have favored Acadia on almost all her public occasions. In spite of wind and weather the popular nature of the Junior exercises drew not a few from their homes to greet our embryo orators. The following was the programme of the exercises:—

PRAYER. Dr. Welton.

Music.

Adam Smith's Influence on the Modern Industrial World.

T. Sherman Rogers, Amherst.

Republicanism in France and in the United States.

D. Spurgeon Whitman, New Albany.

The Influence of the Thinker on his Age,

I. Wallace Corey, Cole's Island, N. B.

Nihilism in Russia.

Joseph S. Lockhart, Lockhartville.

Music.

The Augustan Age,

Clarence W. Bradshaw, Centreville, P. E. I.

Art in Relation to Strength,
Barclay E. L. Tremaine, Halifax.

The Uses of Biography,
Charles W. Williams, Wolfville.

Music.

Alexander at Arbela,
Herbert R. Welton, Wolfville.

The Crusades,
A. Lewis Powell, Amherst.
Gladstone and Beaconsfield,
C. Osborne Tupper, Amherst.

Music.

Venice.

William C. Goucher, Truro.

Tennyson's Ideals,

O. C. S. Wallace, Canaan.

Music.

National Anthem.

If space were at our disposal to assign to each production its true merit, some which displayed careful preparation and originality we would highly commend. We feel safe in saying that this exhibition loses nothing by comparison with previous ones. The variety of subjects and creditable delivery aided in securing attention throughout.

The music, under direction of Miss Harding, was furnished by those attending the Institutions, aided by Mr. Witter, and evidently displayed the careful training of our vocal teacher. The programme having been completed, Avard Longley, M. P., was called upon for an address and responded. He reminded us of the obligations we are under to our Alma Mater, and admonished us to be loyal to her interests.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. MARTINS, Jan. 3rd, 1882.

MY DEAR ATHENÆUM,—I read your well-filled pages from month to month with very great interest. Your last issue is brim full of choice sayings. These memorial sketches of our loved Dr. Cramp, by the President and Professors of Acadia, have deeply moved my inner heart. All truthful and excellent. The one by good Dr. Crawley is to me particularly touching. The portrait so admirably drawn is all glowing with life. I was personally associated with our departed brother in most of the scenes so graphically described. The reference to the terrible catastrophe of June, 1852, which mantled Acadia in the deepest mourning and pierced the hearts of thousands with unutterable sorrow, brings vividly to my mind the expression of untold grief on the countenance of Dr. Cramp. I was with him in that dark hour when Very and Chipman and the four students were cold and lifeless beneath the waters of the Basin of Minas. I seem to see Dr. Cramp now bracing himself up in the presence of this overwhelming shock, by strong faith in God. We sighed,

wept and prayed together, and tried to say from the heart, O! God "thy will be done." To Dr. Cramp the furnace was scorching, but he came out of it without the smell of fire upon his garments. Never did I witness a more impressive illustration of the mighty power of the Christian faith.

Then how true to life is the description of Dr. Cramp's devotion to Acadia College,—his skill in management, his readiness to yield to the force of circumstances, his untiring industry, his self-sacrificing spirit, his remarkable success and, last, but not least, his glorious departure to his eternal home.

Allow me to say, as I stand upon the verge of the infinite future, it does me great good to see the young blood of Acadia unfolding itself in utterances that have the right ring, and all energized with the life and nerve of this progressive age.

From my heart of hearts, my dear Athenæum, I wish you and all your patrons a joyous and prosperous new year.

Sincerely yours,

I. E. BILL.

Letter From Brown University.

MESSRS EDITORS.—Your request for a letter was received long ago. I will venture to write a few words at this late day, and if my communication escapes the waste-basket, I shall think patience is well cultivated at Acadia.

The three colleges which draw the largest attention and patronage from people in Southern New England, are Harvard, Yale and Brown. The first two are widely known and frequently mentioned in the papers; their glory and reputation almost eclipses the fame of 'Old Brown,' which in a more favorable locality might be better appreciated.

It is not my purpose to give a description of our buildings, nor a detailed account of the faculty and courses of study. If any of you are interested in these things I respectfully refer you to our Registrar, who will send you a catalogue as soon as requested. Be it sufficient for me if I can give you an idea of how Brown boys fare in the ordinary run of college life. The Seniors and Juniors get along with each other on very peaceable terms, one class seeming to be almost as much concerned

for the honor and welfare of the other, as for its own. The same friendliness exists between the Juniors and Sophomores, though perhaps not manifested quite as freely; but between the Sophomores and Freshmen a year's acquaintance is necessary to make peace and harmony. Whatever occurs to create a disturbance and noise about college is laid to the Sophs and Freshies as a matter of course. The first collision between the two classes comes in the fall, immediately after the matriculation of the Freshmen. The Sophs, in accordance with a time-honored custom, feel in duty bound to try the mettle of the new class in a football match. Both classes enter the arena in a body and contend for athletic supremacy. Not infrequently the football may be at one side of the field, and the contestants pushing and scuffling in the centre,—but victory usually rests with the Sophs, as they have the advantage of acquaintance with their men, and more practice. A challenge to a game of base-ball, a cane rush and boat race follow, and the only perceptible result of these contests is a crowd of greatly elated Sophomores, and another crowd of indignant, crestfallen Freshmen, thirsting for revenge. During the rest of the year the Freshmen endeavor to take every advantage possible, and the Sophomores remind them of their proper place by playing tricks and cracking jokes upon them. Among the latest is the following: The Freshmen were about to form a class society, and proposed to close their meeting with a supper at one of the city restaurants. The Sophomores heard of the order which had been left at the restaurant, and shortly before the appointed time some of them went there and called for the supper which was to be prepared "for the college boys." The proprietor entirely ignorant of the trick, set the food before them, of which they partook freely, and left the room just as the Freshmen were entering. Such is a sample of what may be expected at any opportunity, so that when the trying ordeal of Freshman year is passed, there is very little attention paid to class distinction at Brown.

The entire body of students is divided into Societies, and these form the most marked basis of distinction. Each society is composed of men whose tastes, purposes and attainments are most suitable to the majority of its

members, without regard to classes. We have at present six secret societies and one open society. It is the desire of each society to have a large number of members, who are popular in college, stand high in scholarship, and give promise of being successful in life. With such purposes in view, the rivalry is very strong, and it is quite an honor for any one society to have a decided lead of the others.

But aside from what pertains to the college proper, life at Brown is animated by the great variety of attractions that the city affords. Providence, R. I., with a population of over 100,000, is not a whit behind the chiefest of her New England sisters in whatever can instruct or entertain her citizens. The students of Brown are at liberty to break the monotony of Latin, Greek and Mathematics, on almost any evening, by listening to a concert or lecture. But while the city presents attractions of the higher order to the sober-minded and thoughtful, it abounds in temptations of a different kind for the careless and frivolous. A certain class of students are always ready to create disorder and noise, and no chance for a rumpus is neglected.

Recently, one of the large clothing houses, J. B. Barnaby & Co., advertised that on a certain day they would give away overcoats. The bare announcement was enough to summon a large crowd around their store at the appointed time.

In this motley crowd were a good many students, who had come to "see the fun," or more exactly to *make* fun. When the band struck up and the coats began to descend from the second story window, the college boys began to push and cheer with great gusto. As to the overcoats, they were torn in a hundred pieces in almost as little time as it takes to say it.

The police, seeing that the belligerent sons of Erin who were in the thickest of the fray, would not long suffer the presence of the Brown boys, made a charge to break the crowd. In consequence of the melee that followed, one poor Sophomore found lodgings in the station house.

No action on the part of the college boys lately has caused a greater sensation in the city, than the attempt to introduce the fashion of

wearing the Oxford hat. What is treated with honor among you, Acadians, is looked upon here as ridiculous. They will not even give the hat its proper name, but sneeringly call it a "mortar-board." For about two weeks the students boldly faced opposition and scorn, and wore the hat with all the grace and dignity they could command. But when the press opened its batteries upon us, it was too much for even the audacious student to stand, and now.

"Perched upon a bust of Pallas

Just above my chamber door

A 'mortar board'—and nothing more."

A. E. S.

December 28th, 1881.

The Newspaper as an Educator.

A distinctive characteristic of modern times, is the rapidity and facility with which information respecting recent occurrences is circulated. This is accomplished mainly by the newspaper. We find nothing resembling it in ancient times, except perhaps, the *Acta Diurna* of the Romans; and this for a very good reason. The Art of Printing—an indispensable condition for the modern newspaper—did not then exist.

The inception of the newspaper marks an important stage in the progress of intellectual development since the Dark Ages. It is distinctly traceable to the desire to *know*; and implies a desire to know what is occurring *now*, rather than what has occurred in the past—a desire which cannot well be gratified by books. Not only does the newspaper minister to the longing of the mind for knowledge; but, while gratifying, also stimulates it.

Like all other kinds of literature, the newspaper has an educating influence, which is wide-spread, far-reaching, powerful. It is not confined to individuals or communities; but, directly or indirectly, affects the whole race. It is greater among some classes of society and in some countries than in others. It is especially powerful here in America. To the great majority of the labouring class who have limited means to obtain other literature, and to many of the manufacturing and commercial classes who have but little time to

read anything else, the newspaper is almost the only source of information. It, along with other periodicals, has taken the place of books to a great extent, and now seems to be taking the place of the pulpit and the platform.

While it aids us in procuring knowledge about a multitude of subjects, its *special* mission seems to be the diffusion of information respecting current events. How far it is successful in the work it undertakes, and where it fails, is not easy to determine. There is the greatest diversity in its character, necessarily producing a corresponding diversity in its effects on the minds of readers. If it supplies the public with correct information on current events and subjects of general interest; if it stimulates research and mental acumen; if it broadens men's minds and induces in them a liberal spirit towards opinions differing from their own; so far it surely accomplishes its mission. But on the other hand, when it is insincere, or low in its moral and intellectual tone; when it serves the interests of a clique or party regardless of other interests; when it panders to corrupt taste, or rouses evil agencies which might otherwise have slumbered, then it certainly fails in its high work as a public educator.

As such, it certainly encourages breadth of knowledge, but it often does so at the expense of depth. From its very nature it can present little more than bare facts, stripped of everything except their most immediate conditions and consequences. If, going further than this, it attempts to generalize and make inductions, since its observations are of necessity limited and hasty, its conclusions are often fallacious; and thus its oracular utterances of one day must often be modified on the next. If its readers would discriminate and compare the facts it presents, and find in them principles and laws, they must acquire the antecedent and necessary training from some other source.

In this connection we observe that the newspaper seems to have a decided affinity for educational systems of a particular cast. Take a few well known examples. The American system tends to the diffusion of knowledge among all classes, and is therefore liable

to sacrifice quality to quantity; the German system, aiming especially at thoroughness, has a reverse tendency; while the English holds a mean course between the other two. Now in America (i. e., Canada and the United States,) there is a newspaper for every five or six thousand people,—a rate about five times as great as that in Germany, and three times as great as that in Britain.

In general, the newspaper exerts a unifying influence. It lifts individuals out of the narrow worlds they make for themselves, and unites them in the common interests of mankind. It is educating us to fully accept the doctrine of "universal brotherhood." But its real influence in moulding the mind and morals of the individual, and in shaping the character and destiny of the race, can never be exactly estimated. The part it plays in the grand drama of history can never be written. We know that it is and will be powerful, but we do not know *how* powerful.

SIGMA.

Frustration.

I dreamed near dawn a lofty and lovely dream
Whose vaporous grandeurs, wrought by
sleep's dim hands,

In majesty of memory always gleam
Out from my past, like towers from lonely
lands!

I dreamed that Science, after wanderings fleet
Or difficult climbings with slow labored
breath,

Had planted her divinely insolent feet
On the weird boundaries between life and
death!

Throned among wild acclivities, brave and
strong,

She loomed with maiden stature terribly
bright.

Below her surged a marveling human throng;
Beyond her was eternity's wall of night!

The great mass roared like some wide turbulent
sea.....

And now from their vague midst a voice
rang bold:

"O, speak! our suppliant world beseeches thee!
Divulge what mysteries those deep eyes behold!"

Then with a smile no portraiture could reach
Her luminous lips were parted and she
spoke ;

But ere I had caught one fragment of her
speech

By some austere fatality I awoke.

Then eagerly did my baffled soul entreat :

"Oh, slumber, bathe me again in dense
eclipse,

And make the unfinished dream shine forth
complete

With proud sublimity of apocalypse!".....

But yonder, though dark draperies backward
drawn

I saw the faded stars remotelier burn,
And glimmering on the dumb cold lips
of dawn,

Pale languors of inscrutable unconcern!

EDGAR FAWCETT,
in *International Review*.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

No. 2.

—
ION CARLOS.
—

Cuvier was manifestly a great man. Hence he bore "his blushing honors thick upon him." With justice was he made Councillor of State, Chancellor of a great University, and a peer of the realm, inasmuch as for his invaluable services to natural science he earned the lasting gratitude not only of his country, but also of the world.

But my main object is not to speak of the great naturalist's devotion to science, nor of the honors bestowed on him by the great Napoleon and his successors. His name occurs to me in this connection because of the singularly just tribute he has paid to the dog. He says that "of man's conquests the dog is the most singular, complete and useful. His devotion to his master is entire. He defends his property, adopts his manners, and remains attached to him even unto death; and all this springs not from necessity,—not from restraint, but simply from gratitude and a true friendship."

This quotation has associated, singularly enough, Cuvier with a quadruped whose name will awaken a thousand pleasant mem-

ories in the minds of those sons of Acadia who trod her halls nearly a quarter of a century ago. The bark of said quadruped rings out among the echoes of the past with remarkable fascination, clearness and power. I do not think of this four-footed wonder as an abstract notion or conception, but he lives in my reproductive faculty as the very quintessence of concreteness. His form, color, mien, proportions, nay, the cast of his eye, and the very wag of his tail I see now as in the days of yore, and "time but the impression deeper makes, as streams their channels deeper wear."

O "Don," for that was thy name,—over thee how time hath lost its power! Thy physical trot will never again be seen by mortal eyes, but thy mental trot will be perpetuated in all the verdure of a perennial existence. Thy wise sayings and deep observations on men and things would have been buried in eternal oblivion, had not pen and ink faithfully recorded them in the annals of the past. May the memory of that Freshman miserably perish, who is disposed to ignore thy services so promptly and faithfully given. Is it possible he can do so when he recalls the days of his freshmanic helplessness and verdancy! May that sophomore be greatly confounded who, as he drags from their resting-place his dog's-eared and faded manuscripts, does not feel his heart beat in gratitude as he calls to mind the work of excision and compression performed upon them by his faithful canine friend. Yes, "Don," thou didst not confine thy treasures of brain to the few, but thou pouredst them forth, as a copious stream, vivifying and enriching the mental domains of thy compatriots. With no niggard paw didst thou dispense the favors that neither money could purchase, nor modesty restrain. The advice thou gavest the seniors of 185—will not soon be forgotten. Let those who are to-day so eagerly seeking knowledge listen to thy wise and monitory words.

"Seniors, lend me your ears. You are my friends, and I am your friend. I know somewhat of the toil of a college course. It is not a mere wag of the tail. It is a long, lone hunt for game—a struggle for mastery—a fight with a legion of "curs" and "terriers"—O yes! and with great cross, burly, bull-dogs.

But you have fought well for the practice you have had. Now you are about to go out into the great world. Suffer from me the word of exhortation. Ever bear in mind that your power lies not altogether in the central system, but largely in the outskirts and extremities. Hence, never carry a drooping tail. It is a sneakish, cowardly exponent, and always begets shame-facedness. Carry your colors aloft, and back them up to the very backbone. O! did you but know what I have suffered from losing a part of my caudal extremity—the insulting growls and snappish ways of very *genteel* puppets—you would the better appreciate this bit of advice.

Again, never bark without you have a bite behind it. It is not well ever to bark much. Some keep up a furious barking as if they were keeping sentinel for the universe—when at last it comes out that they were yelping about the moon,—mere moonshine, you see, all their noise. But when you do bark, bark right in the ears of the fellow, and follow it up with a short husky growl—just to indicate that there is something besides a bark coming. Generally one yelp and a growl is “Quantum sufficit” sometimes two may be ventured. Then throttle his jugular. For the honor of your Alma Mater, and the friendship of me—your almus pater—don’t nibble about the ears. The jugular, the whole jugular, and nothing but the jugular.

Now, serious, I have delivered myself of my wisdom on this subject. Don’t despise it—for there is much solid wisdom in these my words. Your lives will report you sturdy, valiant fellows, if you but heed my advice.”

The readers of the Athenæum may not be aware that “Don,” the author of the memorable words just quoted, was graduated with honors (*cum laude*). Encircling his neck was a brass collar upon which was engraved, *Don Carlos, A. B.* His graduating address was an impromptu one; His subject that celebrated Horatian line, *Exegi monumentum aere perennius*. Before he had proceeded far in the unfolding of his subject his whole canine nature became greatly stirred, and his peroration was the finest threnody on the brevity of doghood life that it was ever my privilege to listen to. After “Don” received his degree his thoughts seemed to assume a

poetical shape—so much so indeed that the fountains of prose seemed to be completely sealed.

The circumstances which gave rise to one of the Poems which “Don” wrote are not a little peculiar. His master had been laboring for many years with brush and razor upon a lip on which originally down abounded. The result of that master’s painstaking at the end of the first year was an incipient mustache which required strong sunlight to bring out its manifold perfections and fineness. At the end of the second year there was nothing sufficient to justify the poor fellow in making further exertions in the same direction. Therefore, disheartened and disgusted he quit a practice that was a constant source of anxiety and besides consumed much valuable time. That the chin of said master was subjected to the same continuous, torturing process there is not sufficient evidence to determine. Hence the best commentators reject the words, “and chin,” occurring in the second stanza of the poem as a mere appendage to complete the measure. But the Poem itself, entitled “Nature versus Art” let us have:

“My soul is filled with canine song once more,
Once more my heart beats quick and strong—
I sang how brief was doghood life before,
But now I sing more joyous song.”

“I sing my master’s upper lip and chin—
I wag my tail the live-long day
That he has quit a grievous, grievous sin,
His razor he has put away.”

“His precious time is wasted now no more,
Nor is his cash for soap and stuff;
His throat and face are now no longer sore,
For nature sure is wise enough.”

“Alas! that man should mar his noble face
By scraping off th’ ambrosial hair
Which grandma Nature knew so well to place,
And meant that he should wear it there.”

“Who now can look upon my master’s face
That lacks nor beard nor prejudice
And fail to feel the course that Nature took
In her peculiar work was wise?”

“Presumptuous Impudence! that Art should dare

To take her mamma’s rightful place,
And bid her child how he should trim and square

The ornament she lent his face.

ESPRIT DE CORPS.

Nothing is more praiseworthy than a desire on our part to guard jealously the honor of our companions, whether individually or collectively. By every means in our power we ought to uphold others in whatever is right and noble, and should shield them, as far as we consistently can, from the consequences of their faults. But, nevertheless, each should hold his own honor as a sacred trust given to him alone, and which it is his duty, as a man, by a manly, straightforward life, to preserve untarnished. Therefore we think that, at times, the spirit of standing by our companions through evil as well as through good report is carried too far. In endeavoring to shield the guilty, we wrong the innocent, and oftentimes those whom we thus wrong are more truly our friends than those whom, through a false feeling of honor, we are attempting to shield from the consequences of their folly.

But not only do we thus oftentimes injure our truest friends, but also sully our own honor by wilfully refusing to aid the cause of truth and justice; or, by repeated prevarications, and sometimes by deliberate falsehood, we wrong ourselves as well as injure others. And not only so, but, by acting in this way, we also encourage those, who are naturally inclined to wrong doing, to do that which we know will still further blunt their moral sensibilities, and, perchance, we become the worst enemies of those whom we regard as friends, and to whom we pretend to be so faithful, by helping them on in the way of transgression. Now we think that this feeling of being bound to sacrifice everything, even our own honor, to shield our companions from the consequences of their wrong-doing is especially strong among those attending schools and colleges, and we also think that there it often causes lasting injury to those whom it is intended to benefit, and is extremely hurtful to such institutions and to all connected therewith.

By the majority of College students, nothing is thought more contemptible and base than to aid professors, or those in authority, in their laudable attempts to enforce the college rules and preserve unimpaired the standing and reputation of the institutions over

which they have been placed. Indeed it more often happens, that, instead of aiding the professors, the students seem to do all in their power to defeat them in their efforts to sustain the honor of the college, and by their actions incite the offending parties to renewed acts of lawlessness. Now we think that such a feeling is the cause of very much harm. By it our own sense of right and wrong is very materially impaired, the institution is brought into disrepute among outsiders and its efficiency very often lessened, and the weaker students are led to indulge in acts of wrong-doing, that otherwise they would have shrunk from committing. The moral status of all the students is lowered, and the cause of truth and right deserted.

Now if there is anything that we detest it is the meanness of those who are forever publishing the faults and failures of others, and gloating, as it were, over the punishment that befalls those whose guilt is discovered. We are willing to make every allowance for the natural depravity of the human heart, and try and help our brother men up the steep hill of life, so long as by so doing we do not forget what is due to our own honor, and also, that we are responsible beings. And then, as we have before said, it is very doubtful if by concealing an offence or shielding an offender we do not harm those who have been in fault. Knowing that it will be almost impossible for the professors to find out their misdeeds, they are encouraged to go on from bad to worse, till the whole college becomes disaffected, and those who go there to study are materially hindered in their work, and lose much valuable time, just because a few who have not sense enough to know the value of time, are shielded from discovery, and thus aided in keeping the whole college in a disaffected state.

Therefore we think that students oftentimes make a great mistake in not helping the professors as far as they can, in upholding the honor of their institution, and whenever the means necessary to shield those who transgress the rules clash with their own sense of honor, they should remember that they are the guardians of their own characters, and act accordingly. By all the principles of right and justice, any one who transgresses the laws of any society must expect punish-

ment for such transgression, and for such an one to try and screen himself behind the good nature of his innocent friends, while they suffer for his misdeeds, betokens both meanness and cowardice, and he should be the last to blame others for lack of fidelity.

Therefore we think that it should be understood by all students attending any institution of learning, that if they choose to disobey the rules of said institution, they must expect to have to abide by the consequences like men, and not expect their fellow-students to sacrifice their own sense of honor, or suffer any inconvenience whatever, in order to shield them from discovery. Every college student should be man enough to act thus manfully, and none should be mean enough to let their innocent companions suffer from their misdeeds.

KAYOSHK.

Other Colleges.

Yale has a yacht club and a bicycle rink.

Harvard has the largest Freshman class in its history, namely 210.

The average at which students enter American colleges is 17; a century ago it was fourteen.

By the will of the late W. P. West of Halifax, N. S., Tuft's College receives twenty thousand dollars.

At Amherst, students who attend nine-tenths of the recitations are not required to take the examinations.

An exchange informs us that the Fredericton University students paid \$3.00 a head for damages done on the grounds on Hallow e'en.

The faculty at Dartmouth subscribed \$51.00 last year for the support of the base ball club.

Mr. Herbert Pickard, the winner of the Gilchrist Scholarship last year, is meeting with great success in his studies in the Old country. He led all the students in his examinations at the Edinburgh University a few weeks ago, and took a scholarship of £20, tenable for a number of years. He also passed examinations in the first division at the London University.

Four students of Purdin University, Indiana, have been expelled for refusing to pledge themselves not to join a "Greek letter society" during their course. The right of the Faculty

to expel students on such grounds is disputed and the case is to be carried into the courts.

In the present Congress of the United States 34 senators and 128 representatives are college graduates.

A writer in an Exchange denounces the gift of the late Matthew Vassar of \$80,000 to found two chairs in "Vassar" which are never to be filled by women, as an "\$80,000 sneer," and calls upon the women of the country to contribute \$80,000 to enable "Vassar" to reject the gift with proper womanly scorn.

LOCALS.

A "Sewing Circle" has been organized in No. 12, Old Seminary Building. A limited number of friends will be admitted.

We have a Freshman who eats twice a day, saws all our wood for exercise, and thinks he will change his boarding house for one with coarser food.

The tornado on the 2nd inst., shivered the flag-staff and mutilated the grove of trees around it most seriously. At least twelve trees are completely destroyed.

It has been suggested if that junr. swings the same big cane this term, he had better engage a small boy to carry it for him.

Scene 1.—A deserted stair-case. A pencil upon one of the stairs—example of Potential energy. Scene 2.—Sophomore, descending from Library with both arms filled with books. As he places his foot upon the pencil its Potential energy becomes suddenly transformed into Kinetic. Scene 3.—Tableau.—Red-Light.

The officers of the Athenæum for the ensuing term are:

President—H. W. Moore.
Vice-President—D. S. Whitman.
Rec. Secretary—S. W. Cummings.
Treas.—B. Lockhart.
Cor. Secretary—H. R. Welton.

Ex. Committee, { S. P. Cook, (chairman.)
C. W. Bradshaw,
F. W. Kelly,
F. B. King,
E. A. Magee,

To approach, unmoved, any spot wherein spirits are said to lurk, or which has been the centre of mystic scenes, is only possible to strong nerves. To occupy, therefore, a four story

abode of phantoms, cut up into numberless rooms and alleys through which have been heard bedlam noises—voices of ideal sweetness, mingled with hysterical yells, snatches of song, chuckling laughter, sepulchral tones, and brazen sounds as if Cyclops were forging gongs; with an outer wall of glass, behind which are seen glinting lights and pale weird figures in varied posture and motion, around which human and beast-like forms are known to prowl, under cover of darkness, at the barricaded doors of which veritable centaurs furiously paw and thump, in respect to which there have been endless rumors and traditions concerning its nature and history; the common belief being that its mysteries can be explained by no known natural phenomena, and above all to enter within the precincts of such a place in the very teeth of an awful curse pronounced on the man who would invade its sanctity, would be considered the height of human daring as well as of human folly. But it has been done. For thirteen successive nights, a reckless student slept in one of its secret chambers undisturbed. But alas! on the following night there came a warning; a strange piece of mechanism, somewhat resembling a Venetian clock, began to click; and a few hours later strange voices and pattering feet so fully alarmed our hero, that, seizing blanket and revolver, he fled precipitately through a back-door.

He has been frequently interviewed as to his adventure, but impending doom prevents him from making any revelations which would solve the mystery of the Crystal House, or help to fix its relations to Kosmos.

QUIPS and CRANKS.

Freshman, much confused over his mathematics—"The *contagious angles* will be right angles."

The cad who made a total average of .1 for the past term has arrived for his second term's work.

A student was heard lamenting that he had forgotten all he ever knew. A bystander suggested that he take half an hour some day, and learn it all over again.

Lesson in Logic—Prof.—"What do you think of the argument represented by a cat chasing her tail?" Student—"She is *feline* her way to a *cat-egorical* conclusion." Applause.—Clip.

Inopi juvena senex prodigus was translated by a Junior, "Because his youth was needy, he became a prodigious old man." In the same class *Grata erat memoria Capitonis* was rendered, "Great was Capito's memory."

Prof.—Discoursing upon the uses and abuses of extemporaneous speaking—"I once knew a young man who was to deliver an oration upon "The Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Small." He trusted to the inspiration of the moment and it turned out to be the Infinitely *Small*."

Junior, playing "the agreeable" over a doll-stand.—This way ladies, we have here dolls of all kinds, ages, and sizes. Lady, rather dignified.—No, thank you, I am quite doll enough *myself*. Junior, somewhat stunned.—Yes, certainly, you need then—I can furnish you with a suitable companion. The lady lingers.

Philosophers tell us that closing the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. This doubtless explains the persistence with which a certain Freshman keeps his eyes closed during the Sabbath evening meetings, even when admonished to "*awake*."

The question is, who posted the following near the Sem. gate on Junr. night?

College youths, due notice take

Nor tarry near this sacred gate,

Cave canem or he will bite

If you linger here to-night.

It is reported on good authority that a certain villager, upon the death of Dr. Cramp, anxiously asked one of our Juniors: "Who are you going to get for your professor of Emeritus now?" The question was answered, we think, rather doubtfully—our Junior casting a *backward* glance at the questioner, and a somewhat curious smile upon his Latin Dictionary. He comes back this term surprised that mother Shipton's prophecy was not fulfilled.

PERSONALS.

'80. C. E. Griffin no longer brandishes the ferule, but has gone to Harvard Law School.

'84. C. E. Baker has taken a school at Grand Pre.

'82. H. W. Moore has again returned to College.

R. Macdonald who joined the Soph. class, has gone to Bermuda, where he will remain for a time on account of his health.

'81. E. D. Webber is engaged as a reporter for the Halifax "Herald."

Sawyer and Welton are pursuing their studies in the Art's Course at Harvard.

Parker, W. P. Shaffner McCully and Daniels have passed successfully their preliminary law examinations.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

1880—'81.—Geo. Munro; A. J. Seelye; J. L. Gertridge; Noah A. Dimock; J. D. Masters; Rev. J. F. Kempton; Rhodes & Curry, (ad. \$3.) Rev. E. M. Keirstead; J. W. H. King.

1881—'82.—Rev. E. H. Sweet; Mrs. Sarah Shaw; Rev. I. E. Bill, D. D.; John Mosher; Rev. J. I. DeWolfe; G. E. Crosscup; Dr. H. H. Reid; L. C. Layton; S. L. Walker.

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