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The Acadia Athenæum.

54

WOLFVILLE NOVA SCOTIA

Prodesse Quam Conspici.

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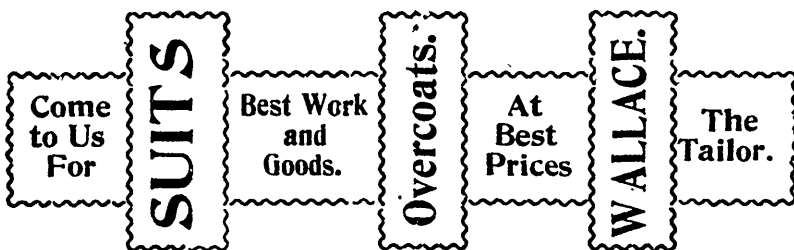
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NOVEMBER 1899

No. 1

Our Recruits.

The expression is just now quite significant. But it is not of him who in the spirit of genuine patriotism offers himself to defend the national honor that we write, but rather of those who year by year come up to fill the ranks in our college left vacant by each advancing class.

This year more than forty new men are here adding not only in numbers, but also, we are assured, in character to the sum of our life, and for three years the incoming classes have been larger by nearly half than those which came in at any time before. But it may be doubted whether with greatly increased numbers there has come closer approximation to the standard of fitness required by the College of those who wish to partake of her life. Certain it is that some are still coming, with high ambition, it is true, and noble purposes, but so unprepared as to be conditioned in two or more subjects.

The requirements of entrance into our College are by no means excessive, are in fact less, in some particulars, than the highest good of the school imperatively demands. The mere smattering of Classics, for instance, that one entering the first year unconditioned must possess, is barely sufficient to enable him to do successfully the

third year in many high and preparatory schools whose course embraces four years. And never until more careful and advanced preparatory work is demanded of and done by those entering College, even with the most painstaking attention on the part of the professor can one attain that fluency and correctness in reading the Classics that should accompany a degree in Arts.

There is, however, less to be complained of in that the demands of matriculation are too slight, than in that these demands are too often temporarily withdrawn, allowing unfit students to enter the school with the understanding that they make up their work at some future time. The harm accruing therefrom is obvious, and is of twofold character.

The curriculum of our College is established on a basis of already acquired knowledge for men of ordinary mental power, that these working faithfully and persistently may fulfil its requirements. Given, then, only partial preparation and the first condition of success has been robbed from the student. He cannot appreciate discussions involving wholly unfamiliar terminology. Much that is taught in class goes by him unapprehended. He is a slave throughout his course, and that in proportion to his ambition. Cribes, the fruit of his abler class-mates' effort tendered him in pity, a little judicious "leg-pulling," these one or all the student entering without adequate fitting must rely upon, if he make even a fair showing in his course. These things, of course, apply to ordinary students, say ninety-nine out of each hundred in college. Prodigies are bound by special rules.

But if it were that only the student himself, subject to tasks harder than he can accomplish, is robbed of much that is for him in the life here, there would be far less than there is of which to complain. It is a fact, however, that rarely does a man unable to do the work assigned a class, enter therein and not prove a check upon the advancement of his fellows. If, instead of one there be several, so much the worse. For these, whose weakness the teacher quickly discovers, there must be explanation oft-repeated, which is, or soon becomes ancient history to the fit man. The latter loses heart, and the professor anxious to advance, yet not willing too neglect the weakest assigned him sees hindered his cherished plans for progress. And so Acadia suffers.

The remedy for this is not far to seek. Friends of the institution can point out to the aspiring student the almost inestimable value of a thorough grounding in elementary and preparatory education, directing him to Horton Academy to fulfill any lack in these. The Academy would thereby receive, in part at least, the fair treatment that she has not always experienced at the hands of her supporters. And if wise counsel fail, and the man persist in his purpose to enter college without standard qualifications, the faculty should respectfully advise him to seek another institution. One

has recently said, "A poor college with good teachers is good; a rich college with poor teachers is very bad," add the expression "students" in each instance and the truth is far broader. Let Acadia stand for thoroughness, which is possible only when first things are attended to.

**Changes
in our
Paper.**

Just what the scope of a college journal should be is a question upon which there is no unanimity of opinion. Among all the papers of this class, which reach the table of the Exchange editor, scarcely two embody the same ideas as to what constitutes an ideal college publication. Here is a staid and dignified monthly, every page bearing the impress of culture and literary ability, while beside it, is a weekly sheet of about four pages solely devoted to chronicling the doings of the college community. The former is backed by a large subscription list while the circulation of the latter is practically limited to the members of the student body because unintelligible to anyone else. These, perhaps, are two extremes; and yet it is true that while most of our exchanges attempt to strike the happy medium they are not always successful. There is more than one way of making the college paper a sealed book to all but resident students. Where class reports, and all manner of local happenings and the so-called jokes occupy the most of the space, it is impossible for a man who has been out of college for a few years to retain an interest in his paper, and so he allows his subscription to lapse. But is the journal whose columns are chiefly filled with the stilted contributions of immature undergraduates an improvement in any appreciable degree? Not many such articles are even read by the students, and fewer still are perused with either pleasure or profit; while to the man who has said farewell to his *Alma Mater*, and who has buckled on his armour to fight the battle of life, there is not much interest in the scholastic essays of his college paper. But still the college paper must represent the life and the thought of the college. The student, therefore, must be heard. It is not our intention to banish the undergraduate contribution nor to decline to give space to matters of local interest; on the contrary, in our next issue, we shall open a "Correspondence Column," where, in a perfectly informal way, any student "having to advise the public may speak free." But we wish to go a step farther. We shall enlarge the paper so as to make room for articles of general interest, written by our graduates and other friends of the institution whose attainments and experience qualify them to speak as those having authority. It is, therefore, with much pleasure that we present to our readers in this the initial number of the *ATHENÆUM* for 1899-1900. Prof. Wortman's lecture on Victor Hugo and an article on College Journalism by W. F. Parker, Esq. of Halifax.

In order to economize space, we have been obliged to make

changes in the arrangement of matter and to dispense with the cuts that formerly adorned the first page. The local column will be modified in many respects. There does not seem to us to be any valid reason why three or four pages of the small amount of space at our disposal should be devoted to cheap wit, or, worse still, set apart as a place where all having grievances with their fellow students and a pull with the local editor, may come forward and vent their spleen.

As for the changes in the cover, we offer no apologies, for we believe that the old one had neither beauty nor reason to recommend it. We do not pretend to have chosen anything very artistic; it is not our object; our motto is "*Prodesse quam Cospici.*"

In re A word respecting this column. It is the belief of the Editors that this department of our paper has not been doing for our readers all that it should. Hitherto considerable space has been devoted to telling where a number of old graduates are located and, in some cases, what they are doing. While this has been very good in itself, still, we feel that to the majority, it has been of practically no interest or value. For instance, we are told that "L.G. Blank, '43, is resting at his home in Newtonville." To a few this may be of interest, but to the large proportion it conveys no information whatever. Who is L. G. Blank? What has he been doing to render a rest necessary, or has he been resting all his life? These and other unanswered questions leave the average reader no wiser than before, so that the space has been practically wasted, and in just that proportion is the world poorer.

We are well aware of the fact that a strong feeling exists against breaking away from custom long established and while this doctrine may be true in some things, applied to College Journalism it is nothing short of a relic of Antiquity. To support a thing that has nothing to recommend it but time honoured custom is certainly not in accordance with the present age, and the man who would be successful must not be circumscribed by such ideas.

Believing this to be true, we feel that a change is necessary in the column above referred to; and in future instead of devoting considerable space to sentence notices of twenty or thirty graduates, we purpose, in each issue, to give a somewhat extended sketch of two or three who have risen to positions of prominence since graduating. Acadia has many sons and daughters of whom she is justly proud, and during the year we hope to give our readers some idea of what they have been and are doing. This, we believe, will be more interesting, more profitable and will create a deeper interest in our *Alma Mater*. We invite co-operation and respectfully urge those who send contributions to this column to make them so detailed as to enable us to carry out our plans as outlined above.

Victor Hugo as a Dramatist.

I should like to introduce you to a theatre. Not of our own country nor of the present day. Will you let your thought wander with me into "La Belle France" and to its gay and brilliant capital? We must go back, past the last half century, well towards its first quarter. Could we, on the evening of February 25, 1830, enter Le Théâtre Français, we might assist at a representation, unique and intensely interesting. As the lights are turned on and the doors opened to the general public, it appears that the house is already partly filled, and with an audience unlike that which Parisian etiquette prescribes for such occasions. Instead of the correct dress suit, one sees every variety of taste and extravagant caprice displayed in the apparel of the young men, with long, waving locks, who, scattered over the building, have taken seats in every part. Could we penetrate behind the scenes, we might find a man whom Gautier later describes in the following terms: "That which first struck one in Victor Hugo was the truly monumental brow, which crowned, like a pediment of white marble, his seriously placid face. It doubtless did not reach the proportions which David and other artists later gave to it, to accentuate in the poet the relief of genius, but it was truly of super-human beauty and amplitude; the vastest thoughts could be written there; crowns of gold and laurel be placed there, as upon the brow of a god or a Caesar. The sign of power was there. Bright chestnut hair framed it, and fell somewhat long. Moreover, neither beard nor moustache, a face carefully shaven and of marked paleness, pierced and illumined by two dark eyes, like the pupils of an eagle; a mouth with sinuous lips, with depressed corners, of a firm and inflexible form, which, in partly opening to smile, disclosed teeth of dazzling whiteness. Thus Victor Hugo appeared to us in our first meeting, and the image has remained ineffaceable in our memory. We carefully preserve the portrait, beautiful, young, smiling, which beamed with genius, and shed a phosphorescence of glory."

This is the author of the drama to be played. A man of twenty-eight years, not unknown in literary circles. He had written poetry when a boy of ten, and at the age of fifteen, had missed the prize in a poetical competition at the Academy, only because he had mentioned his age and the committee of examiners thought it done in ridicule. Besides other works, he has written in 1827, a play—Cromwell—in the preface to which are embodied the teachings of the new school—the Romantic—of which he is now the accepted head. Although this play was at the beginning intended for the stage, yet the death of the actor who had been expected to take the leading part—and possibly some other reasons—lead the author to renounce his first idea, and make it too long for presentation on the boards. However, the grow-

ing enthusiasm and aggressiveness of the new school had caused the classicists deep irritation, one outcome of which was the taunt that the Romantic school was unable to produce any dramatic masterpiece. "Amy Robsart", dramatized from Kenilworth, was hissed at the Odéon theatre. "Marion Delorme" was forbidden by the censor, the reason given being that it was immoral; the reason deciding being, no doubt, that the play ascribes a not too flattering part to Louis XIII, an ancestor of the reigning monarch. Then Hugo chose a subject in treating which he would be safe from disturbing any French ghost, or wounding the pride of any living French High Mightiness, and in a few weeks produced a new play. The scene of *Hernani* is laid principally in Spain, and that country and Germany furnish the characters.

Well, the play has escaped the censor's prohibition, has been accepted by a committee of the Théâtre Français, passed through rehearsals and all the steps of preparation, and must now come forth to the point blank aim of certain criticism and possible condemnation at the hands of the theatre going public. Those hostile to the author's literary views have tried hard to find out what the play is, and from parts captured by spies, two or three parodies have been prepared and given at the other theatres.

One word to explain the presence of those capriciously attired young men, who were so early in their seats. They are the young poets, sculptors, painters, musicians, and printers of the city—enthusiastic disciples of the new school and admirers of Hugo. He had caused apprehension amongst his friends by announcing his intention of dispensing with the "claqueurs" those paid leaders of the applause, who are so conspicuous in a French theatre; but the substitution of these intelligent and enthusiastic supporters, admitted by complimentary ticket, had really been a master-stroke. In their eagerness, they have come early in the afternoon. The regular attendants, upon entering, are scandalized at their appearance, and angry murmurs of disapprobation are only stilled by the raising of the curtain on scene first—A room at night, a duenna evidently expecting a visitor, a rap at the door, when the woman speaks:

"Serait-ce déjà lui ? C'est bien à l'escalier

"Di'robè"

and from all over the house breaks forth a storm of hisses valiantly answered by applause from the author's friends.

Now, had an uninitiated foreigner been by chance in the audience, he would, no doubt, have looked helplessly for an explanation of this sudden outburst. The woman's words: "Could it be already he?—It is certainly at the hidden stairway" are natural enough, and are surely harmless; but let the puzzled foreigner ask his excited neighbor, and he finds, "Ma fol ! there is enjambement, overflow, there is not a natural pause at the end of the line. He is flying in the face of Boileau, and disregarding a rule recognized in France

since two centuries !" And the informant is correct in his statement of fact, whether we join him or not in his conclusions.

Alexandrine verse, named and rendered popular by the XIIth Century French poem "Roman d' Alexandre," made classic by Corneille, Racine and their contemporaries, and about which the law was laid down by Boileau, consisted of a line of twelve, or with feminine ending, thirteen syllables. It must have after the sixth syllable a caesura, which divided the sense as well as the rythm, and indeed each half verse should be subdivided, while the twelfth syllable is accented and followed by a pause.

Now, some of the limitations of French verse Hugo regarded, including the alternation of masculine and feminine couplets, and the division of the line into two hemistichs, but for the overflow and the free caesura he had, in the manifesto issued with Cromwell, demanded full license.

The play goes on. The duenna admits a cavalier, who to her consternation is not he whom she expects. He asks about the other who visits her mistress, Dona Sol, without the knowledge of her uncle, guardian and suitor, Don Ruy Gomez. He induces the duenna, through threats assisted by a purse of gold, to conceal him in a narrow closet, that he may overhear the interview between the lovers. Then enters Dona Sol and soon after Hernani in the costume of a mountaineer of Aragon, wearing a sword and dagger, and at his belt a horn. After an affectionate greeting, Dona Sol expresses anxiety because his mantle is dripping with rain, and asks if he is not cold. He replies :—

"I? When near thee, I burn?

Ah! when a jealous love boils in our heads,
When swells the heart, and fills with tempests dark.
What then avails of thunderbolt or storm
What from a passing cloud on us may fall!"

Then he bitterly apostrophises the old man on account of his desire to marry his niece, and, being told that the king wishes this marriage, he says that he has grievous family wrongs to avenge on the king :—

"Perhaps I too may own escutcheon grand,
Which at this hour a rust of blood may stain,
Rights too, mayhap, now buried in the shade,
Which, if one day my hope is not deceived,
Shall from this scabbard with the sword come forth."

Then, thinking of his life in exile, he describes his hard lot in passionate terms and bids Dona Sol choose the duke. She remains true in her devotion :

"Go, where you will, I go. Remain, depart,
I'm yours. Why do I thus? I cannot tell;
I need to see you, and to see again,
And ever see. And when no more your step

Sounds on my ear, then scarcely beats my heart.
 You fail me, and I'm absent from myself.
 But when again this step I wait and love
 Strikes on my ear, then know I that I live,
 And then my soul, absent erewhile, returns."

They arrange for flight at the next midnight, when Hernani is to await her in the street. But now the man in hiding, finding that he "was hearing very badly and strangling very well," comes forth. Swords are drawn, when a loud knocking at the door announces that the duke has unexpectedly and very inconveniently returned. Amidst the confusion that ensues, the duenna, at the command of the unknown, goes to open the door and the scene ends.

At the beginning of the next scene, the duke reads the intruders a stern and sarcastic lecture, when the unknown, who has shown himself so flippant and adventurous, discloses himself as the king of Spain, come to consult his trusty noble regarding the succession to his just deceased grandfather, the emperor Maximilian. In a style of easy patronage, he presently dispels the duke's doubts, and they talk over the king's chances of election. When, later, Hernani is quietly leaving, the duke asks who he is. the king replies, "He is one of my suite."

In scene four, Hernani, *solus loquitur* :
 "Yes, of thy suite, oh king ! I am. Thou'st said !
 By day and night, in truth, and step for step,
 A poignard in the hand, I follow thee,
 My race in me pursues in thee thy race.
 No empty favour do I ask the king,
 But what thou hast of blood—Thy body's life—
 All that a furious, conquering dagger's point
 Can take, long seeking, at thy inmost heart."

In the beginning of this soliloquy, the actor, who was excusably somewhat nervous, misplaced a pause, declaiming, "De ta suite j'en suis !" and was greeted with shouts of derision. Indeed the hemistich, as he rendered it, was long bandied on the street and elsewhere by those hostile to the play.

Act II opens with the king and three of his intimates waiting at night before the palace of the duke. He has overheard the plans of Hernani and Dona Sol, and comes in the hope of anticipating the bandit. Impatient of delay, he asks one of his companions, "Est-il minuit ?" upon which a new uproar is raised by the friends of the classic drama. I imagine our foreigner again seeking the cause. The excited Frenchman exclaims, "What utter disregard of *Le Style Noble*, which has always been prescribed for tragedy ! The idea of a king expressing himself like a common individual !" Well, the noble style had, of course, been required by Boileau, and maintained by standard writers. But yet that this taste was largely artificial is shown by

the fact that Don Carlos has already in this play uttered words and sentiments that are anything but kingly. In this place, no doubt, an easy comparison is made with a passage in Racine's "Athalie":—

"But when the luminary of the day
Above the horizon one third his course
Has made; when the third hour calls to prayer,
Do thou with equal zeal hither return."

When all the lights have disappeared, the king gives the signal beneath her window and succeeds in getting Dona Sol in his power. To her fear and reproaches, when she discovers her mistake, he utters the taunt:—

"The just and worthy fright!

'Tis not the bandit's grasp, it is the king's"

And she replies:—

"No, you're the bandit. Have you then no shame?
Ah! to my face for you the blushes mount.
Are these the exploits which a king shall boast? —
To snatch a woman from her house by night!
My bandit has a thousand times more worth.
King, I proclaim, if soul decided rank,
If God should make it equal to the heart,
He sure were king; to you the robber's part."

Before Don Carlos is able to carry her off, Hernani appears. Again he wishes to fight the king, who now assumes all his dignity and refuses to "ennoble your dagger with the shock of my sword", and says, "rather assassinate me." The pride of the bandit recoils at this: he breaks his sword (a flourish which might almost proclaim him a Frenchman,) throws his own mantle over the king to protect him from members of his band on the watch about the city, and tells him to be gone. The king, less touched by the nobility of the act than angry at the form of its expression, declares that he will turn out the troops, and bids Hernani expect neither favor nor mercy.

In scene IV, Dona Sol beseeches Hernani to flee. He overcomes with sudden discouragement, gives way to dismal forebodings, mingled with passionate expression of love. Then bidding her be seated on the stone bench, and throwing himself at her feet, he exclaims:—

"Ah, bend on me thy glorious dark eyes' splendour,
Sing me some song, as thou wert wont of yore,
When tears were swimming in those eyes so tender.
Be happy, drink; the cup is full and more.
To us this hour; but folly all before us!

Speak to me then, delight me. Is't not sweet
Ourselves to love, and have one to adore us?
We two alone, and I, dear, at thy feet?
To talk of love when naught about is waking?
Oh, on thy bosom let me dream and sleep,
My Dona Sol—'

Dona Sol.

"But hark ! What sound is breaking
Upon my ear ? It is the tocsin deep !"

Still Hernani refuses to fly, until a bandit hurries up to announce that his companions are hard pressed, when he borrows the bandit's sword and plunges into the fray.

Act III opens in the castle of the duke. The moment of his marriage with Dona Sol is approaching, and he is expressing his joy, in which, however, a minor chord, touchingly sad, rises into sustained prominence :—

'But list. One is not master of himself,
In love, as I was with thee, and being old.
Ours jealous, one is difficult ; and why ?—
Because one's old—Because that beauty, grace
And youth in others threatens, makes afraid.
One is of others jealous, of himself
Ashamed. Derision ! that this halting love,
Which wakens fiercer and phrensy at the heart,
Forgets the body, making young the soul !
When passes some young shepherd, oft, alas !
Each on his way, he singing, I in dreams,
He in his meadow green, I in my park,
I whisper to myself, "My lofty towers,
My ducal keep, now I would give you, give
My fields and forests, and the countless herds,
That shear the verdure from my many hills—
My ancient name and title, castles old,
Ancestral lords, who'll greet me soon beyond—
All for his cabin new and youthful brow ;
For still his locks are black, his eye gleams bright
Ah thine : see ! g, thou'dst say, "Ah, the young man !"

Then hear his plea :

"But lo, trust me, these friv'ulous knights in love
Are not so rich but that it wastes in words.
Let a maid love, believe one of these youths—
She dies of it : he laughs. All these young birds
With swift and painted wing, with am'rous song,
Have but a love which, like their plumage, moults.
The old, whose voice and cries age makes dim,
Have trustier wing, are better, though less fine.
Strongly we love. Slow is our step ?—Eyes dim,
Brow wrinkled ? —But the heart no wrinkles wears.
Alas ! the old man loving, must be spared ;
The heart is ever young, can always bleed !"

After more of this, he sends Dona Sol to put on her bridal dress. A page brings in a casket with rich jewels, the bridegroom's gift, and in answer to questions from the duke, says that the bandits are

destroyed, that it is all over with the chieftain, "the lion of the mountain." He also reports that a pilgrim is at the door demanding asylum.

Scene two of this act introduces the pilgrim, who is Hernani in disguise and not recognized. He is warmly welcomed, and then he too is questioned about the extermination of the bandits, upon the head of whose chief a price is set. He affects complete ignorance.

Scene III Dona Sol returns magnificently attired; and at this point, the actress performing the part receives some of the applause, the absence of which has rendered her hitherto sullen and lacking in enthusiasm. At the rehearsals, indeed, she had been wanting in interest and especially dissatisfied with one line:—

"Vous êtes mon lion, superbe et généreux!"

at which she had several times stopped, and which she had finally wished to have changed to read:

"Vous êtes, monseigneur, superbe et gnéreux!"

when Hugo, at the end of his patience, had requested her to give up the rôle, and she had ungraciously accepted the verse as written.

When Hernani beholds the bridal costume, he tears off the disguise, and thunders forth:—

"Who wishes here to gain a thousand crowns
In gold? I am Hernani!"

Joy on the part of Dona Sol, quickly changing to apprehension. Incredulity in the duke, then anxiety lest amongst his people there may be one tempted by so large a sum:—

"He'd risk his head, my brother, who touched thine!
Wert thou the bandit chief, or tenfold worse,
If for thy head not gold but empire paid,
My guest, I must protect thee in this place,
E'en from the king, for thou art sent by God,
And I maintain thy safety with my life!"

Then he goes out to look to the defences of the castle.

Scene IV. Sarcastic compliments from Hernani to Dona Sol on her approaching marriage. Then reconciliation, upon which the duke returns. Finding them embraced, his wrath is terrible; he will even break through the sacred rights of hospitality and slay his traitorous guest. He is interrupted by the report that the castle is summoned by the king. At this, Spanish pride and traditional sense of honor gain the ascendancy. He conceals the hunted man in a secret recess, to which his own portrait on the wall forms the door, and admits the king.

Scene VI holds the hearer in suspense as to the result of the struggle in the duke's mind between fealty to his sovereign and loyalty to his guest. In reply to the king's demand and threats, he points to the ancestral pictures on the walls. Starting with the

founder of the family, who was thrice consul of Rome, and sketching the faith and valor which have characterized each one of the descendants, then coming to his own portrait, while Dona Sol hangs on his words with palpitating anxiety, he ironically thanks the king :—

“For, seeing here my portrait, king, you wish
That one should say, ‘This last unworthy son
Of race so high was traitor, and for gold
Gave up his guest !”

In vain the king seeks to break down his subject's will. At length, observing Dona Sol, a brilliant idea strikes him. The duke may keep his guest : the king will carry off his niece as hostage. Then the anguish of the duke grows pitiable. He advances to his portrait ; lifts his hand towards the secret spring, then drops it, and beseeches the king to take his head instead :—

“Thy niece !”

“Then take her, but my honor leave

To me.”

Scene VII. The duke, left alone, brings Hernani from his concealment and bids him stand on his defence. He refuses to fight the old man, but bids him strike. The idea of Castilian honor is rather complicated when the man who has risked so much for his guest, prepares to slay him with his own hand. Then Hernani learns of the interview with the king and the carrying off of Dona Sol, of which, in the deep recess, he had heard nothing. He rouses the duke to a phrensy of jealous rage by the information that Don Carlos is their rival, loves Dona Sol ; and he persuades the duke to defer his own vengeance until they two shall be avenged on the king, swearing by the head of his father that when this purpose shall have been accomplished, the duke need only come and blow the horn, which the bandit gives him, and his vengeance shall be satisfied.

The fourth act opens at the tomb of Charlemagne, in Aix-la-chapelle. Night. Don Carlos and companions awaiting the assembling of a league whose purpose is to assassinate the king. I pass over this scene that I may quote more of Don Carlos' soliloquy at the tomb, which called forth, at last, unstinted applause from the audience :—

“Charlemagne is here ! What, sombre tomb, canst thou
Contain a shade so great, nor with it burst ?
What, art thou there, giant world-maker, thou ?
From all thy greatness, canst thou stoop to this ?
—“Ah, 'tis a spectacle to charm the thought—
Europe so made as thou hast left it thus !
An edifice whose summit holds two men,
Elected chiefs and sovereigns of all kings.
Other degrees—siefs military and

All duchies nearly, marquisates --are prize
 Of birth : Sometimes the people have their pope
 Or Caesar ; all moves, chance correcting chance.
 Hence comes stability, and order shines.
 Gold-clad electors, scarlet cardinals,
 Senate twofold, that startles all the world,
 Are but parade, and God wills what He wills !
 One day, at the world's need, 'n idea's born ;
 It grows, goes, runs, mingles with everything,
 Becomes a man, gains hearts and ploughs a rut :
 Many a king treads on it, fits a gag :
 One morn, into the diet or conclave
 It enters : suddenly the kings shall see
 The slave idea on their royal heads,
 On which its feet shall treat, arise,
 Bearing the globe of empire and the crown."

The personified idea is supposed to be the first Napoleon, for whom, at the time, Hugo cherished great admiration. May I quote one more passage from this soliloquy :—

"Nations the base, and on their shoulders borne,
 Reaching the poles, th' enormous pyramid,
 E'er clasped within the folds of living waves,
 Which rock it, balanced on their mighty roll,
 Make all change place, and, on its loftier zones,
 Like simple foot-stools, cause to tremble thrones ;
 So that all monarchs, stopping vain debates,
 Their eyes to heaven raise. Kings, look below !
 —Ah people !—ocean ! wave with ceaseless flow !
 Where nought is thrown that moves not all the mass !
 Wave that a sceptre grinds or rocks a tomb.
 Mirror, where monarchs rarely love to gaze !
 Ah ! if one looked sometimes in this dark flood ;
 Empires untold he'd see within its depths
 Great ship-wrecked vessels, which its ebb and flow
 Rock, and which troubled it, and are no more !
 —Govern all that !—Mount, if yours be the name,
 This summit !—Mount there while being but man !
 Beneath th' abyss ! If, at that instant, comes
 Not dizziness to seize me ! Oh ! of states
 And kings thou moving pyramid, thy top
 How narrow 'tis ! Woe to the timid foot !
 Upon whom hold ?—Oh ! feeling live and sound
 And breathe the earth, if I should fail !"

He enters the tomb to take counsel of the "mighty shade."

Scene III introduces the conspiritors, amongst them the duke and Hernani. Upon the drawing of lots from the urn on a tomb to decide who shall kill the king, Hernani's is the fatal number. He re-

fuses to give up his place to the duke, even in return for release from the compact to which he is sworn.

Then, in scene IV, Carlos appears, summons an escort of soldiers, and seizes the conspiritors. At the intimation that only the titled amongst them shall suffer capital punishment, Hernani discloses his identity. He is John of Aragon, duke, viscount, seigneur of places innumerable. Meanwhile, intelligence comes that the Electoral College has chosen Carlos Emperor, and he decides to begin his imperial reign with an act of clemency. He pardons the conspiritors, reinstates John of Aragon in his dignities, knights him, and gives him Dona Sol, who has been sent for to be present at the denouement.

Here, it might be thought, is a happy termination, a natural end to the play. Yet a sinister aside from the duke; "But I, like him, have not pardoned!" suggests something remaining.

It was not certainly in deference to the long accepted law; the final problem is announced already in the first act, the second promises, the third threatens, the fourth disquiets, and the fifth resolves, that Hugo added this fifth act. It was rather in accordance with his own contention that the drama, in order to be true to life, must contain what is mirthful and what is solemn; the gay and the sad; even the grotesque and the sublime.

The limits of time forbids my following this fifth act, scene by scene. There is a masquerade ball celebrating the nuptials of the finally united lovers. Amongst the masks, appears one solemn figure which none recognize, but which carries with it an atmosphere of chill and repulsion. Some reckless nobles venture to accost him, but they are startled at the sepulchral tones of the voice that replies, and the fierce fire of the eyes that shine through the domino.

Then, the guests have departed. Don Juan and Dona Sol, on a verandah, overlooking the city, are enjoying in quiet conversation the calm of the perfumed night. She is glad that the noise and confusion of the ball are over; and yet, looking into the gathering gloom, as the lights disappear, she says:—

"Silence too dark! The calm rests too severely!
Say, wouldst not see to shine some distant star?
Or, in the night, in tender accents, merely
Hear some sweet voice arise and sing, afar?"

As if in response to her wish, a horn is heard in the distance. She hails the sound with innocent gladness; but upon him the effect is very different. To him it is the voice of doom. Anxious to save her, he makes an excuse to send her away. The sound of the horn is nearer. The unknown mask—to Don Juan, alas! too well-known—approaches. The solemn voice quotes:—

"Whate'er may happen, when you wish, old man,
Whate'er the place, the hour, if in your mind

There pass the thought that I should die, then come
And sound this horn and take no other care.
All shall be done. "This pact witnessed the dead.
Has all, indeed, been done?"

Don Juan's expostulations are vain. Very tender and touching are the appeals of Dona Sol, but this incomprehensible old man is deaf to entreaty. Then she exclaims:—

"Their young from tigers snatch ; 'twere safe above
Th' attempt to take from me him whom I love !
—You know, indeed this Dona Sol as she appears ?
—Long time, through pity for you age—your three score years—
I've been the sweet, ingenuous, timid maiden ;
Now, see this eye with tears of rage full laden !
Insane old man ! You do not fear this blade,
When blazing eyes their direst threat have made ?
Beware Don Ruy ! I am of noble blood.
Hark ! If your very daughter here I stood,
Woe be to you, lifting 'gainst him the hand —
(Throws away the dagger and falls upon her knees.)
Behold me at your feet ! Have pity, and ,
Remember I am woman only, frail,
My strength already in my breast doth fail ;
I'm broken quickly. At your knees I fall ;
Pity, my lord, for pity now I call !"

Still the duke is inexorable. Don Juan receives from him a phial of poison which Dona Sol finds an opportunity to snatch away, but knowing that he will keep his oath, she drinks half the poison and returns the rest to her husband. The deadly drug soon begins to operate:—

"Heavens ! strange pangs ! Ah ! cast this philter far !
My reason wanders. Stop, alas ! Don Juan,
This poison lives and hatches at the heart,
A hydra with a thousand teeth, that gnaws,
Devours ! I knew not one could suffer thus !
What is't ?—'Tis fire ! Ah ! drink not thou of it ;
Too much thou'dst suffer !

Hernani

Oh ! thy cruel soul !
Couldst not for her some other potion choose ?"

He drinks. Replying to his despair at seeing her suffer, she says:
"Calm thee. I'm better. Towards new lights our souls
Will in an instant more their wings unfold.
Let's start with equal flight for better worlds.
Only one kiss, one last embrace !

Don Ruy

O, grief!"

Don Juan is the first to die, and when Dona Sol has breathed her last, the old man, with an exclamation that suggests which the vengeance so long and doggedly pursued is at the last unsatisfying, stabs himself, and the threefold tragedy is completed.

The audience has gradually yielded to the lyric beauty and power which appear in many passages of the play, and which a translation, of course, very inadequately renders. Applause grew more spontaneous and frequent; at the close, the author was loudly called for; and the first night of his play, so threatening at the outset, ended in flattering success.

Of Hugo as a dramatist, it has seemed to me that I might hope to give the best idea by devoting to one play the greater part of the time at my disposal. According to different standards of comparison and judgment, some would prefer his "Marion Delorme," others his "Ruy Blas," while some would, perhaps select "The Burgraves." Although, as a whole, not the most symmetrical or complete, yet "Hernani" contains passages of the greatest force and beauty, and is to me, in many respects, the most interesting. It seems, too, I think, to give the best average conception of Hugo as a playwright.

Frenchmen ought, we should most naturally suppose to be able to pronounce the truest judgment upon a play in their own language; I find among French writers the most opposite views respecting Hugo's dramatic work. This is, of course, largely because of different conceptions of what the drama is. In France, as elsewhere, dramatic art owed its beginnings to religion. The "Liturgic Drama" arose about the beginning of the eleventh century; then, in succeeding centuries, came "Miracle Plays," "Mysteries," "Moralities," "Farces." But the sixteenth century was not the heir of its immediate predecessors; it saw the line of native development broken. The Renaissance presented again to France to be admired and imitated the classic drama. Francis I suppressed the Mystery Plays. But amongst the sixteenth-century imitators of classic models, there appears no writer of commanding genius. In the next century, the magnificent court of Louis XIV presents a worthy setting for the stately tragedy of Corneille and Racine, while affording many a suggestion for the comedy that has rendered Molière immortal.

Of the French classic dramatists, Aristotle was the oracle, and Boileau became his self constituted priest. The responses, as rendered, however, although neither ambiguous nor lacking in detail, were yet often considerably colored by the medium. Unity of time, according to Boileau, demands that the incidents of the play should not extend over a period exceeding twenty four hours, while unity of place restricts the action, not simply to one castle, for example, but to so much of it as may be seen from one point of view. Now, the fact appears to be that the only unity upon which

Aristotle really insisted was that of action. This Hugo recognizes as a law. The other unities were made at once necessary and possible in the Greek Drama by the constant presence of the chorus. But a broader question is involved than the structure of the Greek Drama or the interpretation of Aristotle. With reference to the latter, indeed, and to Boileau, a suggestion of Hugo is very pertinent. It is in effect this; Has any one given, can any one give a *priori* rules for the drama?

Reflect that Aristotle came after Aeschylus and Sophocles and Euripides; that Shakespeare created a drama which has furnished employment for critics and law-givers ever since; that Boileau was contemporary with Corneille. Lessing, it is true, introduced a new epoch in Germany, but he created as well as legislated, and his "Minna von Barnhelm" and "Nathan der Weise" are not out of place in the company of "Wallenstein" or "Egmont."

History seems to prove what reason naturally suggests, that it is the creative genius who establishes principles; the literary critic may formulate these principles into laws, but he is authority only in so far as he interprets the master. At best, he articulates a skeleton. To find the perfect body, instinct with life—to catch the spirit that has been breathed into it by its creator, the student or the imitator must go back to the work, as it comes from the Master's hand.

But to the broader question:—Did the Greeks discover and express all that goes to make a perfect drama? Is it the purpose in the drama to present a perfect piece of workmanship according to a known plan and rules, so that the satisfaction of the beholder shall come largely from comparing with the known standard and finding that every part tallies? Or, supposing a deeper purpose and other elements in the drama, did the Greeks evolve the form—decide the number and correlation of parts alone adapted, or best adapted to serve this purpose—to furnish this enjoyment?

I hasten to say that I am not about to decide the question. I may, however, be permitted a few suggestions. Suppose we take the three men whom I have already mentioned, as representing Greek Tragedy. I do not know which was greatest; but it seems that from Aeschylus to Euripides, considerable alterations of form were introduced into tragedy, and that public taste too changed, each of the older tragedians, in turn losing the prize to his younger rival. Had Greek literature continued to develop, and other masters arisen, it seems probable that no changes would have followed, when a second Aristotle would have been needed, to produce a revised and corrected edition of the *Peri Poietikes*. However that may be, Greek Tragedy, with all its perfection and grandeur, was eminently religious and national. It had for Greece the adaption, the local coloring, which were lacking to the productions of its imitators in a later age, another country, and different conditions of life. Hugo argues that all literature has naturally some relation to the period, the state of soc

iety. in which it is produced? With his usual tendency to generalize and classify, he says: "Poetry has three ages, of which each corresponds to an epoch of society—the ode, the epic (in this he includes Greek Tragedy), and the drama. The personages of the ode are colossi.—Adam, Cain, Noah; those of the epic are giants—Achilles, Atreus, Orestes; those of the drama are men—Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello. The ode is concerned with the ideal, the epic with the grandiose, the drama with the real. Finally, this triple poetry flows from three great sources—the Bible, Homer, Shakespeare." Like Tolstoi, he points out that Christianity, bringing to man a new conception of life and its relations, and presenting him with a new body of truth, opened the way for the drama. Then here is his declaration of independence:—

"Let us say it boldly, the time for it has come, and it would be strange that, at this epoch, liberty, like the light, should penetrate everywhere, except into that which is naturally the freest in the world, the realm of thought. Let us lay the axe at the root of theories, poetics and systems. Let us throw down this old plastering which masks the facade of art! There are neither rules nor models; or rather there are no other rules than the general laws of nature which cover all art, and the special laws, which, for each composition, result from the conditions belonging to each subject. The former are eternal, interior, and remain; the latter variable, external, and serve but once. The first are the frame which sustains the building; the second the scaffolding, which serves in its erection, and which is put up anew at each edifice."

This declaration indicated a revolt not less against political than against literary bonds. In the poet's mind had been going on a revolution as complete as that which, in his country had swept away the old regime. In early life, a strong royalist, he had later given hearty admiration to Napoleón, and finally became a republican, democrat, almost socialist. Although these changes epitomized those of the nation, yet they were a parallel rather than a reflection of the latter. His royalist mother naturally gave the direction to his boyhood's views, then came the influence of his father, who was a distinguished officer under the first empire, aided by the dazzling vision that electrified France and held the startled gaze of Europe; but in mature life, he was able to reject second-hand conclusions and to construct out of his own experience and observation and thought the political creed to which, in his later years, he held with courageous persistence. You will remember that against Napoleon III and the *coup d'état*, which overthrew the republic, he inveighed with such bold and indignant eloquence that he was banished from the country, to which he did not return for more than twenty years.

Despite the independent and verile genius that glows in Hugo's plays, yet these do not constitute his greatest glory? In *Hernani*,

all is not subordinated to a single and necessary conclusion—he does not maintain the one unity which, in his theory, he acknowledges. In places, his hero hardly avoids the tirade, which he especially deprecates,—but the hero is very young, and he is an outlaw, and he is in love! “Marion Delorme” is more consistent and complete as a work of art, and affords a better view of the author's broad, human sympathy, but a part of the plot is unnatural and revolting. No doubt it is in this very respect a truer picture of the society in which the scene is laid, and, painting the servility of king and nation under the sway of the unscrupulous Cardinal Richilieu, is another echo of that passion that burns in the author's breast for freedom and equal rights amongst men. Perhaps the ever present consciousness of inequalities and wrongs of humanity, now modulating his verse to accents of tenderness and pathos, and again resounding in tones of indignant protest, did not contribute to perfection of form. But if his dramatic works lack the perfection of the Grecian temple, where base and column, entablature and pediment, in studied proportions of grace and beauty, contribute each its due and indispensable part to one grand whole, they escape the chill that lurks in nave and transept. Created in this nineteenth century, is it not their glory that they resemble rather the beautiful modern dwelling, in which everything suggests practical regard for man's convenience and comfort, where every room and corridor and recess speaks of the sweet relations of family and social life, where the very air seems laden with memories of human struggle and human joy? His personages are not colossi nor giants; they are men. He might have justly adopted the motto *Homo sum; humanum nihil a me alienum puto*.

He was intense in life and feeling and impatient, as we have seen, of all artificial restraints. You may naturally say that this intensity should have been an organizing, animating force, to make his tragedy live and breathe and reach the mark. His plays are full of power and passion; they abound in lyrical beauty, touch deep cords in human nature, and breathe the author's hatred of injustice and caste privileges. In his selection of subjects, it seems to me that he did not, in general, procure himself the opportunity to fully express what was deepest and best within him. He does not select from his own national heroes, nor does he take those whose great achievements or terrible sufferings, celebrated in history or legend, easily arouse enthusiasm or appeal to ready compassion. Count Tolstoi says: “To evoke in oneself a feeling one has once experienced, and, having evoked it in oneself, then, by means of movements, lines, colors, sounds or forms expressed in words, so to transmit that feeling that others may experience the same feeling—this is the activity of art” . . . “By words a man transmits his thoughts to another; by means of art he transmits his feelings.”

Now, Hugo's prose work are the mirror of his deepest feelings. There he is not only free from all restraint, but he does not chafe in the effort to be free ; he sees no shadow of bonds. You feel his spontaneity and power. He realizes Tolstoi's conception of art.

In the "Toilers of the Sea," written at Guernsey during his banishment, you behold man in battle with the elements. Through the author's eyes you see the ocean ; in the marshalling of his sentences you hear the lapping of the wavelets, and you tremble at the foam-crested billows which the angry deep, like a malicious demon, hurls, now from this direction and now from that, against the barriers with which Gilliatt seeks to protect the work of salvage ; you bow before that relentless fate, which, in the hour of success, disappoints all his hopes—You feel the ocean, which with the goal before him, he defied, rise, cold and unresisted, over the head, which, though the race is won, has been cheated of the crown.

In the other great work, "Les Misérables ?" What power and sympathy in the pen that traces the development from simple unreasoning submission to stern accusation and judgment ; from good-natured honesty to that condition of mind and heart that bodes danger to authority. There is no uncertainty of aim, no feebleness of touch, no failure in analysis ; and everywhere his broad sympathy and his zeal for the betterment of humanity shine in the page, and rouse kindred sentiments in the reader.

I had marked some passages from these and from "Quatre-vingt-treize" and "Notre Dame de Paris" for quotation, but I resign myself the more easily to leave them, because his prose is to many of you known either in the original or in translations.

I should like, too, to quote from his poems—his magnificent "Orientales," or his tender "Feuilles d'Automne," the more sombre "Chants du Crépuscule" or even from "Les Rayons et les Ombres." Adolphe Cohn says, after speaking of "the passionate furor, the splendid imagery, and magnificent rhyme" of his lyrics, Victor Hugo is unquestionably the greatest literary figure of nineteenth-century France. By almost universal consent, he is recognized as the greatest French poet ; he is one of the greatest poets of the world."

Although Hugo has sometimes been charged with mannerism, yet it seems to me that it would be difficult to mention a French writer less open to that criticism. He is fond of anthisis—possibly too fond ; but his style is almost as varied as his subjects ; sometimes so ornate and colored as to justify the adjectives employed by Cohn, it is again a pattern of chaste simplicity and directness. Now with fulness and accuracy of detail, he adds touch after touch to a description, until by slow approaches he comes to the climax, when all stands out with the vividness of the kinetoscope ; then, he relates in short, nervous sentences, in which you feel conviction or anger or scorn. The "Toilers of the Sea" affords fine examples of the first, while in

The "History of a Crime" you will frequently find the latter. He is argumentative, philosophical, practical, pathetic. Here and there are just enough of wit and humour to show that he is not wanting on that side, but life is for him serious and earnest; he carries the conviction or human hardships and sorrow, and his great heart ever responds to the appeal that rises from the handicapped or disabled, and vibrates in his portrayals.

Sometimes one is ready to charge that his imagination is too fertile--carries him beyond the bounds of probability. Do you remember where the hunchback of Notre Dame is described in the midst of the chiming bells? To ordinary sounds his deafness renders him unconscious, but these brazen notes he can hear, the vibration of the loft he can feel; he moves about with deep and sombre joy; talks to the bells; glories in the din; and, finally, in a phrensy of dark delight, springs at the great bell, as it swings and clamours, and clings to it, shaken and bruised, a very spirit of the deep thunder that issues from the tower and booms over the city.

My first feeling was, This is overdrawn. Then I came to think, Can we amateurs not trust the keener insight, the more thorough analysis, the better informed judgment of the master? Nature is ever greeting us with surprises that unsettle our hastily formed conclusions. You have, perhaps turned away from a canvass on which was depicted a glowing sunset, with the easy comment. The artist is extravagant in coloring. Then, later, on some afternoon of storm, you have stood on a point from which a wide horizon lay open to your view. Your gaze, wandering to the west, is caught by a rift in the low-hanging clouds; soft, silvery light is filtering through; a wind, high up, carries the clouds. There roll away great curtains, whose fringed edges and half perceived linings glow with ever changing color. In south and west and at the zenith, the blue ether peeps through, and hurrying clouds, reaching fantastic arms to one another, reflect hues of gold and crimson and shades unknown to your vocabulary. The grass of the fields, the foliage on the hills take on a richer green; the water sparkles like ruby wine; earth, sky and sea smile their *au revoir* to the god of day; and, as he sinks, hidden by the western mountains, and you reluctantly see the wonderful panorama merge into twilight and sombre night, you confess that you have but begun to appreciate the resources of the Great Artist of the universe, and that from no painter's palette need be expected colors to rival His effects.

Whom does Hugo resemble?—In weirdness of imagination and fulness of detail, he is somewhat like Dickens; occasionally, as in "Quatre-vingt-treize," there is a flavor of Scott; the free roll and apparent spontaneity of his poetry recall Byron. From Germany he draws but little of his inspiration; though "The Burgraves" is a German subject, includes the legend of Barbarossa, and brings to

mind Schiller's "Räuber," The "Fool's Revenge" is, in plot, somewhat like Lessing's "Emilia Galotti"; "Ruy Blas" reminds one of Lytton's "Lady of Lyons." Here and there a line seems to have been unconsciously suggested by his reading of the classics. He is not, however, an imitator or a borrower, nor has he constructed phrases and sentences which so greatly tickle his own fancy that we might recognize him through their repetition. Yet his style, though greatly varied, is ever characteristic. Tennyson writes :—

"Victor in Drama, Victor in Romance,
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,
French of the French, and lord of human tears."

Amidst all his literary employment, he found time for an active part in politics. He had been already in 1837, made an officer of the Legion of Honor, and, in 1841, elected to the Academy, when in 1845, Louis Philippe made him a member of the Chambers of Peers. In 1848, he was chosen one of the representatives of Paris in the Constituent Assembly, and was also a member of the National Assembly. Upon his return from exile, in 1870, he was appointed a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and afterwards chosen a member of the National Assembly. His work in these councils of the nation is outside our theme.

"His eightieth birthday," says an English writer, "was like a national fête; his countrymen hailed him as the greatest poet of France, and the singers of the world did honor to him as the master spirit of the age. When in 1885, he died, the nation gave him a public funeral; and he who had entered life as the pet of a Bourbon king, passed away as the idol of the Republic."

Let me quote one verse from the tribute of an Italian poet :—

"The glories of state flit away like the graveyard's
flickering light
Like the shifting scenes of the stage, fall asunder the
empires of might
But an angel proud and serene is thy verse, as it marches
and wings
Its way, O god like elder, and sings to the new generations
The secular hymn of the people, the hymn of the Latin
nations :
In the ears of the listening world, of Justice and Freedom
it sings."



God's Answer.

BY JULIA LARNED.

The cry of Man's anguish went up unto God,

"Lord take away pain !

The shadow that darkens the world thou hast made,

The close-coiling chain

That strangles the heart, the burden that weighs

On the wings that would soar—

Lord take away pain from the world thou hast made

'That it love thee the more !'

Then answered the Lord to the cry of the world,

"Shall I take away pain,

And with it the power of the soul to endure,

Made strong by the strain ?

Shall I take away pity that knits heart to heart

And sacrifice high ?

Will ye lose all your heroes that lift from the fire

White brows to the sky ?

Shall I take away Love that redeems with a price

And smiles at its loss ?

Can ye spare from your lives that would climb unto mine

'The Christ on His Cross ?'

INDEPENDENT.

College Journalism.

There are said to be more than one thousand newspapers published in Canada exclusive of trade and class journals. A characteristic of the times is the "all-deafening blast of Puffery, of poor Falsehood grown necessitous," which we call advertisement; and even the professional man who would succeed, make money, and so escape Sauterig's Hell of the English, must cultivate the friendship of his neighboring daily or weekly, that he may not fail to appear in its columns. The latest tribute to the influence of the press we find condensed into the aphorism which says that Fame is what comes to people who are civil to the newspapers. One seems to hear in this an echo of Froude's groan about the state of things "which makes us think and speak and act under the tyranny of general opinion which masquerades as liberty and means only submission to the newspapers."

And what do these papers stand for? This may be illustrated by the answer given a friend of the writer by a rural clergyman who was asked what his religious denomination stood for. After several

ineffective replies, and being shown that there was in effect no peculiarly distinctive principle or doctrine among those he had named, the puzzled minister replied: "Well, we stand for ourselves!"

So, these newspapers, usually with a standing retainer from one or other of our two political parties, stand, in the last analysis, for themselves. They are the pulpits of old Teufelsdröckh's mendicant friars. "Hast thou not still Preaching enough?" says he. "A Preaching Friar settles himself in every village; and builds a pulpit which he calls Newspaper. Therefrom he preaches what most momentous doctrine is in him, for man's salvation; and dost not thou listen, and believe? Look well, thou seest everywhere a new Clergy of the Mendicant Orders, some bare-footed, some almost bare-backed, fashion itself into shape, and teach and preach zealously enough, for copper alms and the love of God."

But, on the other hand, what do the twenty-five college journals published in Canada stand for, and what of their influence? They are at once distinguished from the rest of journalism by the absence of the money-getting aim. Presumably, the college paper exists to reflect the thought and life of the College; for the cultivation of the collegian taste and style in speech and writing and so for the cultivation of student character, if Carlyle speaks truly when he says: "Action hangs, as it were, *dissolved* in Speech, in thought whereof speech is the shadow; and precipitates itself therefrom. The kind of speech in a man betokens the kind of action you will get from him."

With this primary aim no fault can be found, save, perhaps, that it is egoistic (as opposed to altruistic) and too narrow. This narrow view will perhaps account for the tone and flavor of the class-room and the study, which characterizes much of college journalism. There is a predilection for the essay or purely academic treatise, which smacks of the college exercises in English composition or rhetoric—all good, after its kind, though sometimes overdone. Whether this tendency be due to timidity to enter other fields, to a feeling that it would be *infra dig.* to do so, or to a too restricted view of the scope of college journalism, we need not pause to enquire.

It is the experience of most college journals that graduates, in a very few years, slip off the subscription list. A contributing cause of this may be found in the quality of the paper which has just been mentioned. The graduate who has found his bearings in the matter of fact world, tires of the old scholastic themes; though an instance is on record where one of them, returning to an Acadia Anniversary, scanned the programme of orations and enquired sorrowfully if Socrates and Plato were both *dead*. It was a shock to him to miss the familiar names.

There is, however, student thought and a student life, touching a wider sphere, to which the mirror of college journalism might well

be held up. It is impossible to suppose that, with the fund of stimulating information in library and reading-room, at his disposal, the thoughtful collegian is not more or less in touch with the great questions of the day in the political and sociological world. The mock parliaments and literary society debates attest the contrary, as do the teeming recollections of many a graduate.

It is to the product of its Universities and Colleges that Canada must look for leadership in many political and social problems that already lie at her door for solution. Why should not under-graduates, the very men upon whom these tasks are to devolve as the inheritors of the ballot-box and the country's public life, be now familiarizing themselves with these pregnant questions by a free use of their own organ of discussion—the college paper? A recent American writer in the field of Sociology says: "Colleges should not only teach, but actively aid social reform. Paul, Luther, Wesley, each wrought their great reformation *best* from the vantage ground of the educational institutions of their times. Our nation has in two years past lost, in depreciated value and otherwise, more than the cost of our four years' war—so it is claimed—and all for lack of economic wisdom in handling the tariff and currency issues, on which our universities should have rendered decisive aid. Students, too, will study social reforms the more effectively if they study them actively. In this last there is need only of leadership." And Phillip Brooks has said: "If we understand aright our country and our time, it is the prophethood of the scholar which men are looking for and not seeming themselves to find. The cry of the land is for a moral influence to go out from our schools and colleges and studies to rebuke and to reform the corruption and the sin which are making even the coldest-blooded man tremble when he dips his foot into some brink of the sea of politics. The scholar is disgraced if the nation go mad with cheating and his hand is never laid, cool and severe with truth, on its hot forehead." The ideas of University extensions and University settlements, which originated in the English Universities, have already found tangible and wholesome expression in practical sociology; and such manifestations of the vital forces of college life in the life of the people may well be advertised and supported by college journalism. The true constituency of the journal is wider than its subscription list. How many of our work-a-day people, weary of the long drawn out cry "what are the people doing for the college?" would fain retort: "what is the college doing for the people?" Therefore let the scope of college journalism, with the influence of college life, be enlarged to the full measure of their usefulness and responsibility.

It is to be feared that some of our Colleges, and all of our schools lack adequate provision for instruction in Civics, or the teaching of civil rights and duties to prospective citizens. Assuming, for the moment, that elections are not mere matters of the penny-in-the-slot Machine, why should not the columns of the college paper share in

the work of equipping its student contributors and readers for an intelligent use of the electoral franchise which will be thrust upon them when the college thrusts them out upon society?

It is not merely the so-called illiterate who may be feared to make a Pandora's box of the ballot box. A few weeks since an "educated" person who (moves in the society-column of the *Halifax Herald*) was heard seriously berating the late government of Sir Charles Tupper for passing the Succession Duties Act! One would suppose the line between recent federal and Provincial political history to be so plain that the wayfaring man, though a devotee of a *Halifax* daily, need not err therein; yet he finds Sir Charles Tupper liable to punishment at a federal election—not by an "illiterate" person—for an achievement of the present Minister of Finance when the latter was a Provincial premier. Similar instances could be multiplied.

It is a mistake to suppose that it would be necessary for editors of a college paper to assume an attitude of political bias in favor of one or the other of the two political parties, who now alternately govern our country. There is a possible independence on public questions, and where more feasible than in college journalism?

The Lord Chancellor, in "Iolanthe," sings:

"Every little girl or boy that's born alive
Is born Liberal or Conservative."

Lest this be all the politics to be found in him (and it often is), let not the college paper filch the student's birth-right by suppression. So, let the editors invite discussion of the greater and pressing political issues between the contending parliamentary forces and have such questions threshed out in the fair and open field of the college press as they are handled in the college cloister. Reflect the politics of student life in the students' organ of opinion. The journal's readers would welcome a reflection of the whole college man, where now they sometimes "see through a glass darkly," viewing, in the main, only the scholastic side of him.

104 — But there is a higher, wider politics, which affords to the college periodical a field for the patient, careful discussion of public and economic questions that are not now in issue between the political factions of the day. For instance: many thoughtful men look forward to a time deliverance from the thralldom of party servitude; from what John Stuart Mill has termed "collective despotism." Against this the rugged old seer of Chelsea was wont to lift up his voice. "Rigmarole and Dolittle have alike cared for themselves hitherto: and for their own clique, and self-conceited crochets—their greasy, dishonest interests of pudding, or windy, dishonest interests of praise; and not very perceptibly for any other interest whatever. Neither Rigmarole nor Dolittle will accomplish any good or any evil for this

grimy Freeman, like giving him a five pound note, or refusing to give it him. It will be smoothest to vote according to value received. That is the veritable fact; and he indigent, like others that are not indigent, acts conformably thereto. Why, reader, truly, if they asked thee or me, Which way we meant to vote?—were it not our likeliest answer: Neither way! I, as a ten pounder Franchiser, will receive no bribe: but also I will not vote for either of these men. Neither Rigmarole nor Dolittle shall by furtherance of mine, go and make laws for this country. I will have no hand in such a mission. How dare I! If other men cannot be got in England, a totally other sort of men, different as light is from dark, as star-fire is from street-mud, what is the use of votings, or of Parliaments in England? . . . If England cannot get her Knaves and Dastards 'arrested' in some degree, but only get them 'elected,' what is to become of England?"

And Herbert Spencer, in the chapter of his "Study of Sociology" entitled "the Political Bias," finding that "new Democracy is but old Despotism differently spelt," makes this deliverance: "While the outside form of free government remains, there has grown up within it a reality which makes government not free. The body of professional politicians, entering public life to get incomes, organizing their forces and developing their tactics, have, in fact, come to be a ruling class quite different from that which the constitution intended to secure; and a class having interests by no means identical with public interests. This worship of the appliances to liberty in place of liberty itself, needs continually exposing."

The drift of our public life is more and more toward a state of things wherein, largely through the pecuniary inducement, persons of the lowest class devote themselves to public affairs and the fitness of the politician to represent, or rather to misrepresent, the people, is the fitness to get himself elected. On this phase of representative government Mill remarks: "Plato had a much juster view of the conditions of good government, when he asserted that the persons who should be sought out to be invested with political power are those who are personally most averse to it, and that the only motive which can be relied on for inducing the fittest men to take upon themselves the toils of government, is the fear of being governed by worse men."

A kindred topic for University thought and discussion may be found in our crude system of parliamentary representation. In his valuable argument for the representation of minorities, Mill, referring to those who insist on the territorial basis of representation, observes: "A nation does not seem to them to consist of persons, but of artificial units, the creation of geography and statistics.

Parliament must represent towns and counties, not human beings. But no one seeks to annihilate towns and counties. Towns and counties, it may be presumed, are represented when the human beings who inhabit them are represented."

In the management of our Banks and Joint Stock Companies we *weigh* the votes as well as count them; but when it comes to managing a nation the whole thing becomes a matter of arithmetic and Geography. In the nature of things, what more reasonable than *Some* modification ~~and~~ of the geographical basis that would permit representation of the Universities and even classes of men? The idea is as old as the representation of the Universities and the established Church in Britain. In fine, under our system does a member of Parliament represent anyone but himself and the organized Machine called party which elects him? It is idle to pretend that, in a close constituency (which is the common one) the representative of the majority does not sit in Parliament by the grace of the purchasable element. If anyone doubt it let the skeptic consult the volume of election cases in the law reports of the country and the recent proceedings of parliamentary committees. A leaven of what may be shortly called institutional and class representation would at least tend to mitigate this preposterous travesty of representative government, while it could be reasonably expected to stem the tide of degeneracy in the character of the people's delegates.

Froude, in his favorite attitude of remonstrance, complains that while the doers of things are the silent men who are not found spouting upon platforms, we have decided that orators are the fittest people to rule over us. "The constituencies choose their members according to the fluency of their tongues. Can he make a speech? is the one test of competency for a legislator, and the most persuasive *Seize* of the whole we make prime minister. We admire the man for his gifts, and we accept what he says for the manner in which it is uttered. He may contradict to-day what he asserted yesterday. No matter. He can persuade others wherever he is persuaded himself. And such is the nature of him that he can convince himself of anything which it is his interest to believe. These are the persons who are now regraded as our wisest."

Many valuable men could be induced to sit in Parliament who would not submit to be dragged there at the wheel of the party machine through the mire of a popular election, while too often the doors of our non-elective legislative chambers are shut against such men because, forsooth, they have not duly rendered the qualifying *quid pro quo* of party service and allegiance. As Mill in his chapter already quoted says: "Political life is indeed in America a most valuable school, but it is a school from which the ablest teachers are excluded the first minds in the country being as effectually shut out from the national representation, and from public functions

generally, as if they were under a formal disqualification. In the old democracies there were no means of keeping out of sight any able man ; the bema was open to him ; he needed nobody's consent to become a public adviser. It is not so in a representative government ; and the best friends of representative democracy can hardly be without misgivings, that the Themistocles or Demosthenes whose counsels would have saved the nation, might be unable during his whole life ever to obtain a seat. "

Take another question : one that comes home to the pocket if not to the intelligence of the taxpayer. There is a grounded belief that Canada and the Provinces have legislative, executive and official establishments far beyond their requirements and means ; in a word, that in our complex machinery of municipal, Provincial and Federal public affairs, the country is seriously suffering from too much government. And the fiscal side of it is perhaps not the most serious. There are other and far-reaching consequences of over-government which affect the well being of the country and call for study by the trained minds of the coming generation of men. *well*

It is useless to expect of a subservient and subsidized party press any advocacy of reforms inimical to party tyranny and aggrandizement ; and how small as yet is the power of the independent press of Canada. Political and sociological reforms come slowly and are the product, largely, of the patient education of popular idea at the hands of thinking men. In this educational process there is a field—fit enough, and vast enough surely—for the co-operation of the University press of the land.

It is conceived, further, that the journalism of a University should be a contributing uplifting force in the improvement of journalism at large—a tutor in the work of educating the educators of "the masses"—and so stand for an elevating influence on the popular literary taste. The following extract from a lecture by Wilbur F. Crafts delivered in 1895 at Princeton, on the subject "Practical Sociology from the standpoint of Education", is commended to the careful consideration of college men. The reader can allow, for himself, any necessary discount for possible differences in degree between the daily press of the United States and that of Canada. "The newspaper is the nation's common school, in a wider sense than anything else can be. The average citizen in a lifetime spends more time with his newspaper than in school, and his mind inevitably grows like what it feeds on. It is passing strange that this age of unparalleled mechanical and mental achievements is so befogged with doubts whenever anyone suggests that there might be successful newspapers that were also clean and correct in their newstelling. An experiment or two on a charity basis proves nothing. What is needed is that some rich men shall get out of the ruts in their giving, and instead of adding to the already too numer-

ous colleges, establish a syndicate of daily papers across the ~~map~~ ^{land}, twenty-four hours apart, financially strong and morally pure. I have noted the proverb that whatever a nation would have appear in its citizens it must put into its common schools. It might also be said that a nation cannot be expected to be permanently better than its newspapers. I am not arguing for a newspaper whose columns shall read like a church service, but only for one that shall read like a gentleman's conversation; one that will print no gossip or scandal that a gentleman would not speak. It is not sufficiently known that our current daily papers are not counted clean enough even for prisons. When the Elmira Reformatory which is still the model penal institution of the world, in spite of recent newspaper verification, reached the point in its development when its manager, Mr. Rockway, felt that the educational influence of the world's important news ought in some way to be brought to bear on the prisoners—agreeing as he did with the universal law excluding both police gazettes and daily newspapers from prisons because they describe crime in a way to multiply it—he was driven to the necessity of originating a newspaper clean enough for a prison, which is called *The Summary*. Some day society will give equal protection to its parlors, will exile crime-provoking reading from its youth before it sends them to prison. There are some leading papers that come so near the standard that they might easily be raised to it by a wave of public sentiment."

If, as we flatter ourselves, our Universities are a vital, potent force in the life of the country, why should not University journalism have some part in the regeneration of public sentiment upon journalism in general? It is not because solution of this last or any of the social problems suggested is to be expected from students in college, that these have been chosen to illustrate an enlarged view of the subject of this article; though if a Marconi, at twenty-six, solves the problem of wireless telegraphy for a radius of one hundred miles, some good work by young men toward these solutions is not beyond the possible. But the educative influence of the college press in moulding the thought and character of those who will presently influence the public sentiment, is always to be borne in mind. Even as the journalist of to-morrow is in college to-day, society as it will be is held in solution in our schools and colleges.

The outlook for educated men is a theme peculiarly appropriate for the consideration of our college undergraduates, and timely now. There seems to be an impression that a certain dictum of fond parental advice and commencement addresses, concerning the condition of "the top" in the so-called learned professions, ought to be at last withdrawn from circulation; because our widely diffused system of higher education has so overloaded the "top of the ladder" that it is

top-heavy and there is hardly even there a *locus standi*. There are traces of a growing suspicion among college-bred men, that perhaps, after all, our educational experts are "going it blind" by restricting their field of vision to their field of operation and making it no business of theirs where they land their educated product when they are done with it. It is sometimes charged against the college, that in the main, it is but a conduit pipe with three branches leading (in an indiscriminate fashion) to ~~the~~ learned professions—erroneously so distinguished, because any vocation filled by an educated man and therefore dignified by learning, is a learned profession. The result is said to be that the product of our colleges, being in excess of the demand, overflows into the United States and elsewhere, and that Nova Scotia, at least, is raising college-bred men for export. If this be true, is it in the interest of the country; and are our coming college graduates satisfied to have it so? The country needs them and can support them if their education and inclinations are not so misdirected as to make them superfluous. A French writer in economics, speaking for his own country, has recently, in the *Economiste Français*, suggested broadly and bluntly what seems to him one remedy for this state of things, which he discovers in France and recognizes as an evil. Translated, he says: "Every age is characterized by its particular craze. The present craze is for education, unlimited and injudicious. It is above all necessary to modify the spirit of our primary education, and more particularly of the teachers in our public schools; The school itself should in a far lesser degree stimulate the ambition of the pupil, the desire to put forth the whole strength in the endeavor to succeed in the race of life, and to attain a high standard of material well being. The scholastic aim ought to be rather directed to the inculcation in the minds of the pupils, if not of contentment with their lot, at least of more modest ideas, and of resignation to manual labor. The primary school of the present day by the shortsightedness of the teachers, the folly of the scholastic programme, and the wild ideas that appear to have taken possession of those who have control of our educational system, is rapidly leading to a general *declassement*, to universal ambition." Would M. Leroy-Beaulieu be far a-field if he had written for Canadian readers? Discussion of this many-sided question in the *Acadia Athenæum* the alumni and friends of Acadia University would gladly welcome. And whom could such discussion interest and profit more than the students themselves, whose future it would so closely touch. In short, it is submitted that the College paper, by filling the chair of the "Science of Things in General," might become not the least valuable member of the Faculty.

To the foregoing suggestions, which are designed to be illustrative merely, it may be added that, possibly, more frequent con-

tributions from former students would retain the passing attachment of this class of the college paper's constituency ; as would more editorial attention to current world-events with expression of opinion thereon. Many a monthly "Synopsis" read in the old Athenæum debating society, would have made good reading, if published. It is probable that more attention than is usually paid to book-reviews by the college journals would be helpful to reader and writer alike. The review of a book is one of the best exercises for developing powers of thought and enlarging the mental horizon, while it brings the reviewer and his readers in touch with some of the best literature of the day, otherwise lost to many for want of time and opportunity.

If it be objected that the perhaps unduly enlarged conception of the college paper here suggested would enlarge the paper to a magazine ; then make it a magazine if possible. The difference is one of degree only, save perhaps for the question of cost. Many college journals are magazines in form. If the enlargement of idea, resulted, as it should, in an enlarged constituency, the question of cost would probably disappear. Whether the realization of the idea is worth the effort to secure it, is a matter which must be left with the colleges themselves.

In conclusion, let it be distinctly understood that anything said in this article which savors of criticism is said of college journalism at large, and not of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM in particular. It is sometimes difficult to divorce suggestion from criticism. If offence be unconsciously given to anyone, it is the wisdom of Solomon to believe that "faithful are the wounds of a friend."

The Passing of '99:

Only a whit less easy than gracefully to take one's leave is it gracefully to speed the parting friend. The Class of '99 are to be congratulated upon the way they bade farewell to the "bounteous board" at which "four years they daily feasted," when on Commencement Day they made their *debut* as the late Editor-in-chief would term it, to "Grand old Scotia's Classic Queen" the professoriate and the student body, leaving all to struggle along, as best they can, alone. Now after four months when the lately departed are thumping or preparing to thump "upon the sounding anvils of their professions" or lifting "the old world coach" upon their "giant shoulders," amidst the "rolling, rattling and reverberating bells of twentieth century" which "the angels are ringing," it becomes the the gladsome duty of the ATHENÆUM, somewhat humbly it is true and timidly, to tender these "giants" the continued good wishes of the college community.

Because of what has already been afforded them only limited space can here be used to discuss the influence of the late Seniors upon the college life.

In numbers the class was the least of those graduating since '95. Only twenty-three answered to roll call on Class Day. In personnel there was a wide range embracing both those who maintained high standards of living towards which they faithfully and persistently urged themselves, so lifting the class, and those who being of the fraternity were helped upward. Ten of the class were students looking toward the gospel ministry of whom two were then and three have since been ordained to that calling. Most of the other members were assigned to one or other of the professions only one or two having apparently no clearly defined purpose in life. Two ladies were in the class ranking with the best in intellectual attainments, and possessing in large measure that womanly dignity and noble Christian character which, often exemplified in those of their sex, students here, have done and are doing so much to ennoble our community life.

With so fair a proportion pledged to the public services of the christian faith, and with almost all the remaining members avowed disciples of the same order it is but natural to look for healthy and vigorous moral and spiritual influences to issue from the class and be felt in all departments of the college life. Such there were. Throughout their four years with ever-enlarging radius of influence representatives of this class lived among us lives characterized by a deep and noble piety. Their religion was not the spurious issue of weak minds over excited, which, stringing together into miscalled sermons the plagiarized thoughts of good men along with misapplied portions of Holy Writ, so exhausts itself in vacation that its existence is not known during the school year; nor that which is seen openly only when in the midst of revival services fear of punishment overshadows the more ordinary manifestations of selfishness; but theirs was the deep abiding spirit life, which moulding their own character after an excellent type afforded heartening, strength and grand ideals to all who saw its manifestation. Also '99 gave to our Y. M. C. A. one of the most able and devoted Presidents in a line of singularly consecrated and efficient men. To him and to those of his class so faithfully associated with him in christian work is due the grateful recognition not only of the student body, but also of the friends of our college. Surely this work is of prime importance. Honors achieved in athletic or forensic contests will avail little if there be not maintained as the significant characteristic of our school that noble christian faith in which the fathers laid broadly and well the foundations of Acadia College.

And the class as a whole ever displayed a creditable earnestness in advancing in all possible ways the interests of our literary society. Both the lectures by the faculty and the public debates by the

students under the auspices of the college authorities are in large measure due to the intelligent efforts of certain members of the Senior class of last year. The new building, also, in which it is purposed to establish permanent quarters for the various organizations belonging to the college community owes its first impulse to one of the same fraternity.

What *might have been* done in connection with our college paper by our late friends during the Senior year, can only be conjectured. A difference of opinion as to what type of character constitutes a fit head of the editorial department resulted in a loss to the paper of by far the best literary ability the class possessed, and robbed the chief editor of much sympathy and support in his work.

The prowess of the class in matters athletic was told by the class historian without any detraction, at least, from the facts of the case. There needs only to be said that in athletics, as in literary and other departments the class was ever known for its admirable willingness to further the interests of the school. The five men, who, two years played with the first fifteen, helped by no means inconsiderably to win the victories and to make the one defeat less over whelming.

There was not wanting to this Class intellectual ability and attainments of a high order. Two of the number advanced farther in the study of mathematics than any student here had previously gone, one of them becoming so proficient in this and certain other required subjects as easily to be admitted this autumn to the third year at the Mass. School of Technology, one of the most exclusive schools of its class in the Eastern States. Six in all were graduated with deserved honors, two in Classics, two in English Literature and the above-mentioned in mathematics.

That '99 had a genius no one whose soul was filled with the ravishing music of their sublime Class Poem can for one moment doubt. Other Classes may glory in reformers, commanders-in-chief of armies and humorists, but it has been reserved for the late Seniors to number among themselves the divinest poetaster of the century. The temptation can hardly be resisted to give an exhaustive critique of this marvellous "florescence" whose key-thought seems to be lodged in the second line of the first couplet in the word *unwillingly*. Space permits nothing so delightful, but only to urge upon our readers to study this effusion as a splendid example of what can be done by one who has nothing to say and attempts to say it in rhyme.

Heartily we bid good speed to the Class of '99 as we turn this page. They were not perfect men and women while here, nor did they anywhere find that type of character among us. They grew, year by year, from the less to the more cultured, each according to the working of the spirit that in him dwelt. Of many we cherish only the most gracious memories of delightful friendships and hearty

co-operation in those things that make for nobility and purity of life. If all, seemingly, did not alike win success as students and respect as men, may their failure, in any degree, not be charged to misfortune rather than to fault, to weakness rather than perversity. We wish for each the fullest measure of success that his efforts demand, and above all the satisfying consciousness of having used as a good steward what was entrusted him by the Master of all souls.

De Alumnis.

EDITOR S. S. POOLE.

CLASS OF '99.

Sydney P. Dumaresq has entered business with his father, in Hanlax.

George L. Bishop is engaged in agricultural operations in Greenwich.

Harry S. Baker is pastor of the Baptist Church, in Falmouth, N. S.

Irad Hardy and Milford Foshay are studying Theology at Newton.

Miss Edna E. Cook is teaching in one of the departments of the Canso School.

Frank M. Pidgeon is at his home, in St. John.

Three of the members of '99, since graduation have been ordained to the Baptist ministry, viz: John O. Vince, at Lower Granville, N. S., Harry J. Stackhouse, at the Tabernacle Church, St. John; and Horace B. Sloat, at Marysville, N. B.

Arthur H. Hay, has entered his father's business, in Woodstock.

Edwin Simpson is meeting with much success as pastor of the Baptist Church, at Country Harbor, N. S. Simpson was one of the strongest men of '99, and will doubtless make for himself a name.

Avard L. Lodge is pursuing studies in Higher Mathematics and Physics at Harvard.

George W. Elliott is taking a Theological course, at McMaster.

E. Raymond Freeman is teaching in Regina, N. W. T.

Charles F. Crandall and J. Philip Bill are at their homes in Wolfville doing post-graduate work.

Miss Zella M. Clark is at her home in Bay View, P. E. I.

Ernest C. Harper is studying at the Massachusetts School of Technology.

Aubrey B. Webster has entered upon a course of medicine in the Baltimore Medical College.

J. W. DeB Farris is pursuing the Law Course at the Pennsylvania Law School.

J. W. Keirstead, like the Will-o'-the-wisp, is hard to locate. He travelled extensively during the summer months, and, so far as we know, is still travelling. Being of a literary turn of mind, as he himself says, he is looking for a *city* church, as the *common* people do not hear him gladly.

Jeremiah S. Clark is in Bay View, P. E. I. Jerry is making a collection of grains for the Paris Exposition.

Albert J. Pineo, '81, who was a few years ago Editor of the *Pictou "News,"* and of a paper in Berwick, N. S., has been chosen president of the proposed Baptist College in British Columbia, in which province he has lately been an inspector of schools.

Rev. H. D. Bentley, '81, is pastor of a Baptist Church in Bristol, Rhode Island.

Edward D. Webber, '81, lately of the F. W. Dodge Company, Boston, and earlier a member of the staff of George W. Englehardt's publishing house, has entered upon a course of study for the ministry, and is in the Junior year at Newton Theological Seminary.

Rev. Ralph M. Hunt, '79, who for twelve years has been pastor of the Jamacia Plain Baptist Church has, owing to failing health, tendered his resignation. Mr. Hunt has been a singularly successful pastorate and his removal will be deeply felt by the church. It will be remembered that Mr. Hunt was to have preached the Baccalaureate last year but sickness prevented him.

The Month.

EDITORS : A. L. BISHOP AND MISS J. BOSTWICK.

The formal opening of the College year took place on Monday evening, Oct. 9th, when Prof. L. E. Wortman, M. A., delivered the opening lecture. The subject chosen by the speaker was "Glimpses of Victor Hugo's Drama." By eight o'clock, nearly every seat on the ground floor of College Hall, was filled—principally by the students of the College, Seminary, and Academy, although quite a number of the town people was present. The meeting was opened by prayer by Rev. Mr. Donkin, after which Dr. Trotter, President of the University, made a few introductory remarks, giving a brief retrospect, as well as a forecast for the coming year. The speaker of the evening, Prof. Wortman, was then introduced. His address was interesting and instructive throughout, and, judging by the good attention of the audience, it was highly appreciated by all present. The speaker gave a most admirable estimate of Victor Hugo and his

Drama, which should inspire all to become more familiar with the great French author.

This being the first convocation since the induction by Rev. J. H. McDonald, as Principal of Acadia Seminary, he was asked to address the meeting, and responded in a few well chosen words.

On the evening of October 11th, the Y. M. C. A. gave a reception to the male students of the College and Academy. for the purpose of welcoming the new students, and instructing them in the purpose and work of the Association. When ample time had been given for the informal greeting, the assembly was called to order by the President of the Association, Mr. J. A. Glendenning, who, in a few well chosen remarks, explained the aim of the organization. The work which the Society proposes to do for the present year was briefly outlined by the Chairman of the various Committees, who also asked for the hearty co-operation of all for the successful prosecution of the work in their various departments. Then followed brief, but interesting and instructive addresses by Dr. Keirstead and Rev. Mr. Hatch, after which the company dispersed, all voting that the evening had been one of great pleasure and profit.

The annual reception for the welcome of the new members of the College Y. W. C. A., was held in the Library on Saturday evening, October seventh. The guests were received by the President of the Society, Miss Clark and the Vice-president, Miss Bentley. An hour passed pleasantly in games, music and readings, when refreshments were served and the usual toasts drunk. The Society hopes that the new members will feel how very heartily it welcomes them.

The Propylæum Society begins its work this year with the following officers :—

President, Miss Clark, '00.

Vice-president, Miss MacLeod, '01.

Secretary-treasurer, Miss Crandall, '03.

Executive Committee, the Misses Colwell, Pearson and Rand. With a larger number of members than it had last year, the Society hopes to do very successful and pleasant work.

The teachers and pupils of Acadia Seminary entertained those of the Academy on Friday evening, October sixth. The guests were received in the prettily decorated hall, by Mr. MacDonald and Miss Johnstone, and an efficient introducing committee very soon made all feel at home. The matching of quotations, and a peanut contest were the principal features of the evening. After refreshments had been served, all entered heartily into the singing of college songs, closing with God save the Queen, and the yells of the different schools. The evening was a most enjoyable one.

"The Acadia ATHENÆUM Society" is holding its usual weekly sessions. At the first meeting of the College year on Saturday evening, Oct. 7th, the following officers were elected :—

President—V. L. Miller.

Vice-President—J. W. Rowland.

Recording Secretary—G. Bancroft.

Corresponding Secretary—J. S. McFadden

This Society which affords ample facilities for improvement in public speaking, for the culture of literary taste, and for acquiring general information, has a claim upon every student of our College. This year the society has begun its work under favorable circumstances. We are pleased to see that a large number of the new students are taking a deep interest in this phase of their College life. A "Mock Parliament" has been formed by which the programme will be furnished at every other regular meeting of the Society. It has been agreed that each party shall hold power alternately six weeks at a time. At present the Liberals have the reins of Government with W. E. McNeill as Premier. The Cabinet is as follows :—

Premier and President of the Council

Minister of Justice

Secretary of State

Minister of Finance

Post Master General

Minister of Agriculture

Minister of Marine and Fisheries

Minister of Militia and Defence

Minister of Public Works

W. E. McNeill.

E. C. Stubbart.

A. C. Berry.

A. F. Bill.

W. W. Tingley.

J. S. McFadden.

W. K. Haley.

C. J. Mersereau.

W. H. Longley.

The Conservatives have chosen as their leader, E. N. Rhodes. It is earnestly hoped that all will coöperate in the endeavor to make our organization this year an ideal one, and that all may realize in thought and action the object for which it has ever stood—improvement in public speaking, social advancement and general literary culture. The lecture committee also is taking steps to give the students of the Institutions, and the general public, the best course of lectures in the history of the University. We wish them every success.

Acadia played her first match game of foot-ball for the season on the College Campus on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 21st., the opposing team being from Truro. The visitors arrived on the morning train and were greeted at the station by an enthusiastic group of Acadia boys. At two o'clock sharp the teams lined out as follows :—

ACADIA		TRURO
Eaton	Full-Back	Harris
Steele	Half-Back	Archibald W. S.
Boggs		Archibald, G. G.
Crandall		Kent
Yates		MacKay
McLeod	Quarter-Backs	Murray
Duval		King
Rhodes	Forwards	Biglow
Wright		Putman
Bustin		Schurman R.
Keddy		Schurman F.
Archibald		McKenzie
Haley		McLaughlin
Giffin		Archibald
Dickson		Rettie

The game began with Acadia defending the upper goal. Rhodes' kick-off for Acadia was immediately followed by a sharp return of the ball, which was punted back and forth several times, and soon scrimmaged near Acadia's 25 yard line. The ball was controlled in the scrimmage for a few minutes, but soon it was passed to Truro's half-line, passed swiftly across the field, and carried over the line by W. S. Archibald. A try for goal proving successful, the score stood 5-0 in Truro's favour.

No further scoring was made during the whole game. The ball was held in the scrimmage almost all the time and Acadia's line of half-backs had little chance to get in their work. Truro's strength evidently lay in her forward line, and the visitors were shrewd enough to see that their game was to keep the ball in the scrimmage as much as they possibly could, thus making it a forward game. The Acadia boys speak in the highest terms of the Truro team with whom arrangements have been about completed to play a return game on the Truro grounds in the near future, when Acadia hopes to win back the laurels lost at her first game. The referee was Mr. R. H. Murray of Halifax who refereed the game to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.



Notice.—If this issue of the Athenæum reaches any subscriber who does not wish to continue taking the paper will that one please notify us at once. We would esteem it a favour if at the same time all back subscriptions were paid, if any are owing.

Acknowledgements.

Hon. A. F. Randolph, \$1.00; Sir Chas. Tupper, Bart., \$1.00; T. E. Corning, \$1.00; M. E. Farquharson, \$1.00; E. C. Cook, \$1.00; Dr. J. B. Bogart, \$1.00; E. L. Franklin, \$1.00; Rev. D. A. Steele, \$3.00; F. B. Starr, \$1.00; W. W. Conrad, \$1.00; T. L. Harvey, \$1.75; W. E. Roscoe, \$1.00; Mrs. J. W. Beckwith, .75; Mme. Andrews, \$1.00; Miss A. Fitch, \$1.00; Rev. J. H. MacDonald, \$2.00; Dr. DeWitt, \$1.00; Extra Copy, .15; Balance from C. J. Mersereau, \$8.47.—Total \$29.12.



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Evelyn O. Johnson, B. Ph., Vice Principal, History of Art, Geometry, Physiology.	Lita A. Gillmore, Director of Piano.
Rev. A. W. Sawyer, D.D., LL. D., Ethics.	Mrs. M. A. Chubbuck, Piano.
Adella G. Jackson, M. A., Latin, English, Science.	Grace B. Reynolds, Piano.
Ida E. MacLeod, B. A., French, German.	Minnie E. Chipman, Drawing and Painting.
Flora L. Chute, Assistant in English and Mathematics.	Maysie I. Ashtenau, Voice.
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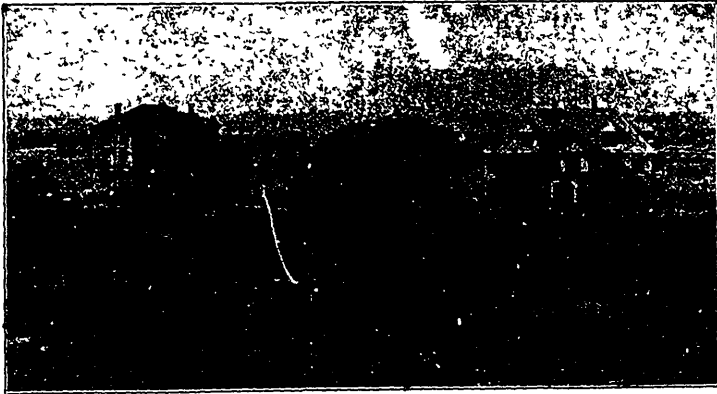
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