

# ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGATUR.

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## Correspondence.

MESSRS EDITORS,

A copy of the last No. of your excellent *Athenæum*, and a friendly letter from the chief of your staff, remind me of a promise made some months ago. I have been spending a few days of our Easter vacation in a pedestrian tour through some of the neighbouring counties, and in the hope that the varied scenes which delighted our company may not lose all their interest by this description, I place some rambling jottings at your disposal. And first your readers must know our party. Well, we had an experienced tourist of Scotch descent, who took charge of the expedition; next, a bank official, who was born within the sound of Bow Church bells, and may therefore be honourably dubbed a leader cockney; and lastly, two Canadian students. We leave the city on the morning of Good Friday, when the great heart of the universe has ceased its mighty rapid beatings, and lies quiet and peaceful as on that day in seven, when the music of a thousand bells wafts peace and joy to care-worn souls. Indeed we pass by many who were congregating to celebrate the great event, at which the earth tore with horrid rent her beauteous garb, at which the sun veiled his brilliant countenance. These good people are sincere, they do well; but let them not censure us for refusing to follow them. Ours this day, is the way of pleasure—we tread it with no more compunctions of conscience than they tread the aisles of venerable cathedrals, and join in soul-ravishing music.

A ride of 13 miles brings us to Ewell, the starting-point of our walk. Thence our way lies through Epsom, once famous for its salts, it has become a dwarfish sickly village. On through the county of Sussex we cross the Downs, where in summer Englishmen gather to the great Derby races. Men on horseback gallop at full speed in a wide race-course which encircles some forty acres of land—and that yonder towering stand is erected for H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, and under that canopy young noblemen lose or win their fortunes in a day.

Next, we are brought face to face with the charms of English scenery, and some of the most general outlines may well be introduced here. Note then the excellent roads, smooth and level as a floor. They are the outgrowth of centuries, and had their origin in the whims and fancies of stragglers and rovers. No surveyor marked them off with nice measurements; no commissioner superintended their construction. Passages were needed through certain lands in certain directions, and passages were made where now run these narrow winding crooked, though well built roads. On both sides grow beautiful well-clipt hedges, giving these roads the appearance of those private carriage-ways which lead up to the mansions of some of your gentry. Wherever two or more roads meet, finger-posts direct the stranger on his way, and in the main road mile-stones tell him of his progress. Sauntering along one of these lonely lanes we catch at every turn a new sight of the beautiful country. Meadows already richly green, separated by hedges from the fields of winter grain stretch away in the distance. Nor are they swept of all shelter as I have seen them in Canada, but here and there single trees or clumps of trees spread their refreshing shade over the weary cattle and sheep.

Everywhere is the country well watered; so that streams, natural and artificial, course through every farm. And the English have an exquisite sensibility to the subtle touches of nature. What she has denied them they have cultivated to such perfection that there is no incongruity in the additions which art has made. Covershaped trees may delight the gay throng who roll through the streets of Paris to Versailles, but English gentlemen have a taste for the inimitable grace and negligence of nature.

Hence, there are few more beautiful sights than the grounds of a cultivated English land-owner. His residence stands on an eminence at a little distance from the road, whence it is approached by a commanding avenue. At the outer gate, beside the road, is the porter's lodge generally, a small, neat, stone cottage. Passing by this, you walk up the avenue, through a delightful park, which scattered trees of ancient growth darkened with

their shade, and falling cascades enliven with their music. The house is surrounded by a wall, against which the woodbine has been trained, or by a neat fence of wood or wire over which the hedge has grown. Within you see artistic flower beds amid entwining shrubbery and wide-branching trees, where in the heat of a summer day one may enjoy the kindly shade and the ambrosial sweetness of a paradise on earth. The house itself is generally of stone or brick, without any of the extravagances of bad taste, or bad art, only the modest ivy spreads over its porch and turns about its angles.

These, reader, are a few of the striking features of an English gentleman's home. A complete picture cannot be filled up for those exquisite touches which charm the delicate observer by their beauty and their naturalness can be reproduced only by the grandest efforts of a master artist.

But it is not to be supposed that the Queen of Beauty has exhausted her charms on these country seats of the nobles and the wealthy. The middle class and the peasantry are not wanting in this same susceptibility of nature's beauties. This unusual elevation of character is doubtless mainly due to the example and influence of the cultivated gentry who show a true nobility of soul in their genial intercourse with the inferior orders, which contrasts strongly with the contemptible airs of reserve and artificial dignity assumed by the apish Croesus of many a village here and elsewhere. The peasant, therefore, is as anxious about the embellishment of his little tenement as the Lord of the Manor about his mansion. The holly grows beside the house reaching to the thatched roof. The whole cottage is completely covered with ivy. What space can be spared from the vegetable garden is devoted to flowers, while the small yet rich grass plot before the door adds a new beauty to the little peasant home, the whole is enclosed by a thick hedge within which the woodbine rears itself on the rude trellises of the planter's make.

Through such scenes as these onward we go till night finds us in the village of Guilford, after a walk of twenty-six miles. Now, reader, while I pause to let our



company enjoy some beef and bread, ere they retire for the night, let me have a word with thee before thou art disgusted with this long letter, and hast left the remainder unread.

Art thou a lady? Well, I fervently hope I am honoured with such a reader. Now tell me, did that distance of "twenty-six miles" seem very long to thee? Dost thou impeach my veracity? I protest Madam, I have told the truth. Yes, and I will surprise thee yet more. I am acquainted with young ladies in England, who spend a few weeks every year in walking not less than 20 miles a day. In Scotland, Norway, Switzerland or elsewhere they travel to see grand scenery, and they travel on foot. Now thou hast never walked five miles a day in all thy life; thou hast even grumbled at walking half a mile to church. Dost thou charge with vulgarity these healthy English beauties, for using those powers of locomotion which in America the sex has ceased to recognize? They must plead guilty, and when it is considered that such trivial things as good health, beauty, and a freshness at forty which American ladies lost at six and twenty, are the only results of this outdoor exercise (which, by the way in a smaller degree they take daily), we must all join with thee in censuring them for refusing to give up a mode of exercise which they hold in common with the meanest beggar. That thou mayst see these English damsels in the fulness of their folly, let me add that I am acquainted with some who have taken the highest standing at Ladies Academies, who have even attended the Ladies Classes at University College, and who despite the pride of birth, and the splendour of talents, and the thoroughness of education, have stooped to learn all the mysteries of the kitchen, at the "School of Cookery," in Kensington, yonder.

Yes, my fidelity to facts compels me to state the whole, and it must be added, that music such as Mozart or Handel discoursed, has more than once lost all its charms for me, when I reflected that these handsome, shining fingers had taken their turn in lighting fires, kneading dough, scouring pots and pans. And then in agony of soul I have asked myself "Will these English people never learn that ladies are degraded by knowing how to perform such menial services? Can they not understand that it is better to be pillaged by servants, on account of the mistress' ignorance of their duties, than to have her dignity compromised by any acquaintance with the kitchen." Further, my estimable countryman, I can go to show thy—Why our party has finished breakfast and is leaving Guilford.

A walk of eight miles in less than two

hours brings us to Ash. This part of Surrey is quite hilly, and our road lay along a range of hills, which commanded a fine view for many miles around. Apart from the beauties of the scenery, I enjoyed myself exceedingly by enquiring of all whom we met the distance to Ash. "It's four miles" said A. We passed another milestone and again enquired, "Full six miles," said B. And thus we walked, and to all accounts the village was receding faster than we approached it, till our last informant, when the village was in sight, declared he did not know the distance, but thought "it might be four miles." In fact I never met with people who have such crude ideas of distance. To some hundred enquiries, I am not certain that ten correct answers were obtained; and yet the people were always obliging and ready to direct us.

Of the Villages something must be said. They have neither the life and business of Canadian Villages, nor the beauty and cleanliness of English peasant homes. They are old, dirty, stagnated. The larger ones, such as Guilford, supply every comfort to the traveller, the smaller are not always to be relied on. We had expected one day to dine at a little village called Walton St. Laurence. We had walked many miles, were footsore, weary and oh, how hungry! No signs of life were visible at our approach, presently several children were seen playing in the gutter, and their enjoyment was evidently at its height, when our approach, I am sorry to own, interrupted them. They pointed towards the inn, which we soon entered. Our captain, as usual, ordered dinner, but things were not favorable.

"Can you give us mutton-chops for four" said he. "No," said our host, "but I'll give you some bread and cheese at once." "But we must have mutton." "Well my wife's away and you can't have it, so I'll bring you some good cheese." "My dear sir," we remonstrated, "'tis now 4 o'clock, and we have had no dinner; if we go to yonder butcher shop and bring some mutton, will you have it cooked?"

"Gentlemen," roared he in a hoarse guttural tone, "my wife's away, I'm alone," and stroking a protuberant waistcoat concluded, "I can't leave the tap."

This gentleman, who was *not* a fair specimen of inn-keepers, we left at his tap and proceeded to buy some mutton to carry to the next inn. But lo! the mutton was exhausted, and the next inn had nothing, not even cheese, on we staggered, like hungry beggars, till we finally got some salt ham and eggs.

What has been said of this country village applies, with some slight modification to all of the same class. Though

delighted with the country, we did not learn to love the villages.

Now let me give you another glance at a little village. We have passed through Berkshire and are in Buckinghamshire. At Chalfont, St. Giles, as at every village, there are two or three inns. Here Milton once lived, and we are inquiring the house at one of those inns. The smart little bar-maid is about twelve years of age. I began by asking her if any great men were buried in the churchyard there.

"No Sir, I never heard of any bigger than six feet," said she.

"Ah! Did Milton once live here?" asked I.

"Yes Sir, the house is up the hill."

And now anxious to see if she knew where he was buried, I asked again, "Was Milton buried here?"

"I do not know Sir," was the answer, "he wasn't living when I came here."

Amid convulsions of laughter we ascended the hill but, with due reverence peered curiously about that old brick house, whose timbers are visible through the mouldering exterior. Nor did we hasten thence, we leaned over the fence where the divine bard had often stood, and while in solemn silence we marked that humble cottage, one, at least, believed in a Heaven where Milton sits,

"And drinks his full of pure immortal streams."

Now, I have not space for the most interesting scene of all--the village church, and the service on Easter Sunday. I had intended to describe the fat vicar with £800 a year, a private income, and a married fortune, who preached for 15 minutes on the disappointments of life; to bring your readers to our inn directly after service, where the church warden and others assembled to test our landlady's beer and spirits; to give them scraps of our conversation on church matters, among which the oracular church warden declared the day was coming when churches must be voluntarily supported—but I have not room. Yet must I tell you of that church meeting in a village through which we passed on Monday. *It was held in the inn*, which, as usual stands opposite the church. We were having refreshments as the people entered. I have not heard the issue of the meeting, but fear they would not be unanimous for as each one ordered his "drinks" I observed that no two called for the same. Some took brandy, others whiskey, others a mixture of ale and brandy, &c., but all were different. One of our company profanely hinted they had assembled to determine on the local beverage for the next quarter, but their real business seems to have been the election of church officers. Whatever disadvantages attend such a place of meeting to transact church business, one



thing is clear—it draws the people out, at least, in this country.

Harrow is our last place of call. We mount the hill, passing by the famous schools, where 600 boys prepare for Oxford, and enter the church, where tablets old and new erected "To the glory of God and the memory of Mr. so and so," (particularly the latter) occupy our attention. More interesting than these is the horizontal tomb stone in the church yard on which sat Byron under the shade of a giant oak, looking down upon one of the most beautiful landscapes in England, while he composed some of his finest poems. The stone is now grated with iron bars, for tourists were carrying it off piece meal.

And so our walk is done. After a tour through the fine countries of Sussex, Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, Hartfordshire, we return strengthened and invigorated to renew our duties. Reader, dost thou wish health? Neglect not to take exercise. Fraser the Canadian Gilchrist of '73, on his death bed in Ontario last month, said to some students about him: "Neglect not the body for the sake of the mind." Brother student, let the dying words ring in thine ear.

And thee, my estimable young lady, have I offended thee? Well my intentions are good. I have thy interests at heart, I would have thee strong, healthy, beautiful—free from doctors and their medicines, Canst thou forgive, if all has not pleased thee? If not let the sincerity and benevolence of the motive be urged as a palliation. And now having made my peace with all, I have only to subscribe myself.

Yours very truly,

S.

LONDON, April 17, 1876.

### EXAMINATIONS IN HORTON ACADEMY.

WE have not much space in this issue to devote to these examinations, but we cannot entirely pass them over in silence. To say that they were very creditable to all parties concerned would give but a poor idea of their excellence. One could not attend these examinations without being struck with the superiority of the training obtained in Horton Academy. Work there is done intelligently not blindly. They follow no rule and compass style of getting over so much work, nor any slavish following of text books, but as these and former examinations clearly evinced, they go to the fountain head and study principles which alone are valuable.

On Tuesday, and the forenoon of Wednesday, May 30th and 31st, a large number of classes were examined in this Academy by the different instructors,

embracing the different subjects in their curriculum of study. Each class acquitted itself nobly. Whether we consider Prof. Tuft's class in Latin and History, Mr. Caldwell's, in Mathematics, Mr. Eaton's, in Greek and English Grammar, Miss Woodworth's, in Rhetoric and Botany, or Miss Magee's, in French, all reflected the highest credit on themselves and their teachers.

The afternoon of Wednesday was occupied with the closing exercises in connection with the graduation of three young ladies from the Seminary. The exercises were conducted according to the following programme:—

MUSIC—Duet, Misses F. Payzant and Ida Locke.

ESSAY—Floriculture, Murdoch Smith.

READING—Miss Sutcliffe.

MUSIC—Solo, Miss Annie Robbins.

ESSAY—Life in the East, Miss Laura Crawley.

ESSAY—The Limits of the Possible, Miss Schurman.

MUSIC—Trio, Misses Clinch, Wier, M. Robbins.

ESSAY—The Higher Education of Women, Clifford Locke, excused.

ESSAY—Unwritten History, Miss Wile.

READING—Miss Ruhland.

MUSIC—Duet, Misses McLeod and Clinch.

ESSAY—The Thralldom of Habit, Miss C. Payzant.

MUSIC—Trio, Misses Mary Bill, Cann, A. Robbins.

MUSIC—Miss M. Robbins.

MUSIC—Miss Ida Locke.

It would be difficult for us to speak in terms too laudatory of the entertainment thus afforded. The essays were productions of no ordinary character, and received a large share of praise from different speakers who addressed the meeting, after the above programme was exhausted.

Diplomas were granted by Prof. Tuft's to Misses Schurman, P. E. I., Crawley, Burmah, and Payzant, Wolfville. The Governor General's Bronze Medal was awarded to Mr. J. G. Belyea, of Kings Co., N. B., for excellence in Arithmetic. This Medal was competed for by the Matriculating Class, and honorable mention was made of Mr. Dykman, whose papers were almost on a par with those of the winner.

Prof. Tufts, principal of the Academy, was presented with a gold chain accompanied by an address from the young ladies of the Seminary; Miss Woodworth also received from her pupils a valuable writing desk. Mr. Belyea, in behalf of the Matriculating Class, read an address to Prof. Tufts, Messrs Caldwell and Eaton.

The next item in the afternoon's programme was addresses, which were delivered by Revds. G. M. W. Carey and Dr. Crawley, Messrs. S. Seldon, M. J. Griffin, J. W. Longley, A. B., J. F. L. Parsons, A. B., and others. Mr. Carey expressed his delight at being present on the occasion. It was his first visit to Horton, but should not be his last. He spoke in the highest laudatory terms of the examinations in the Academy, as also of the literary ex-

ercises of the afternoon. Dr. Crawley, eloquently addressed the young ladies who had just received diplomas. One point acknowledged and enlarged upon by all the speakers was, that the Academy was doing efficient work—that it was a first-class school, and that it was an institution of which the country might well be proud.

Twenty-five young men have presented themselves for entrance into college this year, and have braved the fiery ordeal of two long day written examinations, with what success remains yet to be seen.

At the close of the exercises, Prof. Tufts declared the Academy closed for two months vacation, to open again on the 10th of August next.

In conclusion we might say to any who desire either to prepare for college, or for teaching, or to carry their education beyond the limits reached in our common schools, that we know not where they can do better than in attending Horton Academy. Do not fear denominational influences. No one ever found out that this was a Baptist Institution in the class room. The fundamental principles of our religion are recognized always when met with, but nothing sectarian is ever heard from the teachers; whilst the advantages both in competent instructors and in good accommodations at a very cheap rate, cannot we believe be surpassed in the country.

### LECTURE OF REV. MR. POPE.

ON Wednesday evening May 31st, at eight o'clock, the Baptist Church at Wolfville was thrown open to such an assembly as had never before congregated within its walls on a similar occasion. Mr. J. E. Pope, of Leinster Street Baptist Church, St. John, N. B., was to lecture on the popular subject, "The Types of character the Times demand." There were the wise and fair of many a home from the venerable to the youth unknown to honor or fame; from the learned professor down to the struggling aspirants after Academic laurels. The lecture was a manly common sense address eloquently delivered, and spiced with wit and pleasant incident throughout—very interesting as was attested by the close attention of the listeners.

As many of our readers heard the lecture, and as it would be unjust to give a mere dislocated outline of it we forbear to discuss it at any length. We indulge the hope of again listening to Mr. Pope, on a future occasion.

J. O. REDDEN, Windsor, N. S., acts as Secretary and Treasurer for the ACADIA ATHENÆUM until further notice, and will receive all communications.



## Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAY, 1876.

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## CONTENTS:

Correspondence.....	65
Examinations in Horton Academy.....	67
Lecture of Rev. Mr. Pope.....	67
Editorials.....	68
Vale.....	69
Anniversary Exercises.....	70
A Cruise to the Bay.....	70
The Last Man.....	70
Items.....	73
Acknowledgements.....	71

The "Acadia Athenæum" is sent to subscribers at the exceedingly low price of Fifty Cents per year IN ADVANCE, postage pre-paid.

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THE last number of *Dalhousie Gazette* attempts to vindicate the character of its unfortunate "Valedictorian," who by giving the truth such a wide margin, has drawn down upon his "little" head the anathemas of all truthloving persons. The *Gazette* says, "We have been informed that the statement was based upon some remarks made by a recent graduate of Acadia to the effect that no text-book in Greek or Latin composition is regularly used at that college, and that instruction in these branches is pursued orally, and at irregular intervals." Now who that graduate is we are not informed. In some respects, he seems to have a striking resemblance to the "valedictorian." We can, however, inform the *Gazette* that text-books are regularly used in the Freshman and Sophomore years, and that in the Junior year the classical Professor prepares his own exercise. By reference to our Calendar, which is followed to the very letter, notwithstanding the *Gazette* quibble about "Livy in toto," it will be seen, that in

the Freshman year Arnold's Greek, and Harkness' Latin, are used semi-weekly, and in the Sophomore, Arnold is used in both.

Although the *Gazette* admits that the charge was too sweeping, it proceeds by a specious of arguing peculiar to itself, to substantiate it, and, First, "The tour of fury and fierce denial with which it has been met "looks" suspicious." For our part we have seen but little "fury and fierceness." The falsehood has been denied; what less could have been expected?

Secondly, they have received information from various sources that classical studies are on the wane at Acadia. They admit that she was once famous as a classical institution, but "a great change has taken place during the past few years."

Now we think this is simply contemptible, although it is an old trick of the *Gazette*, making statements like the above on hear-say evidence. It is certainly beneath the dignity of college graduates to descend to such base means as this, in order to defame another institution of which they are jealous, because it is so far ahead of their Alma-mater. We, at Acadia do not claim perfection. Our Governors and Faculty are sensible of defects in some departments, as for instance that of modern languages, but we are to have that claim filled by a separate professor next year. If the *Gazette* would take our Calendar and show up these real defects, it would earn our thanks. Such would be a more honorable course of action, than to level its false assumptions against a department for which Acadia has always been famous, and in which she is yearly becoming more thorough. The institution in which their most talented professor received his education, and in which he had charge of the classical department for a considerable time.

The third point urged in support of "valedictorian's" charge, is the assertion that "the statements of the Calendar (of Acadia) cannot be taken at their face value." This utterly groundless charge against our Faculty only "needs to be mentioned that it may be despised."

Lastly they mention the "challenge" as proof conclusive that no Greek and

Latin composition is studied at Acadia. This is evidently a *poser* (!) If this branch received its due share of attention at Acadia, her freshmen would never have had the audacity to challenge Dalhousie's seniors. Strange logic. Our freshmen knew what they were about, and we imagine guessed pretty nearly the reason why their challenge was not excepted. Neither they, nor we, nor the public, believed that the absence of Dalhousie's professors, or the dispersion of her students was the chief reason why it was not accepted. They knew that some modification of their "proposal" could have been accepted; and when the challenge was sent they expected it would have been. The *Gazette* admits that if Acadia's graduating class had sent a challenge at a suitable time, such action would have gone far to refute the charge in question. We may remark that when they defeat our freshmen, it will be time enough to speak of that.

But the "challenge" has been a hard pill for Dalhousie to swallow. The political press has given her a hard time about it. We know they are writing under the Scorpion-whip, which the *Recorder* and other papers so mercilessly applied. We know they feel sore about having to back out so cowardly from the contest, but since they are down we shall stand aside until they again succeed in gaining their feet. Valedictorian has, we fear, good reason for avoiding the truth, it is too sacred for him; it would be contaminated by his touch.

THE youthful collegiate institution which holds its six months sessions in the dingy old building, erected by Lord Dalhousie in Halifax would like, if possible, to be considered the only college in Nova Scotia, worthy of the name. Now we cannot object to Dalhousie praising herself, although it would be more scriptural, as the theologians say, to "let another praise thee," provided that other could be found, than to be eternally exclaiming, great is Dalhousie of the Presbyterians! But we do object to their descending to base and libellous means in order to advance their own interests to the disparagement of other institutions.

Scarce could a more dastardly, cowardly act have been performed by the lower



order of grovelling honor-seeking politicians than that by which all right thinking men were disgusted in the Province Building, at the commencement of Dalhousie. That the valedictorian of that occasion knew his statements regarding the study of Latin and Greek composition in Acadia College were false, can we think scarcely be doubted; but what object was expected to be gained by such contemptible means is difficult to perceive. But what *has* been the result? Another Haman hanged on the gallows which he prepared for Mordecai. Acadia resented the insult, not by merely declaring that the charge was false for that could easily be seen by referring to her Calendar. Not by affirming that Geology and Mineralogy were not touched on at Dalhousie, two most important branches to students of this age. Nor that the Calculi formed no part of their curriculum; which unlike their charges would have been true; but by a challenge from her Freshmen, to Dalhousie's graduates, to a fair test of the acquirements of each in Latin prose. It is needless to remark on the flimsy manner in which those erudite graduates passed off the challenge, but we hope that in future such lamentable departures from truth will not be followed by Dalhousie's students, or winked at by her professors. But we are not as yet quite done with the valedictorian. The public were again treated to a rehash of the "plucking" question, which, our readers will remember, was discussed pretty thoroughly during the contest of '75. Admirable way of testing the respective merits of college—by the number *plucked*! But near the beginning of that school-boy production, we are told why they are plucked. We quote his own words. "When we entered college three years and a half ago, we were twenty in number, the largest freshman class that had, up to that time, passed safely through the ordeal of matriculation. *During the first three or four weeks we studied very hard.* But as time passed, and we got used to the work, our *zeal began to flag*, we neglected to revise frequently, and occasionally went so far as to leave *undone or even untried* a mathematical exercise. This was a happy time. Examinations were *too far off* to trouble our thoughts very much &c." The italics are ours. If this

is true of other classes; and we suppose that the one above mentioned was no exception, it is not difficult to see why so many should be plucked at Dalhousie. Now we can safely affirm that no such falling off occurs at Acadia. Every recitation here is an examination for which the student must prepare or make a poor mark. We know that the daily marking system has its disadvantages, but this advantage more than compensates for all, in keeping students at work, who otherwise might fall into the error that so many of Valedictorian's classmates did, and share their fate. Plucking is not unknown at Acadia, nor are searching written examinations fewer, the latter being held twice a year on all subjects embraced in the curriculum. So that if any person thinks to find here, one of those institutions "within a convenient distance" where halcyon days continue the year round he will find himself sadly mistaken. We claim that it is very much to the credit of our Alma Mater, that so few of her students fail in their examinations; and on the contrary it does not speak well either for Dalhousie students or professors, that so many have to fall out of their classes on account of not being able to pass satisfactory examinations. But after all what does these boasted plucking's amount to? Simply nothing when the truth comes to be known. We never heard of any one failing to pass the matriculation examination. Every Tom, Dick and Harry, that presents himself for admittance to college is received, and it is not wonderful if some are entirely unfit to master the curriculum. Nor are those who are plucked except in very rare cases, delayed any longer in college by it. The student must pass through the form of a supplementary examination, and then may go along with the next year.

We are happy to learn that a large majority of our board of Governors are opposed to the idea of falling in with the *Halifax University*. Unlike the ruling bodies of Kings and Mount Allison Colleges, they wisely look before they leap. Acadia has nothing to gain by helping along this political dodge. We know of no surer way to forward the establishment of a Provincial Teaching University, than by countenancing and

supporting this immaterial fore-shadowing of it. Any one present at the Anniversary could easily see what were the feelings of the students whilst they received with perfect silence the views of the Hon. Provincial Secretary, and allowed their applause to know no bounds when Mr. Woodworth so powerfully *squelched* him. Acadia's students have no sympathy with the Halifax "Paper University."

#### VALE.

AND now the time has come when we must say adieu for a short time at least, to our subscribers, well-wishers, and if we are so unfortunate as to have any our foes. "Our peace with these, our love with those." We take this opportunity to thank the friends who have extended their sympathy and support to our paper.

Three of our principal editors have gone from us. Their names and alas we fear their contributed articles will no longer appear in our monthly gazette. Their voices will no longer wake the echoes along the classic corridors of "Old Acadia." A new staff of officers will take their place and with two years of experience the editorial banner will be nailed to the mast with the immortal inscription, "Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur." It shall wave through the criticisms of friend and sneers of the ill-disposed; it shall be borne through the ranks of the unappreciative and over-refined who know equally little how to call the flowers or discriminate the weeds.

We offer the old complaint that our graduates with few exceptions do not remember us in our need. This though natural in one view of the matter is palpably undutiful to Alma Mater. We call upon the old veterans to rally around the standard that shall be erected on the old hill next September. May peace and prosperity rest upon all and to all—vale.

ONE of our Sophomores, will, we understand spend his summer vacation in lecturing against the use of *tobacco*. He intends asking all his converts to give him their stock in hand as a pledge that they are in earnest, we shall not be surprised if his room becomes a rendezvous of smokers next year.



## ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES.

NEVER did the little village of Wolfville look fairer than on the morn of commencement day. Shimmering like polished silver in the clear sunlight lay the basin of Minas. A quiet beauty reposed on the broad extent of Grand Pré. The gentle eminence leading to the college was resplendent with sparkling dew-drops. Trees and flowers shed a grateful fragrance on the air. Around the college all was life and activity. As the hour of eleven drew near, students with caps and gowns mustered for the usual procession from the "hill" to the Baptist Church. As the train entered the building and passed up the aisle, the organ pealed forth a joyous anthem of welcome. We here insert a programme of the exercises for the benefit of those who were not present.

## OPENING PRAYER.

## VOLUNTARY.

Orations by the members of the graduating class.

THE REALM OF LANGUAGE,  
E. W. Kelly, Collina, N.B.

CULTURE A POWER,  
J. O. Redden, Windsor, N.S.

GLAMOUR AND FACT,  
Maynard G. Brown, Wilmot, N.S.

THE ETERNAL FRESHNESS OF GREAT TRUTHS,  
F. D. Crawley, Wolfville, N.S.

THE FUTURE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE,  
D. H. Simpson, Cavendish, P.E.I.

THE THEOLOGY OF SOPHOCLES,  
W. H. Robinson, Kingston, N.S.

These orations displayed a good deal of careful thought, and reflected credit both on the young men who delivered them, and on their Alma Mater. In another column will be found one of the essays printed at length. After some choice music from the choir came the distribution of prizes. These were awarded as follows:—

The Edward Young Gold Medal, for proficiency in the Higher Mathematics in the Honor Course was awarded to W. O. Wright, of N. B. The Governor General's Medal, to A. J. Denton. This Medal for excellence in extra classical studies was confined to the freshman class. The competition was very close; one of the competitors, Mr. G. B. Healy, was ranked as equal to the winner in the extra work: but as the decision of the judges was formed by taking into account the relative standing of these two gentlemen in the regular work of the classical department, Mr. Denton standing a little higher than his opponent in this respect,

obtained the prize. The first and second matriculation prizes for the freshman class of last year were respectively awarded to A. J. Denton, and C. K. Harrington. The prize of \$25.00 for the best series of monthly essays was awarded to Joshua Goodwin, of St. John, N. B.—Messrs Faulkner and Harrington, received honorable mention for their compositions.

Certificates of merit in classics were given to B. P. Shafner, G. B. Healy, A. W. Armstrong, and A. J. Denton. The interest of the occasion was greatly enhanced by the admirable address of the President to the graduating class.

Speeches were made by the Provincial Secretary of N. S., and by Mr. Elder, of the "Telegraph." Both these gentlemen spoke in terms expressive of their gratification at witnessing the proceedings of the day. The choir deserve great praise for the excellent music which was interspersed between the exercises. Altogether the occasion was one of the most enjoyable ever witnessed at Acadia. Never probably was there a larger or more brilliant audience in the church at Wolfville, than assembled on the morn of June 1st, 1876.

## A CRUISE IN THE BAY.

A FEW weeks before the close of the term, the usual excursion of the classes in natural science took place, and proved a very enjoyable affair. Last year it will be remembered, the expedition was confined to Blomidon and its vicinity. Desiring a broader range, Prof. Kennedy on this occasion procured a fine yacht, accommodating comfortably our party of twelve. In this craft we visited the several points of geological interest along the Minas shores, including Two Islands. Five Island, with its Barytes Mines. Spencer's Island, Cape Dor with its copper, and finally Capes Split and Blomidon, with their familiar specimens of brilliant zeolites. Scientifically considered, the expedition proved a success, and the enjoyable adventure and hardy exercise that marked each day of the trip, will give to the excursion of '76 a very prominent place in the pleasant recollections of those who participated in it.

## THE LAST MAN.

LONE, and lorn, and sad, a solitary editor sits within his sanctum. Dismantled walls stare at him, floor and tables are covered with a confused litter of chips, nails, hammers, pieces of paper, dog-eared time-stained textbooks, and all the other evidences of a hasty stampede, amid the ruin he sits like Marius in Carthage. A hurried foot-fall echoes along the hall. The scream of the approaching

enquirer falls on his ear. From the window he catches a glimpse of a solitary figure skurrying over the fields. A deep drawn sigh, coming from unknown depths, tells of his inward grief. Desolation, dreariness, the very quintessence of all loneliness, comes muffling down in thick folds upon his sad spirit. In short he feels blue—desperately, unmistakeably so. He turns to the past for consolation. The long seeming lapse of pleasant years spent beneath the fostering care of his loved Alma Mater lies disclosed before him. The recollection of many scenes of classic mirth, as centres around which numberless and varied associations cluster, recalls the melancholy smile to his lips. Now his eyes fill with tears as he remembers those old friends and classmates dear, the inheritors of bright hopes and joyful anticipations, whom the rolling years have swept away into the illimitable sea. Now the declamatory thunders of the First of June revive and in imagination's bright hues, he paints the future prospects of those who have just gone forth from classic shades, to enter upon the work of life.

From this picture he turns to the future of this institution, and with a firm faith in its growing prosperity and progress, resumes his quill and writes as the changeless emblem of its advancement.—EXCELSIOR.

## Items.

QUERY: Why was not John Smith allowed to try the matriculation examination? Was it because he was too dissipated or because he took a strange route to get in to the hall, or why?

THE Freshmen have had a class photograph taken. We would suggest the propriety of their sending a copy to Darwin, for in it may be observed some valuable specimens in all stages of development.

WE understand that a number of the members of the matriculating class have already selected rooms in college. Some have asked for scholarships, whilst others have already interviewed the professors with regard to taking honor work. A little too fast boys, plucking is practised to a fearful extent among matriculates. We hope you have done well though.

ERUDITE Senior about to smoke. "Pass me that implement composed of crystalized sea-froth, that after having applied some of the devouring element, and thus causing the oxygen of the air to unite with the carbon of the Virginia product, I may draw ambrosial nectar through the stem."



MR. JOHN SMITH, the would be matriculate had the audacity to follow his *won't be* classmates into reception at the Seminary a few nights ago, and has not since been heard of. We fear there has been some *foul* play.

YOUNG man, if you should see your girl gazing intently at your feet, don't shift them about uneasily or draw them up and sit upon them, under the impression that she is overwhelmed by their immense size. She is merely taking their measure, mentally, for a pair of slippers.

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