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The Acadia Athenæum.

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CHIEF EDITORS:

T. S. ROGERS, '83, D. S. WHITMAN, '83.

ASSISTANT EDITORS:

H. R. WELTON, '83, E. A. MAGEE, '85.

MANAGING COMMITTEE:

A. L. POWELL, '83, SEC.-TREAS.
F. R. HALEY, '84, S. W. CUMMINGS, '85.

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It is our earnest desire that every one of our subscribers should pay the amount of subscription to the Secretary-Treasurer by the close of the year 1882, or as soon after as possible. We are in want of money at once, and, moreover, it is much more convenient for us to receive the monies due now than at the close of the collegiate year. We naturally take a greater interest in our work, and feel encouraged to make further improvements, when our finances are in a healthful state.

THE ATHENÆUM has in the past rather distinguished itself by calling on graduates for contributions to its columns, but they with a few exceptions have left such calls entirely unheeded. The invitation remains a standing one, and we still hope former students of Acadia will send along a communication once in a while; but there is a small matter to which we now wish to call the special attention of graduates. Our PERSONALS department is one of the most interesting to them, and very reasonably so. The graduate is naturally interested in knowing what his former associates

are doing, while all the friends of the college are ever pleased to know how its graduates are faring in the world. We find it utterly impossible to supply the information ourselves, and are therefore dependent upon what other people tell us. As a consequence, our personals department either has to be omitted, or the information it affords is to a great extent of uncertain value, while if the graduates themselves would only drop us a card notifying us of any change in their circumstances, they would materially aid us in our attempt to supply our readers with correct as well as interesting items.

For many years past it has been a custom with the students to have a monthly lecture course under the auspices of their literary society. And their efforts in this direction have, on the whole, been satisfactory. Year by year they have succeeded in bringing before the public quite an array of native talent, with an occasional foreign lecturer of note. Nor have the opportunities for general culture and information thus afforded the students been disregarded; for, realizing that the nature of their pursuits has necessarily narrowed their sphere of action, they have duly prized this means of meeting something of the outside world of thought and action. In the student's life character forms very rapidly. . . is a time when the mind is most susceptible to impressions. And the personal contact with the lecturer, his sound advice, the thought and occasional gleams of eloquence all have their moulding influence on his character and aspirations. In fact, no one has questioned the propriety of the lecture course. The only question is why a custom so beneficial should be allowed to languish. For this condition we are in duty bound to apologize to the patrons of our course. Last spring, in pursuance of the usual custom, a lecture committee was appointed, and the chairman given time and power to correspond with such persons as he deemed best with a view of securing their services as lecturers for the ensuing academic year. At the commencement of the present term without giving reason or expla-

nation, the chairman resigned his position, leaving the affairs of the committee in a most unsatisfactory state. A new chairman was appointed in his stead, and the society felt there was ample excuse for reasonable delays; but we have no words of praise for the committee as now constituted. A tree is known by its fruits. And certainly their labors are rich only in negative results. It is somewhat singular that there should be such difficulty in finding persons to "accept the honor" of lecturing before the society? Why not try a change in the tactics? However, in fairness, the committee should receive credit for what they have accomplished. We believe Mr. J. F. L. Parsons, of Halifax, has consented to deliver the Dec. lecture and we trust this success will be the earnest of better things next term.

FUTURE generations will doubtless record as one of the most amusing characteristics of the nineteenth century, the prevalence of that superstitious element among the people which allowed them to tolerate an almost innumerable host of would-be prophets. Mother Shipton has done her share toward terrifying the ignorant of our times, while Vennor and a countless throng of the same stamp are troubling themselves and imposing upon others by their attempts to foretell the course of nature. The latest seer, however, does not concern himself with the weather, nor with the end of the world, but with the future of higher education. The present system, he tells us, must fall, and will be supplanted by one which shall educate not only the brain, but "the wonderful human hand" at the same time. We cannot withstand the temptation of giving our readers a further insight into the matter, and this we do in the exact words of prophecy:—"I have in my mind's eye a glorious university completely organized and equipped to afford an education such as the future man will be given. It looks not at all like Oxford or Cambridge or even like Harvard. It looks more like a factory village situated in the midst of a finely cultivated farm of one thousand acres with beautiful gardens and parks, the whole the centre of a thriving industry such as our factory villages might be, must be, shall and are just going to be, for man will not long be the submissive vassal that he is now. This university of mine shall have a chime of bells which at six a.m. summons two thousand men to rise and cast off sloth and put on workingmen's clothes and prepare for labor. At seven they are

in their different shops, workers in wood, in metals, in leather, in stone, in hemp, in cotton, in flax, in wool. For three hours they labor, being held to a strict account for the use or abuse of tools material and time. In summer a portion of each day is spent by all upon the land, so that all may have insight, some practical knowledge of farming, of horses, of cattle, of the dairy, the garden, the orchard. At ten all this is over, except in harvest time or other periods of pressure. The chimes now send these workmen to their rooms, where they remove the dress and the garments of manual labor and come out to class and remain all day university students. Separated from the soil with its various handicrafts, man never yet has succeeded in thriving. At best, without it, he is a potted plant and some of the pots are miserably small."

ARTHUR H. HALLAM.

Doubtless not a few, in reading that "threnody of infinite sadness," *In Memoriam*, have paused and wondered what the meaning of the mysterious letters A. H. H. could be; to whose memory such a perennial tribute could have been paid. Some have thought of a man who by industry and zeal had contributed something to the world's knowledge which has won for him a name; some, possibly, have thought of some great man of ancient times—great in literature, great in arms, whose works, the inspiring source of future ages, have rendered him worthy of such an immortal tribute; others, perhaps, have conceived some mythical hero and have laid aside the volume ignorant of the rounded man whose memory it sings. Few, however, have any definite knowledge of Arthur Hallam, the early splendour of whose genius is still cherished by a sorrowing nation, and upon whose grave Tennyson has laid a poem, which will never let his ashes be forgotten, or his memory fade like that of common clay.

Arthur Hallam was born in Bedford Place, London, on the 1st of February, 1811. The eldest son of Henry Hallam, the eminent historian and critic, his earliest years had every advantage which culture and moral excellence could convey. At twelve years of age he went to Eton, where he studied nearly five years. According to the usual test of that place he was not reckoned a first rate Latin student, for his mind had a predominant bias towards English Literature, and there he lingered among the exhaustless fountains of the earlier

poetry of his native tongue. Having a genuine taste for philosophical poetry Wordsworth and Shelley became his primo favorites; and his own productions at this period bore the impress of marked ability.

In the summer of 1827, he left Eton and travelled eight months in Italy in company with his father. And now began that life of thought and feeling so conspicuous to the end of his brief career. Among the Alps his soul took the impress of all that is most glorious and beautiful in nature. After passing the mountains Italian Literature claimed his attention, and he entered upon its study with all the ardour of a young and earnest student.

Returning home in 1828 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. It is said he cared little for Academical reputation, and in the severe scrutiny of examination he did not appear as competitor for accurate mathematical demonstrations. His aims were higher than the tutor's blackboard, and his life-thoughts ran directly opposite to the usual College routine.

About this time some of his poetical pieces were printed. The following lines forming the opening of one of his poems and addressed to the man who was afterwards to lend interest and immortality to the story of his early loss give some faint idea of his poetic genius:—

“ Alfred, I would that you beheld me now,
Sitting beneath a mossy, ivied wall
On a quaint bench, which to that structure old
Winds an accordant curve. Above my head
Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves,
Seeming received into the blue expanse
That vaults this summer noon.”

The first prize for English declamation was awarded to him; and his exercise, *The conduct of the Independent Party during the Civil War*, greatly improved his standing at the University. Other honors quickly followed and he was chosen to deliver an oration in the College Chapel just before the Christmas vacation. He selected as his subject, *The Influence of Italian upon English Literature*. The subject was treated in an admirable manner; and for a youth of twenty summers displays an eloquence and wisdom rarely found. He ends his disquisition in these words:—“An English mind that has drunk deep at the sources of Southern inspiration, and especially that is imbued with the spirit of the mighty Florentine, will be conscious of a perpetual freshness and quiet beauty resting on his imagination and spreading

gently over his affections, until, by the blessing of Heaven, it may be absorbed without loss in the pure inner light of which that voice has spoken as no other can,—

‘Light intellectual, yet full of love,
Love of true beauty, therefore full of joy,
Joy, every other sweetness far above.’

At the University he lived a sweet and gracious life. No man had truer or fonder friends, or was more admired for his excellent accomplishments. Earnest in whatever he attempted, his enthusiasm for all that was good and able in Literature stamped his career at Trinity as one of remarkable superiority.

On leaving Cambridge he went immediately to London and there in company with his father sat down to the study of Law. Legal studies occupied his attention till the spring of 1833 when failing health obliged him to cease study. In company with his father he went to Germany hoping a change of climate might in some degree restore health.

All efforts, however, were unavailing and on the 15th of September, 1833, Arthur Hallam lay dead in his father's arms.

It is not too much to say, no brighter or more promising genius has been born in this nineteenth century, and his untimely end will for years to come be a source of sorrow and regret. TAT.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

No. 8.

Time—An evening in early January, in a certain year before some of you editors had “drawn the common air.”

Place—The parlors of the building then, or thereafter, known as “the Great House,”—now the Acadia Hotel.

There is to be added to our institutions at Horton a ladies' seminary, and this is to be its habitat for years to come,—until (to put it somewhat pedagogically) the fair young creatures soon to flit about these halls shall have doubled their average age. The lady principle is here, with several other maidens including our friend the poetess, the future wife of a learned professor, and others, besides two or three favored ones of the sterner sex (not very stern specimens however), among whom are “Uncle Ned” and the future “Secretary.” All is yet in a state of preparation,—floors bare, furniture wanting or in confusion, walls wringing with echoes.

Were they echoes of the future with its better days, or of the *Best* days in the past? The curtain rising, a jovial group is discovered on the floor sewing up and tacking down carpets,—merry voices are heard—and the curtain falls.

A few weeks later, in the Principal's room on "the Hill," behold a half dozen students in earnest conversation. One of their number makes a proposal which meets with unanimous approval and the outcome of which, in its latest development, may be said to be "The Acadia Athenæum." An original magazine or literary paper for the two schools—the Academy and Seminary—this is the project. The Chancellor and the Secretary are to be the Editors, the Premier and Tom and the Parson are to form the Publishing Committee—these for our part; and at the "Great House" there are to be an equal number on the united staff. Many pleasant consultations are held (not usually on "the Hill") before a name is agreed upon, and matter obtained for the first number. After numerous suggestions, the title proposed by the Secretary—"THE ACADEMY BUDGET"—is adopted, and Miss S. supplies the motto "*Docti aut indocti scribamus.*" It is understood that the teachers will place the weekly or monthly "compositions" of the schools at the disposal of the editors for selection. The paper is to be issued in manuscript at first, two or more copies being made for each school.

A fortnight after the idea was first broached, in the small hours of a February morning, the masculine half of the editorial staff sat hard at work preparing to "go to press." Since early in the evening they had been busy designing and printing the "display" headings, writing miscellaneous items, etc.; and now they were jointly composing what may be called a metrical prologue. Here is a part of their effusion, fashioned after the model of "Hiawatha."

If you want to see our paper—
Read our neatly-written paper—
Paper which we just have started—
Paper which both men and maidens
Have a hand in—take delight in—
Filled with wit and rhyme and reason,
Filled with what is good and spicy,
Filled with pith of compositions.
Worth perusal—well worth reading—
Then we bid you, we invite you,
Sage and rustic, clown and critic,
Come to Horton—come to Wolfville:
Not far off where lies the Grand Pre',
Sung by him of Hiawatha,

Where they have the peerless sunsots,
Where they haul the loads of marsh-mud,
Where they raise the big potatoes;
Where are fixed our It stitutions,
Where the embryo A. B.'s flourish,
Where they teach the women Latin;
Where the Doctor¹ writes his History;
Where resides the genial brothers²—
One to urchins teaching Grammar,
One to young men Mathematics;
Where sobersides³ cons the Classics;
Where the Guv'nor⁴ drills the youngsters;
Where is yet the ancient chamber
Where did write the great Mustapha⁵
Words of learning, words of wisdom;
Where still steps the stately Mogul,⁶
Undiminished still his glory;
Where the mighty Agamemnon⁷
Pulls his boots on every morning;
Where the great Gudolphus "welcomed;"
Where the glorious Odes were written—
Odes the Sun and Moon concerning,
* * * * *
Where took place * * * * *
* * * * *
In the year * * * * *
If, we say, you want to read it,
Read our paper which we've written,
We invite you to our sanctum,
To our sanctum where we keep it,
In the Great House in the Village,
On the Hill above the Village—
Up in Wolfville—up in Horton.

Two days later, the first number of "The Academy Budget" was placed before an indulgent public, represented by a goodly gathering of students of the three institutions, in the parlors of the Seminary, to whom the genial Principal introduced the venture in an appropriate speech. Other speeches, the reading of articles from the papers, and the charms of music contributed to the enjoyment of the evening, the memory of which will doubtless come back to not a few who read this as a pleasing *echo of the past*.

"THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE."

In the physical world every thing is subject to decay. To escape this law mankind is engaged in a continual struggle. But there is a sense in which men live on in the embodiment of their thoughts and actions; yet even this mode of existence is regulated by "the survival of the fittest." Horace, in referring to his literary fame, speaks with unwar-

NOTES.—1 Dr. Cramp, 2 T. A. and D. F., 3 B. H., 4 E. N., 5 T. H., editor of "Words from the Mustapha's Chamber," 6 R. V., 7 W. H.

ranted license when he says, "*non omnis moriar.*" He who is puffed to the loftiest elevation to day is often on the eve of being hurled into the gulf of forgetfulness. As there is a maximum visible for the organ of vision, so there is a limit to the mental view, and in order to extend it to new objects the mind must lose sight of those now before it. Who then shall say he is always to be included in this field of view? Not always does he who labors most zealously reach that goal where he can confidently affirm that he has fulfilled the conditions necessary to ensure immortal fame. He may secure an impersonation in a Westminster Abbey as a token of regard for unselfish effort; but unless his activities have been directed in such a channel, that their results find their counterpart in the feelings and aspirations of mankind, he cannot live in the affections of the masses.

It is an undoubted fact that the inducements to seek fame are less enticing than formerly. The glory of an Aristotle, of a Homer, or an Alexander is now beyond the reach of mortals. The great problems of life, although not settled, seem to have been solved in so far as man is able to comprehend them, many centuries ago. The radiance of the poet, like that of the moon, is but the reflection of a greater light which is for the moment hidden from view; or, on the other hand it is outshone by the glitter of stars, more brilliant even though more distant. Besides, the tendency of this era of realities and culture is to dry up the poetical fountain in man; so that the writing of a great poem, while attended with less certainty of success, is also a work of vaster proportions than in the primeval days of imagery. In regard to the fame attending conquest it is hardly necessary to make mention. It is evident that this enlightened age frowns upon, and in general, the constitution of society precludes the "clashing of arms and the shedding of blood." But if a General Wolseley occasionally commands the plaudits of to-day, what are they when compared with those demanded by the conquerors of the world?

But must that yearning, which is akin to the desire for the immortality brought to light in the gospel—that yearning to

"Leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time?"

be suppressed? By no means; for although the great problems of life have been potentially settled in the abstract, there still remains a wide sphere

of action in the world of sense. We live in the midst of stern realities, deny or doubt it how we will; and many are the longing hearts seeking to be relieved from the—what some would falsely call inevitable—bitterness of life. It is now the province of him who is to be famous to adapt the principles of antiquity to the needs of the times. Long since was recognized the principles underlying the government of Great Britain, but many statesmen are there whose very names awaken a tribute of respect. And yet their achievements were only the better application of those principles which were previously known.

The possibilities of securing immortal fame are thus affected by the purposes which actuate men to effort. Some are so delighted with the adulations of their contemporaries that they forget to engage in that which will insure lasting remembrance. Even men of giant intellect, though as bright and sharp, are also often as hard and narrow—as needles. Such men would regard others as merely stepping stones to facilitate their own advancement, and, if they only had the power, like the Roman emperors of old, they would fain command the people to worship them. But momentary their fame would be. If it were permitted them to contemplate the activities of "mother earth" after they had "shuffled off this mortal coil," no doubt they would be surprised to see how little of their influence remained. They would discover that, like the setting sun, they have called back all the shadows they had chased away in rising. On the other hand it is seldom that a great reformer or philanthropist receives the thanks of his own generation. Mankind in general, although seeking reform, are suspicious of innovations; and while they are conscious of the undulations of the surface they fail to discover the trend of the deep under-currents. He who is to live in the midst of an appreciative people must be careful to follow their ever-changing notions. His life and actions can be hinged upon no guiding principle—except that of change. But to him who is to live in the affection of posterity, belongs the regulating of the deep under-currents, and thus the guiding of their future effects on the surface,—in short he must anticipate his age, and, as a consequence, endure its opposition.

Perhaps there is no other man to whom the present century owes so much as it does to Lord Bacon; and yet in the introduction of the inductive method of investigation with what opposition

did he have to contend! But in this age of critics Bacon is often denounced as having been actuated by selfish motives. We deny the attempted imputation. If he was selfish his selfishness was of the lofty kind. Bacon was a man of illimitable powers of which he was conscious; but, although conscious of them, he was nevertheless desirous of devoting them to something that would benefit his fellowmen. He believed that he was "born for the service of mankind," and he wished to kindle such a light in the nation as would enable man to enjoy his earthly heritage.

But there stands out a character pre-eminently relevant in this connection. The great epic poet of English literature produced his masterpiece in blindness and tears, in comparative poverty and disgrace, excluded from a participation in the advancement of those interests relating to the freedom of his country, for which he had labored so zealously and so faithfully. But, though "old and blind and fallen on evil days," Milton could look forward with prophetic hopefulness to a future in which he should live among men in an ethereal temple reared by his own exertion, in following out the purpose expressed in a sonnet written on his twenty-third birthday. At that time he had written enough to establish his fame as a poet; and yet he laments that his "late spring no bud or blossom showeth." But rising above his regrets because of his seeming lack of ability in the past he determines that

"Be it less or more or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Towards which fame leads me
And the will of heaven."

We have thus attempted to trace the two extremes of fame-seekers. The one courts fame for what it is in itself; the other longs to claim it as a reward of merit. While we detest the one, we honor the other; while the one receives a meteoric flash of praise, the other ensures an immortal fame. But it were well to remember that there is a happy mean between these extremes—a mean which not only avoids the adulation of the crowd, but also entails less forfeiture of the passing enjoyment of life, even though future remembrance be restricted to a narrower sphere.

A Senior was lately heard calling one of the Theologues a *jegarsahadutha*, which being interpreted signifies "a heap of bones."

○ Correspondence. ○

LETTER FROM RICHMOND, VA.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—You know not how eagerly I tore the wrapper from the ATHENÆUM and glanced hastily over its pages. It is needless to say that its contents gave me entertainment of a varied and select nature. But not until I had indulged in many fond recollections did my thoughts revert to a familiar scene. It is that of four editors consulting. They cull and recall papers. Words are counted again and again,—glad to find even one half column of matter to lessen the number of unfilled pages. Intimacy intensifies sympathy and at once I am impelled to grasp my pen and aid in lessening the labor and in driving the clouds from the faces of these faithful youths.

There is much that I might write you of the South which would be amusing as well as interesting; but to maintain the dignity of this organ I shall find it necessary to speak more particularly of educational matters in this clime. It must be remembered that here the population is composed of two distinct races, of different temperaments and habits. The one class, fresh from the pit of ignorance and superstition; the other enjoying all the advantages afforded by time honored and modern institutions, yet not fully awake to its possibilities. The education of the freedmen, though at first attended with considerable opposition is now receiving like attention from the North and South. The matter of educating this class has been an exceedingly difficult one, for slavery not only prevented personal freedom but also blunted and enslaved all the higher emotions and aspirations common to men. Thus there has been a two fold work; to elevate the people socially to the standard of a free citizen, and also to awaken in them the dormant and subdued powers of which they have been almost wholly unconscious. Although the foundation of this work has only been laid, we find the freedman awakening at the dawn of education and making efforts for their own elevation. In reference to the education of the white population we cannot speak in very commendable terms. The Common School System is somewhat imperfect, and the academies and high schools not up to the standard of Northern institutions of like kind. The favorite resort for higher education in the South is the University of Virginia, which South-

erns claim to be equal to any educational institution in America. Now this may be true, but it is contrary to the sequence that the highest education can be maintained only when its resources are in the most prosperous condition. One fact noticeable in the South is the absence of public libraries from the chief cities and towns. Within the comparatively large and wealthy city of Richmond there is no library, of any account, available to the lower classes.

But in summing up these things it must be remembered that war has had its ill effects and that the country is only recovering from the stroke received in the encounter with the North.

Although the Southerners are a very genial and sympathetic class of people, yet beneath it all there seems to be an element of what approaches fierceness. This is brought out in the frequent resort to pistols as a means of settling differences. In the recent political canvass, two popular candidates for Congress drew pistols on each other on the platform. The old custom of duelling has not yet wholly disappeared although the Northern press has ridiculed and hurled sarcasm at this barbarous custom. At the present time, any person, particularly one in a prominent position, can scarcely afford to refuse a challenge, that is he would prefer to fight rather than face the taunts of public sentiment and perhaps detract from his popularity and social standing.

This state of affairs cannot certainly exist in this age of mental and moral activity, unless there is a lack in one or both of these elements. And not until the South is willing to accept fully the principles of higher civilization and national progress, more firmly adhered to by the Northern States, can there be that tone of superiority which should characterize the American nation as a whole.

Other matters of interest regarding the South I may be able to produce at some future time.

E. A. C.

Carlyle says of his classical education: "In the classical field I am truly as nothing. Homer I learned to read in the original with difficulty, after Wolf's broad flash of light thrown into it; Æschylus and Sophocles mainly in translations. Tacitus and Virgil became really interesting to me; Homer and Æschylus above all; Horace egotistical in sad fact I never cared for; Cicero, after long and various trials, always proved a windy person and a weariness to me."

DICKENS.

The marked and potent quality of Dickens is his power to see and reproduce individual peculiarities. His personages impress us with all the vividness of reality, and this reality arises from his keen and clear conception. His characters are exhibited, not described. In reading the works of many authors, we feel that the persons introduced to our notice are mere myths, but in the case of Dickens we are compelled to regard them as actually existing. We enter into their lives. We sorrow, we laugh with them. We are fired with anger, or filled with approbation at the will of the author.

It has been objected that his personages are unphilosophic and strained, his bad characters too horrid, his queer ones too eccentric, and his good ones too tame. These objections are partly answered by the fact that many of his best personifications were taken from real life. The characters he had observed were intensified by his imagination and given to us in a well defined picture, the exaggeration only increasing our sense of their reality.

So exact and cutting at times were his representations, that had they dared the original persons would have prosecuted the author. Nearly every Yorkshire school master thought himself the veritable Squiers.

The second great characteristic of Dickens is his exhaustless fund of rich and inimitable humor. He has rendered great service to English Literature by furnishing the people with an almost unlimited supply of harmless amusement. His first great work, the *Pickwick Papers*, carried the English speaking world with a storm of laughter. It became a rage. Everybody bought it, read it, laughed over it and talked it. Sam Weller is a person 'sui generis.' No one can doubt him. Everybody likes him. The jolly face of *Pickwick* beams upon us ever with genial complacency, while his comical misadventures cannot fail to provoke a smile upon a cynic's face. Sam Weller's valentine and the trial of Bardell vs. *Pickwick* are perhaps the best examples of Dickens' happiest view. To this work, however, his humor is not confined. It is seen in nearly all of them relieving their severity, and refreshing the mind by its liveliness. The detection of weak points is the very life of Dickens' humorous perception. With discriminating eye he selects his personages from the odd world around him, endows them with appropriate defects, then in that form caricatures the weaknesses

of mankind; and ridicules their besetting sins with derisive satire.

The heart of Dickens is as universal as the mind of Shakespeare. He knows and loves all that is true and humane. He has done more to inspire faith in the equality and brotherhood of humanity, than half the benevolent societies of Christendom. Even in his writings he manifests a profound horror of cruelty, and zealous love for the good and pure. His second work, *Oliver Twist*, first reveals the Reformatory spirit. It is a cutting satire against the cruelties of the English poorhouse.

Our sympathies are intensely aroused in the behalf of poor Oliver, and our anger kindled against his oppressors; the same is true in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Not the blood of Nicholas alone is stirred at the maltreatment of poor Smike. His hatred of the wrong goes hand in hand with his love for the good. He exalts virtue by rendering contemptible its opposite vices, selfishness, avarice, cruelty and hypocrisy. The snaky meanness of Uriah Heap, the hypocrisy of Pecksniff, the miserly avarice of that "squeezing, wrenching, grasping, covetous old sinner" Scrooge, are so depicted that those vices become loathsome in the extreme. His vivid imagination enables him to paint evils in their blackest colors, yet never does he have anything, that would debase, anything vulgar, anything immoral in his writings. In *Oliver Twist*, Fagin the Jew, Sikes and Nancy are taken from the Slums of London, yet in all their talk nothing can be found that would offend, we are led rather to pity the life of poor fallen Nancy, and rejoice over the horrid justice which overtakes Sikes and the Jew. When we have finished we are imbued with the spirit of Dickens, hating cruelty with an unutterable hatred, and pitying the poor and down-trodden.

Dickens delights to eulogize the good and the beautiful, as well as denounce the bad. He has concentrated all his love for little children into the two most famous pathetic characters in English Literature—little Nell and Paul Dombey. He can exalt the humblest by giving him a noble heart. So intense a hold has he on the elements, in Pegothy's being, in *David Copperfield*, that he can represent him in all his untruthfulness of person and language, yet through all shines forth the soul of the man.

Dickens' favorite heroines, Agnes Wickfield, Lizzie Hixam and Little Dorrit are models of devoted, enduring, self-sacrificing affection, lofty it is

true, yet so unbounded in their love that they win our hearts.

His acute observation and keen imagination enable him to describe objects, and paint scenes with surprising accuracy and liveliness. He personifies even the simplest things. For his characters he fits the world in which they live,—when they are happy the very flowers are gladsome; when they are sad—nature veils herself in clouds, and hides herself in gloomy silence.

Dickens' great works are limited to those of his heart. He feels, he loves. In these qualities no writer is so broad, while in his comprehension of laws he is narrow and incapable intellectually of generalization. Yet well may England be proud of Dickens. He has gladdened the hearts of thousands of readers, pleased the weary, lightened the burdens of the poor, and exerted an influence on the English Literature and people that can never die out. He will live forever, as even an adverse critic has said, "Vain would be the hand and futile the attempt of the critic, who strove to shut upon his spirit the doors of the temple of fame."

SAUL.

DISRAELI-ISMS.

The unfortunate are always egotistical.

Knowledge is the foundation of eloquence.

It is private life that governs the world.

A man with a purpose generally sees it realized.

Women are generous but not precise in money matters.

Trusting youth is a confidence which should be exercised.

Many find refuge in suicide from want of imagination.

One should never think of death. One should think of life. That is the real piety.

Extreme youth gives hope to a country; coupled with ceremonious manners, hope soon assumes the confidence.

Do not at present be discontented that you are unknown. It is the first condition of real power.

As a general rule the most successful man in life is the man who has the best information—something of the art of conversation—to be prompt without being stubborn, to refute without argument, and to clothe grave matters in a motley garb.

I have brought myself, by long meditation, to the conviction that a human being with a settled purpose must accomplish it, and that nothing can

resist a will that will stake even existence for its fulfilment.

Great men should think of Opportunity and not of Time. Time is the excuse of feeble and puzzled spirits. They make time the sleeping partner of their lives to accomplish what ought to be achieved by their own will.

Perseverance and tact are the two qualities most valuable for all men who would mount, but especially for those who have to step out of the crowd, without tact you learn nothing. Tact teaches you when to be silent. Inquirers who are always inquiring never learn anything.

Dress does not make a man but it often makes a successful one. You must dress according to your age, your pursuits, your object in life, you must dress to, in some cases according to your set. In youth a little fancy is rather expected, but if political life be your object, it should be avoided, at least after one and twenty.

Locals.

Anxiously awaited—the opening of the skating rink.

The Sophomores devote their spare time to the cultivation of the side-light.

A Senior has apparently received the appointment of assistant post-master in the Wolfville office.

Wanted at Acadia College—an experienced teacher of the art (or perhaps science) of flirting. "The students don't know how to flirt."

One of the small boys—a member of the Academy—was the subject of rather *dexterous* treatment at the hands of some of the authorities not long since.

"I wish I were an editor"—Dal. Gazette. These words would doubtless be perfectly applicable in this department without the acknowledgment of their source.

A Senior not satisfied in performing the rare exploit of entertaining two Sems at private reception, *sought*, at the same time, to execute the questionable feat of playing a game of football with a third.

A Junior has lately become the possessor of a novel entitled "A Race for a Wife." Some say the hero in this student's autobiography will form a striking resemblance to the man who came in second in the race.

Thanksgiving Day was as usual observed as a holiday on the Hill—all the institutions suspending work. The day was spent in a very quiet way, the only thing out of the ordinary course of affairs being goose for dinner.

First student: "Did you go to Bible Class this afternoon?" Second student: "No, I went to—sleep." The "Land of Nod" is a rather common place of resort on Sabbath afternoons, especially with many of the upper classes.

An essay on the Trilobite was one of '84's ordinary class exercises in Geology a few weeks ago. One of the essays was published in the *Christian Messenger* of Nov. 22, and all students of science will doubtless be interested in reading it.

Example of personification: "Oh, Observatory—for thou art doomed to carry a misnomer—thou monument of inactivity, and, alas, of useless expenditure, speak out, and tell thy friends why thou dost so seldom, and so unwillingly display thy vaunted greatness."

The following is a favorite parodic song among some of our home-sick youths:—

There is a Boarding House not far away
Where we get lamb or sheep once every day
Oh what a task to dine
On a sheep each dinner time
Joy! we will soon be home
Come, Christmas, come.

The Juniors have completed their Exhibition essays, and as a consequence the alarming exodus of books from the library has ceased. The Sophomores were rather fortunate in having had left to them the Sessional Papers and Foreign Bibles from which to select reading for their November essay, on "Knowledge is Power."

The number of books taken from the library this term is fifty per cent. greater than the number drawn during the corresponding period last year, while the marked improvement in their general character is also worthy of note. Although they are many among us who are still mere slaves to their text-books, the majority of the students are evidently alive to the advantages they possess in having the use of a first-class library.

An interesting literary and musical entertainment was substituted for the regular debate in our society on the evening of Nov. 10. The programme consisted of readings, recitations, essays, and vocal music, and was carried out by the participants in a most creditable manner. The members thoroughly

enjoyed this somewhat novel departure from "the ordinary." The more frequent recurrence of such entertainments would not only give an additional interest to the society, but would prepare it for a worthy appearance before the public of Wolfville.

The Cads were present at their first reception on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 11th, in large numbers. They reported a very enjoyable evening. It is hardly to be supposed that credence can be given to the rumor which makes one of them parse the word 'reception' after his first experience as follows:—"Reception, a noun, but very uncommon, although not at all improper; it is without doubt a singular thing, and while both genders are denoted by it, the feminine is generally predominate. In many instance a reception proves to be of the *rejective* case, and it is supposed to be always governed by the President understood."

Mr. Coldwell, since receiving his appointment as Instructor in the Science department, has shown an assiduity in his work, which is well worthy of commendation. Besides private labor in connection with his department, he has delivered lectures in Wolfville and some neighboring towns, in order to procure funds for the purchase of additional apparatus. On the evening of Nov. 24, Prof. Coldwell gave a lecture illustrated throughout by beautiful sciopticon views of the members of solar system, and the different theories in regard to them. The views were explained in a very interesting manner, and the addition of music by several ladies of the Seminary increased the enjoyment of the evening's entertainment.

The following question was chosen for debate in the Athenæum for the evening of Nov. 17th: "Do the results of scientific investigations agree with the Biblical account of the Creator." The discussion proved an interesting one, and at its close the members arranged themselves almost equally, with a small majority in favor of the negative side. One of the *qua. . .* arguments of the evening, in which will doubtless be recognized the freshman ingenuity, is here produced, although it may seem in a certain respect out of place: "The Darwinian Theory says that man is descended from the monkey, and the Bible tells us that God made man after his own image. If then this theory in science agrees with the Biblical narrative, I am to believe that my Maker is a monkey." It is quite possible

that this argument decided the question in the minds of the majority.

New students demand the attention of the older ones in every college, in many the serious attention. The hazer must enlist the sympathy of every one in many instances, and some students of Acadia think they have examples of such cases in their midst. They are Cads, of course. One has been a volunteer, but never will be again. He was a brave one too: so much so indeed that when one of his fellow red-coats told him their company were ordered to Egypt, our friend jolly betook himself to the hay-mow, and there remained till Arabi was captured. This probably accounts for the lateness of our new student's arrival. He is brave too in other capacities—as a pillow-fighter—but especially as a "parapatetic" companion of Seminary acquaintances. The other is a stylish and loving young man. These two qualities are quite predominant when he wishes to write to his California relatives, and inquires for green ink, but takes blue as his last resource. Both have brought with them the custom of having their beds placed in peculiar positions at different times. The usual position is up side down, mattress on the floor. Some hold the opinion that this new-fangled idea was suggested by solicitous, associates but others consider the peculiarity "in perfect harmony with the surroundings."

N. B.—A report has come to the editors that certain students were displeased at some things which appeared in the Locals of the last issue. We have no apology whatever to offer, but would suggest to the displeased parties that if the cap fits they had better put it on, and if it does not that the best course for them would be either to raise an agitation seeking the resignation of the editors, or to comfort themselves with the admonition of Horace,

"Aequam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem."

Our method of procedure in regard to the Local department shall still remain the same. We are very sorry that some of the cranks to whom we refer have hesitated to subscribe for a paper the editors of which would stoop so low as to attempt the injury of a fellow-student's reputation! We need hardly remind the subjects of such pusillanimity that they are still further exposing themselves.—Eds.

FOOT-BALL.

A match game of foot-ball between the University Club of King's College and the Acadia Club was played on the grounds of the latter on Nov. 25th, resulting in an easy victory for "our boys." The weather was not the best that could be desired, but the campus was not at all in a bad condition. The following are the names of the opposing teams with the positions of the different players:—

UNIVERSITY CLUB.

Forwards—Raven, Saunders, Wade, Harris.
Half-Backs—Frith, Tucker, Silver, Hobart, Moody (Capt), Prince.
Backs—Hunt, Simonds, Easton, Taylor.
Goal-keeper—Sherman.

ACADIA CLUB.

Forwards—Clinch, (Capt.), Rogers, Walton, Ellis, Whitman, Sr.
Half-Backs—Haley, Whitman, Jr., Wallace, Walker.
Backs—Bradshaw, Lockhart, Lovett, Eaton,
Goal-keepers—Corey, Magee.

Capt. Moody of the visitors won the toss, and chose the southern goal, where the wind was slightly in his favor. Shortly after play began, it was evident the Acadia was the better team, and in about fifteen minutes from the commencement of the game, Walton succeeded in obtaining directly before the opponents goal a catch which was soon transformed into a goal from a kick by Corey. At the close of the first forty-five minutes' play, there was a short intermission, after which Whitman, Sr. secured a pretty goal by a kick from the left field. In the afternoon, the King's men showed better playing, but were still unable to keep the ball from the vicinity of the goal line. It was a noticeable fact that, during the whole game, the visiting team only succeeded in getting the ball beyond the centre of the field in the direction of their opponents' goal for a few moments upon one or two occasions. Time was called at five o'clock, and the match was decided in accordance with the statement above—two goals for the Acadia to none for the University Club.

Our Table.

We welcome among our exchanges a new journal—the *Delaware College Review*. It is apparently alive in educational matters, and will doubtless soon take a foremost position. The literary articles are short, but are of the proper character.

The mechanical make-up of the *Colby Echo* is, as usual most creditable. The editorials in the December number can scarcely be of more than local interest, and many of them would find a more fitting place in the "Campus"

columns. The editors recommend that their advertisers be patronized by the students: so say we of ours. The article on Tennyson is good, but contains nothing new. The historical sketch of Alchemy is deeply interesting.

Several copies of *The Varsity* lie before us. *The Varsity* is so unlike the usual college journal that we hardly dare venture criticism. Several short articles which have appeared in its columns are well worth perusal by the student, but in some other respects we think it would become more popular by following the more common models. It has however a course marked out for itself, and as "a weekly review of education, university, politics and events" shows commendable enterprise. The "Five o'clock Tea" department is a rather curious move.

The Beacon emanates from Boston University. It has given up criticising its exchanges, and here are its reasons: "The savage days of college journalism are past and were it not for the 'Exchange Columns' that still appear in most of our college papers, there would be little to remind us of our former undeveloped and puerile state." We fear the *Beacon* has overdrawn the case a little, but exaggeration would be necessary to make out anything like a strong argument in favor of the stand it has just taken. Perhaps our contemporary is tired of answering adverse critics.

Two numbers of the *Dalhousie Gazette* have been received. In regard to literary matter, the first contains Dr. Schurman's able inaugural, the second an article on North America. In other respects, the *Gazette* is rather too much engaged with matters of only local interest. We are pleased, however, to notice that this year's editors are not following in the footsteps of their predecessors, and lauding everything to the skies, so long as it has anything to do with Dalhousie, but are rather taking the proper course to have changes brought about and abuses remedied by discussing them in their paper.

The Haverfordian published an article entitled "Measured by Difference," which discusses the respective merits of Carlyle and Emerson. We have noticed at different times the proneness of our American journals to institute such comparisons. We clip the following from the local column of the *Haverfordian*, and invite the attention of our class of '84 to the sentiment embodied therein:—

And now the Junior bites his pen
 And sits as in a dream
 But all in vain he plies his brain
 To quarry out a theme.

At last he rises from his chair
 All boiling o'er with dander
 And says in rage, "Not one more page
 I'll write on Major Andre."

The King's College Record for October came to hand rather late. It contains a lengthy, but interesting and instructive address delivered before the Alumni of the U. N. B. by a Mr. Jack. In looking over the November *Record*, which we have just received, we felt like suggesting to the editors that they continue to publish Alumni addresses, if they can find no one among their undergraduates more capable of writing an article than the composer of "Richard Hooker." We have no recollection of ever reading in a college journal a more poorly written article. If our present issue contained a department of "Wit and Humor" we would have ample material at hand to amuse our readers, but under the circumstances, we can only afford space to the following extracts:—

"Ho (Hooker) was very highly thought of by Queen Elizabeth, and her successor, King James, was a deep student in his works, and it was he that gave him the name 'judicious Hooker.' His life was written by Isaac Walton, so renowned as the writer of the 'Completo

Angler.' Who could be more fitting than he to write a life of the judicious Hooker?"

"He was helped in his studies by his schoolmaster" (wonderful fact!) "whose deeds but not his name have descended to us, and who gave his services free."

"The Commoner," as usual succeeds in getting together over three columns of would-be funny-isms, which should be more properly designated as so much *senseless trash*. The *Record* attempts a juvenile criticism of the ATHENÆUM, and makes some remarks in the same connection about literary and physical ability. These remarks are very clever in the light of their source, and considering the physical ability of the King's men on the football field (three editors included), and considering also the remarkable character of their writings (*vide* "Richard Hooker"), we would strongly recommend that all athletic sports at King's be discontinued, and that the publication of the *Record* be for the winter suspended in order to allow the editors a much-needed hibernation.

We have not the space to review the "Emory Mirror," "College Journal," "Oberlin Review," "Niagara Index," "Rouge et Noir," "College Rambler," "University Quarterly," "Wittenberger," "Wheel," "Wheelman," "Argosy," and "Pennsylvania Western."

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE NOTES.

Kansas University has 470 students.

The graduates of Manitoba University now number 80. Commencement orations in Yale are limited to 5 minutes each.

General Butler, Governor-elect of Massachusetts, graduated from Colby University in 1838.

The new *Course of Study* for the Common Schools of N. S. is before us but we reserve comment.

There are above 160 College papers in the U. S. Will some one tell us how many there are in Canada?

Yale's new athletic grounds cover 30 acres. The college authorities bear half the expense of keeping them up.

Negotiations are in progress, under law, for extending the benefits of the Halifax High School to the youth of the entire county.—*Clip*.

In the Provincial examination for teacher's licenses for 1882 there were 6 successful competitors for the Academic Class (Grade A.) and 51 for the First Class (Grade B.)

A rather curious illustration of the tendencies of the times toward materialism is drawn from the marked contrast between the number of graduates in law and in theology. In 1880, 266 students graduated in theology, while the number of graduates in law reached 1,041, or a

proportion of nearly five to one. Of the 1053 students in the Universities of Switzerland, only 113 study theology.

With some show of justice Toronto claims to be the intellectual capital of the Dominion. Besides public and private, Normal and Model Schools and other facilities for primary education she possesses several first class colleges all of which are said to be in a flourishing condition. Among these are the University College, which is the chief feeder of the Toronto University. The School of Practical Science, Trinity College, St. Michael's College, three theological seminaries, and two medical schools. The students attending the various institutions form an important element in the population. Toronto is a fortunate city in this respect and if alive to her best interests will seek to retain this intellectual pre-eminence.

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