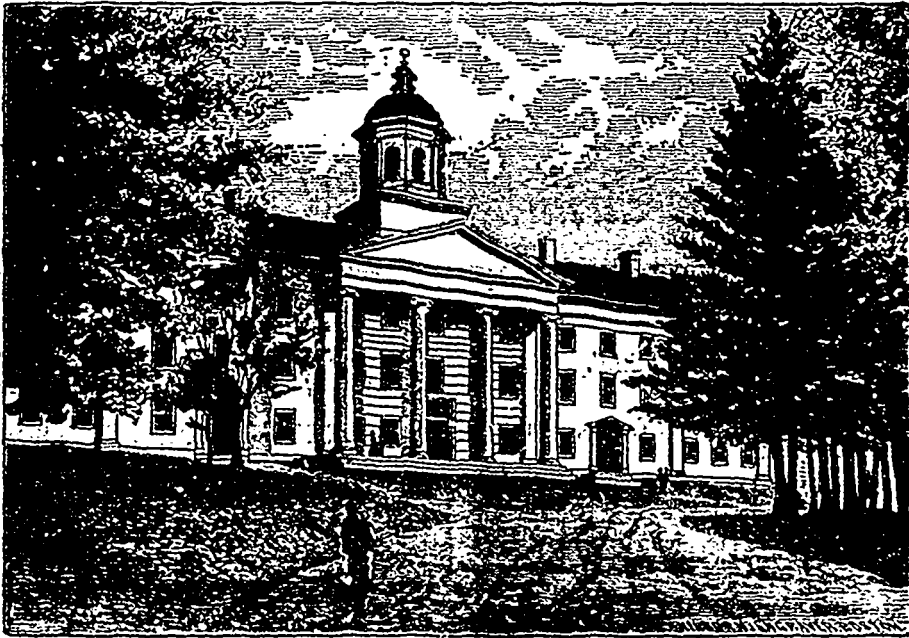


January, 1877.

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The Acadia Athenaeum.



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Sept., 1876.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. 3.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY, 1877.

No 3.

(Original Poetry.)

The Deserted College.

A HUSH that is almost heard,
A quiet that seems to speak,
The moonlit walls begird,
And into the studies seek.

No foot-fall awakes the stair,
No echo disturbs the halls;
But a ghostly silence drear
On study and stairway falls.

Alone in my upper room,
With the fire murmuring low,
I sit in the quiet and gloom,
And my thoughts are strange and slow.

The spirits of shade and pain
That have haunted my darkened soul
Draw close to my heart again,
And the knell of old longings toll.

Old griefs that were buried deep,
Old hopes that had ceased to glow
From the graves of the by gone creep,
And whisper me words of woe;

Till I long for the tread of feet,
And fur voices along the hall,
And the harshest sound were sweet,
When there comes no sound at all.

No sound! Did I say 'no sound'?
Weird noises are in the air,
Strange whispers are breathing round,
Soft footsteps are on the stair;

And echoes, hollow and deep,
Fly, spirit-like, to and fro,
And silence awakes from sleep
With the voices of long ago.

Strange forms that are more than shade
Move silent across the floor,
And their shadowy hands are laid
All softly upon my door.

The students of other years
Who have travelled the earthly lane,
Come trooping in gloom and tears
To visit the room again.

And year by year, as the feet
Of the students homeward tend,
Weird forms in these studies meet
To see the old year end.

A Glance at what Canada has done for History.*

IN the historical department of literature, Canada has produced works that deserve a place alongside the world-renowned histories of which England or the United States love to speak. If the former had only Grote, the latter only Hildreth, Scotland only Robertson or Germany only Niebuhr, who would say that the laurel-crowned Clio had never struck the lyre in those countries? And if Canada had only Kirk, who could taunt her with the absence of historical genius. *The History of Charles the Bold* (3 vols.), by John Foster Kirk, is a truly great work. The author is a native of Fredericton, N. B., and was a companion and friend of the immortal Prescott, a revised edition of whose works he has lately issued. The historian of the fallen glories of Mexico and Peru was himself indebted in no slight degree to the aid of Kirk, which he does not hesitate to acknowledge. *The Rule and Mis-Rule of the English in America*, and *the Historical, &c., Account of Nova Scotia* by Haliburton, are the more sober works of one to whom nature had given talents that have rendered him famous by writings of another cast, and in another name. The extensive researches of F. M. Bibaud and H. R. Casgrain have resulted in works that come only from such investigation. Canadian history has been fully and ably written by Canadian pens. Among the historians of our country may be mentioned McMullin, M. Bibaud, Christie—whose *History of Lower Canada* (6 vols.) is a monument of ability, industry and research,—Withrow—a rising Canadian author,

who is already well known in America and England through his *Catacombs of Rome*, the latest and perhaps the best, single authority on a deeply interesting theme,—Ferland—whose *Cours d'Histoire du Canada* is called the “noblest monument yet erected to our national glories”—and Garreau—whose *History of Canada* (3 vols.) stands in the same relation to our country as Henri Martin’s does to France, or Bancroft’s to the United States.

The Illustrated History of the Dominion of Canada, by Prof. Chas. R. Tuttle, now in course of publication in Montreal, to be completed in two volumes of about 800 pp., will probably be the key-stone worthy of a large and beautiful arch.

As the war of 1812 had such vital connections with Canada—for had it not been for Colonial troops England would have fared as sadly on land as she did on sea—it is not wonderful that, of the historians of the war, many—and they equal to the best—have been Canadians.

Among many other works by Canadian historians, the following deserve more than the passing notice: *The Battles of the World*, by Borthwick; the *Child's Histories of the United States, Greece and Rome*, by John Bonner, sometime the editor of Harper's *Monthly*,—Histories, the idea of which was suggested by Dicken's *Child's History of England*, into which, says Duyckinck, Bonner has infused a critical spirit into an engaging, lively narrative; the *History of Ireland*, by the talented and lamented T. D. McGee; of *Nova Scotia* (3 vols.) by the late Beamish Murdoch,—a standard work embodying the result of laborious research which the author nobly laid upon the altar of his native Province, the latest and most popular history of which has been written by Mr. Campbell; and the *History of the Parliamentary Government of England* by Todd.

It would have been a pleasing task to have spoken more fully of the histories and their authors mentioned in this paper, and equally pleasing to speak of others not noticed; but such was not our design. Time and space forbid it. We hope, however, that it has appeared from the preceding names that Canada in her contributions to history can comparatively stand alongside of older and more favored countries.

*A mistake in the proof-reading of the last Athenæum substituted *History* for *Poetry* in the title of the sister-article of the above.

Imagination in Literature.

Delivered on Sophomore Night, Dec. 21st.

WE are all image-makers. Not that from gold, or marble, or divers woods we form with cunning hand likenesses of things in Heaven, or on the earth, or under the earth, but, that there is in the mind of man a creative faculty, which, almost without his volition, is continually producing mental images. Out of the known we mould hitherto unknown and uncreated forms. We all live in the same, yet all in different worlds; for ourselves, according to our different mental constitutions, we change and modify and supplement, till we have a creation of our own. The matter-of-fact man has a matter-of-fact world, where the winds are only moving air, where the sea is only water and the hills earth; but to the imaginative man this world takes on a glory which touched not the eyes of the other. From the bare realities about him he conjures up quiet beauty and rugged grandeur. To him the breezes speak, the sea sighs, the very hills whisper in the solemn twilight; all nature is sentient. Not content with what is fair or sublime amid the real, man steps quite beyond the domain of the actual, culls from this a little and from that a little, and, by the formative power of imagination, brings into being new and surpassing forms. The flowers that woo the kisses of the spring breeze are pale and mean beside those that flutter in the breeze of fancy. The hurricane that lashes the rocks of our eastern coast is tame compared with the rage of elements which the mind can picture.

As we glance over the wide field of human action we see striking hints of this creative principle. What is sculpture, but the imagination petrified? What is painting, but imagination projected upon canvas? These are the tangible evidences of intangible mental actions. Like mute fingers, they point to facts in the hidden life of man. And they are but the index of the great powers of fancy which lie behind them. But it is in connexion with literature that imagination reveals her most striking phases. When, in the quiet garb of language, she comes to each of our homes. Literature is the broad and even road on which we travel out over the great present and into the greater past, to all

mental laboratories of the race. If we press back along this way, we see at every turn the monuments of imagination; we find the marks of her fingers on every broken, fantastic arch of the ancient hieroglyphics, and as we push farther and farther on the indications thicken. All along, the way is crowded with her creations.

For imagination is older than literature, older than language. The power existed, while yet it could give very little manifestation.

When language sprang out of the needs of man, imagination came forth from the prison-house of silence into a field of action, which widened with the scope of language. But it is a field beyond our ken. The path which takes us the farthest back, brings us but to its border, and, looking out, we can see only clouded forms, of legend and song. The night wind that steals across it brings us odors of blossoms, and whispers of voices, but they come faint and indistinct. It is not till the dawn of literature that we can mark with any certainty the traces of the imagination, and catch vivid outlines of her handiworks. It is not till the early authors step forth out of the obscurity of their time, as the exponents of this power in the human mind, that we can measure to any degree its possibilities; nor was it till that time that its true influence could be exerted. Then, loosed from the narrow sphere to which it had been limited, it entered upon the new field with all the concentrated energy of the past. Then came the golden age of imagination. There it shines most plainly. The world was young then, the blood of the race was warm, the passions were quick, the mind was rude. Reason, philosophy, science, had not yet become powerful factors of mental life. There was less understanding of the laws and phenomena of nature, less insight into the connection between causes and effects; and, consequently, conjecture took the place of knowledge, fancy the place of fact. This peopled the natural with the supernatural, laid the foundations of the ancient mythologies, and gave birth to those airy creations which teem in the ancient literature. The language and substance of the earliest productions are almost purely imaginative. We have tales of imaginary heroes and heroines, gods and goddesses. We have imaginary scenes depicted,

imaginary characters drawn. These pictures were at first rude; natural, rather than artistic, vivid rather than graceful. The hand that painted them was awkward, but strong, and the genius of imagination speaks in them all.

The modes of living, the condition of society, the mental and moral status of the race were such as to nourish a bold, rich fancy. Accordingly, if we go back to the earliest days of letters and study the works of the old masters, we find them replete with imagery—imagery bold and striking, and imagery, too, of a more delicate and tender stamp. They are perfect picture-galleries, displaying a wealth of beauty which no later writings can surpass. Nor is this true only of the nations which are called classic. If we trace the early history of any of the nations, we shall find imagination potent in them all, and abounding in all their earliest productions. The Asiatic nations discover this in their fanciful creeds and traditions, and the western peoples, whose minds ran in bolder, ruder channels, display the same power, modified by their national characters.

The Norsemen have their legends of grim sea-robbers, the Germans their tales of goblin and spectral huntsman, the Franks their songs in honor of fancied heroes. All these are but facts moulded and adorned by the hand of imagination. And, as the light which increased knowledge and culture casts upon the early peoples brightens, we can note with surer vision the workings of that same hand. The writings, however, of most of these early races are broken and scattered. If we would mark the progress of the mind more exactly we must turn to those nations whose works have come down to us in more complete form. In them we find that as literature passed from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood, new elements entered to modify the influence of imagination. Knowledge increased; philosophy claimed the attention of many of the most original minds; fact disputed the field with fancy. The directive powers of the mind waxed stronger, the creative were more curbed and restrained. If not less graceful and strong, imagination was, at least, less aggressive and obtrusive. The powers of reason and fancy were more equalized.

And so it was until the great tidal wave of barbarism, and mind-enchainment, and moral ruin, which followed the golden era of letters, swept learning and progress into the troubled sea of the middle ages. The night was long and dark, but there came a glorious dawn. And as in the early light we draw nigh the shores of the new continent of letters we find them purple with the glow of imagination, a glow, not so dazzling perhaps, as mantled the shores we have left behind, but a quieter, softer, sweeter radiance. The mind had been chastened by the sorrows of the dark centuries through which it had passed, and with steady, sober step it took its place among the influences of the new era. The elements of mental vigor that had survived the age of chaos now with fresh energy burst into active life. Creative minds, released from the despotism of ignorance and misrule, rose here and there to rebuild the temple of letters, and foremost among the forces that added beauty and strength to the structure, was imagination. The revival of learning and mental action spread rapidly. At first there were only stray flashes of light, like the gleams of the first "great watchstars" that open "their holy eyes" upon the night. Gradually, as civilization again spread over the nations, and mental freedom and mental vigor rolled back the clouds, the lights shone out one by one. Star after star flung forth its radiance, constellation after constellation glittered out, till the whole literary firmament was again aglow. The glory of the new era rivalled the glory of the old.

No less than in the former period do we feel the power of imagination, no less clearly can we trace its progress. As learning spread, and as the intellect became stronger, and deeper, and broader, and more cultured, imagination kept pace with reason.

But we can only glance at a few of the manifestations of this mind power, and that only in connexion with the Saxon tongue. They are scattered all along the way from Caedmon and Beowulf to Dickens and Tennyson.

Imagination walked with Chaucer on the way to Canterbury and sang for him his quaint old numbers; she crowned Spenser's "Fairy Queen;" she guided the pencil of Shakespeare as he drew

his sketches of human character; she tuned the organ from which Milton struck out his grand, thundering melody, she painted the sublime pictures, and sketched the terrific scenes which shine again on his pages. The golden hues of Heaven and the lurid lights of the prison of the fallen angels are deepened and made more luminous by her brush.

When we call the muster-roll of those who stand as kings and princes in English Literature do we find them, for the most part, the scientists, the philosophers, the matter-of-fact men? No! they are the men of imagination—Milton, Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley, Scott, Dickens, Tennyson. These stand forth to the admiration of all time, clothed, not in the cold, grey daylight of reason, but in the many-hued lustre of fancy.

The imagination has waxed in years, but it has not waned in power. It has been a sturdy growth. Its scope has broadened, its field of usefulness has widened, its tenor has become more even. New methods of manifestation, new channels of progress, new lines of action are open to it. It speaks to us to-day not only in the poem but in the romance and the novel. And as, stage by stage, all the forces which mould and elevate humanity press onward, side by side with them, with hale step and golden sandal, moves that grand old power, "Imagination in Literature."

Madame Roland.

FIRST among the heroines of the French Revolution stands Madame Roland, whose head fell under the same axe which was red with the blood of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVIII, the two most unfortunate sovereigns of the century. Born the daughter of an obscure engraver, Gratien Philpon, she rose by force of her genius to be the central light of the great Girondist faction, and became the real motive power of the actions of some of its principal men. Nor is this an obscure position when we remember the illustrious character of the Girondist faction, which existed until public virtue was a corpse and the blood of the innocent stained the axe of the ferocious Jacobins. Roland de la Platiere, her

husband was a man of more than ordinary ability, and owing to the co-operation and aid of his wife soon rose into especial prominence.

She was no ideal of womanhood, but of power, self-sufficient and reliant. She was one of those strange beings so very rarely seen—combining the soul of a strong man and the body of a woman,—an uncongenial relationship—restlessness and chafing on the one part—chains and a prison house on the other. She writes, "In very truth I am sick of being a woman. I ought to have had another soul or another sex or else have lived in another age." This virile vigor was characteristic of the woman throughout her whole life.

M. Roland was the fairest fruit of the system of Rationalism; she was a disciple of whom Montaigne, Rousseau, or Bayle might be proud. Though infidel she was not destitute of virtue; without the high incentives to a life of honor which a faith in God's Revelation alone gives to man, her conduct was strictly conformable to the most rigid code of rectitude, and actuated by the loftiest principles which move the unsanctified soul.

She married, not from love—but from reason. The old and sallow faced philosopher inspired respect but could not inspire love. Yet she was true to her marriage vow as far as it was possible. If she loved the regal and handsome Bazot, leader of the Giroude, it was a necessity of her womanhood and a result of the laws of her being. This love is the only feminine trait in her character, and was strangely compounded of the patriot's passion for his country, the enthusiasm of party politics and the true passion which is native and peculiar to the feminine heart. Though our standard of morals could not justify infidelity even in thought—yet when purity in word and deed is maintained and an iron will employed to subdue even the criminal thought, by one born in an unhealthy ether and living in an age when divorce was as popular and almost as legal as marriage, our admiration of such a character is heightened. In this age of France, when moral restraints were cut loose by the impious hands that endeavoured to dethrone God; when the state was hurled reeling, blinded and orphaned into a vortex of destruction, M. Roland never allowed herself to

sin even in her secret soul, but resolutely banished such indulgence until violence freed her from conscientious restraint and allowed her the luxury of her own heart companionship in the solitude of a cell. Amid her lofty speculations and restless ambitions she found scant time for domestic duties or cares. The hand that struck such powerful blows against the Monarchy, that wielded a pen which undermined the throne of the Cæsars, could not, though fair and shapely, fondle and caress. Even her maternal tenderness was forgotten in the passionate love of country and liberty. "My passion is for the general good. I am like those animals of burning Africa which are shut up in our menageries."

Such was she—a sublime intellectual masterpiece. Most of the passions and instincts of the animal were wanting. Her mind delighted to revel in the cold, clear atmosphere of Philosophy. To expatiate in the realm of ancient learning. Plutarch and the divine Plato were the friends of her youth, but most of all did she find delight beneath the strong rays of the great luminary Rousseau. The eloquence of Massillon and Bossuet, the new and startling theories of Montaigne and Voltaire and the Philosophy of Flechier and Helvetius were the viands on which a girl of nineteen summers regaled her mind. "Philosophy" she writes "has dispelled the delusions of a vain belief." A legitimate effect of such tuition! Though sceptical she was not an atheist, but clung to the belief of the soul's immortality and the existence of a just Deity; a religion of sentiment rather than of Revelation and more after the model of Jean Jaques than of Paul.

In the turn of Fortune's wheel Jacobinism—representative of brute force and Unreason—is uppermost; underneath in the dust is the Giroude—representative of Wisdom and Moderation.

Marat and Robespierre cannot live in the same city with M. Roland; nay, France itself cannot hold them and she must die. Having seen her idol, liberty, trampled under the heels of the Parisian Canaille; her principles and party sink in the chaos and whirlwind of terrorism; her friends perish one by one, or, hunted to the shambles by the myrmidons of anarchy and misrule, it only remains for her, like Sardanapalus, to devote her body to death on the funeral pyre of Truth, Liberty and Justice. She was of those who having lived heroically, heroically die.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANU., 1877.

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This is the time for stretching out cordial hands and uttering cordial words; the time of good cheer and better cheerfulness. Now scattered families reunite at the old homestead. The daughter comes home from seminary, and the son from college. There are squeezings of hand and pressings of lip; there are smiles, and tears that are more eloquent of welcome. There are long talks around the family board and by the family hearth. Then come gay days and gayer nights. The tables groan, but theirs are the only groans within ear-shot. Music sounds in parlor and dining-room and kitchen. Happy voices fill up the intervals of melody and mingle with its strains. All in the crisp air and over the crisp snow the sleigh-bell tintinnabulations join with the merry peals of Christmas and New Year ringings. Town and village and farmhouse jingle with jollity. But there is one village which is duller than before, and that is—Wolfville. There is one spot where no revelry is

heard, where no gay voices wake the frosty air, where no games are played and no family reunions occur; and that lone spot is Acadia College. The only sound that breaks on the ceaseless quiet is the footstep of a solitary editor, as he toils up the stair with an armful of wood for his lonely sanctum. All the rest are scattered, and our best wishes for Christmas and New Year enjoyment go out after them. Merry home-comings to you all, fellow-students, pleasant evenings around long-deserted hearths; innocent revelry, consummate jollity we wish you all. Skate, coast, drive, snow-shoe, till the unstrung nerve grows steady and the weary brain strong, till health and vigor thrill every vein and pulse and muscle, and then come back prepared to take up a hand to hand fight with the remaining work of the year.

To all our subscribers and all our friends, we send greeting. May the bells ring in to you and to us a Happy New Year, a year of progress and prosperity, a year of duties done and hopes realized, a year of stepping up, socially, mentally and morally. May it be a year marked by the spreading and deepening of sound learning and culture, and by true intellectual growth.

HOLIDAY GREETING TO ALL.

THE vocabulary of the untutored or mistutored is again called into requisition by the censors of the *Argosy*. The diminutive wasp which buzzes around Cecil is all buzz. A more harmless insect we never saw. We advise some dweller beside the "Tartamar Marsh" to capture this materialized freak of nature. Seldom if ever have we seen such an intermingling of twaddle and bombast as smears the editorial page of the *Argosy*.

A celebrated African traveller has publicly announced the fact, that in that great tropical country there exists a race of men about thirty-six inches high, and with mental stature in proportion. Judging from the article in question we should say that these dwarfs could easily find their counterpart in mental calibre at the Sackville three-years-course College. Without evincing the faintest conception of anything like common judgment, and betraying the most per-

fect ignorance of the mere elements of logic, that scribbler on Cecil flaunts the assertion that he has demolished the "doctor's views." Self-praise is fulsome, and indicates mental stupidity or weakness, even when truly deserved, but what shall we say of it, when it is the vaporing of conceit, and has no basis on fact.

The empty bluster of the *Argosy* reminds us of the imbecile Caligula, who, having led his soldiers to the shore opposite Britain, bade them gather shells in their helmets as trophies of the conquered ocean, and on his return to Rome boasted that he had subdued the hardy natives of the Western isle.

But it is when the *Argosy* attempts to gain the heights trod by the interpreter that we witness the ludicrous but pitiable spectacle of something trying to fly, whose proper domain is the "Tantamar Marsh."

That scribbler, for thus does his article compel us to style him, need not suppose that because he is intellectually cross-eyed everyone else is smitten with the same calamity. Although he may possess but the "merest and paltriest pittance of mental furniture," it does not follow that all beside are in the same wretched plight; and yet he would dignify his crude infantile fancies with the name of argument, and childishly dream that they can arouse conviction in a reasoning mind.

That thirty-six inch giant tells us with a smile suggestive of the meaningless simper of——, that "as the thesis—'Those who accept the University Act place their necks under the Papal yoke,'—is one of these already propounded by the Dr. and supported by the same arguments, any reply by us after what we said in our first issue, would be simply slaying the slain."

It would puzzle the best logician that ever unraveled a syllogism to find any sense, much less any argument, in that "first issue."

Finally, as if fully determined to expose to the utmost his glaring imbecility, this doughty champion of the pin-feather fraternity claims with the utmost gravity the title of a learned man. Such a simpleton deserves a sound thrashing.

Encore!

Dr. Riccabocca in writing to Lord L'Estrange in "My Novel," tells him that he has many discussions with parson Dale, and as the parson never knows when he is beaten the debate lasts forever. We will submit the application of the foregoing to the reading public who are accustomed to garner wheat and burn chaff. Touching the *Argosy*, which comes to us freighted with very questionable lumber, we have a few words to say in vindication of our conduct, not indeed to the Editors of the *Argosy*, but to those of our own readers who are interested in Truth. Like a mouse that escapes through a crack in the floor, the *Argosy* cries out against abuse; it is ever the ruse of a demagogue to appeal to sympathy when his cause is lost to Reason, and take refuge in a whine when the voice of a man is not at his command. The case stands thus. Two *Argosies* appeared in which certain reverend men with heads gray with years and noble toil, men of acknowledged Christian character, were compared to Atheists or infidels in some misbegotten manner and the slur of truthlessness slanted against them most villainously. We had always been taught at home to respect honorable age, and our Alma Mater has since taught us that the heathens were exemplary in that respect; but the *Argosy* takes pains to show us that she has not improved from the lessons of either and drives home with fresh conviction the old proverb:—"He that teaches himself has a fool for his master."

The College question was taken up by those who evidently had not learned that a principle might be questioned modestly and independently of personality. Instead of false principles, old men were made the targets of their Lilliputian shafts, and if they subjected opinion to scrutiny it was with a supreme assertion and dogmatism that ill became arguments so puerile as were advanced. Under such circumstances sharpness was a necessity. "Spare the rod and spoil the child." In our article we administered a reproof to those not superior in age—while the *Argosy* insults men who stand near eternity with all their "honors thick upon them." Insults them! Yes, our cheeks, though not wont to redden,

would crimson with shame at the idea of insinuating that such men were liars. We possess so much fervor—though it hardly deserves the compliment *Hebraic*? Warmth or the the silence of contempt was our alternative—the latter would have been preferable by far but that we knew such silence would be accepted by many as an acknowledgement of defeat.

Certainly there were no valid arguments in the two former articles, and we look in vain for anything but misrepresentation in the last; vituperation seems to take the place of argument, and a feeble attempt at sarcasm the defence of a principle. A sneer is always the subterfuge of littleness and the contemptible cry of holy horror the bulwark of inefficiency.

Mark this! only one point for which we contended has been noticed in the last effusion of the *Argosy*—viz: the relative merit of the degrees conferred. We forbear in charity to parade their logic before the public gaze. Is there none to counsel the tarrying in Jericho till the beard of that logician be grown? We would do it, but it might look better from an older man. What then has the *Argosy* made her stock in trade? One typographical error! This is first. We counted 20 in one of our best journals and several in one of Dr. Wayland's text books, and often come across them in our edition of Tennyson. "Oh shame where is thy blush!"

But a sentence was written in a somewhat loose style, as one sometimes uses colloquial phrases not strictly classical. I wonder if in the polished lines before us we can find an imperfection. What say you of this one,—“Rush in the worst kind!” Is it classical? And now a whole article is held up to those who never saw it, as a specimen of rhetorical and grammatical blunder! Oh where is Truth? “Tell truth and shame the devil,” cousin, for if “you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.” As we are in the way of advice, if you will not take it as presuming too much and transgressing our own rule of modesty, we will give you the place of Lear this time and repeat the words of the fool:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Learn more than thou throwest.

And above all, ne quid nimis.

It is said that Dr. Sawyer is in favor of the new scheme. It is false. The utmost that can be said, is that his cautiousness was at first a little ambiguous. That there are Baptists who do favor the scheme is neither here nor there. There are Baptists and Methodists too, for that matter, who favor a certain sable gentlemen—ergo the ATHENEUM should say nothing against him. We do not blame Baptists or Methodists who differ from us, when they do it according to the principles of civilization and common sense. Even if a proof were wanting for the establishment of our present position it is afforded by the fact that those in the minority are coming over to the side of the majority. Patience now, while for the last time we notice “The Country Parson.” We will not forbear to pull gently at a weak rope. The quotation was not acknowledged in a manner sufficiently plain. We do not feel inclined to unsay one word. If Mr. Boyd is a great writer it only shows that great writers make rhetorical blunders and write commonplace things. Secondly, it shows that the editors of the *Argosy* have a remarkable talent for selection.

The sentiment of the article is passable enough; its palpable application makes it ridiculous. Still we see a youth stepping up to hoary age in the role of a parrot and declaiming a rebuke committed for the occasion.

We make an apology to our friends. We promise them that no further remarks on plain sophistry, slang or sneer will be obtruded on their patience. Meanwhile we are ready to treat a manly argument with respectful attention whenever it may be advanced, nor do we deny that such arguments exist.

Academy Examinations.

Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 21st, and 22nd, were the days appointed for the examination of classes in Horton Collegiate Academy. The work performed during the term embraced the following subjects: Latin and Greek, Grecian and Roman History; Arithmetic and Algebra; Geography; English Grammar; French, and Ethics. Prof. J. F. Tufts examined classes in Cicero, Grecian and Roman History, and Logic. Mr. A. Coldwell in Arithmetic, Algebra and French; Mr. Eaton in Geography, Eng-

Grammar and Greek; Miss Woodworth in Latin, Rom. History and Ethics. The questioning was severe, covering a wide range and indicating solid work. The answers clearly showed that the pupils had gained a fair mastery, not merely over their text-books, but over the subjects they had studied. There was evidence of the generalization and classification of principles. Was a rule in Arithmetic or Algebra required? A mere statement of it was not sufficient. It must be substantiated. The construction of words and sentences was shown to be capable of explanation and illustration. It has been frequently urged that the female mind cannot generally master the studies laid down for young men. We saw a practical refutation of the notion in the readiness and accuracy with which the young ladies of Horton answered the various questions of their teachers in the different departments of study. The class in Ethics taught by Miss Woodworth afforded evidence of careful training.

The senior class in the Academy were a credit to themselves and to their teachers. They have a good grip on the elements of a sound education. Their quickness in solving several intricate Arithmetical and Algebraic problems was rather more than ordinary.

We wish them success in their matriculation work, and hope to have the pleasure of welcoming them at the close of the present academic year, to the fraternity of College students.

These exercises were interspersed with readings by Messrs. Haverstock, Jackson, Cleveland and Porter. The proceedings on Thursday afternoon, are indicated by the following programme:—

1. Overture. *Tancred*—The Misses Robbins.
2. Trio. Caliph of Bagdad—Misses Wier, Crowell and Clinch.
3. Essay. *Hannibal and Alexander*—E. Webber, Sackville.
4. Solo. *Fra Diarolo*—Miss A. Robbins.
5. Duet. Overture to *Fra Diarolo*—Misses Clinch and Graves.
6. Solo. *Chilperie*—Miss M. Robbins.
7. Essay. *Hellenism in Western Asia*—G. W. Gates, Wilmot.
8. Duet. *Qui Viva*—Misses Robbins and McLeod.
9. Solo. *Trem Lubu*—Miss Cann.
10. Duet. *Geneveve de Brabant*—Misses Robbins and Cann.
11. Essay. *Sources of Canadian Prosperity*—A. Chute, Steriacke.
12. Trio. *Les Huguenots*—Misses Robbins and Cann.

The different pieces of music were very well executed. In fairness however, it must be mentioned that the acoustic properties of the hall are of an inferior order, and this detracted somewhat from the pleasure of the listeners. The

essays were very respectable, and showed marks of thought. The interest of the occasion was enhanced by the presence of several reverend gentlemen. Rev. J. S. Coffin, (Methodist) was the first speaker. In his remarks he referred to the essay on Canada. He felt honored, in that he dwelt in the Dominion. He spoke of the ever widening prospect opening up before this great country.

He expressed his sympathy for denominational Colleges. He said he believed it would be a sorry day for Nova Scotia when the various denominational Colleges were merged into a Central University. He supported his position by reference to historical facts.

Rev. W. S. DeBlois followed with some quaint observations. He said, he thought he should be let off from making a speech, as he had been present in the morning, and during the former part of the afternoon's exercises had been engaged in a business meeting. He expressed his gratification at what he had seen and heard. He was very much pleased with the class in Eng. Grammar. The present method of instruction was very different from that pursued when he was a boy. He had drummed over the old text-books till he had them committed to memory, but very little of them did he understand. The young men and women, he thought, should be very thankful for the advantages open to them. Rev. S. B. Kempton was the next speaker. His reflections took a practical turn.

He strongly urged the students to make a diligent use of time. His remarks were pertinent and were well received. Mr. Halliday said it afforded him much pleasure to be present. He took a deep interest in the institutions at Wolfville. He had noticed that reports of the progress and general working of the school were well received by the readers of the paper of which he was editor.

Prof. Tufts made a few closing remarks, in which he spoke hopefully of the Academy. The past term has been one indicative of advancement. A large amount of work has been accomplished.

An earnest spirit of study has been apparent. Harmony has prevailed. The Prof. reminded the students that as they returned to their homes they would be looked upon as the representatives of the school. He hoped they would act so as to reflect credit upon themselves and upon the teachers. He could say for himself and for his associate teachers that they had labored solely for the welfare of the students. Their motto had been "The greatest good to the greatest number." Thus closed one of the most interesting Academy examinations we ever attended.

Sophomore Exhibition.

THURSDAY evening, Dec. 21, saw the Baptist Church, Wolfville, crowded with the friends and students of "Acadia." The storm which for several days had swept through the village now slept. The intense cold had moderated. At seven o'clock the students and the members of the faculty assembled in the vestry, and thence walked in procession up into the audience-room. The programme for the evening embraced choice selections of instrumental music by a quartette, and orations by seven representative members of the Sophomore class.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

VOLUNTARY.

Prayer.

Music.

ORATIONS.

The Relation between Education and National Prosperity. A. W. Armstrong, Wolfville.
Unrenowned Heroes. Chas. D. Rand, Canning.
The Revelations of the Microscope. Willard P. Shafner, Williamston.

Music.

Roman Imperialism. Grauville B. Healy, Round Hill, Annapolis.

John Milton, George B. Titus, Yarmouth.

Music.

The Teutonic Conquest of Britain. A. J. Denton, Waterford, Digby.

Imagination in Literature. Charles K. Harrington, Sydney, C. B.

Music.

National Anthem.

The speakers acquitted themselves admirably. The different subjects embraced a wide range, and were treated in an interesting and thoughtful manner. There was rugged energy amid gentle fancy, like the gray old crag overlooking the beauty-tinged water. The music by Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, Mrs. VanBuskirk, and Mr. Marchison, was very fine, and richly merited the applause it received. Seldom have we heard the capacities of a violin and English concertina drawn out in sweeter harmony. The exhibition was in every way creditable to the second year class of '76.

We have inserted one of the essays for the perusal of our readers.

What's in our Exchanges.

This is an age when man draws near to man. People who dwell by different seas are neighbors as much as inhabitants of adjacent villages were a hundred years ago. By means of the rail,

and the keel and the wire we can join mental hands with our most distant friends. Perched up here behind our noble grove we can hold converse with our collegiate brothers of Dominion and Republic. At will we can speed away over a path paved with paragraphs and enter the circle of student life in the busy colleges without the Province. And although in age and stature we may be, compared with some of the great institutions beyond, only a little one, yet we like to march onward with our big brothers, and mingle our words with theirs. And though sometimes from the heights of big brotherhood they may look down on us, we meet them with a glance where sturdy self-respect mingles with youthful modesty. Our voice, the ATHENÆUM, shall go out with theirs, our exchanges, in the interests of sound learning and culture.

THE *Tufts Collegian* is a pleasant journal. It has a frank, how-do-you-do look which takes us in. It is well gotten up, both as to mental and mechanical execution. We noticed an article on "Latin Pronunciation," which we dare say is very good, but as we are among the festive holidays we had to pass it by for something more suitable to the occasion. An essay on Shakespere's "Tempest" is quite readable, and "Commerce as a Civilizer" gives evidence of expended thought. The *Tufts Collegian* is just our own age.

THE "Class Poem, 1876," in the November number of the "*College Journal*" is quiet interesting and sometimes witty. We almost felt to "Let a tear" ourselves, when we thought we should never more meet with "The spotless class of '76" through the medium of the *Journal*. Our sweetest benediction rests upon it, and with its members we trust

"That hope her fairest flowers may mix
To crown the class of '76."

With these few words we must take leave of our Exchanges for the present. We wish a pleasant and profitable holiday season to the whole rest-needing college fraternity. It makes us feel good to think of the thousands of hands that are laying aside the well thumbed text-books, of the thousands of young heads, calculus-wearied and classic-worn that have sweet respite from toil. Merry vacation to you all, brothers.

Argosy, College Journal, Dalhousie Gazette, Harvard Advocate, Lawrence Collegian, McGill Gazette, Oberlin Review, Packer Quarterly, Tufts Collegian, University Review, University Monthly, Wittenberger, Yale Courant, etc., are upon our list of college exchanges.

Things around Home.

THE sports of the field are, for the most part, among the things of the past. No longer do our crack bats swing the willow on the College cricket ground. No longer does the base-ball fly to and fro on the brow of the hill beside the College grove. Foot-ball, too, which won our hearts for a few brief weeks during the cool, crisp evenings of the fall, had to kick the bucket. Sore shins have healed up; sprained ankles have regained their wonted elasticity. The days of drizzle and sleet and mud and general unpleasantness gathered around us. No more was it pleasing to roam the breezy hills and wander in the little paradise of Gaspereaux. Chill breezes and mist and dreary fall scenery are not sufficient to tempt the ordinary student from his cell. Thus our opportunities for exercise were very limited. Nor have the tutting winds and piled-up snows of winter brought much improvement in this respect. True, it is glorious to face the nor-easter, keen and cold, and plough a weary way across the snows, and every student should indulge in such enjoyment; but it soon grows monotonous unless varied by some other pastime. And so it happens that during the greater part of our collegiate year, the majority of our students do not have physical exertion enough for their own good, either corporeal, mental, or moral. It is with feelings of pleasure, therefore, that we hear that the matter of a gymnasium is being discussed. We think such an institution would be an invaluable addition to our College, and hope to be able soon to say that the foundations of the building have been laid. A few hours on the horizontal bar or with the dumb-bells would work a surprising change in some of our languid and by no means too robust constitutions. We *must not* neglect our man physical for our man mental.

We think we ought to say a word about that bridge across which we daily step from College Lane to Church Street, on our way to the village. We do not know that we are naturally timid, but we cannot think of that bridge with feelings of total indifference. There is nothing at either side of the bridge to prevent one from innocently

walking off it, some dark night to his or her own destruction. A fall of six or eight feet upon unfriendly rocks is no joke to an ordinary man; and knowing this, and feeling that it would be no matter of surprise for a couple of students or strangers to step over-edge some of these dark, windy, slippery evenings, we call upon the authorities, the overseers of roads, or whomsoever bears responsibility in this affair, to look well to it, and meanwhile we warn our students to be careful how they steer on cloudy, gusty nights.

We believe that an attempt has been made to start a rink near the east end of the village. We hope that the enterprising starter, Mr. Brown, may meet with success, and the patronage of all lovers of that right royal and healthful amusement, skating.

During the recent terrible storm of wind and snow two slender firs, standing on the western skirts of the College grove, were brought low. They are the first to fall. Most of the trees on the hill are so sturdy that it takes a hurricane to fell them. And then we are putting out new trees, year by year. The old grove is in no danger of annihilation.

The hearts of the Academicians were rejoiced the other day by an invitation to spend the evening hours in the Seminary. The banquet hall took on a new brightness at tea that night. As we entered the door and stepped quietly across the hall to our wonted seat beside the sauce-dish, we saw joy lighting up a hundred eyes with her glad fires. A hundred young cheeks flung back the gleam of crockery and glass, a hundred hands joined in gratulation. We saw, we sat, we sighed, to think such joy was not for us. For a moment we almost wished we were an Academy boy, but we resolutely sat down and drowned the voice of envy with the clatter of knife and spoon. We know there was a gay, good time in the Seminary parlours that evening, and although the storm was "all blowing wild" among the College trees, although the thermometer was low almost beyond recovery, and the snows were drifting high without, yet within were quiet breezes of happiness, fanning the summer of the heart. We feel like ejaculating "me too."

Personal Touches.

B. RAND, A. B., '75, has been on a cruise up the Mediterranean for his health. He has visited England and is now on his way home.

F. M. LONGLEY, A. B., '75, after teaching in St. George, N. B., came home to take charge of the Academy at Windsor, but fell sick. He is now convalescent. We extend to him our sympathies and good wishes.

S. McC. BLACK, A. B., '74, is studying at Newton.

G. R. CURRY, A. B., '74, is now in Cocoda. He is labouring under the auspices of the Canadian Foreign-Mission Board.

A. J. STEVENS, A. B., '75, after having labored very successfully with the Baptist Church in Kentville has gone to Newton to pursue his theological studies.

CHARLES DAVIS, an undergraduate of Acadia, is studying at London University.

P. W. CAMPBELL, formerly a member of the present Senior Class is a private patient in the Bellevue Hospital, N. Y. We deeply sympathize with our brother in his affliction and earnestly hope for his speedy recovery.

Acknowledgements.

We have received the amount of subscription from the following:—Prof. D. F. Higgins, M. A.; Dr. H. O. McLatchy, A. M., \$0.75; Rev. John Chase; Rev. Joseph Jones, \$1.00; Rev. J. I. DeWolf; C. H. Martell, A. B.; Theodore H. Thomas, A. B.; Miss L. G. Norris; Miss Lucy Strong; Mrs. Edwin DeWolf; Mrs. Blair; Mrs. H. Logan; Isaiah Dodge; Wm. Laird; W. H. Richan; Jacob Denton; R. C. Hamilton; Obadiah Dodge; J. P. Dodge; Wm. Denton; H. B. Saunders; A. C. Chute; C. L. Eaton; M. P. King; S. H. Cornwell; James Simpson; E. H. Sweet; E. R. Curry; W. S. Pineo; C. W. Jackson; E. H. Belyea; H. E. McDonald; J. M. McReady; J. C. Kempton; H. E. Eaton; O. W. Nelson; O. T. Daniels; Rupert C. Curry; L. P. Godfrey, \$0.65; John Bogart; Minor Cleveland.

We would again tender our hearty thanks to those of our subscribers who have remitted their

subscriptions to us; and we wish all our friends a happy and prosperous New Year. We have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of a number of subscriptions in the present issue of our paper, and there are others to whom the same courtesy is due, but it will be more convenient to acknowledge the receipt of their subscriptions in the next number. Small amounts may be remitted in postage stamps, as of yore.

Funnyisms.

A SOPH. who evidently believes an interline to be the shortest method in classics if not in morals, renders *In pedite robur*, freely: "Their chief strength is in their infancy."

THE following is the way a syllogism was put by a Junior at tea the other evening:—

"All deep men like cake;

Please pass the cake."—*Ex.*

PROF. "What is the reciprocal of Secant I?"
Student, (unconsciously): "I can't see."—*Clip.*

IT was Sophomore Night. A whiskered Soph. was descanting in glowing terms on the elevated position which women held among the Teutons and speaking highly of the fair sex generally. A quiet smile of satisfaction was spreading from cheek to cheek, when a lady in the audience spoilt it all by turni to her husband and remarking: "Don't you think, dear, that Mr. —'s wife put him up to that?" And Mr. — feels more bashful than ever on Saturday afternoons.

A SENIOR has had all his translations bound in Turkey morocco, with titles little indicative of their true character, such as: "Helps over Hard Places," "Youth's Companion," "Greek Made Easy," "Help for the Lowly," "Spectacles for Young Eyes," etc.—*Ex.*

WE find Ike Partington an enthusiastic student. The old lady thinks that since he came to the Academy she never saw anybody "aspirate so to the honors of Polite Literature."

SOPH., declaiming with much feeling: "Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this nation a new continent." His hearers were glad.—*Ex.*

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