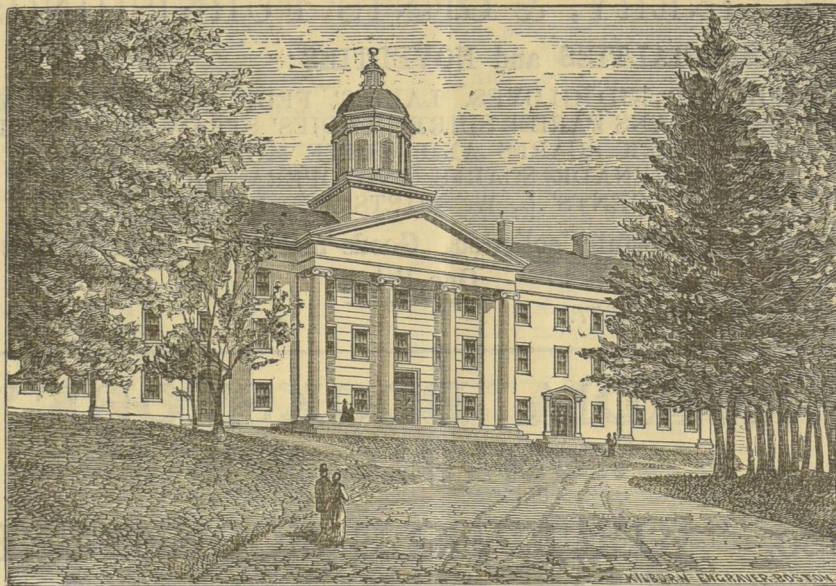


April, 1878.

Vol. IV. No. 6.

The Acadia Athenaeum.



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(Founded 1838.)

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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. 4.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1878.

No. 6.

The Gaspereaux.

BY JOHN LEANDER BISHOP, M. D.

(Graduated at Acadia College 1843, A. D. Died Philadelphia, 1869.)

Sweet mountain stream whose amber tide,
With noisy haste, or softest glide,
Like childhood's bright inconstancy,
Pursues its journey to the sea,
And winds in many a graceful sweep
Where blossomed wild-flowers silent weep.
Upon thy marge the fragrant dews
That evening's humid steps diffuse—
At intervals scarce seen amid
The herbage of the valley hid;
Whose wild luxuriance reveals
The fertile wave its growth conceals;
In soft and mazy dance to stray,
I've watched thy gentle winding way,
As leaping o'er its rocky bed,
Thy shallow current downward sped;
Or deeply, smoothly slid away
Without a ripple or a spray.
And I have dreamed, tho' scarce to song,
As yet thine humble name belong,
That not the travelled Summer glade,
E'er slept within so sweet a vale
As that upon whose bosom bright
Thy current shapes its line of light;
When, issuing from the dark ravine,
Thy forest-shadowed wave is seen
To check its tide, that many a mile
Had fretted in the dark defile,
When flowing o'er their subject flood
Thy mural precipices stood.

My thoughts, tho' seldom now I may
Beside thy murmuring waters stray,
Oft turn, by fond remembrance led,
Where those gray rocks obscurely shed
Their image on thy foaming wave,
Whose eddying course was wont to lave
Their shelvy base, where, in and out,
The salmon and the speckled trout
Gliding, were frequent captives made
By patient angler in the shade;
While sweetly on the branch above
The wild-bird tuned his note of love;
Or mingled with thy murmurs still,
Its monotones the distant mill;
And sloping skyward from thy shore,
Those hills a fadeless mantle wore,
Of fragrant spruce and hemlock green,
Where the sun's latest rays were seen,
And in the glade with Spring's first glow
The Mayflower bloomed amid the snow.

As pencilled by the sunbeam true,
All thy loved haunts now rise to view;
And there is mingled with the thought
Of thee, by faithful Memory brought,
A feeling near allied to pain,
That I perhaps may ne'er again
Beside thy silver margin roam
With dreams of hope and childhood's home.
Daughter of lakes! long years have past,
Since my fond look was on thee cast;—
By many a stream my path has led,
Where legends of the brave and dead,
With Nature's fair or wild display
Have mingled in the poet's lay,
Yet fairer rose than each fair scene
To view thy vales of living green.

I've seen the dancing foam-wreath fleck
The darkly rolling Kennebec;
And swiftly on his shining track
Flow down the busy Merrimac,
Seen leaping from his piny hills,
Augmented by a thousand rills;
Where art, wealth, taste, their graces blend,
The fair Connecticut descend.
His cultured vales, with fertile wave,
I've seen the gentle Mohawk lave;
Imperial Hudson glide in shade
'Neath his eternal palisade;
And villa'd banks, and cities fair
Glassed in majestic Delaware;
Her midnight lamp have seen—the moon,
O'er hidden Schuylkill hang in June;
And the fierce day-star faintly gleam
On Wissahickon's shaded stream;
Beheld in transport from the steep,
Through his wild gorge Potomac leap;
And gathered the flinty arrow-head
By the wild Lehigh's rocky bed.
I've watched the Spring his pride renew,
On Susquehanna's hills of blue,
And Autumn's lovely tints grow pale,
In Juniata's winding vale;
Startled the fawn on hills that fling
Shadows on blood-stained Wyoming,
And lingering o'er the classic vale,
Have matched the sadly tragic tale
And sorrow of sweet Gertrude's line
With those of thine Evangeline.
Whence Alleghany's limpid flow,
Joins the Monongahela slow,
Commingling from their rocky plain;
Through all his fair and wide domain,
Still verging towards the western day,
Ohio holds his placid way,
With Commerce throned on either hand,

And vineyards sloping to the strand,
 Have floated on, while morning's beam
 Lit many a reach of glassy stream,
 And jutting cliff and islet lay
 Reflected in the evening ray ;
 Nor less delighted viewed the moon,
 Shed o'er the scene a milder noon ;
 Or roved by lake and pastoral burn,
 Whence the Fair River fills his urn.
 And thy proud waves that coldly break
 From far Itaska's lonely lake ;
 Father of waters ! I have seen
 All grandly roll thy bluffs between,
 Dark freighted with the tribute mould,
 From realms thy hundred arms enfold.
 But chief where Nature wears a mien
 Both grand and beautiful, have seen,
 Awe-struck, Niagara rush amain
 Down the abyss, then mount again
 In silver spray, whereon the glow
 And radiance of the lunar bow
 Were cast—then turned to muse awhile
 In bowered walks on moon-lit isle,
 Where every tree seemed tenanted
 By a weird sister of the wood ;
 And each dark rock I well could deem,
 Held guardian naiad of the stream,
 That in the mist and solemn roar
 Of the great flood dwelt evermore :
 And I have felt in all its power
 The witchery of the place and hour.

To scenes like these with fealty true,
 My heart hath paid its homage due ;
 Yet not less constant, nor less free,
 Dear native stream ! hast turned to thee,
 In proud remembrance turned—and then
 As oft in fancy pressed again
 Thy pleasant banks, and pinned to view
 All that my early footsteps drew,
 To hear the once familiar dash
 Of leaping waves, that loudly lash
 Thy rocky bound of basalt gray,
 Fire-rifted in an earlier day ;
 Or climb thy fir-clad hills to gaze
 Delighted, on the silvery maze
 Of waters, stealing through the meadow,
 Half in sunlight—half in shadow ;
 Or mark the tall elm far away
 Fling on the air its graceful spray,
 Fairest of trees ;—or hill and plain
 Wave their green seas of bladed grain ;
 Or list the note in swampy brake,
 The wood-thrush and the linnet wake.

Thus on the fair and fading past,
 While memory is backward cast
 Bright with the hues of beauty—all
 Thy native charms my thoughts recall
 And dearer than aught else beside,
 Thy scenes on Memory's page abide.

For well I know, while all things change,
 And many wear an aspect strange
 To him who fain would greet anew
 The scenes his happier boyhood knew,
 Thou changest not ;—thy torrent's roar

Rolls the same cadence to the shore ;
 The same bold rocks their walls within,
 Still hem thy fretting current in ;
 And not more gay those hills before,
 Thy silver cincture proudly wore ;
 And still to meet thy waters prone,
 As constant as in ages gone,
 Alternate swells and shrinks away
 With each returning night and day,
 The tide, that tells more true than art,
 How beats old Ocean's mighty heart.
 And though to thee no storied name
 Comes blood-stained from the fields of fame,
 Those changeless forms, reflections cast
 Forth from the dim historic past,
 And link with Nature's bright array
 The records of thine earlier day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Death of Professor Hartt.

It may appear somewhat out of season to mention at this late date, the death of Prof. Hartt, but the news reached us after the last issue had gone to press.

As much has been said both in Ch. Visitor and Messenger by those who were intimately acquainted with him, we feel that we cannot add anything of consequence. Although we were not personally acquainted with him, yet each student who had frequented the same halls, and roamed over the same hills, and who heard his name mentioned so often had been brought to believe that he bore an intimate acquaintance with him. We have often listened to and heard with pleasure the accounts of his success in Scientific Enquiry. His name to us was coupled with ambition and success. The reports which reached us from time to time of his promotion and successes were hailed with delight. We heartily appreciate and recommend the sentiments of the *Fredericton Reporter*: "Let our boys and young men mark the industry and energy which wrought together in the accomplishment of Prof. Hartt's brief but splendid career."

Our last lecturer J. Y. Pazyant, Esq., (who was a classmate of Prof. Hartt's,) referred with sorrow to the death of his much-esteemed friend. He spoke of him as genial, courteous, and affable. He says, "It was our delight to follow wheresoever he might lead, and gladly carry all the specimens which his scientific eye might detect."

A brilliant career and useful future were certainly in store for Prof. Hartt, had his life been prolonged.

The news of his death cast a gloom over the institutions.

We tender our heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved.

Inspectors and Inspectorships.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

SECONDLY:—*The system of inspection of our Common Schools is inefficient.*

This Province is divided into a number of inspectoral districts. Generally, each county constitutes an inspectoral district; but, sometimes a county is divided into two districts. Now it is evident to the most casual observer, and it is also well known, that so small a district is not sufficient to occupy the whole time of an Inspector, nor can a competent man be found who would devote his time and energies wholly to the work for the small salary which he would receive. Hence, the necessity of giving the Inspectorship to some gentleman, who, along with his other duties, can devote a portion of his time to inspectoral work. This work is frequently made subsidiary to other interests. Thus it is that gentlemen with no proper and peculiar professional training are put over the teachers. Under the existing system, inspection must necessarily be hasty and imperfect, nor is it theoretically to be expected otherwise; it is the fault of the system. The Inspectors who are performing well their duties are excellent in spite of the system.

How is this defect in our school system to be remedied? Very simply. Let two or three counties be united and form one Inspectoral district. Let these districts be sufficiently large to occupy the whole time and engage the earnest energies of some thoroughly trained teacher. Let him also have a fixed salary. Nova Scotia introduced free schools sooner than New Brunswick, but the latter is anticipating the former in regard to this matter.

Since writing the above, the Report of the Schools of New Brunswick has been placed in my hands. Thorough professional training is there required, both in respect to teachers and inspectors. "It appears to me of the first importance that the Board of Education and the Chief Superintendent be placed at once in a position to prepare for the systematic inspection of a portion of the schools as required by section 13. A popu-

lation of about 40,000 on the average could be efficiently served by one Inspector; where the population is dense, the number would be somewhat greater, and where sparse, less. I respectfully suggest that the Board be empowered to erect from time to time by proclamation in the Royal Gazette, or otherwise, the territory of the Province into not more than seven Divisions for purpose of inspection, and to appoint a qualified Inspector for each Division." Here are the qualifications which will be required of an Inspector, "All candidates for the office of Inspector thereunder, shall have taught for a period of at least three years, and shall have obtained a license of the Grammar School class. . . . and upon appointment to office each Inspector shall spend one term at the Provincial Normal School, or such time as the Board may require, with a view to a more perfect acquaintance with the method of School management and teaching, to be employed in the schools of the Province."

If this Province should be apportioned into suitable inspectoral districts, then inspection could be wrought up to a far greater degree of perfection, and in proportion as inspection is thorough, appreciative, and discriminating, will the school system be efficient. With professional Inspectors, the teachers would have a kindred feeling; this feeling would be doubly reciprocated and thus there would be a closer drawing together, more harmonious work. The Inspector would be in a better position to direct and counsel, in many ways, his fellow laborers in the noble work of training, of educating the young, in a better position to reward the deserving teachers and the undeserving according to their merits. Priceless are the interests at stake. The Inspectors could also grant valuable aid to Trustees, and he could more easily convene educational meetings since his whole time would be devoted to the work. In fact he would become completely identified with his work and his work completely identified with him, Moreover, would not this mode of inspection increase the *esprit de corps* of the teaching profession in more ways than one? Would it not enhance the standing of the profession?

I can see no valid reason why this desirable change should not be effected speedily. It will not increase the cost of inspection, most probably will lessen the cost, and it will *materially* increase the efficiency of the school

system. While the present mode of inspection remains, much advancement in common school education cannot be accomplished. If the inspectoral system is defective, the whole school system is sadly so. The regulator must be kept in order. By appointing competent teachers to Inspectorships which are sufficiently large, justice will be administered, a wholesome incentive will be presented, and an increased efficiency in the school system will be effected.

Ha! Ha!

ALL hail America!—That part of it I mean which is Yankee.

WHAT shall a man christen thee, by what honorablest name shall thy pre-eminence be fitly designated, thou safety valve of the Nineteenth Century? Scotland may boast of her metaphysicians and bards; England of her most excellent logicians, mathematicians, sages, and what not, but it was reserved for the last resort of Civilization to give birth to that incomparable trio: Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, and Josh Billings—at whose advent the circumambient either shook with irrepressible laughter, infinitely surpassing in quality and quantity the fabled inextinguishable gigglings of the Olympian gods. Truly the age of puritans is gone. Methinks I behold a venerable Ancient, an old Cromwellian, with shaven hair, all run to seed (his human nature) his soul prim and most dapperly, clad in the conventional vestments of his sect, standing back with a look of utter woebegoneness, aghast, feebly muttering some Jeremiaic text, invoking the spirits of ye Pilgrim fathers to look upon their degenerate descendants. Verily most worthy shade, thy posterity hath erased the eleventh commandment, writ by the perverse genius of thy Theology, and “Thou shalt not laugh,” no more menaces our cheerful exuberance with Plutonian scowl. Meanwhile, we have added to the wondrous Nine the most beneficent goddess of them all. Beside the classic form of Terpsichore, on the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, stands the incarnate Grin—wine of mirth distilling from his ambrosial locks.

Now, there is one thing which I utterly and irrevocably abominate—the giggle which is inanity—the eternal titter which betokens the half idiotic, half hysterical bundle of unhealthily convoluted nerves, misnamed a

man or woman. By no means fall into the error of mistaking the ripple which plays on the bosom of the sea beneath the sturdy mountain breeze, for the bubble that ascends to the surface of the mire at the croak of a frog. Degrade not human nature to that extent. O thou healthy, buoyant carolling laugh of a proper-sized human, what shall I call thee—Thou art the symbol of perpetual youth—the type of rejuvenescence, the safety-valve of that throbbing thundering engine, the soul,—the stop-cock to the torrents of despair—the rainbow-herald of the stormless day—the gleam which banishes for the time that gaunt spectre, Mortality; yes, thou art the negation of all thought—the relaxing of all tension—the washing out of all starch—the reduction of life’s spring time, when care was not; when the glory was upon the earth which comes but once—when nature was all a passionate dream, and fauns and dryads, nymphs and Naiads, haunted the shadows which are now peopled by memories of Wall Street Brokers—financial disasters, bankruptcy and ruin. Heaven pity the lean, shrivelled up thing thou callest thy soul, whoever thou art that frownest at life’s innocent joyousness.

H— was a humerous fellow—the soul of fun, and withal a not unworthy wit. Sometimes he may be seen, extemporizing a somewhat rustic dance and executing a not altogether unmelodious song—pleasing for its quaintness—while around him a motley crowd of students would split their sides with uproarious mirth. Anon, he might be seen before a mixed audience, gravely rehearsing the Gulliver-like adventures of his pathetic youth. Oh, H—, what a peculiar hairpin wert thou; nature poured some of her choicest wine into thy cup—designing thee to intoxicate, (one receptive soul at least, to which thou aspiest in due time.) H— cuts his fun from the pure loaf. He is no parrot; he chants no parodies; he retails no second-hand Irish or Dutch poetry; does not put himself in the place of a blunderer. H— is an original, demure fellow, and gets off his sallies unostentatiously. Long mayst thou live to cheer the spirits of the remnant whose forms flit to and fro around the mouldering debris of Old Acadia!

How happy we ought to be in this age of the world. There was a time when fun was a penal crime; I wonder if such men as Cal-

vin and John Knox ever smiled. How could they when they knew so many poor, little babes were in such uncomfortable quarters? Methinks they ought to have made war on motherdom. Age of Bronze, with thy ghostly, saturnine visage, away! Thou canst behold no resurrection. No promises ever came to thee from the sunlit skies. Even now the morning sun beats thy head with light, and makes thee give music like Egypt's Memnon.

Some men you meet who salute you with a smile, others are grave as if they made a serious business of it, (those who take no notice of you at all from their sombrous loftiness we leave out of the category.) Some (most frequently young ladies) meet you with lips unwreathed with such expressions as one might imagine adorned Apollo, the sun-god when he flourished in the day spring of life. I have known men who set me in a perfect quandary of wonder and conjecture. Wonder if he ever condescends to kiss his wife? What a queer figure he would make rocking the baby to sleep! And then imagination would endeavor to depicture such a scene, vainly trying to rid the dignified hero of the idea of unfitness which clings to him in such common-place emotions.

My pater-familias was a man who appreciated a good joke. He didn't carry the thing to excess but he wasn't afraid to laugh articulately at times. *He had one of the pleasantest smiles when he met a friend I ever saw. How often I've vainly practised that inimitable smile before the glass and given it up in despair! How natural he looked with two of his promising arrows (he had his quiver well filled) laid over his knees! No exotic was he transplanted from his Plato to the fireside. I confess I love a man in whose soul the springs of emotion are active; whose pulse of passion has not declined to a sickly throb, in whom lives the joyance of youth side by side with the mellow fruit of age; who fires and glows at times with the old spontaneity. But the man whose *animalism* (if I may use the term) has gone to seed who has evaporated into an attenuated intellectuality, or who has bloated out into a tearful, hypochondriacal snivelling moralist, let him be relegated to the shadows of the pyramids fitting abode for mummies, or to the middle ages, the only peculiar garden for the growth of such superstitious plants. It

is a significant fact that man is the only animal who laughs. Even the monkey, so very, very near to the human species, can muster no more than a sardonic grin, (if that be not libel on monkeydom.) Your true laugh is as ebullient as the song of birds and speaks of innocency. The great head and type of our ideal humanity has no recorded smile. But he did many things which were unwritten. It is a gratuitous and pathetic folly to think the son of man never smiled on a human friend. It belongs to other dark winged myths of the East. There is a time for mourning, but there is a time likewise for laughter, for joy, merciful equipoise of nature. Night endureth not always; the morning radiant and ruddy with youth, hurls the hoary anarchy from his throne, while the light dances along the dawn. The virtues flourish bravely beneath smiling skies; pleasance is the sunlight of the soul.

President Lincoln, in the midst of the most momentous state-transactions would shock his Secretary of State by suddenly taking up "Artemus Ward" and indulging in a most irreverent laugh. Charles Lamb would astonish his company by turning some serious thought into an occasion for a jest. The only weapon with which you can beat back care and vexation, and heavy grief is oftentimes that which compels nature to admit the guest into the draped presence chamber who trips on the light fantastic toe, and cracks his quips and wreaths the wanton smile. I bless thee Shakespere for thy humanity. I could sooner dispense with the stately "Paradise Lost," than thy inimitable Falstaff. How often have I roared with the merry roystering crew, Bardolph, Nym, and the Merry Prince Hal, up in the old tavern of Eastcheap. How oft have I been edified by the sallies of thy comedy-kings and thy tragedy—fools! How have smiles and tears alternated on my face as I have lived with the broken-hearted Lear, moaned over his Cordelia, and have felt the tickling fingers of a king's jester!

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Thou too Sydney Smith, with thy never-to-be-forgotten *bon-mots*, thy shafts of wit, flung at red heat—mirthful but genial; couldst dispense the bread of life to souls, and the bread of enjoyment to the circle of thy friends.

Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1878.

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THROUGH the enterprise of Lord Dufferin, a splendid field has been opened to the talented and ambitious students of the Dominion. Now we may sit beneath our own vine and fig-tree, beneath a pine on the barren steppes of Lunenburg, or an apple-tree in a Cornwallis orchard, and compete for the highest degrees of London University. Of course one would have to study if he expected to succeed, and at a great disadvantage too. But for those emulous of honors and lacking means to pursue their work at the University itself, whosoever sees fit to pass the usual Matriculation Examination, such as competitors for the Gilchrist Scholarship pass, has fair field for graduating by passing two subsequent examinations. Boards of Examination will be established at all the great centres of the Dominion, and papers forwarded from London. Doubtless the Curricula of the Colleges will be revised to meet this exigency, by offering preparatory training to their students in such branches as may be required. Here, then, is a Central University indeed, whose degrees are current

over the world. To such a standard our Colleges may with laudable pride aspire. Baptists can work up Acadia to meet this new advantage without losing sight of her peculiar aims, or losing one jot of her importance as an individual. Meanwhile to us it is gratifying to know that there is another link, however slight, in the claim which binds the Colonies to the fatherland—to see that there is yet nourishment flowing into the branches from the parent stock; and to feel that we are a living part of the Empire. *Esté perpetua.*

THE second lecture of the term was delivered before the Acadia Athenæum, in the vestry of the Baptist Church, Wolfville, on Monday evening, the 15th inst., by John Y. Payzant, Esq., M.A., of Halifax. The subject of the lecture was: "Some crumbs of comfort not yet disposed of by the philosophers." In treating of his subject, the lecturer considered the position maintained by some of the leading scientists of the present century, and some of their deductions, and the bearing of these upon revealed truth. The body of the lecture consisted of the consideration of the chief objections contained in Revelation, and arising from man's inner consciousness, to the universal adoption of the theories and deductions of the modern philosophers.

The lecturer showed that he had exercised close and careful thought in the preparation of his discourse, and that, although engaged in the active business of life, and required to give his attention continuously to the duties of his profession, he had taken time to study closely the theories of the leading scientists of the age, and to consider discriminately the relation of these theories to truth as it is understood by the Christian world to-day.

We are glad to have become acquainted with him as an advocate of truth, and as an opponent of those who attempt, by physical and scientific demonstration, to cast revelation and human consciousness into oblivion. We respect him as one who is willing to leave the debatable ground—the border-land, still undecided, until science shall have been pursued to a higher perfection, when truth will come out of the crucible more lustrous and more potent than ever, because of the victory gained—when the astute philosopher, the learned theologian, and the subtle meta-

physician will be able to see eye to eye.

After the delivery of the lecture, Mr. Payzant spoke of his attachment to old Acadia, and of his long continued interest in her success, and expressed bright hopes for the future of new Acadia. He was a graduate of this College in 1860, and a classmate of the late Prof. Hartt, Prof. Jones, T. H. Rand, Esq., D. C. L., and others. It is pleasant to be entertained by old graduates occasionally, and to receive their cheer and encouragement.

Horton Collegiate Academy Jubilee.

2.

MR. CHAPIN, the first principal of the Academy, remained there only one year. He was succeeded by the Rev. J. Pryor, A. M., (now Dr. Pryor) who presided over the Institution, (having also become a professor in Acadia College in 1838) till 1850. During that period large accessions were made to the buildings, and the number of pupils steadily advanced. In 1851, the late J. W. Hartt, Esq., A. M., was placed in the chair, which he vacated in June 1860, when the principalship was conferred on the Rev. T. A. Higgins, A. M., and held by him till June 1874.

The object of the directors has been to diffuse the blessings of sound education, based on classical models, and comprehending all the branches of useful knowledge, as far as attainable without unduly pressing on the mental powers of the pupils. They have judged it far better to learn well what is learned, than to make a parade of learning much; for what is gained, or thought to be gained in extent, may be lost in thoroughness and in depth. The directors flatter themselves that their endeavours have been successful. Materials for accurate and full statistics do not exist, but it may be safely affirmed that numbers of gentlemen are living in various parts of the province whose fitness for the positions they occupy, whether in social life, in trade or commerce, or in the learned professions, is largely owing to the training they received at Horton, and who look upon the time spent at the Academy as a well spent period of their lives.

In January 1861, a Female Seminary was established in connection with the Academy, which is still in operation. Miss H. M.

Norris, (now Mrs. W. F. Armstrong, and a missionary in India) was for some time a teacher there. In addition to music and other accomplishments, the young ladies are instructed in various branches of the arts' course of studies as pursued in colleges. Creditable proficiency has been attained in the Latin language. On some occasions ladies and gentlemen meet in the same classes.

The jubilee of the Academy will be celebrated next June, and arrangements will doubtless be made of an attractive character, adapted to draw the attention of the public, and to subserve the interests of education. Particulars will be given in our next number.

English Colleges.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE Chapel, built in the seventeenth century, is much and justly admired. Its interior, remodelled by Sir G. G. Scott, R. A., is a good specimen of the Decorated Gothic Style, and contains, among other works of art, a monument of Sir William Jones, the learned Indian judge and eminent Orientalist. "The bas-relief represents Sir W. in the art of translating and forming a digest of the Indian laws from the sacred books or *redas* which the Hindoos appear to be reading to him. It is supported by tigers' heads, emblems of Bengal. The epitaph is surrounded by the Grecian and Hindoo lyres and Caduceus, typical of eloquence."

Among the eminent men that have studied at University College may be mentioned the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, who, in 1868, took the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer under Gladstone; Percy Bysshe Shelley, who came to the foundation in 1810, and two years afterwards wrote his notorious "Defence of Atheism." This production brought down upon the devoted head of the future poet the anathemas of the *Dons*, who immediately summoned the culprit before their tribunal. The avowed infidel sentiments, rather than the literary merits of the pamphlet, weighed most with his judges, and he was immediately and summarily expelled. Taking up his residence in London, he soon after gave to the world that weird and able production, "Queen Mab." Noteworthy is the name of Sir W. Jones, who entered University College in 1764. As a linguist he was perhaps without a peer. When a mere

boy at Harrow, he knew more Greek than his teacher. Besides pursuing his classical studies at the University with unflagging zeal, he became a proficient in the Persian, Arabic, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese languages. To these he afterwards added French and Sanskrit, and so learned indeed did he become in the Sanskrit and laws of the Brahmins, that he excited the admiration of the most learned Orientalists. Other names are Lord Eldon; Sir Edward West; Sir Robert Chambers; Dr. Radcliffe, Rev. F. W. Faber, poet; Lord Herbert, free thinker; Rev. E. Bradley, author of "Verdant Green."

New College, founded by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, is one of the prettiest and finest "among the semi-monastic edifices of the University." Of the founder of New College, Thorne thus speaks: "He was one of the giants of the olden days that modern times can only marvel at and admire, without hoping to emulate. Wykeham was so much in favor with the King of England, that everything was done by him, and nothing done without him. As a proof of his royal confidence, he made him Chancellor of England and Bishop of Winchester. Both as priest and prelate he was devout, diligent, splendid, and charitable; while of his bold and original genius, he has left a testimony which none can question, in the Castle at Windsor, the Cathedral at Winchester, and the New College at Oxford."

The first stone of New College was laid March 5th, 1380. Six years were occupied in its construction, when on April 14th, 1386, the first Warden and Fellows entered the College at 9 o'clock in the morning, with solemn processions and litanies, "commending themselves and their studies to the care and protection of Almighty God."

It may seem strange that *New* should be applied to a College well nigh five centuries old. The explanation seems to be this: In Oxford, an aularian is a member of a Hall, as distinguished from a member of a College, or Collegian. The Hall system prevailed until the founding of New College, when a fresh era in educational matters was introduced. Thus, what is in reality a very old foundation will probably ever retain the epithet *New*.

Enter the tower gateway, pause a moment to gaze upon the beautiful statues of the founder, the Virgin Mary, and the Angel

Gabriel, then pass at once to the left of the quadrangle, which measures 168 by 130 feet, where stands the Chapel, "the pride not only of the College, but of the University." How eagerly is the Chapel sought at all times, but especially on the days when there is full choral service! For be it remembered that besides a Warden, thirty Fellows, and thirty Scholars, the College consists of an organist, *eight choral scholars, and sixteen choristere*. As you stand in the anti-chapel, drinking in the sweet music, the eye is upturned to the rich and beautiful figures on the west window. They were painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and represent Charity, Faith, Fortitude, Hope, Prudence, Justice, and Temperance. It is supposed that the pupils of Rubens painted the south windows; and the north windows bear all the patriarchs and prophets from "Adam to Malachi."

The *Cloisters* well deserve the attention of the visitor, who must not fail to verify for himself the remarkable *echo* which is said to repeat itself eight or nine times. Here "sleep their last sleep" some of Alma Mater's noted men. The fact is indicated by the brasses and monuments around you, and "the student of epitaph literature will here find much to interest him. The punning epitaph on Meredith, an organist of the foundation, will excite a smile":—

Here lies one blown out of breath,
Who lived a *Merry* life, and died a *Merideth*.

But the *Hall* must merely be glanced at—the Hall whose walls are graced with portraits of "potent, grave and reverend Dons." The *Library* is enriched with treasures, old and new, and contains the only letter extant of the founder of the College. "Here Sydney Smith oft pored over the volumes here enshrined, and an *impromptu* of his on Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*, may be given. Seeing Jeffrey riding on a little donkey—garlanded with flowers—which his children had persuaded him to mount, Smith, when the procession approached him, uttered":—

As witty as Horatio Flaccus,
As fond of liberty as Gracchus,
As short, but not so strong, as Bacchus,
Riding on a little jackass.

The *Gardens* of New College, "shadowed over by ancient trees," are no small part of the glory of the foundation, and evoke the admiration and rapture of the visitor. "Such

a sweet, quiet, sacred, stately seclusion, so age-long as this has been, cannot exist anywhere else." Surrounding the gardens "are the thick *Walls and Bastions* of Oxford's ancient protection, Wykeham having made arrangements with the city authorities to keep the walls *in good repair forever*." Most faithfully has this arrangement been kept.

The income of New College is about £31,000; it owns 17,000 acres of land, the rental of which is £15,000; it has in its gift forty-one benefices, of the annual value of £20,000.—Two or three names of her distinguished sons may be given: Abp. Chichele, founder of *All Souls' College*; William of Waynflete, founder of *Magdalen College*; Bishop Ken, author of *Morning and Evening Hymns*; Earl of Pembroke; Sydney Smith; Bishop Lowth, commentator; Abp. Cranley, Dublin; Dr. Holmes, collator of the *Septuagint*.

Wadham College was founded in 1610, by the desire of Nicholas Wadham, who died in 1609. "The foundation was for a Warden, fifteen Fellows, fifteen Scholars, two Chaplains, and two Clerks." The College is a handsome, well-proportioned building, of the later Gothic architecture. Entering the groined gateway, you are admitted to the quadrangle, which is 130 feet square. In the rooms over the gateway were held those meetings in which Wren, Sprat, Seth Ward, and Wilkins figured so largely, resulting in the foundation of the *Royal Society*. Statues of James I. and the founder may be seen over the Hall, which, with its beautiful roof and oak screen, contains many valuable portraits. Those of James I., Charles I., William III., and the founder of the College.

The Chapel, of Gothic architecture, is famed for its beauty and purity of style. The following is told in connection with the Ante-Chapel. There was an election of Warden in 1719, and it is said one of the Fellows received a bribe of £50 to cast his vote for the unpopular candidate. The satyric lines which follow was the result:—

One hand and eye erect, were close engaged
In prayer, and holy war with Heaven waged;
The other eye obliquely viewed the gold,
Which into t' other hand was slyly told.
What! bribed within the consecrated walls!
Strange magic power of gold! to hush the calls
Of sacred promises, dissolve the ties
Of oaths! was this thy morning sacrifice?
Transcendant knave! who could have closer trod

Thy friend Iscariot's steps, who sold his God!
Transcript of Judas! go refund thy pelf;
Then like thy great exemplar, hang thyself;
For while thou livest the world will be surprised
To meet a walking hell epitomised.

Some of the noted men of Wadham are: Sir Christopher Wren, architect of St. Pauls; Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, St. Albans, London; John Richardson, Persian lexicographer; Harris, the philosopher of Salisbury, and who afterwards represented *Christ Church* in Parliament; Dr. Wilkins, founder of the *Royal Society*; George Costard, the famed linguist; Admiral Blake, and Rev. Thomas Hastings.

The Gardens of Wadham are a pattern of neatness and taste. No visitor should fail to visit them; and well rewarded will he be even if he lingers long amid so much beauty and picturesqueness. It is impossible to visit these gardens without being impressed with the fact that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

ABOUT sixteen years ago one of the resident members of these institutions was taken away by death, and never again have we been called upon to entertain this dread visitor till Sunday evening, April 7th, when Ella McNeily was suddenly struck down at the age of sixteen. She belonged to Margaretville, Annapolis Co., and was an only child. Her mother died sometime previous; her father at the time of her decease was in London. On the day that the corpse was sent home six representative members of the school were appointed to act as pall bearers who preceded the hearse to the station, followed by a long procession composed of teachers and students, and though no relatives were present as mourners her school-mates deeply mourned their sudden and irreparable loss. The following is a resolution passed by the young ladies with whom she was studying.

Whereas:—God in His all-wise providence and under circumstances peculiarly sad, has suddenly removed by death one of our school-mates:

Therefore Resolved:—That we make this expression of the high esteem in which she was held by us; and thus tender our heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved father and

relatives in their sad affliction, with the hope that the God in whom she trusted may be to them a refuge and strength.

Signed on behalf of the Ladies' Seminary,

L. M. GOURLEY
C. A. HAMMOND
E. M. FREEMAN.

Our Exchanges.

THE *University Gazette* has done itself up in a good article on *Public Speaking*.

The *Boston University Beacon* has improved much on the majority of novelists in its picture gallery. The characterization was just and fine. We presume the writer of the Cynicism of Culture (a good article in our humble opinion) would hardly allow the dilettante scholar to be possessed of "every endowment of faculty." Such a man, after every deduction in his favor must surely lack the highest endowment. The writer indeed shows further on that the highest endowment of intellect is that in connection and dependence on the spiritual nature. Dilettanteism never happens to men with noble spiritual endowment, without which mere intellect is generally superficial and when not stagnant potent for evil.

The *Argosy* keeps up its reputation. The man who wrote the "Beard" should cultivate one, he deserves to look manly for the information and humor he has brought to bear on his unromantic subject. Whoever T. Q. may be, he appears to us to have one characteristic, absolute certainty, which may be good or bad according to circumstances. It is strange that all over the world an *idola specus* of such alarming proportions, blind men to truth and the fitness of things. Is then the term "folly" to be predicated (a phrase learned in logic by the way) of our present system of collegiate education?

And are many of our studies "pets of a blind conservatism" that being the ultimate reason for their position in the curricula of our colleges? What are these pets? According to the "cui bono test" they are 1st Classics, 2d Mental and Moral Philosophy, 3d Logic, 4th Rhetoric. Of these studies it is asserted that in the cases of nine students out of ten it will be found that there are no benefits accruing whatever, or that the benefits are of infinitesimal significance, a practically identi-

cal proposition. The mere mention of such word gusts are sufficient. If T. Q. knew more of logic he might have substituted argument for rhetoric. According to T. Q., 9 students out of 10 are veritable dolts. The article ends with a sentence beginning thus: "We hope that the day will soon come when those interested in the cause of collegiate education will see the rottenness of the foundation on which the present system rests." Nothing is more disgusting to true culture than such gratuitous and offensive epithets in such a place. It may be the language of lawyers and political partizans, but assuredly it is not the language of a competent investigator of truth. We have yet to learn that the wisdom of the past supported by the deliberate judgment of the present, in the subjects which constitute the matter of collegiate education, is folly and rottenness.

We have no objections, and few doubtless would have, to instruction in the broad and general principles of law.

Already in our courses of history the broad lines of Roman, Greek and Modern Jurisprudence are marked out. Unless men become myriad-minded we think much more can hardly be done. One man can't know everything. The principle of "Division of Labour" will hold its way. A theologian will never be consulted on civil law.

The two fundamental errors of the article seem to us to be first, a partial view of the ends of education. Dollars and cents is not the goal of all mental culture. Secondly the writer is not content to advocate the introduction of the study of law into Colleges, he must needs annihilate the utility of the bulk of the studies already there, (or try to do it.) We think the *Argosy* will hardly put her signature to the document of her correspondent.

Our space will only allow us to name the others, all containing excellent articles. *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Colby Echo*, *Peaker Quarterly*, *Tufts' Collegian*.

Literary Notes.

BUTLER'S ANALOGY was written 141 years ago. In its editorship Episcopalian scholarship is represented by Halifax and Fitzgerald; Presbyterian by Chalmers and Barnes; Baptist by Angus, Malcolm and Champlin;

and Methodist by Emory, Crooks and Cummings.

This is the age of Encyclopedias. In America, we have Appleton's American Cyclopedia, recently completed in 16 vols. On American topics it is probably the best. Zell's Encyclopeda is being revised by Colange, the editor. A. J. Johnson & Son, of New York, have published one of considerable extent. The 9th Edition of the Encyclopeda Britannica—the greatest and the best—is being published at Edinburgh under the editorship of Prof. Baynes, of University of St. Andrews, and reprinted in Philadelphia by J. M. Stoddart & Co., at from \$5 to \$10 per vol. according to the binding. This reprint is winning golden opinions. Chamber's has been brought down to the inauguration of President Hayes. Like all of W. & R. C.'s publications, it is excellent and cheap—10 goodly vols. for about \$25. A revision to suit American ideas is published by Lippincott. A revised edition of the Encyclopeda Metropolitan was published a few years since in 45 cabinet 8vo. vols. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., London, publish the English Cyclopeda in 12 quarto volumes at £10 10s., which they claim to be the "largest, best, most complete, and cheapest work of the kind in the English language."

Sonnet.

TO PROFESSOR BLACKIE, BOUND FOR EGYPT.

As Grecian sages, in the days of yore,
Lovers of Light and high Philosophy,
Turned ever Eastward with an eager eye,
So thou, brave Blackie, vested with their lore,
Farest, unwearied, to that mystic shore,
Where still the Sphinx, in silent majesty,
Serenely sits, sounding Eternity.
Light is thy step, although thy locks be hoar;
And, as the eagle wings his heavenward way,
With youth renewed, and eye undimmed by Time,
Thy mounting spirit, void of chilling fear,
Bounds to the fountain of the world's young day.
Now God be with thee in that distant clime,
And bring thee safe to them that hold thee dear!

25th January 1878. N.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY is one thousand years old, and has an annual income of one million dollars. The library contains five hundred and twenty thousand volumes.

Things About Home.

How's that toad?

A MUCH abused individual—the Local Editor.

ONE of the solid Seniors has been taking extra work in magnetism.

SOPHOMORE, reassuring his wavering hope. "Something happened not long since that makes me feel that she does care something about me yet. She was sitting where she could'n't see me without poking forward, and she poked."

Two young gentlemen of the College are taking diurnal airing on Sidewalk; two young ladies from Seminary, ditto, going opposite ways: young ladies majestically pass young gentlemen; a safe distance gained one majestic young lady proudly to the other thus: "did you see how I swept by?"

ONE of the Sophomores may be seen at parlor Sociables with an immaculate flower on his manly breast. Happy Sophomore! brilliant thought! for has he not a dear little box in which he carefully lays his dear little flower and carries it through the weather so that no petal is ruffled by his naughty overcoat. Happy Sophomore! father of *happy expedients!*

THE Temperance Meeting was a grand success; but let not the masculine element boast. Alas for the glory of men when the solar light of ladyhood gleams along side. Miss McLeod delivered a fine essay on, "Sincerity the true basis of Character." This subject was treated with that beauty of diction which seems peculiar to the sex. And Oh! we thought that all young ladies would build this life on Sincerity! But we doubt not that the young ladies of the Seminary said amen to every sentiment. The Music also was delightful. The ladies exercised their elocutionary powers to good effect. Misses Payzant and Steeves gave select readings and several gentlemen gave appropriate addresses among whom was the Rev. Mr. Chute of this place.

A LARGE proportion of our subscribers consists of that happy fraction of the race which has attended, for a longer or shorter period, one of the three institutions. They naturally look for the home news. The quondam Academician wants to know how the H. A. B. B. C. is prospering, and how the boys enjoyed themselves at the last reception. The graduate feels a tender interest in the Cricket Club, and the class gossip, and as to whether the Sophomores or the Juniors are able, on the greatest

number of occasions, to "speak first." And both these parties, together with the departed Sem., long for notes from the Ladies' Seminary. Such notes we occasionally attempt to render, from the limited knowledge we are able to glean, and, behold, some old chaps out in the country, who have very vague and blue ideas of matters here, and who cannot tell a joke from a grindstone, hold up their hands and roll their eyes in sanctimonious horror at "the doins' o' them gals up at the Semery," and "thank their stars to grashus" that their "gals ain't ben learned no such nonsense." They are the chosen generation who take and read the ATHENÆUM as long as they think some one has enough sense of their importance to send it free; but as soon as they receive the customary request for 50 cents, discover that the "ATHENÆUM contains nothing either instructive or amusing," and hint that we "had better stop it at once." They are the peculiar people who groan in prayer-meeting and look solemn at a wedding, who wouldn't admit the sunshine into their houses unless it fell in just such regular rectangles upon the floor. Do we chance to remark that it is pleasant to see the incipient skatress from the Sem. buoyed up by the friendly arm of a young companion from the institution, these jugs of condensed propriety, thinking they smell a rat, fail to notice the orthography and forget that the "Sem." and "the Institution" may be one and the same. Do we observe, in the early days of May, that young men and maidens may be seen strolling off, two by two, in different directions, over the fields, in search of the sweet spring blossoms; these too watchful guardians of the public weal think they descry another lamentable lack of wholesome regulation, forgetting that the usual custom at such institutions is to walk two and two, and that it is perfectly proper for the different departments to go off in different directions. So it goes on, and meanwhile those among whom we live and who are best capable of rendering a correct judgment, see no reason to be disturbed. To them the "rules" are sufficiently stringent, the conduct of the literary damsels sufficiently "proper" and exemplary. We find no valid reason why we may give the news concerning two of the three institutions, and yet must expurgate the word "Sem." from our "local" columns. The Seminary is not the College—"ergo," says one, "any thing concerning it is out of your province." No more is the Academy the College. "Shall the hand say that because it is not the eye it is not of the body?" The three Institutions are one and inseperable. Together they form that educational trinity, Acadia. We are all inter-dependent; what interests one, interests all, what amuses one, amuses all, what benefits one, benefits all. Hand in hand, figuratively, but no less, really—not literally, thou too liberal censor of the times—we climb the hill of Truth. Those who have been here know this, and when

they take up the ATHENÆUM they expect Seminary items as well as those anent the male departments. Our very limited means of learning the incidents of Seminary life make these items too seldom. Any locals, instructive or ludicrous, connected therewith, which may be handed in to the editors, will be most acceptable. Young ladies, please step forward.

Acknowledgments.

J. W. Spurden, A. J. Denton, J. B. Worth \$1.00, Miss A. M. Godfrey, J. B. Calkin, M. A.; C. N. Jackson, J. J. Afflick, Rev. C. F. Myers \$1.00, C. A. Whitman, A. Vidito, Thos. Whitman \$1.00, J. A. Fitch, M.D. \$1.00, R. Shafner, A. W. Armstrong, A. F. Hicks \$1.00, Rev. G. W. Tuttle, Rev. D. W. Crandall \$1.00, B. L. Douglass \$1.00 Miss. M. E. Atkinson, J. G. Patriquin, Rev. G. A. Weathers \$1.00, Rev. C. Goodspeed \$1.00, Miss. C. J. Miller, Jas. Moffatt \$1.00, Miss. Lucy Haley, Rev. J. Brown, Rev. E. W. Kelly, A. B.; Rev. J. W. Weeks, Rev. H. N. Parry, Rev. F. Beattie \$1.00, G. B. Brown \$2.00, Rev. M. P. Freeman, Rev. W. J. Stewart, John Dewar, Jacob Denton, H. Logan, T. H. B. Witter, J. S. McDonald, James Higgins, G. V. Rand, J. S. Morse A. B.; J. A. Payzant, J. D. Keddy, W. T. Piers, Mrs. E. Bambric, J. F. Covey, A. B.; Rev. T. W. Crawley, A. M.; C. L. Eaton, J. R. Bradford, Miss Lucy Strong, A. N. Roscoe, Rev. G. O. Gates, A. M. Jos. Weston, Miss Minnie Perry, J. Parsons, A. B. H. Doull, X. Z. Chipman, M. A. Davidson, Wm. Ackhurst, J. B. Neily \$1.00, Mrs. W. C. Moir, Wiley Smith, Watson Eaton, Mrs. Collingwood Chambers, J. W. Longley, B. A., J. Y. Payzant \$2.00, J. W. Johnston, A. B., W. L. Barss, L. L. B.

THE plan adopted by the Acadia Athenæum for the circulation of our paper, has been to send copies to those persons who, it was thought would become subscribers and be willing to pay the small sum of fifty cents per year. And it was supposed that those who did not wish to become subscribers would notify the Society to that effect, either by letter or by returning the paper; hence in cases where this has not been done, we have continued to send the paper and expect to receive the amount of subscription. We are glad to acknowledge the favors of those who have forwarded their subscriptions, and as it is now drawing near the end of the term it is necessary for us to remind those who have not yet paid their subscriptions of their indebtedness to the Society. Each issue of the paper costs us about forty dollars, and our treasury is nearly exhausted, we hope by the end of this term all who have not yet paid, will have closed up their year's account with the Society.

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