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“*Prodesse Quam Conspici.*”

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MAYFLOWER MEMORIES.

Again glad Spring has ta'en off Earth's white cloak,
(For Winter's biting blasts have blown away)
And brought the robin with its merry note,
The linnet with its soul-delighting lay.

Among the early flowers that he brings
To mother Earth—now robing her in green—
The humble, pretty, fragrant Mayflowers,
That nestle closely in her robe, are seen.

What secret spell have they for youthful hearts ?
How oft, for them, have we together sought !
They, somehow, gave your beauty added charms ;
While you, to them, increasing beauty brought.

How much alike you were ! The lovely flow'rs
Seemed lovelier in shunning man's rude stare,
And you increased your beauties' magic pow'rs,
By that bewitching coyness of your air.

How delicately beautiful the flush
Of glad surprise, through perfect petals spread !
How eloquently beautiful the blush—
Of what ? Ah ! Thus, your wordless thoughts were read.

Too great, my loss ! These flowers, too, must die ;
But *other* blooms will fill—as well—their place.
Man may, that way, forget his dead ; but *I*
Can ne'er let die the mem'ry of that face.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

—H. F. WARING, '90.

THE CHINAMAN'S NEW YEAR.

W^e were enthusiastic admirers of “Canada's El Dorado,” and as such had taken up our abode for a year in its most witching quarter—Victoria, the queen city of the far West. “We” consisted of three zealous pilgrims—Uncle, “fair, fat and fifty,” his only daughter, fairer, not quite so fat, and fifteen, and the only daughter's dearest cousin, who being the chronicler must suffer her personage to go unwritten.

When he was fairly located in Victoria, and obliged to admit that the distrusted C. P. R. did actually thread and scale and

surmount the invincible "Rockies," Uncle developed an unhappy determination to investigate the habits of the Chinese colony that swarmed not far from our doors. For this purpose he at once engaged a Celestial domestic, selected solely on account of his exceedingly heathenish cognomen—Hop Wah Kee.

One January morning when Hop Wah Kee appeared before us, the "copper-colored expanse with incidental variations, which served him for a countenance," was wreathed in more than its accustomed smiles. "Chinaman heap velly good time one more week," he remarked lucidly as he tied up the wash. "China New Year," he explained, in answer to our blank expressions; "lady fetchum dish, got China lily," and from "up his sleeves, which were wide," he produced a bulb like a sprouted onion, a bag of Chinese sweetmeats and a package of fire-crackers. The bulb he placed with great care in the dish, filling the surrounding space with smooth white pebbles and water, and explaining that it was for luck for the coming year he shouldered his burden and departed for the wash-house, his dusky countenance radiant with the blessedness of giving. Each of his white friends and patrons, no matter how their children might insult his sacred queue on the street, or they themselves cheat and overwork him, received a like gift. It was his season of "peace on earth, good will toward men," and this "beathen in his blindness" looking for nothing in return, showered his gifts on those who despitefully used him and persecuted him, with a simple joy in the doing which "we whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high" might wisely imitate.

On his return we questioned our worthy descendant of the sun, and gathered from his disjointed utterances that another week would usher in a season of great mirth and rejoicing in swarthy Chinatown, and Hop Wah Kee signified a desire for a "day off" to join in the fight against the Chinatown devil, and the festivities following its defeat. This looked like a golden opportunity for Uncle, and he at once resolved to embrace it. Hop Wah Kee got his holiday when the time arrived, and we ourselves made ready to take in a Chinese New Year.

Long, irregular lines and tiers of limpid, bulbous, iridescent globules, swaying, dancing, tilting down a long vista to the vanishing point; tall pillars of fire sparkling, sputtering up to the lily-laden piazzas and down on the street white with its unusual covering of snow; pendant balls of blazing firecrackers everywhere; the distance all a snapping, flaming confusion of wildly skurrying Celestials, flying pigtailed, and a Chinese uproar that must go unwritten,—this was Chinatown's main street on the evening of the New Year when our little party sallied forth to take observations.

Operations had begun at midnight with snapping and crack-

ling of firecrackers, the joyful howls of Celestials, and barking of terrified dogs. All this clamor and din was to scare away the Evil One, and the Mongolian devil would need to be a pretty strong minded individual to stand the pow-wow they kept up to induce him to vacate Chinatown.

Our first venture was a social call on some Chinese friends of Hoj Wah Kee's. We wished them happy New Year as they welcomed us with Occidental politeness and apparent delight, and after placing seats for us at one proceeded to serve refreshments—sweetmeats direct from China, little Japan oranges, huge sticks of sugar cane and jugs of whiskey. We sampled all but the whiskey, managing to eat the uncanny looking "goodies" with outward composure, but much inward misgivings and haunting fear that possibly we were disposing of the forequarters of rats or monkey's ears done in sugar.

A being called Ting Hee Loo was to be favored with our next call, and one of his countrymen whom we hailed from out the noisy crowd consented to pilot us to his habitation. He brought us at last into a dark alley, teeming with odors, pointed to a door in front of us and clattered off, declining to "savvy" further enquiries. The door opened—not into a house, but into more outdoors where a number of houses, jumbled together in true Chinese style, rose up out of "an horror of great darkness," into which Uncle fearlessly disappeared. Presently we saw his tall plug hat mounting a flight of steps that shot up "out of the Nowhere into the Whence;" a moment he was outlined against the stars at the top, then vanished, reappearing after some time to tell us that Ting Hee Loo had gone to the theatre. Happy thought! We would include a Chinese theatre in our sight-seeing.

An acrobatic ballet seemed to be in progress, and the stage was ablaze with a procession brilliantly costumed in red and gold, with banners, fans, and hats of gauze. The orchestra kept up its infernal din inside, and at the doors sounded the monotonous drum-beats and blare of trumpets. A moment or two in the grimy smokiness of the interior, a few blasts from the orchestra, one penetrating whiff of the atmosphere, and we "stood not upon the order of our going." The Chinese are devoted play-goers. In Victoria they have but cheap and poor imitations of the gorgeous dramas of their own country, or even of San Francisco. The poem and plot of a Chinese play one is not expected to understand; only their own trained and heated imaginations can grasp the heathen pageant which to a foreigner seems but a distracting procession of emperors, vassals, gods, goddesses, animals and priests. "When you are in the theatre" say the Chinese, "you must not ask," so there is slight probability of foreigners at any early date becoming constant attendants.

From the theatre we wandered by "ways that were dark" to

the Joss house, "glowerin' round wi' prudent care" as we went, "lest bogles catch us unaware," groping in huddling confusion through unsavory mazes, narrow, tortuous, murky, full of unimaginable abominations, and catching glimpses through dusty windows of groups of "Johns" revelling in forbidden "Fan-tan." Inside the temple the great "Joss" looked complacently down on a table piled high with fruit and other offerings. The idol and the altar which held him were a solid mass of gilded carving too heathenishly beautiful to describe in English. Framed prints that might be mottos or injunctions to keep away from the provisions hung in rows from the ceiling. The centre of attraction seemed to be a great transparent lantern, in which innumerable figures of beasts, birds and devils were doing their best to represent perpetual motion. Behind the idol and altar our prying feet strayed into a small dark room, and instantly the shuffling "floor-walker" of the sacred precincts bore down upon us with uneasiness in his countenance, but as he laid no commands upon us we concluded to follow the "trail."

With our noses we soon discovered another room back of this. Uncle, unabashed, felt around until he found a door, and we stepped into a luxurious little opium den evidently belonging to some of the high priests. Dishes of fruit and pots of blooming Chinese lilies stood about the room, and on the divan reclined two richly dressed Chinamen, who gazed at us from the seventh heaven of the opium smoker with eyes that saw not. The heat, the overpowering odor of the flowers mingled with the fumes of opium turned us faint and dizzy and we beat a hasty retreat, leaving them "alone with their glory."

One more call finished our list, and here the worthy Celestials added cigars to the "menu," urging us cordially to sit down and fumigate. After partaking of all the delicacies we could swallow, and much more than we could digest, they bountifully bestowed upon us fresh supplies to carry home.

The uproar for urging the Chinatown devil to "move on" was still in full blast, but we did not linger. We had seen all we wanted, smelled a great deal more than we wanted, and were thoroughly and permanently convinced that in *all* his ways and works

"The heathen Chinees is peculiar."

K. C. M.

BERMUDA.

WE have sighted a light larger and brighter than the stars and are told that it is St. David's lighthouse. A little later through the starlit darkness and the phosphorescent water there seems to approach a phantom ship, but as it comes up to the steamer, which has stopped and waits for daylight, it turns

out to be a pilot in his sail-boat. In the grey light of the morning we sail on and see before us low-lying land, ocean-girt, and in outline somewhat resembling a shepherd's crook. Approaching at a proper angle we see, at the same time, St. David's lighthouse with its stationary light at one end of this narrow strip in the ocean, and Gibb's Hill lighthouse with its revolving light, said to be the third highest in the world, at the other extremity.

At first sight it seems strange that human beings should live on such an isolated strip of mother-earth; but it needs only a short residence on this beautiful garden in the sea to realize that existence there, is not only a possibility but a positive pleasure. How much man is dependent for his happiness not only on his surroundings but especially upon his fellow-beings!

As we skirt the shores of the islands—for instead of one there are many—we notice particularly the uniqueness of the scenery, it is so different from our ordinary experience. We first pass St. David's Island with its lighthouse, then St. George's Island on which is the old capital town of St. George's, now rapidly being deserted and falling into decay, but very quaint with streets so narrow in places that teams cannot pass one another. A long causeway made of native limestone joins this island to Long Island which is by far the largest of the group, and on which is situated the present capital of Hamilton. Near the opposite end of this island, which is somewhat semi-circular in form, is Ireland Island connected with it only by a ferry and used exclusively as a Dock-yard. Besides this chain of larger islands, having an extreme length of twenty-seven miles and breadth of three miles and called by the general name of Bermuda, there are many other islands varying in size and used for various purposes, such as quarantine stations, military stores and powder magazines.

The islands are of coral formation with a sub-marine mountain for a base, consequently all the flora and fauna have come from other lands and nothing is indigenous except the rocks themselves. On the southern coast the reefs extend but a few yards and calcareous sand is being constantly washed on shore by the very prevalent south winds. But on the northern coast where the action of the waves tends to wear away the rocks the reefs extend for twelve miles or more, and a native and very skilful pilot (colored) is required to thread the narrow and intricate channel between the reefs.

As we pass along we are impressed by the great number of low hills sparsely wooded, with red cedar wood of Virginian extraction prevailing, the ordinary level of the land scarcely higher than twenty feet, the number of small inlets and bays each having its own particular name, white-roofed and white-walled buildings adding an additional feature to the variety of the landscape, and the whole bounded by the clear blue or purple rippling

waves sparkling in the early sunlight—all forming a beautiful picture long to be remembered among our first impressions of Bermuda. After sailing for some distance we anchor in Grassy Bay. Here we have on the right the Dock-yard with its thick clusters of white stone buildings; on the left, the wooded hills of the main island; behind, the broad Atlantic; in front, a number of pretty islands and an unknown stretch of water beyond. If the tide be at the flood the steamer can go between two narrow reefs called Timlin's Narrows where the water is about eighteen feet deep; if not, it remains anchored while a tender arrives and takes off the mails and passengers. Knowing our destination to be Hamilton we are curious to see it but it is nowhere in sight: we steam between the islands but it still eludes our vision; finally we turn a point and enter Hamilton harbor: we begin to discern buildings on our left and soon the town is at our side. Over to the right, on the opposite side of the harbour, are the scattered parishes of Paget, Warwick, Southampton and Sandys, green with patches of white, gradually curving around until merged into that in which Hamilton is situated. The harbour seems filled with sailing craft of all kinds, moored for the most part, and varying from the heavily-sheeted but very small and light racing dingey to the great hulks anchored and used as storehouses for coal. Row-boats and sail-boats are numerous.

All the wharves are of white stone and as the tender comes to its mooring we step off on a flight of stone steps, at the top of which we pass through a covered space to the principal highway called Front Street. Should we travel by the New York steamer instead of by the Halifax line we would be compelled to wait in Grassy Bay until the tide rose; a not particularly enjoyable experience after a rough voyage, which one is very apt to have in sailing to Bermuda. Having entered the harbor, a landing cannot yet be made, because, owing to the shallowness of the water, a bridge has to be built from the dock to the steamer, and this takes nearly half an hour. Long logs are hoisted to the steamer, after which negroes crawl out upon them and fasten crosspieces by means of ropes and, finally, planks are thrown across these pieces. The docks are sheltered from the sun by a galvanized iron roof, under which the freight is put, to be subsequently taken across the street to the warehouse.

Front Street, where most of the business is done, is during the day very dazzling with the white buildings, each having its two-storied verandah, and the white street glistening in the hot sun, and rather a lazy place with its groups of negroes gathered here and there and an occasional passer-by, slowly going on some errand, or a donkey sleepily waiting, with his funny little cart, for the driver, who is probably in one of the many liquor stores near by; but upon the arrival of the steamer every Sunday morning

in winter, every other Sunday in summer, a never-failing source of interest and the one excitement of Bermudians—the main street is filled with carriages and the dock with spectators, presenting quite an animated scene. In winter strangers, principally from the United States, go to Bermuda to escape the cold weather, while in summer the Bermudians go north to escape the hot weather.

K. R. H., '91.

(Concluded next Issue.)

THE STORY OF KEAT'S LAMIA.

UPON a time before King Oberon and his fairy followers had driven from the prosperous woods both Nymph and Satyr, and frightened the Fauns and Dryads from the cowslipped lawns and green brakes, the ever-smitten Hermes left his golden throne upon high Olympus and made his way to a vast forest that grew upon the shores of Crete. For a nymph he was seeking, whom all the Satyrs and Tritons worshipped and who was supposed to dwell somewhere in the sacred island. From vale to vale from wood to wood he flew, and pursued many a river to its secret source, but in vain; the sweet nymph could nowhere be found. Pensive and full of painful jealousies, not only of the Wood-gods but even of the very trees of the forest, he rested for awhile on a piece of lonely ground. Only a little had he stood there when a mournful voice smote on his ear thus complaining:

“When from this wreathed tomb shall I awake,
And move in a sweet body fit for life
And love and pleasure and the ruddy strife,
Of hearts and lips? Ah, miserable me!”

The god, following the direction whence the voice came, found a serpent couching under a dusky brake. The creature was of a dazzling beauty; vermillion-spotted, golden, green and blue, and full of silvery moon-like specks which dissolved or shone brighter with every breath and interwreathed their lusters. Her head was serpent but she had a woman's mouth complete with all its pearls. As she looked at Hermes her eyes filled with tears, and from her throat her words came like bubbling honey.

“Hermes, last night I had a splendid dream of thee; I saw thee sitting on a golden throne upon Old Olympus, among the gods—the only sad one. Thou hearest not the strains of the soft lute-fingered muses, nor did'st thou even listen when Apollo sang alone and the long, long melodious moan of his throbbing throat charmed the circle of the divine listener. I dreamed I saw thee break through the clouds like the rosy dawn and, swift as an arrow hurled from Phoebus' bow strike for the Cretan island; and thou art here! But hast thou found the nymph, gentle Hermes?”

"Alas!" replied he, "vain has been all my search, nowhere can I find her, and oh! thou smooth-lipped serpent can'st thou not tell me where the nymph is concealed?"

"Too frail of heart!" again answered the serpent. "Free as the air that wanders invisibly and tastes unseen her pleasant days. By my power is she rendered thus invisible. In weird syrups I bathed her hair and thus veiled her beauty to keep it unaffronted by the love glances of Fauns and Satyrs. Thou, Hermes, shalt alone behold her, on the condition that thou shalt by a stroke of the wand give me once more the woman's form, which erst was mine ere the spell caused me to take the loathed shape in which thou seest me. Stoop, Hermes, till I breathe upon thy brow."

The god stooped and receiving her breath upon his brow, his sight was strengthened and he beheld the nymph, the object of his search, near by. Then, touching the prone serpent with his cadoceus, he departed.

Being left alone, the serpent now began to change her form and at last vanished into the air, her sweet voice, as she was borne aloft, crying "Lycius, Lycius," in gentle tones. The serpent, now a bright lady, Lamia, fled into a valley near Corinth and rested close by a forest near the foot of those hills that stretch south-westward to Cleone. While she waited there, the youthful Lycius, returning from a visit to love's temple, approached and was passing by without seeing her when thus she hailed him: "Ah, Lycius! Wilt thou leave me alone on these hills? Look back and show some pity." Lycius turned and, seeing her, he exclaimed: "Ah, goddess, never can I desert thee or even take my eyes from thee, and if thou vanishest so shall I die."

Seeing he had taken her for a goddess, she kept up the illusion for awhile, but at last she assured him that she was a woman without any more subtle fluid in her veins than blood, and that the self-same pains inhabited her breast as his own. Then she expressed her wonder that he had missed her face in Corinth so long. She had dwelt happy, as far as happiness is possible without without the aid of love. She ended; and the hour being near sunset, they started for Corinth, for the way was long. But by her spell the triple leagues decreased to a few paces, not at all surmised by the blinded Lycius. So, soon they passed the city gates and noiselessly along the streets. As they proceeded, one, robed in philosophic gown and having sharp eyes, curled gray beard and smooth, bald crown, approached them. Lycius felt Lamia's hand tremble in his as she asked who yon aged man with his quick keen eyes might be. Lycius replied that it was the sage Appollonius, his trusty guide and instructor, and calmed her strange fears.

While thus speaking they had arrived before the lofty portal of a pillared porch. A silver lamp hung there whose light was

reflected in the crystalline pavement below as a star is mirrored in water, swinging back the ample door, whose hinges turning breathed Æolian airs, they entered the place.

Rappily, happily flew the hours by for Lycius and Lamia, their lives complete in one another's love. But the sweets of love at last began to cloy upon his heart, and his thoughts once more began to turn upon things of the world outside this palace of sweet sin. The lady, ever watchful, saw this with pain, as arguing the want of something more than her love to complete his joys. This troubled her for she well knew that but a moment's thought is the passing knell of passion. Her sighs and importunities at last pressed him to tell the secret cause of his unrest and he thus bespake her: "What mortal, oh, my silver planet both of morn and eve, hath a prize greater than other men, but that sometimes he lets it forth to display its beauty, thus to triumph in the possessing of it. Such triumph over my foes in Corinth in the light of open day should I love to enjoy with you while my friends shout afar and your bridal car wheel round its dazzling spokes through the thronged streets." The lady on her knees besought him to forego such a triumph, but he still persisted, and at last she yielded, and the triumph in the form of a marriage feast was planned. But Lamia obtained this concession, that old Apollonius should not be invited to the banquet.

It was the custom in Corinth at that time to bring away the bride from her house in the evening, at sunset, and follow her chariot with torches, strewn flowers and a marriage song. But Lamia had no friends; so while Lycius was absent inviting his companions, she went about arranging all things for the grand occasion. She did so but 'tis unknown whence came her servitors. About the halls and through the corridors was heard the noise of invisible wings till the palace was arrayed in all its glorious magnificence. The walls were carven cedars, mimicking a glade of plantains and palms, and overhead from wall to wall there ran a stream of golden lamps. And lastly on golden tables lay untasted a regal feast.

The day arrived, and flocking came the feasters and entered admiring, as they did so, the splendour of the palace which they now remembered of never having seen before. Last of all came the uninvited Apollonius, sometimes smiling as if some knotty problem which had troubled him, had been solved at last. In the murmurous vestibule he met Lycius, and apologized for coming thus an uninvited guest, but said he must do him this wrong and Lycius must forgive him. Lycius blushed and with reconciling words led the old man in to the feast.

In white robes the guests reclined themselves upon the silken couches, wondering whence came all this mighty cast and blaze of wealth. The feast at a given signal began.

Soft went the music the soft air along,
 And fluent Greek, a vowelled undersong,
 Kept up among the guests, discoursing low
 At first, 'tis freely was the wine at flow.
 But when the happy vintage touched the brains,
 Louder they talk and louder come the strains
 Of powerful instruments ;—the gorgeous dyes,
 The space, the splendour of the draperies,
 The roof of awful richness, nectarous cheer,
 Beautiful slaves, and Lamia's self; appear,
 No longer strange.

Beside his fair bride sat Lycius in a trance of love, gazing on her form. At last he glanced across the board at old Appollonius, prepared to pledge *him*. The old philosopher had fixed his steady, glittering eyes upon his Lamia who, beneath that piercing glance, had turned pale. Lycius pressed her hand but found it icy cold, and he cried in horror, "Lamia, what means this? Knowest thou that man?" But Lamia answered not, and at his cry all the sounds of the banquet ceased, and a horrid silence came like a deadly presence there and no man but felt that horror. "Lamia," he shrieked, but no answer came. Then, turning fiercely to Appollonius, he exclaimed: "Wretch, shut those juggling eyes, or may the righteous curse of all the gods strike thee with ten-fold blindness. Corinthians seize the murderous sorcerer! Behold how my sweet bride withers beneath his demon glance!" "Fool," said the sophist, gruff with contempt, while Lycius, overcome, sank upon the floor, "fool, from every ill of life I've saved thee and now shall I see thee made the prey of a serpent?" At that word Lamia breathed death-breath. Like a sharp spear the Sophist's eye went utterly through and through her. "A serpent," again he cried, and, no sooner had he spake, than with a frightful scream Lamia vanished and Lycius, without life, sank to the floor.

E. B., '94.

ACADIA MEN IN EDUCATION.

WHAT an institution accomplishes for the advancement of education is not measured by the triumphs of those who have gone from its halls to follow the profession of education as their distinct life work. All men who have enjoyed the blessings of higher education have a responsibility upon them to assist the development of knowledge. To the graduate bodies, to the men with degrees the public look for the institution of progress and reform, they are the leaders and moulders of public sentiment on educational matters.

Men as they are about to enter upon the active duties of citizenship should bear this responsibility in mind, no matter what

their pursuit in life; should retain a deep interest in education and should strive to lead public opinion along the path of progress. Every profession is too prone to neglect itself, and we find the college neglecting itself in this way. The various institutions are somewhat remiss in giving their students a knowledge of University history and development, in awakening a broad interest in the University as a whole, in impressing the personal obligation to interest themselves in educational affairs. Graduates are too apt to bury themselves in their professional work, deny this obligation and refuse to interest themselves in educational questions.

From a cursory survey of Acadia's graduate body we are led to conclude that she has about an average record in this particular. She has the usual proportion of those who immerse themselves in theology, law or politics, and withdraw themselves from the current of educational interest; of those who, while engaged in other pursuits, still find time and energy and money to devote to the expansion of learning; and finally of those who devote themselves entirely to this profession. Let us make a hasty estimate of the last class of our graduates, as we can obtain a better idea of what these do for education than of what the others accomplish or fail to accomplish in this line.

The name that naturally suggests itself first is that of President Schurman. Though he was not an Acadia graduate, since he went from here in his sophomore year to win the Gilchrist scholarship, Acadia is his only American alma mater. After a distinguished career among the old world institutions he returned to America, occupied chairs at Acadia, Dalhousie and Cornell, rose to pre-eminence among American philosophers, and now as President of Cornell, is influential in moulding educational sentiment.

Another Acadia man was called recently to a presidential chair, Chancellor T. H. Rand ('60) of McMaster, one of the leading among Canadian educationists. He identified himself with educational progress in the Maritime Provinces in his incumbency at the head of the department of education in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Another Acadia man, A. S. Hunt ('44), was Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia for some years. Dr. D. M. Welton ('55) is another Acadia representative at McMaster, where he fills an important position on the staff of the University.

S. M. McVane ('65) is Professor of History at Harvard, and Dr. Benj. Rand ('75) is Assistant in Philosophy at the same institution. A. J. Eaton ('73) is a member of McGill's classical staff. Dr. Wm. Elder, a matriculant of '72, fills a Professorship at Colby. Dr. C. H. Corey ('58) is President of Richmond Institute. Wm. B. Boggs ('75) is President of the Theological Seminary at Ramapatam, India. Rev. Jas. F. Morton ('66) was Principal of Leland University, New Orleans, then had a chair at Newton, and is now Principal of Proctor Academy, Andover, N. H. Dr. J. B.

Hall ('73) is connected with the Nova Scotia Normal School. F. H. Eaton ('73) till recently had a place upon the staff of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. B. F. Simpson ('80) is a member of the faculty of Chicago University. Edward Anderson ('46) was President of Kalamazoo College, Mich., and H. T. Crawley ('49) was Professor in Mount Auburn Seminary, Cincinnati, Oregon. Prof. Jas. DeMille of Acadia and Dalhousie was for a period a student here, and C. F. Hartt ('60) held positions of honor at Vassar and Cornell. Jas. E. Wells ('60) was President of Woodstock Collegiate Institute. Dr. F. Higgins ('59), R. V. Jones ('60), J. E. Hopper ('62), H. C. Creed ('65), J. F. Tufts ('68), A. E. Coldwell ('69), I. B. Jakes ('71), F. R. Haley ('84) and A. K. DeBlois ('86) are intimately connected with education in the Maritime Provinces. Miss Alice M. Fitch ('85) and Miss M. Blanche Bishop ('86), are devoting themselves to the education of women at Acadia and Moulton Seminaries.

SONNETS.

TO THE FATHERS OF ACADIA COLLEGE.

Of old, when Glory knew no other clime
 Than her own Hellas, beauteous legends told
 How many a spirit of heroic mould,
 Bursting the bounds of clay and human time,
 Soared upward and, within the heavens sublime,
 Blazed forth a constellation new enrolled
 On the celestial page and shed the gold
 Of brighter beams than in its earthly prime

Even so in sooth of that heroic band,
 May be declared, who with no selfish aim,
 But with pure love obeying the command
 "Let there be light;" reared in the sacred name
 Of learning and of truth, that structure grand,
 Our own Acadia of hallowed fame.

* * *

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

The brightest planet of our northern sky
 In the undimmed effulgence of its ray,
 Our country's guide through calm and tempest play,
 Is quenched in night. Oh, may no patriot eye
 Remain, oblivious of his greatness, dry!
 If for his monument you'd search, survey,
 Stretching a thousand western leagues away,
 A youthful nation in its vastness lie.

Among the foremost, ever foremost, he
 Surpassing others knit the band which bound
 Kingdom-wide provinces from sea to sea
 Into one mighty realm. Then bid resound
 His praise, posterity, that he may be
 Father of Canada fore'er renowned.

* * *

A CHARACTER.

Smile flashing eyes, within whose azure deeps
 Lie worlds of all-enchanting innocence ;
 The snow-pure brow, the sanguine lips intense,
 Where every love his rosy mansion keeps,
 The cheek of peach whereon a Cupid peeps
 From 's dimple fortress, and the dainty chin
 A lush pomegranate; framing all within,
 The warm gold of her tresses haloing sleeps.

My Love hath all of these, but they by far
 The least of her possessions constitute,
 And are no fosterers of vanity.
 A gentle heart as pure as sunbeams are.
 Mind for whose beauty angels might dispute,
 These, only these, are prized sweet one by thee.

* * *

SCENE FROM PARTRIDGE ISLAND.

Grand as the scene that on the Patmian shore
 Rose to the vision of the sainted seer
 Was that. Below, expanded far and near,
 The majesty of waters; southward, o'er
 The billows, Blomidon dark looming bore
 His misty shroud, and where the surges sweep
 Westward, steep frowned defiance unto steep,
 And Fundy's floods fierce intervening roar.

There ships full-sailed or anchored in the shade
 Of promontory steep and verdured isle
 Told of emprise and nation-building trade,
 Light-bearing that the desert bids to smile ;
 And over all the westering day-star played
 With shafts of mellowed radiance the while.

* * *

ON COMPLETING THE PERUSAL OF THE FAIRY QUEEN.

As one whose soul by day is rent with care,
 At night is, by a golden dream,
 Wafted on high where rolls the limpid stream
 Of Life, and God his flaming throne uoth rear,

Mid beauty's blinding brightness, and air
 Sweet palpitates with many a 'trancing note,
 From soulful harps by angel fingers smote,
 But Oh! the dreamer wakes; the world is there.

Even so it fares with me who lately trod
 Entrancedly along the daedal ways
 Of th' honied paradise of fairy clime.
 Toils were forgot; at rest was sorrow's rod
 And lost all sadness in that rainbow maize;
 But Oh! earth comes again and human time!

* *
 *

SHELLEY.

A sorrow dims my spirit when I gaze
 On ocean wakened, echoing the roar
 Of rage-winged whirl winds in their stormy war,
 Smiting his form thorough its winding ways.
 For the stern scenes within my mind upraise
 Thoughts of his doom who sang Prometheus free
 In strains of more than heaven-wrought harmony.
 For thus the billows crossed in angry maze.

In Spezzia's Bay, that hour when not afar
 From shore and friends, the faithless craft went down;
 And in dim caverns deep, below the jar
 Of surface thunders, cold and pale was thrown
 The grandest treasure that the ocean's floor
 Upon its full-gemmed bosom ever wore.

E. B., '94.



The Acadia Athenæum.

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 Business letters should be addressed to F. W. YOUNG, Sec.-Treas. Upon all other matters, address the Editors of the Acadia Athenæum.

The Sanctum.

IT has been felt for some time that a change should be made in our College Curriculum, that the course of study should be both modified and extended. Recent graduates and the alumni generally have been particularly anxious for this change, and the recent increase in the numbers of the faculty have now rendered it possible. A course has been mapped out by the faculty, which will go into force next year if approved of by the senate. The scheme is as follows :

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Latin.....	3	HOURS	A	WEEK.
Greek or French.....	3	"	"	"
Mathematics.....	4	"	"	"
English.....	4	"	"	"
Physiology and Hygiene.....	2	"	"	"
Elocution.....	1	"	"	"
	—			
	17	"	"	"

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Latin.....	3	HOURS	A	WEEK.
Greek or French.....	3	"	"	"
Mathematics.....	3	"	"	"
Physics.....	2	"	"	"
Chemistry.....	2	"	"	"
English and Ethics.....	4	"	"	"
	—			
	17			

JUNIOR CLASS.

I.—Required of all.

Logic and Psychology.....	3	HOURS	A	WEEK.
History.....	3	"	"	"
New Testament—Greek or a Modern } Language.....	1	"	"	"
English Themes.....				
	—			
	7			

II.—*Optional, any Three to be Taken.*

Classics.....	3	HOURS A WEEK]
Mathematics.....	3	“ “
Physics and Astronomy ..	3	“ “
Geology and Mineralogy ..	3	“ “
Practical Physics and Chemistry.....	4	“ “
English	3	“ “
German.....	3	“ “
Constitutional History.....	3	“ “

SENIOR CLASS.

I.—*Required of all.*

Moral Philosophy and Christian Evidences,	4	HOURS A WEEK.
Theses.....		

II.—*Optional, any Three to be Taken.*

Classics.....	3	HOURS A WEEK.
Mathematical Physics.....	3	“ “
Advanced Chemistry.....	3	“ “
Practical Physics and Chemistry	4	“ “
Biology.....	3	“ “
English.....	3	“ “
German.....	3	“ “
Political Economy	3	“ “
History of Philosophy and Metaphysics....	3	“ “

The work of the freshman and sophomore years will be all required with the exception of the option between Greek and French, as at present allowed. The studies of these years will be selected for their genuine educational and disciplinary value, but moreover they will better suit the needs of candidates for Grade A, and the old objection that Acadia gives no preparation for Grade A ceases. The work of the junior and senior years is almost wholly elective. The prescribed studies are restricted to some branches in history and philosophy, which, it is thought, should be demanded of all who are to be recommended for an academic degree. The opportunity is now given for students to specialize and to seek higher proficiency in their chosen lines. The object of the change was not to make the acquiring of the degree any the easier. On the other hand, during the freshman and sophomore years, the student will be expected to do much more than has hitherto been demanded of him. The work of the other two years, if not greater in quantity, is higher in quality. It is expected that these modifications will render the sifting process more efficient, and the better class of students will hail with delight this effort to make the degree from Acadia more valuable. The introduction of options into the modern college is not a new thing. Acadia, long conservative, is only now introducing a scheme which has long been working with admirable results in other colleges. Though late in coming, let us hope that the good effects of the change will be all the more marked.

IT has recently been decided by the Faculty that the results of the terminal examinations shall be published. This is to be done by means of a classified list. The names of those making seventy-five or more points in any subject will appear in class I, of those making between sixty and seventy-five in class II, of those making between forty-five and sixty in class III. The names in each class will be arranged alphabetically, and not in order of merit, which would perhaps be preferable. This classification will be made in each subject, and not on the average of all subjects. The new arrangement will take effect this spring, when the results of the examinations will be published in the calendar. This is certainly a move in the right direction, and we feel sure that it will result in causing many of the students to raise their standing, which they can easily do by increased application to work. This new regulation should also induce the professors to be a little more prompt about examining papers, so that students will not be compelled to wait several weeks to know the results of their examinations, as they have done heretofore.

THE Nova Scotia Fruit Growers' Association is endeavouring to establish a horticultural school and experimental fruit farm. To this end they are largely increasing their financial strength by numerous additions to their membership, which now includes nearly all prominent farmers and business men of the western part of the province. They have asked aid from both the Provincial and Dominion governments, whence numerous signed petitions have been sent. The support of the members of parliament for Kings and Annapolis has been promised, so that the success of the undertaking seems assured. If this school is established there are good prospects of its being located in Wolfville, and connected in some way with Acadia University, but whether connected with it or not it cannot fail to be a source of strength to the University. A large number of young men would be thus brought into contact with our college life, and whether part of their time were spent in our class rooms or not, they would become interested in the welfare of Acadia, at least to an extent that would make them more valuable friends and supporters of the educational institutions situated in Wolfville.

A NEW enterprise, in the form of establishing a fund from which needy students, attending the Ladies' Seminary, may draw during the term, with the intention of repaying, has been started by Dr. M. C. Smith, of Lynn, Mass. Already he has placed in the hands of the Principal of the Seminary a goodly sum as a nucleus, around which it is hoped many more of Acadia's friends will place liberal contributions. Dr. Smith, when himself

a student here, felt the need of such help, and now that Providence has so rewarded his indefatigable efforts in life, he willingly and liberally gives assistance to those honestly endeavouring to obtain an education. Not only in this but in many other ways has he expressed his friendship and ardent admiration for Acadia, and may many more follow his example.

WOLFVILLE has at last come to a sufficient realisation of its growing prosperity and importance to feel itself worthy of incorporation. A poll was held and there proved to be a majority who wished to enjoy the advantages of a town government, and were willing to bear the responsibilities and burdens that accompany the blessings. Dr. E. P. Bowles was elected mayor by acclamation, and the council consists of Messrs. C. H. Borden, Geo. Thomson, E. W. Sawyer, Geo. W. Borden, Dr. A. deW. Barss, and C. R. H. Starr. We hope that the history of Wolfville will still be one of prosperity. We found it a village and we leave it a town, and may the future develop it to a still higher stage.

The Month.

The Athenæum Society held its annual reception in College Hall on the evening of March 10th. A large number of invitations was issued, but the number of guests present was smaller than on some previous occasions. Near the close of the evening the company listened with much pleasure to a reading by Mr. Mosher. The Athenæum is much indebted to Mr. J. W. Caldwell, of Wolfville, for aid in decorating the Hall.

* * * *

The Freshman hockey team went to Windsor on March 10th to play another match with the team of that town. The game resulted in a victory for the college boys by a score of 3 to 2.

* * * *

Since the Christmas vacation the meetings of the Athenæum Society have been well attended and interesting. The executive committee deserve credit for the way in which they have discharged their duties, especially in the selection of debates. There is one kind of entertainment which has generally been lacking. Music should have a more important place on our programmes. Good entertainment in this line can be provided by the students, and there is no reason why it should not be, and when members of the society have consented to favor the Athenæum with music, either instrumental or vocal, they should consider themselves bound to fulfil their obligations and not be among the missing at the appointed time, as has frequently been the case in the past. The following officers have been elected for the

ensuing term: President, F. C. Harvey; Vice-President, F. W. Young; Treasurer, D. P. McMillan; Cor. Secretary, Percy Shaw; Rec. Secretary, G. B. Cutten; Ex. Committee, J. H. Davis, A. F. Baker, M. P. Balcom, W. R. Foote and H. A. Purdy.

* * * *

The monthly missionary meeting was held on Sunday, March 12th. After the opening exercises Mr. A. E. Durlop read an instructive paper on "North-west Missions." Miss Bill then sang a solo, which was much appreciated by the audience. Rev. H. F. Adams, of Truro, addressed the meeting. Mr. Adams spoke eloquently and forcibly on "Three Crises of Missions," showing how the persecutions of the church at Jerusalem and of the Moravians had resulted in the spread of the gospel.

* * * *

The annual business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held on March 20th. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. C. Vincent; Vice-President, S. P. McCurdy; Cor. Secretary, T. W. Todd; Treasurer, A. H. Armstrong; Rec. Secretary, J. Bulmer. The reports of the retiring committees indicate the need of much earnest active work on the part of the new committees, which have not yet been appointed. The association has been holding a series of special evangelistic services, which were conducted for a short time by Rev. Isaiah Wallace. On his departure Rev. D. G. McDonald, of Halifax, came at the urgent invitation of the association, and besides conducting meetings every evening has done much personal work among the students. The results of these meetings have been very encouraging, Christians have been quickened to a higher spiritual life, and quite a number of students led to accept salvation.

* * * *

The following is a list of the specimens of work sent to the Chicago fair from the art department of Acadia Seminary:—

FROM MODELS.

Steps and Cube—Juanita M. Brison.
Jar, Cube, &c.— " "
Skeleton Cube— " "
Jar, Cone, &c.—Ethel Shand.

FROM CAST.

Ornament—Mabel Eaton.
Apples— " "
Calla Lily—Edna Wyman.
Crowned Monk—Gertrude Cunningham.
Bananas— " "
Acanthus Scroll— " "
Baby's Hand—Margaret MacKeen.
Lemon and Leaves—Alice Bishop.
Bananas— " "
Apples—Edna Wyman.

OILS.

Blue Heron (from Nature)—Minnie Chipman.
Pansies— " "
May Flowers— " "
Still Life—Misses Chute, MacKeen and Hatfield.

WATER COLORS.

Apples—Jessie Burton.

The following Y. M. C. A. committees have been appointed:—

Membership—Lew Wallace, M. A. McLean, G. B. Cutten, C. W. Rose, and J. A. Corbett.

Devotional—A. E. Dunlop, J. L. Miner, Fred. M. Fenwick, William Morse and C. A. Reid.

Bible Study—F. W. Young, H. A. Stuart, A. H. Armstrong, Chas. Morse and H. H. Roach.

Finance—J. E. Ferguson, A. W. Nickerson, A. P. Rogers, N. B. Spinney and G. W. Elliott.

Intercollegiate Relations—T. W. Todd, A. Mason, H. Moffatt, J. W. Kierstead and D. G. Harlow.

Music—B. S. Bishop, D. P. McMillan, B. W. Wallace, S. Spidle and S. W. Leonard.

General Religious Work—M. B. Whitman, N. E. Herman, Norman Whitman and A. C. Shaw.

Nominations—Prof. E. M. Kierstead, L. J. Slaunwhite, N. J. Lockhart, L. B. Denton, T. E. Armstrong and R. J. Shaffner.

The Review.

A copy of the twenty-second Annual Report of the Halifax School for the Blind has come to our notice. The facts which it presents are most encouraging and the prosperous condition of the institution is pleasing to note. During the past year there were forty-six in attendance, all of which have been industrious, and hence very satisfactory results have followed. A careful reading of the report shows Mr. A. C. Fraser's ability in superintending a school which holds a foremost position among all like institutions. Every effort put forth to advance this good work is certainly commendable.

We have received two numbers of the *Normal Light*, a new paper, published by the students of the Normal School at Fredericton, N. B. A recent issue of the *University Monthly* speaks of it rather disparagingly and displays an apparent spirit of jealousy towards its new townsman. One might think that the *Monthly* considers it a rival. Of course the little paper does not compete with higher college journals, nor does it pretend to, but taking all things into consideration, we overlook its few errors and appreciate its honest efforts. We heartily welcome the newcomer and wish it every success.

The ninth number of the *McGill Fortnightly* is especially good containing a number of pleasing cuts in connection with the opening of the new scientific buildings, the *Normal offering* comes more tastily attired than heretofore in the last two numbers, and the *King's College Record* contains an interesting article entitled Pastoral Elegies by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts.

Acknowledgments.

H. Y. Corey, Miss Alice M. D. Fitch, T. Todd, A. A. Shaw, C. B. Freeman, E. A. Corey, \$1.00 each; W. S. Black, N. A. McNeil, H. T. DeWolf, J. T. Prescott, Joseph Pascoe, G. R. White, \$2.00 each.

De Alumnis.

J. E. WELLS, M. A., '60, is editing the *Canadian Baptist* at Toronto, Ont.

HON. NEIL McLEOD, M. A., '69, has been appointed to a judgeship in the Prince Edward Island County Court. He has filled the premier-ship and other positions of trust in the disposal of the province.

REV. J. H. ROBBINS, M. A., '73, has charge of a pastorate at Chester, Vt.

REV. D. H. SIMPSON, B. A., '76, has resigned his church at Bear River, N. S., and it is said contemplates returning to the west where he has in the past been engaged in ministerial labor.

W. E. BOGGS, B. A., '87, is engaged with his father, REV. DR. BOGGS, in the conduct of the Theological Seminary at Ramapatam, India.

E. E. DALY, B. A., '91, has resigned the pastorate of the Second Cornwallis Church at Berwick, N. S., after a two years' ministry, pursuant to taking a theological course.

MISS K. R. HALL B. A., '91, is at present residing in Bathurst, N. B. The winter of '91 she spent in Bermuda.

W. HOLLOWAY, B. A., '91 is engaged in literary work at his home in Halifax. He has a further course in view.

H. B. HARRIS, B. A., '90, has passed the intermediate law examination before the Barristers Society at Halifax.

Newton Theological Seminary will graduate this spring eight Acadia men, G. J. C. WHITE, '80, J. W. TINGLEY, '85, C. W. COREY, '87 and B. H. BENTLEY, F. J. BRADSHAW, H. T. DeWOLFE and C. A. EATON, '90 and C. S. McLEAN, a matriculate of '80. H. S. SHAW, '88. H. Y. COREY and A. T. KEMPTON, '91, are in the middle year. C. R. MINARD, '91, W. J. ILSLEY and J. H. JENNER, '91, are in the junior year.

W. B. WALLACE, '90, graduates from Rochester Theological Seminary this year. H. F. WARING, '90, Z. L. FAEH, E. E. GATES, W. H. HUTCHINS and R. O. MORSE, '91, are in the middle year. F. M. SHAW, '90, and A. C. KEMPTON, '91, are in the junior year.

Collis Campusque.

Drive it to first, baseball echoes.

Who took the oath of allegiance ?

Who undertook to write an essay on "Psychological development of moral obligations" ?

When hath science charms surpassing poetry ? When the exam. comes next hour.

We are going to turn the ladies out.

Student eagerly enquiring.—Oh ! Why ?

———, reply.—Oh, that was only a joke.

Who saw it ?

Freshman with an assumption of wisdom :—

"That *might* be true, but I can't understand it."

Prof's. severe rebuke :—"There is a great deal that you can not understand at this stage of your course."

The great leg-pulling act, or the fellow who received an answer to a letter which was never sent.

Kindly old gentleman accosting yet unmarried Senior. "How are you to-day ? I must say I enjoyed your paper on missions very much last night."

S——'s reply.—"Oh ! I think there must be some mistake."

O. G's. reply.—"Oh, yes, yes, And how is the baby to-day ?"

And the Senior hastened to explain before the scene went any further.

We would kindly suggest to two small men to become sufficiently acquainted with, at least, the looks of the young ladies, they ask permission to convoy home from reception, in order that they may know them as they pass from the cloak room, looking ah ! so meaningly, yet all in vain.

Oh senior tell me, tell me truly, what they mean by this adieu,
He is silent ! but the muses tell it now to me and you.

When the corridors are crowded, as the bell makes each class free,
Then the young man, Cupid driven, seeks his lady for to see.

In the busy intermingling, he at length his object found,
And, of course, they were oblivious to the scenes that passed around,

Each absorbed in other's converse, wandered listlessly along,
Till at length, he, partly conscious of the dwindling of the throng,

At his class doc. quickly whispered, art can't picture his surprise
As he saw the mirth o'erflowing in his classmates' beaming eyes,

Where the dickens are you going ? these are seniors—don't you know
And the freshette, all confusion, only stopped to say oh ! oh !

And what time is it, said he. 'Tis yet eight minutes till the bell rings, saith his neighbour, for in truth, I see his books are lifted. A little later questions he, and what time may it be now. 'Tis now just three and a half minutes to, because he hath blown his nasal apparatus the second time and that with unusual vigor.

See! See! 'Tis now three quarters of a minutes, for he casts furtive glances around him, old Time is on his track and drives him speedily to his task.

Watch closer, and directly you see him gird up his loins, and sally forth in stately strides. In his rapidity the wind increases the fierce aspect of his pompadour and shortly the gong resounds.

Down the street with stately stride,
Holding his cane firm by his side,
That brilliant masher went, 'tis told
The fairy wanderers to behold,
He sees! and then he gasps for breath,
His face takes on the hue of death,
'Tis all in vain; this intense state
She neither looks, nor does she wait
To see remorse depicted there,
As he so humbly bowed to air.

The studious Chip. Haller with knitted brow, bends over his volume of antiquated lore. He runs his fingers through his matted locks, and grasps his pen with desperate energy. Suddenly there floats into his puzzled mind rumbling echoes from the neighbouring gym. The sounds increase. A deathly pallor gathers on his cheek and brow. The loud laugh and the heavy tread flutter through the window, and distract his laborious thought. Through his clenched teeth issue sounds, that would have caused the "senior tennis fiends" to dissolve into mist. Still the pluggers plug. Love thirty, love forty, forty love, deuce, serve and such like are inextricably intermingled with cube and tangent, sine and cosine. He tears his hair in wild despair. The gods of mathematics quail before his scowling gaze. The cold shivers of despair chase each other down the back of the presiding genius of tennis, as the ruthless wretch hurled his anathemas, and consigns the gentle sport and its fanatical devotees to the darkest, dreariest, dreadest depths of oblivion.

The goggled dude from Halifax has departed, but his great deeds still live. One starlight night, feeling in an adventurous mood, he started with Quixotic enthusiasm for a tilt on the encampment of the Semites. But, as he was beating a mournful retreat, communing with his dejected thoughts, an aperture above opened, and the floods descended upon the head of the poor unfortunate. Let other knights errant beware!

Various and incomprehensible are the forces that propel human action. Especially is this true in regard to student life at Acadia. As one strolls down the lengthening promenade of Main Street he is surprised at the unwonted activity, that pervades a little store by the street side. "Sweet girl under-graduates in their golden hair" trip merrily past, and glance with looks of expectancy into the attractive window. Eager 'Cads with hungry maw gaze at the tempting shelves, and sniff the tainted air, that enwraps the candy store. Vacant Fresh

men pass with hands plunged into the deepest recesses of their pockets, and discourse on recent metaphysical theories. The more romantic upper classes peer, as they pass along, into the dark corners of the little store in the hope of catching a glimpse of the blushing cheek or sparkling eye of some fair purchaser. The mysterious magnetism, that surrounds that little unromantic edifice, can only be accounted for by those most deeply versed in the secrets of life at Acadia. Who can calculate what effect the influences, that radiate from the "ten cent store," will have on moulding the future of Acadia's sons and daughters.

A young soph's. translation:—All gall is divided into three parts. One of which is held in possession by the Freshae, another by the Juniores, and a third in their own language, called Seniores, in ours, gall. All these have essential differences in respect to privileges, prerogatives and presumption. The river Annus separates the Seniores from the Juniores. The rivers Duannus and Robor divides them from the verdent fields of the Freshae. Of all these the territory of the Freshae is the greenest, because it is least trodden by the feet of civilization, and least under the refining influence of the province of the Semitic tribes, and Ceres less frequently resorts to them, and imparts those things which tend to elevate and expand the mind. They are nearest to the Sophi, who dwell beyond the Verdus, with whom they are incessantly waging wars. From whic' cause the Bucculae, also, greatly excel the rest of the Seniores in animosity, because they engage in almost daily encounters with the Sophi, inasmuch as they are either continually repelling them from some acquired possessions, or else they themselves carry on war in the territory of the latter, chiefly in quest of instruments for providing kindling wood for their encampments.

It has been said that consistency is a jewel. We would also like to add that originality is equally precious, and evidently as rare. But ah! how sad it is to see students of an educational institution stooping to the atrocious length of cribbing their class yell. Ah, freshmen! little did ye imagine, as your brazen throats ground out their grating notes in the successful hope of making yourselves a nuisance, that another held commune with himself on the old saying that "things are not what they seem," you have yet to learn, that there are other classes bearing the name of '96, one who, in contradistinction from our freshmen, have ingenuity enough to originate a class yell of their own, and likewise provide others with said commodity. Develop a sturdy self reliance, and peep not into college magazines to supply the deficiencies of nature.

BYRON.

I hate the wise man just because he's wise :
 I hate the fool for his stupidity ;
 I scorn the wealthy and the great likewise,
 I hate the pauper for his poverty,
 All kind of governments I too despise,
 And hate the world because 'tis not like me :
 But there's one theme I love and never tire on,
 And that is : thinking of the great Lord Byron.