

# ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR

VOL. 2.

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## Original Poetry.

### ALONG SHORE THOUGHTS.

Alone on the beach at even  
As the shadows were drifting by,  
I watched the pale Queen of Heaven  
Rise fair on the eastern sky.

And the hand of the night-wind, stealing  
Across the strings of my heart,  
Awakened the notes of feeling  
With more than a master's art.

While, touching the tide, a-quiver,  
Caressed by the sea-ward breeze,  
Pale pencils of lighted silver  
Seemed writing upon the seas.

As when in the spirit's gloaming  
Which some dark sorrow bears,  
The rays of a love beyond us  
Fall softly adown the years.

And I read, in the changing glory  
That was traced on that living scroll,  
The ever repeated story  
Of God's sympathy for the soul.

While the great, strong heart of the ocean  
Seemed throbbing against my own,  
With a tenderness almost human,  
And a deeper than human tone.

And the dark unrest of my spirit  
Was calmed by the voices low  
Of the night, and the glow, and the waters,  
Those echoes of God below.

### SPELLING MATCH.

At the close of the examinations in the Academy Hall on Thursday, there was quite an exciting contest for three prizes offered to the three best spellers in the Academy and Seminary. In order that it might be the more interesting, the ladies formed themselves into one class and the gentlemen into another, thus making the pride of sect paramount to all prizes. As they stood up in two long lines, twenty pairs of saucy, smiling eyes looking into as many determined ones, no person cared to hazard an opinion as to the result.

The words were given out by Mr. A. Coldwell, A. M., and Mr. F. Eaton, A. B., while Prof. Jones and Dr. Barsz were selected for referees.

The words first given were easy in order to insure confidence, and were readily disposed of by both sides. But

the end was not yet; for in the second round, a gentleman was not so narrow-minded as to know anything about *pusillanimous*, and therefore stopped down and out; making the first break. This was soon offset, however, by a young lady who spelled not very *dexterously* and with much pouting took her seat. Again even numbers were opposed. But the fate of the "lords of creation" seemed *inevitable* for they numbered one less before half the column had spelled. Bright eyes flash and red lips curl on the opposite side; but it is a little premature for they are not *immovable* as is soon seen by the file closing to the right to fill a vacant place. Confidence is again restored by each successfully handling a word, and then comes two who were not *familiarly* acquainted with the orthography of their word. With a quiet but determined smile the boys prepared to do better the next round which resolution was strengthened by seeing the *gustiness* of one of the opposite rank as she retired. It was in vain, however, that they stood close, one had to come down from a *Sycamore* tree and abide at his own desk. The titter that followed this fall was speedily suppressed as a fair one proved herself not *inaccessible*. As she moved away the sparkle in her black eyes and the toss of her dark curls clearly showed that if she failed in that spell, she yet had power to throw a spell around more than one strong heart, that would not be easily dispelled. One gentleman now proved himself unable to find a *ligament* strong enough to bind him to his class, while another made a *parricidal* attempt upon his "Alma Mater," but failed. A lady now proves herself too gentle to be *tyrannical*, and another after partly recovering is carried off by an *intermittent* spell. One short *cycle* now deprives the gentlemen of two and the ladies of one. This revolution of time is followed by some good efforts, until suddenly two ladies are bound by a *surcingle* and placed among the fallen. A gentleman is so full of *beneficence* that he puts in an extra eye, at the sight of which a lady directly opposite becomes *paralyzed*, and is not. In an attempted flight to *sideral* splendors a bearded youth falls into the blackness of darkness, and is seen no more.

But this warning was not heeded, for a fair one immediately begins *trafficking* with only one f and is soon in the bankruptcy court. Another tries a *stragem*; but it wasn't the one Webster speaks of, and therefore did not prove successful. Here hard words follow thick and fast, thinning both ranks. Then the few remaining ones dispose of several words each, when an attempt is made by a young man to prove his *innocence*, but it is as great a failure as if he belonged to the opposite rank. This was followed by a fair one, knocking an eye out of *indelible* and herself out of the ranks at the same time. A youth is so annoyed at this that he became *sacrilegious* and has to be expelled, while another proves himself too green to be *ignitable*, and is laid aside. At this stage of the proceedings three ladies are opposed to one gentleman. But this number is lessened by one being ignorant of the *Sibylline* books, and consequently receives no aid from Jupiter and has to go to the wall. The two remaining ladies and the single specimen of the bearded *genus* all agreed with Worcester as to the orthography of some half-a-dozen words, when one of the fair sect, who seems to be in a very merry mood, is entirely carried away by *exclamation* and does not return; thus leaving the contest to be decided by one from each rank. There they stood glaring at one another as if they were man and wife. But O! ye gods, is it possible? The gentlemen finds himself on the narrow *gauche* and is switched off, leaving the track clear for his fair opponent to take the first prize, which she did amid great applause.

The following were the successful three: Miss Lucy Curry, of Windsor, \$5.00; J. Thompson, Truro, "Life and Times of O'Connell," Miss Annie Brown, Wolfville, "Tennyson's Poems."

### GROWDED OUT.

We would say to our contributors that their articles landed in for this issue have not been rejected but crowded out; they will appear next time. One excellent article, however, entitled "The Week of Sociality," must be laid aside, since it would be out of date by next month.

## Correspondence.

Messrs. Editors :

HAVING become somewhat acquainted with London it has occurred to me that a short communication on matters connected with this great city would not be wholly uninteresting to your readers. If they will pardon the imperfections of a first draught I will take the present opportunity of placing it before them. Where the subject is so immense one scarcely knows at what point to begin; but, as if in conversation with friends, I shall commence with those subjects with which I have been most intimately connected, which therefore relate principally to a student's life.

I arrived in Glasgow after a pleasant voyage of ten days during which no seasickness marred our bliss, and set out two days after for London. It was night, when at the end of a ten-hour ride the guard unlocked the clumsy compartments into which English cars are divided, and set free the dozing travellers. Each rushes to the baggage car for his trunks, for here they know not the luxury of checks. By showing a porter a six-penny piece your trunk is miraculously transferred to the nearest cab, and you may think yourself happy if no other officials solicit remuneration for some alleged services. These fellows follow travellers about the station, like sutlers the camp, and protest that but for their valuable, though unseen, efforts some dire calamity would have befallen their luggage, and therefore "leave it to you, sir," how much shall be their reward. "Beware of pickpockets" is placarded all around; yes, but those who thrust their hands into your pockets are not the most dangerous characters.

Well the scene changes and it is morning. Your correspondent had been "buried (to accept Virgil's phrase) for many hours in a profound sleep," and he rose from the soft and luxurious feathers to obtain his first glimpse of London. How grand the sight that awaited him; the glories of the great city were all below him! A moment more and through the opened curtains he shall realize those wild dreams of youthful fancy; the splendors of the metropolis shall be drunk in by his intoxicated senses. His enthusiasm had reached its greatest flight, when with non-descript wardrobe pulling the curtain rudely aside, he gazed upon—full half a dozen chimnies dimly seen through the smoke and fog.

The stranger in London feels himself entirely alone. If hitherto he has been surrounded by many tried and loving

friends, now he has come to the Arctic region of frigidity. The tide of life ebbs and flows around him, he may be carried with the current but he is not of it. He is as the feather which the ocean waves toss at will. Streams of human beings pour into the heart of the city from the most distant quarters and by them he will be jostled in no polite manner as he institutes his search for lodgings. In this his great difficulty is not to discover, but to decide; and where one has only external appearances as a criterion, the task is not easy. In every second window are seen cards such as in days of yore the noted Mrs. Bardell exhibited, but to which of these "apartments for single gentlemen" shall one commit himself? My landlady in recommending the room in which I write declared that "the neighbourhood was aristocratic, the society superior, and her lodgers on the other flats of unblemished character." All this is worthy of the most careful attention by the student, especially since no lodger knows who lives in the next house, and those in the same house may never see one another. I am, however, within a few steps of Regent's Park, that extensive *rus in urbe*; and on the whole have fared well in other respects. While breakfast and tea can be obtained with lodgings, dinners are generally taken in the coffee-rooms with which the city abounds.—Lastly the cost of living is nearly double the rates at Acadia.

Having thus provided for "this gross organized body," which in the words of an eminent philosopher is "no part of ourselves," but which, notwithstanding, I have always observed to claim man's first attention, the student may proceed to regale the inner man. Near the station at which I landed and within a few minutes walk of the termini of three other railways, is that block of buildings known as University College—the chief of the many institutions which compose the University of London. All the buildings cover several acres; the College proper consists of a noble quadrangle, with a fine portico opening to the hall. The College Hall built by Donaldson in the Elizabethian style, faces another street; the University College School, the Hospital, the Medical and Law Rooms, occupy adjacent areas. None of the buildings possess that grace and elegance characteristic of American buildings, but are all built of grey stone with little ornamentation. The traits of the English mind are manifested in their architecture; strength and solidity, not beauty nor grace, are the primary objects. Buckingham Palace has as plain an exterior as University College. The College Library is an immense room, in which, from 9 to 5, students may study—any book imaginable being at their command. Opposite the Library is a circular room in

which are exhibited the casts and other works of interest by the great sculptor Flaxman. The entire number of students in attendance is nearly two thousand (2,000.) They come from every quarter of the globe—from Japan and India on the one hand, to Peru and Canada on the other. English, Scotch, French, Irish, Welsh, German, Italian, Hindoos, Japanese, &c., &c., mingle here in generous rivalry; and it may be well to add that the dusky Asiatics are among the ablest men. I may say, in passing, that as the students never see one another, only during class hours, a stranger is likely to remain a stranger. No club system of boarding brings the students together.

The college curriculum is very extensive. Besides the law and medical subjects it includes Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Pali and Buddhist, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Telugu, Chinese, English, French, Italian, German; Comparative Grammar; History; Mathematics; Natural and Mechanical Philosophy; Moral Philosophy, Logic, Political Economy; Chemistry, Botany, Physiology, Zoology, Geology and Palaeontology.

The Professors are among the foremost men in England in their respective departments. I am grieved to say that one of the most illustrious of them, F. H. Key, M. A., F. R. S. Professor of Comparative Grammar died this morning. His philological researches have just been published, but he leaves unfinished a ponderous Latin Lexicon.

But I must not tarry long on the college where I spend eight hours daily. I soon found out many places of which I had often read. Through the endless variety of the principal streets I threaded my way, visiting the chief places of interest. But of the St. Pauls, the British Museum, the Tabernacle, the City Temple &c., I must write you again; at present I confine myself to Westminster Abbey in which, listening this evening to a lecture by Dr. Moffat, the African Missionary, I formed the determination of writing you.

The Abbey is on Westminster, which is further up the river than the city proper. The splendid Parliament Building separate it from the Thames. It was founded early in the seventh century by King Schat, and additions were made to it by the confessor, by Henry III, and by his successors down to the time of Henry VII, who attached to its eastern extremity a magnificent chapel as a royal burying place. The Abbey is built in the form of a Latin cross in the pointed style of architecture. The view of the interior especially from the west entrance is uncommonly grand. I had often read Addison's inimitable essay in which he describes himself when in a pensive mood walking in Westminster Abbey as

well as the reflections which it awakened. That Burke felt his proud soul subdued into a holy awe, in that venerable pile, was no secret. And of its effects upon Congreve who does not know? Yet I was scarcely prepared for that overpowering impression which it produced upon an entire stranger who entered it for the first time more than six weeks ago. I felt that the place was holy ground. Not the elegant paintings, with which the windows are enriched, not the lofty columns or grained ceilings, not the ancient altar-piece with its mosaic pavement or the gorgeous screen which hides from view the chapel of the Confessor, not them, but the tablets, monuments and statues which an admiring nation has risen to the memory of its mighty dead, and the associations which they suggested moved me almost to tears. Perhaps it was weakness, but with the ashes of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Butler, Addison, Garrick, Macaulay, Chatham, Newton, &c. &c., around him, who is ashamed to confess the weakness? One can have no idea of the profound impression produced by a visit to the "dear old" Abbey, till he has made it in person. And I envy not the man who can make such a visit without returning more pensive and thoughtful if not softened, than when he entered the Abbey.

But I have written a long introduction to my proposed account of Dr. Moffat's lecture, with which, briefly, I must conclude. At 8 o'clock this evening, Robert Moffat, D. D., (for 59 years Missionary in Africa), mounted the platform erected in the nave of the Abbey. The great reputation of the veteran had attracted an immense audience. Being quite near the lecturer I could scan him closely. He is a man of less than average height, whose flowing, snowy beard, and whitening locks have not brought with them the weakness incident to old age. The step is yet firm and manly; the eye sparkles fire; the lofty, though retracting, brow looks bold as when, I can picture him, the youth of three and twenty facing the relentless chief who sought his life. He began by apologizing for his broken English, inasmuch as half a century in Africa had taught him not only to write and read and talk in a foreign language, but even to *think* in it. Then he proceeded to an account of his labours. When sixty years ago he went to the Bituahua— a people 600 miles N. E. of Cape Town—they had no altar, no worship, no religion whatever. His daughter, who was afterwards Mrs. Livingstone, shewed one of the chiefs some Hindoo gods, and when she assured him that they worshipped these, he said, "You tell fibs; there they make themselves;" and when further assured by the Dr. he asked if those heathen had heads. These tribes were fero-

cious in war. Knowing nothing of a hereafter, and having no religion at all, they gave full vent to their brutal passions. Women farmed, built, planted, and took care of their children; the men lazed. Dr. Moffat had to learn the language without interpreter, without grammar, without dictionary. He suffered every indignity, and was the sport of every jest in acquiring it. Why he should be so patient towards them they at last explained by declaring him "a runaway slave who durst not go home." They sent for him when sick and he administered medicine; her majesty especially showing a voracious appetite for pills or any other medical preparation. They attempted to take his life; he repaid them with kindness. And now what is the result of this half-century of toil, indignity, up-hill plodding? Why among those who once thought books spoke and conveyed information to the white man which they refused to the colored, thousands read and write; and, said the Dr., "This hand first taught them to write." They have educational institutions; they are at peace; they, who never saw ploughs before, now use them, and men, not women, cultivate the soil. "What has produced this change?" said he. "The Gospel, my friends." "Talk of civilizing first," added he, "send the Gospel, and civilization will follow." Fifty years ago they had no trade with us, now the Bituahua alone purchase £90,000 worth of British manufacture. "This shows that all we want is to send the Gospel," repeated the faithful veteran. "By me this trade has been created," and in a subdued tone, "just before me are the remains of one dear to me—Livingstone, my son-in-law—with whom I have prayed, and preached, and ate, and slept, and toiled. How much has that noble man done for Africa! Oh, friends, in memory, not much of Livingstone but of the Son of God, who died to redeem us, will you not send others to take the places of the fallen veterans, remembering that every effort for good is chronicled in heaven, and that a cup of cold water to one of the least is counted as a service to the great Lord and Master. And, now, with hearts of sincerity let us sing,

'Waft, waft ye winds his story,' &c."

The great congregation dispersed, and in going out I passed that large black slab in the centre of the nave, beneath which repose the ashes of "David Livingstone, Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist."

And, now, gentlemen, wishing your Professors, yourselves, your fellow students, your numerous readers, the compliments of the season.

I remain,  
S.

Nov. 5th, 1875.

*Editors Acadia Athenæum:*

GENTLEMEN,—As you have no doubt already learned, Harvard College has presented to Thomas Carlyle a University Diploma. Below I send you a copy of Mr. Carlyle's letter to Harvard's President, which may be interesting to your readers. It has been already published here. This important recognition of literary merit is a fitting tribute to one of our most distinguished modern thinkers. His rugged and fearless mental energy has made itself felt far and wide.

It is true he is often extreme in his utterances. *Earnestness* and *Enthusiasm* are a cause of this. Besides, we ought to expect no man to be perfect.

Thomas Carlyle's greatest talent is his wonderful analytical and critical power. With what clearness and strength of vision he sees into the realities of things! Perhaps in this one respect he is not even exceeded by the universal Shakespeare.

Yours, &c.,  
E. M. CHESLEY.

Cambridge, Dec. 20.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea,  
23rd November, 1875.

SIR,—Some days ago I received your courteous and obliging letter, and along with it the University Diploma appointed for me on the 30th June last, which now lies safely repositied here. In return for all which I can only beg you to express to the governing boards of the University my lively sense of the honor they have done me, and my cordial thanks for this proof of their friendly regard, which I naturally wish may long continue on their part.

Towards Harvard University I have long had a feeling of affection, in some respects almost veneration; to Harvard and to you, its distinguished President, I now cordially wish all manner of prosperity and good esteem from wise men on both sides of the ocean.

With many thanks and regards, I subscribe myself, Sir,

Sincerely yours,  
T. CARLYLE.

CHARLES W. ELLIOTT.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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# Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., DECEMBER, 1875.

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

We extend to all our patrons and friends the COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON, and hope that our students who, more highly favored than ourselves, have got home to spend their holidays, may enjoy a pleasant time.—We need not tell them that it is somewhat dull in Acadia now.

## THE SOPHOMORE EXHIBITION.

ANOTHER term of study having been completed, it again becomes our duty to report the Sophomore Exhibition, an old, we had almost said time-honored institution which had been given by Sophomore classes for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Public speaking, in some one or other of its several departments, being the aim of the majority of college students at the present day, we think it well to bring them occasionally on the public platform, and thus give an opportunity for the cultivation of their oratorical powers.

In this college each student is required to appear before the public twice in his course of study to deliver an oration. We like this feature in our curriculum, since it gives a fitting close to the two terms of study—the Anniversary with the graduating orations at June, and the Sophomore Exhibition at Christmas.

The last term of study was brought to

a close on Thursday evening, Dec. 16th, by this entertainment. At an early hour the audience-room of the Baptist Chapel was well filled with an audience made up of members of the institution, people of the community; and a large number of strangers from abroad. The number was much larger than we had ever seen on a similar occasion before. At half-past seven, the Faculty followed by the students, having collected a few minutes previous in the vestry, marched in procession up the aisle, dressed in College costume. The Faculty occupied seats on platform, the students in the front pews.

The proceedings were carried through after the following programme:

### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Prayer by Dr. Sawyer; Music, Be Joyful in the Lord; Orations, Practical Education, E. P. Coldwell, Gasperaux; Poetry and its Mission, B. W. Lockhart, Lochartville; Music, Arise and Shine; True Manliness, I. C. Archibald, Steviacke; Legends, J. A. Faulkner, Lower Horton; The Teachings of Facts,\* W. O. Wright, Hopewell, N. B.; Hoc Age, R. Bishop, Greenwich; Music, There were Shepherds Keeping Watch; Social Position of Educated Men, T. Bishop, Greenwich; Mountains make Men, M. R. Tuttle, Stellarton; Music, Jerusalem my Happy Home, National Anthem.  
—\*Excused.

The choir, composed chiefly of persons connected with the Institutions, with some singers from the village, acquitted themselves admirably. The anthems mentioned in the programme were well rendered, each receiving a hearty round of applause. Much credit is due to Miss Dodge, music teacher in the Seminary, who presided at the organ and well sustained her already high reputation as a musician. It is a matter of regret, however, that the organ used for the occasion was a very unsuitable one, since it could with difficulty be heard below the gallery. Our report of this excellent music would be incomplete if we omitted to mention the valuable assistance rendered by Dr. Bowles with his violin tuned to accord with the organ.

We shall not undertake to give our readers any account of the different orations, although much might be said in commendation of them. In justice to the majority of the speakers, we might remark, that their not being accustomed to public speaking was against them. As

exceptions, however, to this we might mention Messrs. Lockhart and R. Bishop, whose elocution and action were good.

We subjoin one of the Essays:

## MOUNTAINS MAKE MEN.

ESSAY BY MATTHEW RICHIEY TUTTLE.

MOTHER earth infolds in her arms children of varied types of character and constitution. These diversities result from a variety of moulding influences, such as climate, situation, natural scenery, and the like. Thus the inhabitants of countries favorable for commerce advance most rapidly in civilization, while those in inland regions remain for ages in darkness and degradation. The discipline of the mountains, also, fit nurse of heroes, is not the least marked of these influences in power to educate and refine. Is it not natural that he who has been bred in the court of King Alp or Andes should be of nature's nobility?

He, perhaps, is a "mighty hunter."—In pursuit of his daily vocation he scales peaks to see spread before him scenes that might force into raptures a stolid Indian, or awaken emotion even in the heart of a Wall Street broker. If, then, he has a love of the beautiful, how must it be developed by commerce with scenes that thus obtrude themselves upon the practical concerns of his life. Had mountains been formed merely to shelter the thankful inhabitants of some fruitful chine, they could have been shaped as precise as the models of a letter-writer, or as regular as the China Wall. Instead of the quaint beauty and endless diversity of mountain scenes, so varied that the harp of every man's feeling can there be tuned to different notes, such beauty as when wreaths of loveliness are flung up into the lap of the awful and grand; instead of the variations of valley, glen, and hoary peak with their unfading garments of green and white, there would have been the bare monotonous rock and barren soil.

Were these grand features of nature, then, to be locked up with the eagle and chamois? No! the mountain was made to be the home of man. Its great heart can hold the hunted and the oppressed, and here the down-trodden of the plain find an ample asylum.

Leaving the results of their industry in a fruitful land to those who would enslave them, they brave the perils and endure the hardships of a sojourn among the hills. But the associations of the mount must be congenial to the sons of liberty. On the door-posts and architraves of this, nature's grand temple, are inscribed in living letters, freedom.—They read it, perhaps in the light bound of the deer over the exulting torrent, or in the cut of the eagle's wing, and every

time they make a new resolve that they never will bow to the tyrant. There, too, they listen to nature's teachings, and are repaid by beautiful prospects for their self-denial in foregoing civilized life. She is a harsh teacher indeed, yet her very churlishness is a discipline, and she delights to show to her pupil's wondering gaze the charms of her green woody slopes, her pastures clothed with flocks and capped with clouds, or a turban of snow.

On the hardy hills their children are trained very differently from those of a southern plantation. For an instance, the son of luxury has every whim gratified, every burden lifted, with obsequious servants at every beck and call, his own inflections of injury applauded, but offences against himself mercilessly dealt with. Giving the bridle to his passions, and at length becoming their slave, he goes out to begin the battle of life without muscle or life-force, a straggler in the army of society. The other one, on the contrary, is early inured to toils and danger, perhaps sent afar with the flocks, his sole charge for the season, or accompanying his sire up adventurous heights and along the edge of precipices—gaining a cool nerve in the operation—and sharing with him the labor and glory of the hunt. He braves the cold winds of the highlands, which redden his cheek and brace his energies, and is perfected in the education of manly vigor and rough independence. His face may be homely and his motions ungraceful, but a dancing master is not the highest style of a man. He has a solid basis, on which he can build the adornments of character, a firmness which admits of a polished exterior.

Hardness of body is an important element in the constitution of manhood.—With a stout frame and a strong arm will dwell courage and a sort of moral force, which is altogether different from mere animal courage. This would never face a danger unless conscious of overpowering strength. Brute force unsheathed the Mahometan sword, but it was true courage that won the victories of the Ironsides, and impelled the dauntless effort of the Six Hundred. The enfeebling of the body, too, tends to the weakening of the spirit, as is proved by the effect of dissipation in driving to despair, of disease in quenching military ardor, and of a soft climate in making men even listless and unenterprising.

When poetry and song too, are mingled in this life, and the boy finds out the legends which linger around his home, or the minstrel pours into his soul the fire of patriotism and liberty, what wonder is it that a love of country is awakened in him to life-long activity. With this inspiration breathed into them by bards, whose voices were soon to be hushed by a tyrant king,

the Welsh long maintained their freedom amid the crags and forests of Snowdon, and Scotland, aided by her highlands, the redoubt of the nation, steeped in legendary lore, bade defiance to the same invading monarch. Switzerland, the pet child of liberty, whose mountains were her emancipator, nourished a nation of heroes. Above the minor worthies tower Tell and Walter Furst, with the intrepid Winkelreid, as Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau, lift their heads above the lesser peaks.—The boyhood of these men would differ little from that of their countrymen. Their bows would be always in hand, for hunting was to them at once a sport, a military drill, and a handieraft. Then, when Austria comes up to break the Switzers' bow, they treat her to a fair specimen of an avalanche, followed up with blows from stout clubs and massy pikes, and she retreats in dismay. Poland and Hungary had her Kossuths and Kosciuskos, but her country was open to the invader, and so the former has been partially, the latter wholly, absorbed by the unsuccessful subjectors of the Swiss.

Again, the mountain-swain is away from the enervating power of luxury and vice. The Alpine herdsman is thankful for the shelter of a mountain chalet, content with his crust of black bread and cheese, and thus lives his Arcadian life in peace and security, hampered by neither fashion nor world's opinion, and frequently knitting stockings to eke out a living. The flood of licentious feeling which sometimes sweeps over a nation, spreading its desolation alike over town and country, rages around the base of the mountain, while the lofty inhabitant is safe from its injurious effects. As on the tops of the ridges, sometimes it is clear day while all below is cloud and mist, so in those places is practised a purity of life and simplicity of manners in striking contrast with the follies of our professedly civilized life. The mountain Nestorians were able to preserve, pure and simple, the faith of their first-century forefathers, proving their exemption from the cowardice and soul-slavishness of the corrupted church around them.

Let the mountaineer, then, bless his foster parent for her harsh training, which made him strong in body, and able to achieve and maintain independence. Let him prefer the rugged slopes of his own land, where he is king, lord, and peasant, all in one, to the fertile soils and pleasant pastures of the plain, where, if there is a law to protect, a despotism, in some form or other, so generally prevails.

BASHFUL freshmen are beginning to receive from lonesome Seminarians morsels of manuscript indited with this legend: "Sic transit gloria mundi."

Vide last issue.

#### REV. E. ROBERTS' LECTURE.

THE closing lecture of the term was delivered in the Baptist Church on Saturday evening, Dec. 4th, by the Rev. E. Roberts, of Bridgewater. Mr. Roberts is recently from Aylesford, England. The subject was, by the force of uncontrollable circumstances, a somewhat denominational one, dealing with some of the past struggles and heroism of British non-conformity. But though not a purely literary theme, it was none the less well received and interesting.

The Lecturer commenced with an account of the rise of the English Episcopacy. It was conceived in the mind of a monarch.—Henry VIII.—one of the most tyrannical, licentious, intolerant and brutish of English Kings, of whom it was said that "he never spared a man in his wrath, or a woman in his lust." A system which was evolved not from that love of purer forms and knowledge of higher principles of worship and religion; but from the polluted ambition of one who would hold in his own hands both the knout of the despot of Russia, and the scorpion-whip of a monstrous ecclesiastical despotism. The lecturer with earnest, powerful declamation, entered into the description of the relentless struggle that ensued between the bigoted supporters of priest-craft and King, and the heroes who contended only with spiritual weapons for the freedom of conscience. He spoke of fires that consumed the innocent non-conformist; of gibbets where rotted victims of the Established Church; of loathsome dungeons where the emaciated forms of martyrs and the groans of the suffering invoked God's vengeance, even when the glory of the Protestant Church was brightest, while Elizabeth was Queen, and before her time, in the reign of Henry and the young Edward; while men like Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were in power, and used that power in crushing out of existence the noblest of God's heroes—the Non-conformists. He led us down through the reigns of the weak-kneed, drivelling, pedantic James; of the merry monarch, Charles II.; and brought vividly before our minds the dark scenes of Star-Chamber and High Commission; the expulsion of ministers from their pulpits, and

the struggle of the Puritan in those dark days.

Mr. Roberts is a man of no superficial standard. The foundation of his merit is substantial. His diction is massive and powerful, and sometimes he comes out with a force and eloquence that reveals a hidden power, a sort of reserved strength, which is the grand secret of the power of an orator. We heartily welcome Mr. Roberts to Nova Scotia as a man of sterling qualities, and hope soon to see him in a position where his talents may more effectively be employed in the interests of the Baptist denomination in the Provinces.

#### EXAMINATION IN HORTON ACADEMY.

The Christmas examinations in this school took place on Wednesday and Thursday, the sixteenth and seventeenth inst., and came off in a very satisfactory manner. We might say, in the outset, for the benefit of our readers who may not already be acquainted with the facts of the case, that the ladies of the female Seminary attend a number of classes in the Academy, in addition to their own classes under Misses Woodworth, Dodge and Macgee, which recite in the Seminary building. The number of visitors on the occasion was unusually large, filling to excess the very commodious Academy Hall.

Our limited space forbids our giving an account of each class that came up for examination; we shall therefore have to content ourselves with some of the most important. The first class called up for examination was Mr. Eaton's advanced Greek class; numbering about forty pupils. Two of this number were young ladies, who showed themselves quite equal to the somewhat difficult task of translating and constructing Xenophon, and no wise inferior to the gentlemen in this respect. The young men in this class are looking forward to matriculation in June next, and their success on that day augurs well for their future success in literary pursuits.

The next on the programme of examination, was a class of young ladies examined by Miss Woodworth, in English Grammar. We were much pleased with the manner in which this examination was conducted. The class evinced a thorough knowledge of the principles of English Grammar, so far as they had gone, and acquitted themselves very well.

Prim. Tuft now called up his class in Grecian History, and commencing with the accounts of the early tribes from which the different states of Greece

afterwards sprang, by a well selected line of questions, he took his class over the history of those states and kingdoms in their struggles both internal and external. The answers were prompt and to the point. One feature in connection with this, as indeed with all or almost all the other examinations, was peculiarly pleasing to us, viz., the evidence that textbooks are not slavishly followed, and that mere storing the mind with facts is not entirely the object sought, but that the causes which underlie those facts are discovered, and impressed upon the mind. This happy state of things was especially evident, where it is especially needed, in the history class.

Classes in Algebra and in French were then alternately examined by Mr. Coldwell, in his thorough style, each acquitting themselves well and reflecting much credit on their teacher.

Then followed a number of classes in the different departments, until the hour of closing came, all of which displayed a good knowledge of the subjects on which they were examined. On Thursday, a still larger number of visitors were in attendance.

The work of the previous day was returned by the Principal calling up his class in Caesar, and after that his class in Logic. The former of these classes is made up chiefly of those who look forward to entering college next year. The latter is composed of young ladies. The knowledge displayed, by those classes, of their studies together with the Principal's excellent mode of examining, rendered them exceedingly interesting to all present.

The Preceptress of the Seminary followed with a class in Geometry, which was quite up to par, clearly showing that the members of the "fair sex" are in no wise inferior to those of the opposite sex, even in those more abstract studies.

After the examination of some other classes, those very interesting proceedings came to a close to give place for the spelling match which is noticed in another column. We could not but feel, as we left the hall, that the Academy was doing a great work. Its teachers are, we believe, men admirably calculated to fill their positions. The institution is indeed fortunate in securing their services; and we would say, in conclusion, to any young persons in our provinces who desire an education that we know not where they would do better than at Horton Collegiate Academy.

#### EXCHANGES.

The general appearance of the *Burhertorian Argosy* this year is very fine. We think, however, that it aims too much at popularity at the expense of real merit.

It is gratifying to us, to learn through its columns of the continued growth and prosperity of Mount Allison College. Denominational Colleges are likely to make their mark yet.

We welcome with pleasure, the *Packer Quarterly* back to our list of Exchanges. The number received well sustains the already good reputation of that Magazine. We must congratulate the young ladies of Packer Collegiate Institute on the mechanical appearance, as well as the contents of the Quarterly.

#### Locals.

Wiggle—gaily—"Say! Phips, glorious moonlight night, isn't it? Know anybody a fellow could have a lark with on skates?"

Phips—doubtfully—"Well, there's that little Sue B—— in at the Sem.—Nice little thing, but 'fraid she can't skate much."

Wig—sadly—"Not skate? Then I guess I'll have to let her slide."

Moral—Learn to skate.

#### Personals.

PROFESSOR WM. ELDER, A. M., '69, formerly of this College, now of Colby University, Waterville, Maine, is spending his winter vacation at his home in Hantsport. His presence on the scene of his former labors was hailed with pleasure, and his address to the students of the Academy and Seminary on the occasion of the opening of the examinations listened to with marked attention, as was also his speech at the opening of the New Academy Building.

It is a great pity that so thorough an educator as the Professor has proved himself to be, should be lost to the denomination and the Province. Our American cousins seem to have the faculty for snatching away not only our best preachers, but those also whose fine abilities amply fit them to help on the great work of education in that country, very much, however, to our loss.

J. W. JOHNSTON, Esq., A. B., '43, a representative of the first graduating class of Acadia College, was present at the closing exercises of the past term.

REV. A. S. HUNT, A. M., '44, Superintendent of Education in N. S., was also with us on that occasion.

W. L. BARSS, A. B., '72, is now spending his Christmas vacation at his home in Wolfville. Mr. Barss is studying law at Harvard University.

Items.

A GENTLE HINT.—A Sophomore recently attended a lecture in the village, during which the speaker had occasion to repeat the word mankind until it grew somewhat monotonous. Turning impatiently to the fair one at his side he asked:—

"Why does he not say something about womankind?"

Her eyes filled with wonder as she replied.

"Do you not know that mankind embraces woman?"

He says he didn't but pledged himself to bear it in mind.

JUST LIKE HIM.—Senior to his classmate.

"Come to recitation boy!"

"Don't disturb me, I am reading the life of St. Paul; and can see many points of resemblance between us."

"Yes, yes, now I notice them myself. His bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible."

A JUNIOR passing the female boarding house is heard singing in an abstracted manner;—

"Hold the Sem for I am coming,  
Victory is nigh."

BASHFULNESS BELOW PAR.—A timid vivinity student passing under the caves of the seminary in the dusk of evening very unwillingly overheard one of its fair inmates exclaim with pathetic earnestness. "If there is one thing I hate worse than another, it is a bashful fellow." He accepted it as a revelation from above.

AN IRATE FRESHMAN declares that his midnight and matutinal slumbers have lately been sorely disturbed by the ambitious rhetorical efforts of a recumbent sophomore in the room below. He hails with joy the approach of the holidays,

When Sophomores cease from troubling,  
And the weary Fresh. shall rest.

ROMANTIC BUT REAL.—An interestingillant on his first call at the seminary misinterpreted the attendants orders and hurried into the mysteries of the wood-closet instead of the parlor. \* \* \* He has been seen since probably "he was too seen to bury."

A FAVOURITE novelist makes innocent the Rupertia say, "a boy's shoulder is a best rate place to put a girl's nose on."

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