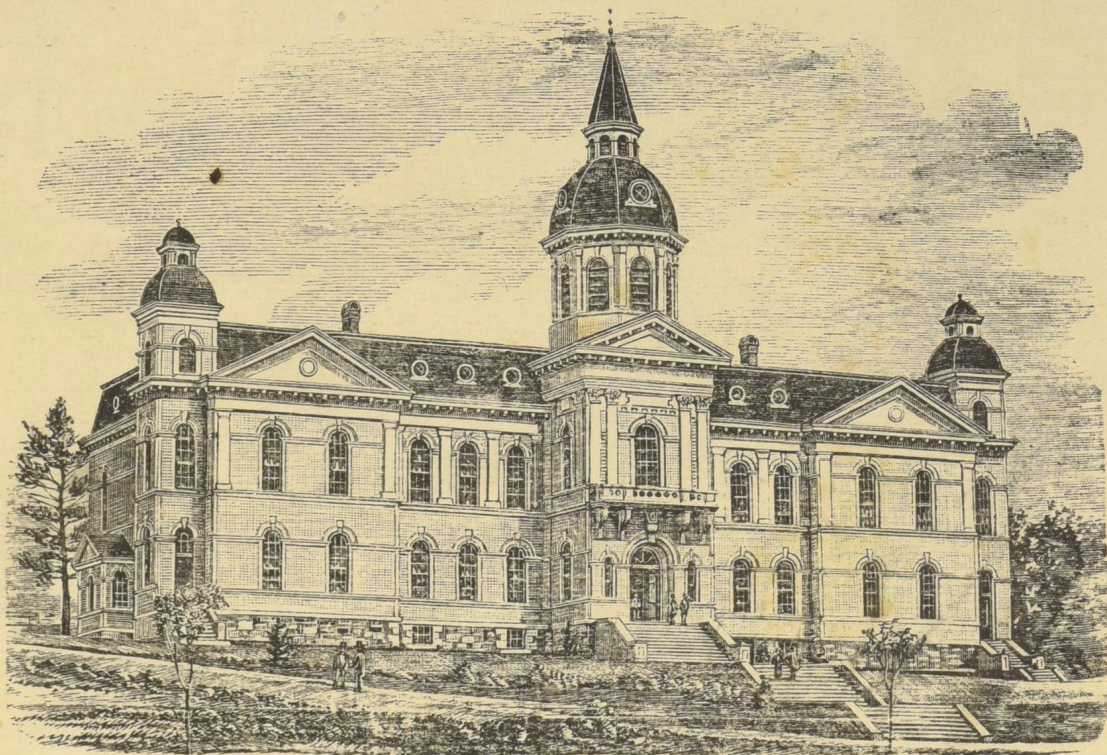


THE ACADIA ATHENAEUM.

VOL. VIII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1882.

No. 7.



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N. S.

The Acadia Athenæum.

VOL. VIII.

WOLFVILLE, APRIL, 1882.

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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM,

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UNIVERSITY.

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The Cut of the College having been broken, we were unable to procure another in time for the present issue. An indulgent public will bear with us.

The science of Archaeology is making rapid progress in Germany. There are now fifty-nine societies, with a total membership of twenty-three hundred. These meet from time to time in a general congress, when reports of new discoveries are heard and interesting discussions held upon the results. During the last year something has been learned concerning needles, clasps, belts spread of flints, submergence of Thuringia, local names, formulas of incantation, etc., which it is thought will throw some light on the prehistoric past.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of Trench's "Study of Words," in the Humboldt Library form. The issue of this valuable addition to English Literature in two parts, by Fitzgerald & Co., places within reach of all a work which contains a mine of wealth for one desiring to acquire a mastery of his mo-

ther tongue. Though dealing with a subject somewhat unattractive in itself, to the majority, it is by a careful choice of language and an attractive style made pleasing to all who would attain to correctness in speaking and writing. Language, says Emerson, is a city, to the building of which every human being has brought a stone.

Trench shows us from whence the material, how it has been formed and the exact position of the stones in this great structure.

We take the liberty to inform the friends of Acadia that contributions to the Museum are gratefully received. Much is yet to be added before our Museum ranks with the old one which was one of the best and in some respects the finest in the Lower Provinces. We notice that some of the students have of late made donations. C. F. Baker presented an Indian shield and a sea horse. B. A. Lockhart a collection of coins.

The cane and snow-shoes used by Rev. Edward Manning are placed in the Museum. The cane was given to him by Father Dimock. It was afterwards presented to the Rev. James Stevens and donated to the Museum by Mrs. Stevens.

A large number of minerals purchased for the Museum, and a collection of reptiles are not yet in position.

Dr. Schurman's book on "Kantian Ethics and the Ethics of Evolution" has been favorably reviewed by the leading English papers.

The Westminster Review for January, says the essay is a searching examination of the subject discussed. The first part of the essay strikes us as exceedingly able, and is evidently the fruit of a very intelligent study of Kant and his immediate successors.

The Daily Scotsman, a leading journal of Edinburgh, says: "It is not to much to say

that Kant's Ethical Scheme has not been so accurately and dispassionately canvassed by any previous work in English. The essay is closely reasoned, and shows an easy mastery of thought and expression in dealing with a very abstruse subject. The work may be cordially recommended to all who can move in the highest regions of Philosophical inquiry. These are but two from a number of reviews made of this work.

Book learning does not constitute all of our education. There is another source from which more permanent results are drawn than from any amount of poring over written pages. It is that of observation. But what is this habit of observation? It is not merely looking at things, but the habit of reflecting upon what we see. The man of observation is not the one who has seen the greatest number or variety of objects; he is the man who has thought most carefully upon what he has seen.

How essential it is that we should be ever quick to observe facts and phenomena which bring into practice what we have learned or suggest to us relations which present new trains of thought for meditation. No student can be successful unless he cultivates this habit.

There are constantly arising questions, which for explanation we must refer to what we have observed within ourselves or in the objects of nature. A great observer is a great thinker, and if you can employ your mind about what you have seen, under the influence of the same habit your mind will work upon the lectures which you hear. It is not the one who listens most attentively to a discourse, that will learn the most, but he who thinks carefully of what he has heard. A great mistake is made by those who listen with interest and pleasure but when they have done hearing, turn their minds to other things, thus no distinct and lasting impression is made.

Many of our contemporaries have of late devoted lengthy articles to the teachings and creed of Oscar Wilde which in essence is this:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—
That is all ye know on earth and all
ye need to know."

The prevailing opinion is that the age is not yet ripe, if ever it will be, for the reception of such teachings and that his visit to America has been attended with no visible success. While this is in the main true, yet some of our exchanges have found in Oscar Wilde a theme for nearly every issue and by way of filling up has served a good purpose. All seem to have thoroughly ventilated the teachings and tenets of the æsthete, but few have spoken of his merits as a speaker. Some of the quotations from his speeches are marked by peculiar grace and elegance of diction. The following shows a mind rich with varied forms of imagination and an expression adapted to its purpose.

"And so with you; let there be no flower in your meadows that does not wreath its tendrils round your pillows, no little leaf in your Titan forests that does not lend its form to design, no curving spray of wild rose or brier that does not live forever in cavern arch or window of marble, no bird in your air that is not giving the iridescent wonder of its color, the exquisite curves of its wings in flight, to make more precious the preciousness of simple adornment; for the voices that have their dwelling in sea and mountain are not the chosen muses of liberty only. Other messages there are in the wonder of wind-swept heights and the majesty of the silent deep—messages that, if you will listen to them, will give you the wonder of all new imagination, the treasure of all new liberty."

To Solitude.

Within the shadow of the rocky land
I wend my way beside the sober main,
And trace my tardy steps along the sand,
And seek thee, seek thee, Solitude in vain.

Across my view the bending vessels fly
While sea-gulls battle with the quickening
gale,
The clouds scud quickly o'er the leaden sky,
The lightning flash reveals the billows pale.

On me the moaning, moaning, of the deep
Rolls now instinctively a chilling fear;
Awed earth, wild sky, mad sea together creep
Affrighted by the unseen Presence near.

Old Ocean knows no care whose murky light
Can form a suited covering for thy face :
In all the mansions of Eternal night
For thee, O Solitude, is found no place !

I reach a sombre wood, and far intrude
Into its shady depths with aimless feet ;
“ Within this leafy temple, Solitude,
Sure thou inhabitest with influence sweet.”

The greenest moss invites to soft repose ;
Un-numbered leaves their breathless voices
raise ;
While mellowed light reveals a sad day's
close,
And all combine to hymn thy lonely praise.

Down yonder bank a lengthening shadow
creeps,
Then o'er the brook and up the gentle hill ;
The light has died ; that shadow never sleeps,
But falls on me when all the trees are still—

The gloomy shade of thought that knows no
rest
But whirls and maddens like an angry sea,
And in the cavern of my aching breast
Leaves no abode, O Solitude, for thee.
Jan. 28, 1882. J. R. H.

Leaves from my Note Book.

I.

THE DEDICATION.

Knowing thy capricious and moody nature, O Muse, I humbly beg to dedicate to thee, and to thee only, this six-penny note-book ; not that it may be always devoted to the reception of CELESTIAL SYMPHONIES, but that in less frenzied moments thou mayest furnish me with some MEDIOCRE PROSE, which, with thy gracious permission, I will scribble herein.

For all which favours the gods make me truly grateful.

O Muse,

Thy most servile slave,

SMIFFLES SMALLTALK.

“HOW D'YE DO,”

I hate long introductions ; let the above serve for one. In it the author of these pages and those which are to follow in consecutive order—being *leaves* they will come thus : 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.—introduces *himself* to the reader. Remember, he introduces *himself* not his *note-book*. He never introduced that to anything but his pocket, and even then it was *into*. Most authors not only parade themselves in their *prefaces*, but also lay bare the whole skeleton of their book—and dry bones they make of it, too. I shan't do it ; but tell you plainly that if you want the anatomy of my note-book you must dissect for yourselves. With these few words I leave you to your own reflections while I go on with mine.

S. SMALLTALK.

A MORAL STORY.

The colonist who has not been many hours in London, is easily known by the creases in his coat, just released from its two weeks incarceration in a sea chest. Should this evi-

dence be wanting, the glances which he constantly throws about him and his frequent stoppages to inspect the contents of shop-windows, sufficiently indicate that he is a stranger in the metropolis. So 'tis said.

Thus it has hitherto been supposed that those swindlers who make a living by what is known as the “confidence trick” discover anyone likely to become their victim, by his “green” appearance, and his manner of going about the streets. So 'tis supposed.

Lest it should be thought that I agree to this absurd proposition—or, more correctly, that it agrees with me—I may here be allowed to state that I place no confidence in it, whatever ; and that I may not seem hasty in my conclusions, I shall here briefly review the basis of my belief. My first, and to *myself* most satisfactory reason, is as follows : A few days ago I was wending my way up High Holborn, looking as straight before me as is my wont,—there was not a single crease in my coat, to my knowledge, for it had aired all the previous night in my landlady's back yard, and the wind being high had flapped and flaunted its long tails so vigorously and unceasingly as to keep me awake the greater part of the night,—refraining from the shop windows because of a deep-seated consciousness that my purse was slim, and, upon the whole, conducting myself with the most dignified and uncountrified deportment, when I was startled to see a well-dressed man stoop directly under my nose and pick up from the pavement something which he examined closely, and which on a nearer view I perceived to be a valuable diamond ring. I wondered that the young man, for such he proved to be, did not heed the many admonitions he must have received from his mother and friends, previous to entering the city, against addressing strangers on the street ; and tremble when I reflect what his fate must surely have been had he addressed a rogue. For on my asking permission to examine the trinket he frankly consented, but at once added a proviso that we first withdraw from the crowd. To this I unhesitatingly consented, being unwilling that his sensitive feelings should be hurt by the inquisitive gaze of strangers, and the more because I perceived

the people to be highly amused at the young fellows simplicity. As we hurried along to a more secluded part of the neighborhood, the young man the meanwhile expatiating on the evident value of the trinket and thanking kind Fortune for this gift which she had so unexpectedly conferred upon him, but which from philanthropic motives he was willing to impart—for a consideration—to any poor, honest man such as he believed me to be, it occurred to my mind, which was always of a suspicious nature, that possibly this might be one of that race known as “confidence men.” Scrutinizing my companion more closely than I had yet done, as we turned the corner I observed his face light up with a triumphant glow—partly caused by beer—while he shot at me a glance which I immediately construed to mean, “You fool, you!”

I am a firm believer in the theory that Fate never fastens a mean name on a noble minded man. It occurred to me that the fellow's name could reveal his character. “Pray,” said I, “what may your name be?” “Rat,” said he. Smells strong, thought I, suspicions becoming stronger; then aloud, “Rat what?” “Hookit,” said he. He's a roguish villian, thought I, my suspicions becoming confirmed, *Hookit!* I will, by Zouks! Turning abruptly in my walk, I snapped my fingers in his face with a meaning and look which could not be mistaken, and walked rapidly back into the street leaving my new friend to the lonely contemplation of his find.

But should this my first reason, be insufficient to convince my readers—if you have forgotten *of what*, you must read the above all over again. I will append a second. A policeman—a most unguillable looking individual—while out for a holiday dressed in civic attire—his suit was new and free from creases—was accosted by an individual who informed him that he had in his breeches pocket something which would put pounds into the pockets of any one who would only place confidence in him. This attempt to discover the moral qualities of the disguised policeman, strange to say, proved successful. The something, when produced, proved to be a massive gold ring richly set with diamonds, which for the paltry sum of 10s. was handed

over to the policeman, who forthwith handed the generous one over to one of his brother officers. I happened to be passing at the moment this occurred, and pushing my way into the crowd that is usual on such occasions, was not surprised to see my *quondam* friend in the hands of a minion of the law. The Rat, thought I, has got into the trap at last; then aloud, “Hookit—” “I can't,” said he, interrupting me. “Yes,” said I, “but you did,” pointing to the ring. “'Twas Fortune,” said he. “Hookit,” said I, “I want to read you a lecture on pretence: I hope it may benefit your soul—” “Go to the d——l,” said he. “'Twould be useless, he is past repentance.” “So am I,” said he. “Poor fellow,” said I; and turned away.

I fully intended to point this narrative with a moral showing forth *the dangers of dissimulation*. But since the moral is the best part of the nut, I shall leave you to pick it out for yourselves. Moreover, I have filled up the first leaf of my note book.

SMIFFLES SMALLTALK.

P. S.—To prevent any future dissention as to the authorship of this essay, such as has attended some renowned production of the past; and especially to show my abhorrence of deception of any kind, I hereto, although with much diffidence, have subscribed my name.

S. S.

Echoes of the Past.

No. V.

RHETORIC CONTINUED

But faithful and unremitting effort was to be the indispensable condition of success in the use of this style. No compromise could be made. Such authors as Dr. Dick and Gillfillan must be thoroughly studied so as to give an unprecedented command of language. Our endeavours were abundantly rewarded. Subsequent daily, and sometimes hourly, exercises in the art of elocution gave unbounded satisfaction. Our sentences, if not more melodious, were certainly more vigorous, and there was a roundness or fullness in the expression that not infrequently elicited warm approval and even admiration. There were

none so obtuse as not to perceive a manifest improvement both in matter and mode of utterance. But many of us were peculiarly ambitious, and so set up standards of excellence in *any* department very high.

The deepest thinkers of the class maintained that the authors previously named were, upon the whole, too explicit in regard to the form of their thoughts, and that the style of which they were masters was at once too superficial and translucent. "If the minds of the vulgar," said they, "are able, without a mighty effort, to grasp the thought intended to be conveyed, there is a lack of appreciation, and hence of permanent advantage. Style is no exception to the rule,—soon acquired and soon despised,—hence let us not make the thoughts that breathe and are mighty, too common by dressing them in the attractive garb of translucent expression. Rather let us invest our ideas with mystery, make them objects of wonder and awe; let us place them even above the utmost verge of comprehension, that admirers may never cease to have a yearning for the unattainable." In the soundness of these views the other members of the class readily acquiesced. They were proud of their class-mates, and marvelled not a little at such ripeness of judgment. All were a unit in thinking there must be a new departure.

It cannot be denied that sundry sermons and lectures delivered in the regions round about had produced lasting impressions upon such of us as had very sensitive and appreciative minds. I am unable to blot from memory the radiant face of my class-fellow as he recited to me one Sunday afternoon, some portions of a sermon he had heard that day. "I tell you," said he "we are too simple in our utterances. There is not enough of the *tre-mendorum verborum*. Amplitude, range, compass, circumambieney, multitudinous concatenation, are a few of the elements of success. If you could have seen that audience absolutely spellbound by the thunderous and amazing elocution of a preacher whose talents were certainly not above mediocrity! My abiding conviction is that it is not so much talent and genius as the dexterous wag of the jaw, the ringing of eternal changes upon awful and

grandiloquent words! One of the speaker's sentences was, without controversy, amazing. After divers ramifications and many samples of glowing imagery, inflaming to my young and tender imagination, there was this memorable, magnificent and oracular ending—"All this can be demonstrated on the latitudinal and longitudinal principles of *Endosmos*, and *Exosmos*." Now if I knew that endosmotic and exosmotic process I would give all my acquisitions, would, in fact, pawn all my college discipline, including the great reputation I have won in my Rhetorical studies. There are more things in heaven and earth than were ever dreamed of in our philosophy. We are, I recapitulate, but runts or pigmies in phraseology, while there are giants all around us moulding society with their resounding periods and incomprehensible circumlocution."

With ever-deepening interest I listened to these hurried ejaculations of my dear class-fellow and coeval. Indeed, he spoke as if he had already quaffed one goblet at least of the divine elixir. I watched narrowly the movement of his jaws,—for both seemed to have some play,—I gazed upon his facial angle with intense admiration, I scanned that lip so rounded, plump, and decided at length that he could declaim *ore rotundo*. I freely unbosomed *myself* to him; told him of similar experiences of my own; encouraged him to make progress in the study of the *art of arts*; candidly expressed my conviction that Campbell, Blair, Whately, and all the phalanx of Rhetoricians, neither singly nor combined, could ever reveal to us the true source of eloquence and power with men. From this date our friendship became intensified, seeing we had a common purpose in life—to move the minds and hearts of our fellows by means of misty, mysterious, vibrating periods.

With regard to the one great end to be attained we were in harmony; with respect to the means to be employed we were not. My mate thought we should begin at the alphabet, and so gave a few lessons the precise character of which I do not now clearly remember. Suffice it to say, however, that instead of ears it was necessary to say *auricula*.

appendages; for door knob, *janital protuberance*; for tongs, *elongated clutches*; for buttons, *circumambient clasps*; for gloves, *pentagonal sheaths*; for whales, *brachyostegous spouters*; for dickeys, *vicarious concomitants*; and so on. That lessons of this kind might ultimately give us command of a vocabulary and style sufficiently ample and ponderous, I did not venture to deny. I did think the most direct route to the coveted acquisition lay through some great *classic*. I had read Bailey's *Festus*. The deep study of that noted work produced a singular effect. I found myself an infant again, crying for the light, my only language being a cry. It revealed to me a mental darkness truly startling, but gave me only a few flasher of a higher illumination. These flashes seemed to rest upon the outmost verge of my mental vision like the last rays of the sinking sun upon the summits of the Alps.

But my chief interest centered in my class-fellow. I saw that he was eager, restless, dissatisfied. He was longing for a shoreless sea through which he might sail with his boat of thought—was feeling after the assurance that the boundless hemmed him in on every side. In other words, he must find an author whose superabounding words and incandescent periods would bear him on with the feeling of "ever, never, forever." such a work is found at last; a class meeting is called, extracts are read, a verdict of approval unanimously passed. Suffer me to give the readers of the *ATHENÆUM* one sample of this unparalleled creation:

"The inconceivable convex upheaves earth's Atlantean horizon, passed between the aseline starlets, rounding the inane void; the constellated truths mantling the prototypic skies regenerant transmute the palpable conglomerate. The multiform confusion divides in elemental sections the Tchudic tablets of tropes rhomboidal, and ram-marshalled denudes the scrolls sethean sagged by incandescent globules dust-doomed, and so insphered in sacro-sanctities; the universal cycloids subterrene the immeasurable abysses dishevelled into infirmities of stern gradations whose astral spectrums all emanant submerged through lakelets hydromel, adisintegrated the sun-fired fragrances till manifestal effulgence by vaults alchemic through cons-

phaerate harmonics rounded up the re-ascent heights to splurgic thrones."

The work from which the excerpt is taken was studied carefully as a model, and mastered by my indefatigable class-mate. The result transcended the most sanguine expectations, ease in utterance, a perfect command of language, a cadence now heard in dulcet strains, now in accumulated thunders, were a few of the trophies of an easy victory, others submitted to the same teaching and became strong in the art; and thus as a class we went forth fully equipped to move with a *universal Rhetoric* the masses of humanity.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Harvard Scholarships amount to \$25,000 annually.

A son of Brigham Young who graduated at West Point is now a tutor there.

Of Harvard's 56 professors 43 are graduates of the College.

\$3000 is given to the student who passes the best entrance examination at Brown.

A co-operation society has been formed at Harvard for the purpose of securing books, coal, etc., at cheaper rates than at the stores. Is there not need of a society of this kind about here?

The resignation of Pres. Robins of Colby University has been accepted. A successor for Dr. Robins is now being sought after.

Brown University proposes to send out a large scientific expedition next summer, under the direction of Prof. Packard, for the purpose of collecting specimens for the museum. Thirty students are to charter a vessel and will visit Nova Scotia, in all probability Blomidon.

At the opening term at Amherst, Pres. Seely proposed to the students that instead of the faculty passing judgment in cases of discipline as is now the custom, the matter be left to a great extent in the hands of the students themselves who are to elect a representative board of ten men, four being from the Senr. three from the Junr. two from the Soph. and one from the Fresh. classes with a member of the faculty as presiding officer. The duties of the board are to receive evidence in case a student has disobeyed the

laws of the college, weigh it carefully and render decision, which of course, is liable to be overruled by the Faculty, but will stand as the judgment of the students themselves.

Harvard College was named after John Harvard who in 1638 left to the college £779 and a library of over 300 books. William's College was named after Colonel Ephraim Williams a soldier of the old French war. Dartmouth College was named after Lord Dartmouth who subscribed a large amount and was president of the first board of trustees. Brown University received its name from Hon. Nicholas Brown who was a graduate and endowed the College very largely. Columbia College was called Kings College till the close of the war when it was named Columbia. Bowdoin was named after Governor Bowdoin of Maine. Yale College was named after Elihu Yale who made liberal donations to it. Colby University was named after Mr. Colby of Boston who gave \$50,000 to the College in 1866. Cornell University was named after Ezra Cornell its founder.

The University of Cambridge comprises seventeen colleges, each of course, with its own government, buildings and grounds. The college grounds are much smaller than those of the average American college. At Cambridge, an under-graduate's apartments consists of three large chambers, with a small pantry. The main room is a fine airy place, in which breakfast and luncheon are served by a private servant. Attached to this room is the little pantry used for light working and storage. Two other rooms open out of the main apartment; they are ten by fourteen, one employed as a study and the other as a bed chamber. A recent writer says of life at an English college, that it is intellectually far stronger than that of an American college. The men seem to accomplish more than we do with less work. The dinner is regarded as the central feature of the daily life, for the whole college usually meets at this time.—Ex.

Pres. Eliot of Harvard, recently gave an instance of what a firm will and mother-wit can do in enabling a young man to surmount the difficulties in the way of his getting an education. Two years and a half ago there

appeared for admission, a young man of rough exterior who came from a small village in N. Y., where his father earned a scanty living as a stone mason. He came to see me before the examination, and stated, among other things, that he never had a teacher in Greek, Latin or German; that he had begun to learn these three languages only sixteen months before; that out of these sixteen months he had worked ten at his trade as a stone mason, and that his entire quick capital was \$10. To my astonishment he passed an excellent examination succeeding in every subject except Greek composition which he had never tried to learn. He was taken care of at Cambridge, as many another has been, and in his first year won a scholarship.

Methods and Curricula.

To fix the character and methods of true education is perhaps the greatest problem of this practical age. To deal with the infinitude of knowledge, to determine what may and what can be studied, to chart out the realm of common and professional inquiry, to originize and vitilize a system of schools, which will meet claims for general and class culture, to discern the laws of physical, mental and moral growth, and adapt the quantity, quality and manner of instruction to these laws, are parts of a problem the perfect solution of which must long remain ideal. Some, analyzing human nature for data, have made valuable deductions; others, reasoning from external necessity, have introduced essential elements: But time adds new complications while even in respect to present progress neither unanimity in theory nor uniformity in practice is realized.

For some years there has been conflict between the old and new, the theoretical and practical. Will colleges revise their curricula and methods in obedience to the spirit and learning of the times, or continue in the same groove ad infinitum? has been in many cases a burning question. In most institutions there has been a yielding, but many journals still attack college conservatism.

The Visitor says: "Old text Books die hard. Old methods, in many instances, refuse to

yield. There is more absurd old-fogym taking refuge in colleges than can be found in all the lower departments of school work. The time is just upon us when college methods will be submitted to tests as thorough and philosophical as those which have raised the public school methods and courses of study into a condition so natural and successful."

But while on one hand it is claimed that modern studies are equally valuable for mental discipline as any others, and that they would develop the man in harmony with his environments, it is urged on the other, that the needs and purpose of college training remain the same, and that as the means hitherto used were adequate, there is no need of change.

Many consider that the desire for the practical has become a ruinous passion.

The Educational Magazine says: "Teachers are hungering and thirsting for the practical. In these days of longing and unrest the phrasing should be: 'There is no royal road to the practical.' The schools that become meccas are taught by brains; recondite philosophy and efficient motives. There is nothing which does not rest in fact upon solid philosophy discovered either by profound research or intuition. The practical is sound intelligence in effective motion."

A writer in this Journal deals with the evil effects of the machine spent upon education, while "text-book grinding, parrotism, book-in-hand recitation, heaving, cramming unappreciated facts" are for the most part (?) obsolete absurdities, new evils have appeared. The machine spent, he alleges, destroys the individuality of teacher and pupil. Budding originality is stifled by "mechanical dull." Deluded by the fallacy that makes "everybody believe he can do anything, if only he can adopt the very latest improved method of some other body," be it making shoes or conducting a revival, painting a picture or running a campaign, "the teacher seeks in normal schools, and manuals, methods rather than principles."

This writer thus apostrophises, "Shades of the great and glorious teachers of the past—men bursting full of living force resonant with ringing enthusiasm, charged high with the

leaping electricity of knowledge, rise and rebuke this absurdity, this emasculated and numbing tyranny of the non-essential."

Scribners monthly complains that "The individual genius and the personal quality of the teacher has been crowded to the wall by the overloaded course and exactitude of study."

In the opinion of many, mistakes, are also made in forcing mature education upon immature society. It is contended that some new states and provinces have legislated too fast in educational matters.

That the difficulties involved in these questions will be ultimately overcome, approximately, at least, is quite probable; but then gravity demands as speedy a solution as possible.

Custom in some things may only clog; in education it may ruin; experimenting with material objects may only sacrifice force, and lifeless matter; with human beings it may violate mind and spirit which are animate and eternal.

RALPH

LOCALS.

The officers of the Athenæum for the ensuing term were elected March 24th. The following appointments were made:—

President—F. H. Schofield.

Vice—A. L. Powell.

Corresp. Secty—F. M. Kelly.

Recd.—M. B. Shaw.

Treasurer—B. H. Calkin.

I. W. Corey, Chairman.

T. S. Rogers.

Ex. Committee } H. B. Ellis.

C. W. Williams.

S. H. Cain.

The last term has been one of marked improvement in our society. The meetings have been well attended and enthusiastic debates have taken place. Credit is due the retiring officers, especially the Ex. Committee, for the manner in which they have performed their duty.

On April 14th the Athenæum will resolve itself into a Local Legislature representative of that of Nova Scotia. All the forms of Parliament are to be carried out and the question of abolishing the Legislative Council will be discussed.

A Scientific and Musical Entertainment was held in the College Hall on the evening of the 31st ult. Mr. Coldwell, assisted by members of his class, illustrated the subject of Chemistry by many beautiful and striking experiments. Choice violin selections were given by a quartette, consisting of Dr. and Mrs. Bowles, Geo. Munro and Miss Williams. A piano duett was admirably rendered by Misses Hamilton and Clinch, and a vocal duett by Misses Harding and Robins, elicited applause. Both parts of the entertainment were well received. The proceeds go to purchase additional apparatus for the scientific department.

The *College Times*, from Upper Canada College, has, after some time of inaction, been revived, being yet tender in years adverse criticisms cannot justly be made. We admire your pluck in again getting on your feet.

Don't forget your subscriptions.

Interesting explosions in the chemical room.

Class meetings are on the boom.

The Library contains the Bible in over 100 different languages.

The flag staff, which had the topmast blown off, is being refixed.

Rev. E. M. Kierstead delivers the next lecture in our course on April 28th.

E. A. Magee, '85, has left College to teach at Hantsport.

Dr. Schurman goes to Toronto next month to fulfil his engagement as examiner for Toronto University.

Dr. De Blois baptized four young ladies from the Institutions on Sunday the 2nd.

All report a pleasant Recep. From the small number present the students seem not to realize their opportunities.

The "inevitable vote of thanks" hitherto presented to our lecturers, on motion, will in the future be given directly from the chair.

The present term brought with it a new Seminarian and a return of those who have been recuperating.

Dr. Sawyer delivered the last monthly address before the Institutions. His subject was chosen from Matthew xii, and 37.

The impetuous Cads who rush into the class-rooms before other classes are dismissed, might afford to be less enthusiastic.

A. J. Pineo, '81, has resigned his position as teacher at Hantsport and goes to Windsor as principal of the High School.

The latest change is the removal from office of the Janitor. A man of color succeeds to the position. He has been christened and named "Snowball."

The seats in the upper part of the gallery are in so great demand that some of the boys take a lunch and start early.

The A. C. Cricket Club held its first meeting of the season on April 6th, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

President—S. P. Cook.

Vice " —H. B. Ellis.

Captain—R. W. Dodge.

Sec.-Treas—S. W. Cummings.

Managing Committee:

{ H. R. Welton,

{ T. S. Rogers,

{ E. M. Freeman

A couple of the Academy boys were greatly taken in by some cocoanuts they had pilfered. They were damaged and had been thrown out of doors.

It is an established fact that the curriculum has been revised. Cry aloud ye coming men the *Integral Calculus* is to be dropped from the course.

Lost,—One *aesthetic cap*. On account of its utility and being unique, the finder is requested to leave it at the office of the editors, and receive the reward.

The skating at the rink has thus far been very good. The location is such that the ice cannot last as long as if it were on higher ground.

The Freshman who applied for a family ticket to admit himself and two ladies to the Scientific entertainment, was refused on the ground of *no valid claim*. The refusal was manifestly unjust.

A late communication from Archibald Forbes informs us that he will not be able to lecture for us this term; but will in all probability come to Nova Scotia next year.

Our grandfathers taught us "Early to bed and early to rise will make &c.;" but some of the boys take to the other adage "The early bird catches the worm." Why this rising to brush away the morning frosts with hastening feet.

The I. O. O. F. gave a concert on March 22nd. in Witter's Hall. The instrumental music which consisted of piano, violin and cornet, was frequently applauded. The vocal music was well rendered. A "short farce" at the close brought down the house.

A Senr. was accosted by a fair friend in the following affectionate manner, "Farewell, my own." Not long since he was examining a catalogue of books, when he unthinkingly said "I shall purchase *Young America Abroad*, when I get a library, it will be so interesting for children.

The question is, are the Juniors to have an expedition? They are very quiet if they are looking forward to one. Two months is little time enough to get through with the usual number of faculty meetings and petitions which are necessary of late years.

Report says that a certain Soph. is rejoicing at the approach of warm weather. Promenading in the corridors, however praiseworthy the purpose, has been rather too cold, but happily, "Spring's coming."

Good Friday was, in accordance with the custom, observed as a holiday on the Hill, and the exercises in all departments were suspended. About twenty of the Academy students availed themselves of so rare an opportunity for sport (?) and proceeded with their dinner under their arms to the Gaspereau woods. They much preferred to eat their supper at home.

Some of our sporting students have already begun their spring operations. A Junior has again had his somewhat noted luck, and accordingly has presented his boarding-mistress with a basket filled with nothing. A Freshman has made his friends presents of squirrel tails as the spoils of the conquered forest. Persevere friends!

The predominant faculty in some of our students appears to be what phrenologists call "destructiveness." Not content with

tearing the gymnasium to pieces, smashing windows, etc., these few have undertaken the complete destruction of the boarding-house bell, and have made a beginning by breaking off the wheel. Such unreasonable actions as these should be discountenanced by the body of students.

QUIPS and CRANKS.

We have just read a handkerchief-flirtation code, and now advise all men desiring to avoid breach of promise suits to wipe their mouths with their coat-tails.—Ex.

A red-or-green-plush young girl,
A Russian-hair-muff young girl,
A little-fur-capery,
Æsthetic-drapery,
Ten-acre-hat young girl.—Ex.

The English language is supposed to consist of about 60,000 distinct words. Of these ordinary people use only from 500 to 3000, great orators perhaps as many as 10,000, and lightning-rod agents and directory canvassers 59,963.

She went to the store to buy toilet soap, and while the clerk was expatiating on its merits, about made up her mind to purchase; but when he said "it would keep off *chaps*," she remarked that she didn't want that kind.—Ex.

Four students of a Wisconsin College, who stole a farmer's gate "for fun," were given by the faculty the alternative of leaving the college or of undergoing such punishment as the farmer might inflict. They chose the latter, and the farmer condemned them to chop four cords of his wood and deliver it to a poor widow. They did it to the music of a band and the plaudits of a crowd that watched the operation.

Longfellow.

The English-speaking world has lately been startled by the announcement of the death of the great American poet, Longfellow. Although he had reached the ripe age of seventy-five, the remarkable vigor of his late years had led the American public to hope that the life of their poet would be spared still longer.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born

in Portland, Maine, in the year 1807. There he received his early education at one of the then noted New England Academies, and even at this time he wrote verses, which showed evident signs of poetical genius. At the early age of fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, and after graduating with a high standing at that institution, he entered the office of his father, Hon. Stephen Longfellow, a noted lawyer of the time. Law, however, was not to be Longfellow's vocation, and fortunately for himself and for literature, he received, only a year after his graduation, the appointment of Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in his Alma Mater—a chair created especially for him. He gladly accepted a position so congenial to his tastes, and accordingly went to Europe and spent three years in the different countries, preparing himself for the fulfilment of the duties of his chair, as well as incidentally for many of his literary works. He only held his professorship in Bowdoin for five years, when he was transferred to Harvard as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres. Two more years abroad spent in the study of the legends and literature of the countries visited fitted him amply for his new duties, which he discharged for seventeen years, while his reputation as a scholar and poet steadily increased. As the success of a professor depends mainly upon the interest which he incites in his pupils for their work, it does not surprise us that Longfellow was eminently successful. Edward Everett Hale, who studied under him says, the best proof of this is that Longfellow was on intimate terms with every member of his class, and was always willing to enter into familiar conversation on all subjects relevant to their studies. How unlike the majority of professors who, it seems, consider it their paramount duty to have their students dislike them! Upon resigning in 1854, Longfellow took up his residence in that unique house in Cambridge, which possesses a double interest to visitors, as it was, before the evacuation of Boston, the headquarters of Washington.

Longfellow began to publish his poems, early, and many of his familiar shorter ones appeared while a student at Bowdoin. His literary life, however, may not fairly be con-

sidered to have begun until 1835, when he received his Harvard appointment. From this time almost every year gave something new to the eager devourers of his writings. His services to American literature can hardly be over-rated. When his work began, American literature was in its infancy, and it fell with success to his lot to transform the the prosaic American mind to one that could appreciate poetical talent. But why, we may ask, is it that his poetry has won its way to popular favour, why even in England do we find a volume of his poems in the hovels of the lower classes? The answer is found in the man himself. The same spirit which made him an intimate acquaintance with his pupils in his professor's life has made him the friend of all those with whom he has come in contact in his poetical life. The author of the "Voices of the Night" must have had a purely *natural* heart—one to which the mass must be bound as to a personal friend. In his longer poems the same humanity is present; they appear to be the natural sequence of his earlier ones, wrought out by a steadily increasing poetic power. In "Evangeline" and in "Hiawatha" the poet is at his best, and notwithstanding the severe criticism on the form of both, they will yet find their way into English classics. The subject of "Evangeline" was one admirably suited to Longfellow's mind, but the story is too well known to Nova Scotians to be related here. The "Song of Hiawatha" shows his love of, and his labor in searching out the legends of the aborigines of his own country. Americans rejoice in its being purely American, while its strangeness and fascination conspire to interest all readers. Of his other works we have not the space here to make special mention, but suffice it to say that they detract in no respect from the reputation he has won for himself from the foregoing. His translation of Dante has been considered a complete success, but it has been regretted by many that he did not spend the vast amount of labor bestowed upon it in writing another original poem.

Among the readers of poetry there is a great variety of tastes, but that class of poetry which breathes out sentiments resulting from a highly sympathetic nature will always

be found in popular favor. That this favor is merited in such a case there is no doubt, and on this ground Longfellow's reputation is certainly a deserved one. Who can read the "Psalm of Life," or "Flowers" without recognizing in their writer a poet keenly sensitive of the precarious lot of mortals? The poems which have the most commonplace subjects are the best known to the many. Every day Longfellow passed the "Village Blacksmith" on the way to his college duties. "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "The Building of the Ship" furnish other examples of his pre-eminent power of breathing the breath of life into what would appear to others too trivial for notice.

The real merit of Longfellow has been variously estimated—some have denied him the power of imagination, others that he wrote for a directly moral aim, but there can be no doubt that the reputation he has won for himself will last, and that the influence he has exerted in raising the rank of American literature will always be recognized by that people. His works will now be read more than ever, and the great mass of the English-speaking people will regret the death of a friend.

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Dr Schurman, previous to the delivery of his lecture on "Milton, the Genius of English Puritanism," at Halifax, agreeably surprised his class in Literature, by reading the greater part of this paper. Space does not permit to make a review of it, but suffice it to say that some passages were applauded, and the class was confirmed in the belief that Dalhousie students would enjoy a treat.

The following was handed to us, and we infer from the tone that it was contributed by some of our fair friends.

Reply to poetry (?) in ATHENÆUM.—"Why do not more of our young men get married?" asks a recent writer. Whist! till we tell him. There isn't more than about one young man in ten worth marrying, and the girls are finding it out.

[Good,—but this sounds like the old fable of the *Fox and the Grapes*. And if your conclusion be true, 'tis a lesson which the girls are long in learning.—EDS.]

The Annual Report of the Schools of New Brunswick has been forwarded to us. The statistics show the number of schools for the *Summer Term*, 1880, to be 1,368—decrease 36; the number of teachers, 1,410—decrease, 23; the number of pupils, 52,739—decrease, 3,977. For the *Winter term*, 1881, the number of schools was 1,297—increase 14; the number of teachers, 1,356—increase 23; the number of pupils in attendance, 49,550—decrease, 758. The *General Report* says:—Indeed, it has never been my privilege to witness so universal and successful a movement, having for its aim the securing of the proper subjects of school instruction, the best order of their study and truly educative methods of dealing with them in the daily lessons of the school-room.

When a fly tickles one he generally brushes it off; it is some feeling of this kind that causes the ATHENÆUM to "usually have something to say about the *Gazette*." Again you have fled to your accustomed resort, the *Argumentum ad hominem*; again you accuse us of untruthfulness, while the fault is in your looking at us through the dim light of a *puerile Judgment*. You say, "In the criticism the ATHENÆUM bestowed on us, we find nothing to which to reply." Have you not found this your difficulty throughout, and tried to extricate yourselves by hurling, as you thought, daggers at the editors of the ATHENÆUM? The last quoted words sound weak and faint as the wail of a sickly infant, and your attempted criticism throughout was *flat*,—a type, doubtless, of the *men* who wrote it. In your last we shall look for a farewell "blow," and perhaps a requiem for that *faithful staff* who have tried to hold the helm of Dalhousie through the turbulent waters. Vale! Vale!

When you see a fellow mortal
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes;
Bowing low to wealth and favor,
With abject uncovered head,
Ready to retreat or waver,
Willing to be drove or led;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow,
Just the thing that he must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this—Backbone.—*Grip*.

A Twilight Reverie.

The sun has sunk behind the mountain. From the East come the evening mists, like hooded friars, followed by the shades of night, draped in sable garments, — a funeral train following the departed day to its grave in the great cemetery of the past. Slowly and silently they glide over sea, river and valley, and on to the distant hills, till their dark flowing weeds hide the landscape from view.

The day is past. This morning it lay in the immeasurable future—"a thing of possibilities and probabilities." Its probabilities have been tested; its possibilities became the realities of the present, and are now relegated to the infinite past; its spirit lives in its influence, indefinitely powerful in shaping and directing the coming future.

In all the organic world Life and Death are reciprocally conditional, following one another in a succession of ever-repeated alternations. The decayed peat-moss of last year supports the living moss of this year, holding its rootlets and giving it nourishment. So in the phenomena of time, the actualities of the "living present" and the undefined possibilities of the future all rest upon the "dead past," sending their ramifying roots through all its vast duration, and thence deriving their direction and their power.

The future ever holds the Ideal; our actions are strivings to reduce that Ideal to the Real of the present; and the record of those strivings, which, whether successful or futile, are never without effect, is History. Hopeful youth lives in that ideal land of the future with its charming landscapes and its golden mists; contemplative old age, in the diversified scenery, the sunshine and shadows of the past; vigorous manhood must *act* in the present—that ever-shifting boundary between two eternities. Across that line ever hurries in jostling march a strange, weird time-pag-eant, which to us seems irregular and confused, but in which the Infinite Intelligence sees order and purpose.

SIGMA.

The addition of an extra page affords us an opportunity of recording the novel discussion that took place in the Athenæum on Friday evening, the 14th inst. The Athenæum resolved itself into the House of Assembly, and debated the "Bill for the Abolition of the Legislative Council," brought in by the Government. The question being a live one, there was a warm contest, and it was difficult sometimes to decide which party would ultimately carry off the palm of victory. *After four hours discussion* the Bill passed the House by a majority of six votes. Applause greeted each of the speakers from their respective sides and many sharp hits and repartees were indulged in. The Provincial Secretary and Premier, Mr. E. A. Corey, opened the discussion and he was followed by the leader of the Opposition, Mr. W. H. Moore. The other speakers on the government side were Messrs. Bradshaw, Cook, Powell, Rogers, Ross, Troop, Williams and Whitman; on the Opposition Messrs. Cain, Calhoun, I. W. Corey, Dodge, Hutchinson, Kelly, Longley and Shaffner. The Speaker's chair was filled by Mr. F. H. Schofield. During the evening's session good order prevailed, and there is no doubt that the novelty of the occasion made it enjoyable to every one. There was a marked difference between this debate and the ordinary Athenæum discussion. We have little doubt that if it is tried again the experiment will be equally, if not more successful.

The lecture announced for April 28th, by Rev. Mr. Kierstead, will be postponed until May 5th. A note from Senator Boyd informs us that on account of poor health he will be unable to lecture for us this year. We regret to hear of Mr. Boyd's inability and received the announcement with disappointment.

A new piano has been procured for the Assembly Hall. The puffing and straining usually attended with moving pianos will not now be required.

M. B. Shaw, class '85, has left College and takes a school at Annapolis.

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