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1895.

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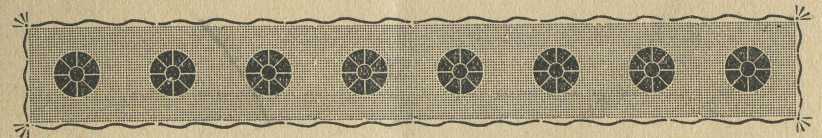
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EDITORS.



HENRY MUNRO, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Miss INA SUTHERLAND,
MURRAY McNEALY,
CYRUS McINTOSH,
R. W. E. HAINES,
P. D. McINTOSH,

Miss JENNIE ROBLEY,
JOHN R. McLEOD,
G. H. CAIN,
GEO. ROSS,
W. A. HICKMAN,

P. D. McINTOSH, SECRETARY-TREASURER.

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EDITORIAL



Most of our readers are, by this time, wearied of reflections arising from the passing away of an old and the dawning of a new year. Father Time with his scythe has been vividly presented to your minds together with the melody of "Ring out wild bells." The death knell of 1894, and the joyous peals which hailed 1895, still reverberate upon your ears. Therefore we would not if we could, dilate further upon the lessons taught by this season. But however we wish to emphasize one connection which we have particularly with 1895, more than any other of the past years, or shall have with future ones, and that is, that our editorship belongs principally to 1895. The closing days of 1894 introduced us, but our main work lies in the present year. Therefore, when we express the sincere desire that the year upon which we have entered may be prosperous to all, we expect you to return the compliment in a tangible form, by helping us to make the ACADEMY a success so that in looking back upon the days spent in the service of the ACADEMY, we may say, we had much pleasure in them.



J. D. MacDONALD—"THE ADVOCATE"—PICTOU.

....Book and General Job Printer....



During the past two or three months the educational system of our province has been under discussion in several of the leading newspapers, notably the Halifax Herald. What effect this may have upon the system itself, remains to be seen. But one result of this airing of educational matters is, that it serves to make the general public more thoroughly acquainted with a subject which, at all times is of vital importance. Suffice it to say, however, in reference to the discussion, that those who have carried it on are in almost every case, persons who are either actively engaged in educational work or have been at some period of their lives, and can therefore speak from actual experience. It is noticeable also that the majority of those who take the aggressive, direct their attacks, not against the new system in general, which is no doubt an improvement on the old, but against technicalities which crop up here and there, and which, doubtless, can be rectified.



In the account of the concert in our last number, we neglected to state that that time honoured custom, the serenade, was held as usual after the concert. In addition to the advice received from our teachers and others, some harangues were delivered by several of the students. A new feature was the "bouncing" which was taken in good part. But wherein this year's serenade was specially characterized was the fact that it was unmolested by our worthy guardian of the peace, due no doubt to the advice given him by our predecessors; a forcible example of the influence wielded by the Press. Altogether it was as successful a serenade as has been held.



As was the case last year our motto was omitted from our first number. How this "great oversight" occurred we are unable to state. Perhaps, however, it requires special mention to call your attention to the fact that we possess a motto. We remember, on seeing the phrase for the first time, our "translation at sight" was, "The contents are safe." If you choose to apply that version of it to our little volume, we do not think you shall be far astray. If, however, you are not satisfied with our feeble endeavors to expound it, the "literal" can be had by applying to our worthy Principal.



We have received the first number of the *Record*, published by the students of Sydney Academy. It is gotten up in a neat and attractive form, and is quite up to the standard of what an Academy paper should be. To the unfortunate, upon whom, like ourselves, the editorial mantle has fallen, we extend our heartfelt sympathy; but we express the firm belief that in their hands the interest and welfare of Sydney Academy is safe, a thing which is quite evident from a perusal of the *Record*.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

MORGAN HALL, Jan. 12, 1895.

Editor in Chief:

DEAR SIR,—It was with unusual interest and pleasure that we received the first number of Volume X of the ACADEMY. Indeed any creditable messenger from home is welcomed here. But the familiar cover of the ACADEMY is full of suggestions and re-awakenings. I am quite sure that those who have had a considerable to do with its publication at any time, will retain a lively interest in the succeeding volumes. And so I congratulate you upon the creditable make-up of the first issue. That it should be as good as when we were connected with it, would be too much to expect. I mean Roulston and Fraser, they're fine writers, profound writers, fluent scribblers. But you will just have to do the best you can without them. Your Pictoviana is likely very good, but it is not intelligible. Strange that any body should write what is so hard to understand. In fact it is like a great deal that is considered very good poetry, you have to know what the writer means, from some other source of information than his writing, or you are in the dark. I take it to be a very wise thing for your contributors to begin to practice this kind of composition early in life; otherwise they might get into the habit of writing what would be understood. There are a few references to the Great King Cyrus, which have a familiar ring. I may take it for granted that the girls like to write about him. As to Shakespeare as a Novelist we cannot give such decided praise as we would like. It is likely that the above afore-said is quite true. We remember of hearing some one before speak about Shakespeare. It seems that he was quite a man for ghosts. Indeed in some quarters it is quite common to read Shakespeare, even at the present time. But his admirers are nearly all men, with an occasional married lady. Some one has shut his writings to a class, because that to understand him you must have come to forty years of age. To express admiration would imply this age; no such implication can be extorted. But I beg pardon, for being seduced from the path of straight speech which I had intended. I will return to congratulations, and this time on account of the large sum taken at your concert. If the body were not more cumbrous than the mind, you should have had us in the front seats if we could get one, as interested as any of your audience. How delightful it would have been to perform with such patronage! But space has not been quite annihilated yet. Now, my children, how it grieves me to learn that you are disorderly in the meeting for Debate. If we could think that you had learned the habit in former years, how keen would be our remorse! We wish that the High Sheriff might once more appear in all the plenitude of his power; how quickly would order prevail. We have a belief, which we almost fear to express, that when the rink opens the inattentive will turn their attention; (if they can give such) to this entertainment. I did not blame the girls for the noise directly,

that is your own inference. Other light weights assist them. If you could prevail on the Stellarton "A. I." to remain down for the evening and look his heaviest, the disturber would vanish. Indeed I should feel some little concern for THE ACADEMY this year, only that we have left as our representative the worthy Sir John. The dignity of the institution is safe in his hands.

I have noted the article on Education in your paper as well as the correspondence in the Halifax *Herald*. I hope these may be voices preparing the new way. Those who are engaged in some of the foolish work imposed upon the present day students, have my sympathy. For the young men of the C. class who have to draw pictures of pitchers and bugs and other nonsense my sympathy is very strong. I presume that I have given enough jargon for this time. Wishing your numerous and able staff, and all the Faculty and students a very Happy New Year.

I am yours sincerely,

W. B. MCCALLUM.

P. S.—Have attempted to read the New Professor's bug treatise, and would now like to read "the Bug on the Professor."

—

IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE STUDENT.

—

On October 6th, 1892, the literary element of the Sons of Britain were called upon to sustain an incalculable loss in the death Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate of England. It is not the purpose of this article (?) to discuss the life of the great writer and thinker; for this the readers of THE ACADEMY are referred to abler pens. Moreover, his recent demise led to exhaustive newspaper accounts of his life and achievements. With humble apologies for a "new pen," and its consequent slips, I will simply submit to my readers a few thoughts, from a personal point of view, on the mental nature of the dead laureate, as gathered, in great part, from a careful reading of "Locksley Hall."

"Between the lines" of the poem in question, I always, since first reading it, fancied I saw traces of more than a fictitious interest in the theme. My indifferent conception of the poetical mind may mislead me, but I cannot think that even a poet could pen a production so infinitely full of deep and heart-felt passion, without, in some degree at least, having felt the thing he wrote.

Tennyson was essentially a *dreamer*. He lived in a world radically distinct from that inhabited by ordinary mortals. His was a world not of action nor of hope, but a world of sentiment, of thinking and prying curiosity, of immeasurable, almost fearful wonder, in view of the great facts and mysteries of nature and of man. Society, politics and religious controversy had

few attractions for one who mused alone, with a quiet, yet observant notice of the great drama of life and action whirling and eddying round him. Perhaps this non-interest in the more practical phases of life might be explained, in part, by the fact that some of his writings, like the one under consideration, point to early hopes and ambitions that had been crushed and repressed, and to a mind that had wrestled with difficulty and doubt. The depth of feeling characterizing "Locksley Hall" evinces, at once, the intensely intense intensity of the writer's soul. His tale of an unfortunate passion, together with the easy swinging measure in which it is couched, is eminently calculated to arrest a reader's interest and finally capture his sympathy. The hero, a rejected lover, after a season of absence, returns to the scene of his youth and early love and disappointment. Gazing musingly on the familiar landscape, memory, always capricious, carries him back to the time when, on the beach before him, he

"Wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science and the long result of time."

Hurried on in the whirl of thought, the recollection of his love for Amy, his cousin, springs up in his mind. He remembers that the feeling was mutual and that the "course of true love" ran smoothly and happily until interrupted by the rude interference of relatives. Then came the recollection of the falseness of his cousin and his own disappointment, and he bursts impetuously forth.

"O, my cousin, shallow-hearted!
Puppet to a father's threat and servile to a shrewish tongue!"

Tennyson expresses his own soul's revolt against the petty considerations which society says must control the affairs of love, in the four lines beginning—

"Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth."

These lines certainly breathe the poet's own feeling. And, as his lonely hero stands gazing sadly on the old familiar moorland, the never-resting ocean, and the favorite nooks along the beach, can we not discern, beneath the thin cloak of the story, the same lonely, dreaming form which speaks in that unique but nameless little burst—

"Break, break, break, etc."

It is in these thoughts between the lines of "Locksley Hall" and others of his poems that we get a glimpse of the inner temple of Tennyson's mind,—that mind which, bending only to the social necessities of a retired English life, finds its truest happiness in lonely communion with nature. The fact that other of the works of this dreamer are pregnant with the same vein of utter loneliness as that in "Locksley Hall," tends to prove, in my mind, that he had more than a passing poetical interest in the story. "Ænone,"

for instance, is essentially the same story; but the scene is not the sandy moorland of Lincolnshire, but the green gorges and lawns of Ida.

Truly, in the closing lines of "Locksley Hall," did Tennyson say:

"O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet."

for his subsequent writings prove him more than right, even if we regard the words his own.

A SHEEP IN BEAR'S CLOTHING.

We were sitting one evening, my friend and I, with feet on the fender, spinning yarns and talking in a desultory fashion on a variety of topics. One of his stories was of a personal adventure, and was told to illustrate the lines:

"Or in the night imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear."

"The tricks," said he, "which the imagination plays upon a man are multiform. The story I told you a while ago of the man who, walking home along a lonely road one night, and hearing his trousers chafe, thought some villain was following him, and made such quick time to his cottage that he only touched the high places in his wild flight, is a case in point. Indeed, few men attain their majority who cannot relate some incident to prove the truth of the proposition. The great Shakespeare himself was no exception. He showed he was not when he wrote the lines;" and my friend quoted the couplet at the head of this paragraph.

"It is a remarkable coincidence," continued my friend, "that somewhat similar adventures befell both Shakspeare and myself—him, probably, in Charlecock woods; me, in the western forests of this Province. I was teaching school at the time; and the school-house stood very near the line of a newly-opened railway. Over this road, which was much shorter than the highway, I used to walk to my home, ten miles distant, on Friday after school was dismissed, and return on Monday morning. To get back to my duties by nine o'clock necessitated an early start; and in the short days of late fall I was generally over half the distance when day dawned. At this mid-point, quite lonely and remote from settlements, my whistling and myself were both stopped one beautiful, calm morning by the snort of an animal, which began to climb the dump, apparently towards me. Instantly my memory recalled the reports of two bears being seen shortly before along the line, and of their devouring two cattle killed by the engine. My hair stood on end,

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

and both my eyes were starting from their spheres to see bruin appear through the bushes. Motionless stood the animal, seeing, yet unseen, in its

point of vantage. An indefinite time passed, while thrills of perplexed fear played hide and seek through my body. But I was due at the school-house at nine, and started on. Hardly were five steps taken when another snort and another rush fixed me to a sleeper. I could not run. I was fascinated by the desire to see the bear, but he stopped before coming in view. Again I started; so did he; but this time, I felt sure, not towards me. My apparent firmness had won the day; and bruin had turned craven. I kept on, and in a moment saw a ram burst through the bushes, and, crossing the track, bound quickly out of sight over the top of an adjoining hill."

This little adventure always enabled me to appreciate the ready wit of the answer which an Irishman once made to his master, who accidentally came upon him with a dead sheep over his shoulders: "Bedad, no shape bites me and lives." O.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE ACADEMY.

Many of the most striking incidents in the history of the Academy have been almost entirely forgotten, and had not the original documents been carefully preserved, parts of it would be altogether lost. It will be the aim of this article to refer to a few of these.

It is well known that the Act of Incorporation was passed in 1816. It is not so certain when the institution was opened. The probability seems to be that the first lectures were delivered in a private house towards the close of 1817, and that the building was completed during the next year.

Consider the circumstances under which it started. During the war just ended the Province had enjoyed great prosperity. Hay brought at times \$60 per ton, and never fell below \$40. Moreover this was the great lumber shipping period, the annual exports sometimes reaching half a million dollars. In spite of this nothing had been saved; all lived in what then seemed luxury. The peace was to them a terrible blow, though the people of Pictou felt its effects less than other parts of the Province. Immediately after it came the "year of the mice," when every green thing was destroyed; then "the year without a summer," when there was ice in August.

In spite of this the subscriptions were noble—Edward Mortimer alone subscribed £100, the Pictou list amounted to £800, Halifax over £700. The expenses were heavy. Besides the ordinary items, the building cost £1,200, large sums were expended upon scientific apparatus, and a law suit over land caused considerable loss.

This made an application for government assistance necessary. At first the great influence of Mr. Mortimer enabled them to obtain £400 annually, but his death in 1819, and the growth of strong religious opposition both at Halifax and within the county brought about a change. The Assembly from first to last supported the Academy in every possible way. But these were the days of the Council of Twelve. Composed of Halifax gentlemen, some of whom had never been ten miles from that city, who were, moreover, at

this time swayed in all their decisions by the Bishop of Nova Scotia, it used its control over the finances of the Province to crush every movement towards religious equality. Time and again it rejected bills endowing the Academy with a permanent grant; eventually the yearly sum was also refused. In 1828 they rejected or otherwise defeated no less than four resolutions, although these had passed the Lower House practically unopposed. In justice it must be said that several prominent members of the Council opposed the action of the majority; in fact, the latter usually out-voted their opponents by one only. Men like Halliburton and Robie could look beyond the narrow standpoints of the times.

Three years longer the struggle continued in Nova Scotia—a period marked by the “big election” of 1830, and then came the appeal to the Home Government—Jotham Blanchard sailing for England in the spring of 1831. As Secretary of the Board of Trustees for several years, and leader of the Liberal party in the Assembly, he was perfectly posted in every detail of the subject. Nor was his story strange. In 1826, Dr. McCulloch had gone to Scotland, and societies were formed in Glasgow and elsewhere solely to assist the Academy. Moreover, Mr. Blanchard himself and Mr. Robert McKay had in 1828–9 addressed at Edinburgh the General Assembly of the Secession Church, to which the great majority of the trustees had originally belonged. These British societies contributed in all over \$1,000.

Mr. Blanchard's demands were simple—£400 annually, and the power to confer degrees. With reference to the latter proposal, it must be borne in mind that the work done was on a level with that of the best Scotch universities; so that, a short time before, four of its students without additional study had obtained, after a severe examination, the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Glasgow.

In London, where the Circumlocution Office still did excellent work, all progress was slow, and this was no exception. In fact Lord Goderich, then Colonial Secretary, stated that the petition would have to be referred to the Governor for report, and that after a decision had been reached it would have to be published in Nova Scotia before its nature could be made public in England. The case made, however, an excellent impression upon His Lordship, as well as upon several other prominent gentlemen, among whom may be mentioned Lord Brougham, Col. Fox, Mr. Hume and Mr. Losh of Newcastle.

Ultimately Mr. Blanchard was successful. Lord Goderich's despatch to Sir Peregrine Maitland strongly advised the payment of the annual grant, but said nothing about degrees.

When the matter came once more before the Provincial Legislature the Council agreed to a grant of £400 annually for ten years, but hampered this with restrictions which largely impaired its usefulness. Changes made at the same time in the Board of Trustees and the curriculum did much to weaken the institution. At the expiration of the ten years, the Academy, already deprived of the services of Dr. McCulloch, was compelled to close its doors, and the heroic period of its history was at an end.


 PICTOVIANA
 
*Second Year.*

He was a student bold,
His heart did never quail;
He vowed all cats to kill
With showers of leaden hail.

One day (with tasks grown tired?)
His gun he shouldered tight;
Into the yard he stalked—
A feline was in sight.

Instinctively he raised
His weapon, strong and stout,
And fired the murderous charge
At puss, then wheeled about.

When the smoke had cleared away,
And quiet was again;
He looked for pussy cat—
He looked, but all in vain.
The sportsman he maintains
He shot it through the tail;
Besides his gun was true—
His gun it could not fail.

But, Frank, “Does not a cat
Possess lives three times three?”
“And when you load a gun,
Don't use Blank Cad's you see.”



Fourth Year.—History relates that King Henry VII once made a person who had raised a rebellion a “scullion of his kitchen.”
Good Queen Bess has conferred a similar favor upon R. W. E.



Inquisitive Enquirer.—Do you take up Practical Mathematics?
Young Lady of 3rd year.—I take up everything that is not nailed down.



Second Year.—The nights are of such a Hugh that he is obliged to carry a Jet on his arm.

Fourth Year. Professor of Mathematics.—The number of combinations of n things taken r at a time is equal to the number of n things taken $n-r$ at a time.

Blooming Fourth Year.—That's correct.
Professor.—Now in this case n denotes six.
Fourth Year.—That's correct.



Third Year.—Notwithstanding the Cl(e)arence made when the professor discovered the trial to ignite the match still a slight spark resulted.



1st Student.—May I have the pleasure of a skate with you, sister?
2nd Student.—You may ask her. But I don't think she wants the Go(u)ld cure.



First Year.—Be prepared for all emergencies, *Evan* keep a leaf of Latin about you in case you are sent to the Principal's room.



Second Year. Professor of Classics.—Was Miss M— present this morning?

Frank Student.—Yes, sir.

Professor, smiling.—It is always good to have a prompt answer.



First Year. Professor.—Does any one in the class know the weight of a new cent?

Bright Student.—A penny-weight.



Orders taken by third year student for mineral lamp wicks, hair dye, raisin seeders, etc. A great Cl(e)arence sale now on.



Fourth Year.—The following conversation, overheard a few evenings ago, exhibits the new method of popping the question: "Kind lady, will you wisk you' life with a *Fella* in *Dodge*-ing wound the corners in the skate of life?"



Third Year.—One of our *Bess*-t young ladies is very fond indeed of Car(o)l-ing on her way home from the rink.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Take the young man into the parlor rather than run the risk of taking cold at the gate, thus calling for a speedy messenger to the "drug store."



Fourth Year.—Latest triumph in evolution—a lobster with a vertebrate skeleton. Persons interested may consult R. W. E., at his private office on Elliot street, near skating rink. A patent has been applied for. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. on week days, and 8 p. m. to 1 a. m. Sunday.



Fourth Year. Pugnacious Student.—Let't put him out of the room.
Other Student.—All right.
Pugnacious Student, (throwing off his coat.)—I'll hold the lamp.



"DEAR NEWFELLOW'S" ADVENTURE.

He seized the scuttle, forth he went,
And for the coal his course he bent;
"Keep straight ahead, then to the right,
You'll find the cellar down a flight."

Across the hall he lightly stepped,
But found that there the mistress slept;
"Ho! ho!" said he, and looked around,
"I fear I'm on forbidden ground."

He thence assayed the parlor door,
Surprise his youthful features wore,
For there the family group he met,
Which threw him in a fearful sweat.

"You're after coal, young man, I see."
"Oh—I—ah—hem—dear me—dear me!
I trusted to my student guide,
Though, deep perchance, the villian lied.

To set his troubled mind at rest,
And soothe the anger in his breast,
They showed him to the dusky hole
Where students go to get the coal.

While there, unto himself he said,
"That rascal, you to trouble led,
And you must beat the lying knave
Who dared to trifle thus with Dave."



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

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