

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

Ora et Labora.



Dalhousie College and University.

SESSION, 1890 - 91.

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The Dalhousie Gazette.

ORA ET LABORA.

VOL. XXIII.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 8, 1891.

NO. 9.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

Halifax, N. S., April 8, 1891.

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Ten numbers of the GAZETTE are issued every Winter
by the Students of Dalhousie College and University.

TERMS:

- One Collegiate Year, (in advance) \$1.00
Single copies 10

Payments and other business communications to be made
to H. B. STAIRS, P. O. Box 114, Halifax. All literary com-
munications to be addressed to Editors DALHOUSIE GAZETTE,
Halifax, N. S. Anonymous communications will receive no
attention.

It will be decidedly to the advantage of the
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THE Financial Editor of the GAZETTE respect-
fully asks those who have not yet paid up
their subscriptions, to do so as early as possible.

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THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

In a few weeks the Annual Meeting of the
Alumni Association will be held. We desire
before that meeting takes place to call the
attention of its members to a communication
published in an early issue of the GAZETTE,
wherein the writer advocated the establishment
of District or Provincial Alumni Associations.

The GAZETTE, at the time, refrained from
giving any extended deliverance on the subject,
deeming it more than probable that such a
timely and important suggestion would not fail
to elicit discussion on the part of members of the
Association. The anticipated discussion proved
nothing more than a vision of the imagination
which our friends failed to reduce to reality.
The only inference to be drawn from such marked
silence is that the members of the Association
are satisfied with the present arrangement. The
GAZETTE is not fully satisfied with things as
they are, and is of the opinion that a greater
work can be done by the addition of a few more
wheels to the present machinery. Let us not be
misunderstood in this matter. We have no fault
to find with the members of the Alumni Associa-
tion, they have done their duty nobly and well,
and we have sufficient confidence in the spirit
that animates them to predict greater things on
their part for the future. The aim of this
article is to show that the conditions of the
Association at present do not admit of satisfac-
tory work beyond the limits of the City of
Halifax, and it is hoped that any suggestions
made may elicit either criticism or approval.

It has been intimated that the machinery of
the Association is inadequate to the accomplish-
ment of its great ends, one of which should be

the enrolment of as large a membership as possible. The report of the committee of the Alumni Association appointed in 1888: "To obtain the names of persons eligible for membership" affords a signal proof of failure in this regard. The report says, "It will be seen that over 1200 persons are eligible for membership and it is to be regretted that less than 100 are enrolled." It is more than regrettable that such is the case, still the fact that the Association has to face is, that less than one-twelfth of those eligible for membership have identified themselves with the Association. Clearly then it is the duty of all members to earnestly consider the matter and strive to devise a remedy.

Again many of our graduates complain of the composition of the executive of the Association. By reference to the list of the officers and members of the executive for the past year it will be found that twelve out of the fifteen are residents of the city of Halifax. This at first blush gives it the character of a distinctive city organization, and though it is more an imaginary than a real evil, it has given rise to no little amount of misconception and prejudice, which in the interests of the college should be removed.

As a paliative for these defects the GAZETTE would recommend the establishment of the following Associations:

- (a) One for the City and County of Halifax.
- (b) One for the Province of New Brunswick.
- (c) One for the Province of P. E. Island.
- (d) One for the Province of British Columbia.
- (e) One for the Island of Cape Breton.
- (f) One for the Eastern Counties of Nova Scotia.
- (g) One for the Central Counties of Nova Scotia.
- (h) One for the Western Counties of Nova Scotia.

Along with these it will be necessary to have a central executive to exercise a general supervision over the branch associations and to which all statistics, accounts, etc., should be rendered. To this executive each association should have the right to send two members, and in cases where the members find it impossible to attend its meetings they should be accorded the privi-

lege of voting by proxy, in order that expression might be given to the wishes of each association.

A few of the obvious advantages of adopting some such scheme as the above would be, the enlargement of the membership; the awakening of a more general interest among our graduates in the work of the University; the opening of a large field for canvassing on behalf of the college; and if the members of the branch associations do their duty they ought to exert a powerful influence over young men in their districts who are determining upon a college course.

In one particular it cannot fail, namely, in keeping the University prominently before the people in different parts of the Dominion where it is now comparatively unknown.

We trust the matter will be taken up and dealt with by the Association this spring in a progressive spirit and if it is finally decided to have no innovations we rely on the association to give good reasons for its position.

SUPREME COURT METHODS.

GREAT dissatisfaction is very generally expressed by the members of the Bar with the arrangements for calling the cases on the Supreme Court docket of arguments. At the last annual meeting of the Barristers' Society resolutions were adopted looking to the introduction of some methods by which the convenience of the Bar would be promoted without interfering with the speedy transaction of the business of the Court. Nothing has yet come out of those measures and such is the fatality attending the schemes of the Bar Society that it is quite probable nothing will ever be done, of any consequence, along the lines attempted by the Bar Society. It ought not to be impossible for the Legislature, in view of the large sprinkling of legal talent that it embraces, to devise some measures that would secure a more convenient mode of disposing of business. Under the present system a country barrister who wishes to argue his own cases, is obliged to come to town in many instances a week before his cases are reached, and even a city barrister is obliged to

take up his residence in the court room for several days in order that he may not have a judgment snapped upon him for want of argument. A very simple remedy would be applied by providing as to Halifax causes that the court should on each afternoon at 4 o'clock ascertain what causes are ready for argument and set down not more than five or six for argument for the following day.

Those who were concerned in later cases than those so set down could make their minds easy and attend to more remunerative business at their offices. Should it occur by accident that the court was obliged to adjourn for want of causes ready for argument the time would not be lost, as the judges could make use of their leisure in preparing judgments in the numerous causes argued but not decided.

As to country causes the rule should be to interpose a *dies non* between each county or at least between each circuit. Perhaps it would only be fair to allow two days to intervene before taking up the cases from the Island of Cape Breton. No time would be lost to the court by this expedient and a vast deal of time would be saved to practitioners. During the present term a barrister from Kings County was detained in town nearly if not upwards of a week waiting for the Halifax causes to be finished, and counsel from Cape Breton were detained just as long while the court was dealing with cases from the mainland. Surely this is unfair either to the practitioners who are obliged to spend their time in the city under expenses without remuneration, or else to clients who are obliged to pay counsel for spending time unnecessarily in the city. The grievance is a serious one and the remedy so exceedingly simple that it is not creditable to the legal practitioners in the House of Assembly and the Legislative Council that it should continue from year to year, while everybody grumbles and nobody lifts a finger to secure a better condition of things.

COMPLAINTS were heard about the Xmas exams, that some of the papers were almost illegible, and in many cases their length was disproportionate to the reduced time. It is hoped there will be no ground for complaint this spring.

A FEW weeks ago it was our painful duty to chronicle the death of one of Dalhousie's most promising graduates—the late Rev. James Festus Smith. To-day our pain is intensified as it becomes necessary to pay a last tribute to our departed college brother—the Rev. George M. Johnson. He was born at Stewiacke in 1861, where he received a good common school education. In 1877 he entered Pictou Academy and after taking the preparatory course at that institution, entered college in 1883, at which time he succeeded in winning a Munro Bursary. He then retired for a year and presented himself for the Senior Bursary Competition in 1886, when he was again successful. He graduated B. A. in 1888 and completed his theological course at Pine Hill Presbyterian College in 1890. In May of the same year he was ordained pastor of the charges of Little Harbour and Fisher's Grant, Pictou Co., where he labored with much acceptance till within five months of his death, when failing health rendered rest at the old homestead necessary. Hopes were at first entertained of his recovery, but that fatal enemy of promising youth, consumption, proved too strong for a never robust constitution, and added our old friend to its long list of victims on Sunday the 30th March, ultimo.

It has been said that there is no truer test of a young man's worth than the estimation in which he is held by his fellow students. Judging by this standard Mr. Johnson earned a reputation upon which his family and friends can fondly dwell. He possessed those rare qualities,—modesty and genuineness, which mark the true gentleman, and make the possessor loved by those who know him and respected by mere acquaintances. Never hasty in judgment; always charitable and reasonable, his opinions always had weight with his fellow students. He combined two qualities, ability and faithfulness, which always insure a stable and deserved success to the student. He was eminently a man of thought, and it will therefore not be surprising that he possessed a peculiar bent for mathematical problems and subjects of speculative interest, in the treatment of which he

displayed an originality and independence that made him marked.

As a preacher we have the testimony of his co-labourers in the mission field, from which it is easy to glean that the Presbyterian Church has sustained a loss that can only be met by the ordination of men of like irreproachable character and earnestness of purpose. To all relations and friends of our departed friend the GAZETTE extends its warmest sympathy, believing that when the waters of sorrow have subsided it will be realized that what is our loss is his gain.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

At the closing of the law school it was the expressed intention of the city students to see what could be done in the way of getting city lawyers to lecture during the summer months on the Judicature Act. Since then nothing has been done and it is high time, if anything is to come of it, that the students should meet and appoint a committee to see if the scheme is not practicable. The GAZETTE is informed that the St. John students have lectures delivered them during the summer, and there is no valid reason why our city students should not enjoy the same privilege.

ON the 8th ult. President Forrest's Sabbath afternoon class in Christian Evidences was favored with an address by Professor McGregor upon the subject of "Certainty, Scientific and Theological." The questions are often asked how it is, if God exists, his revelations are not made as clear to us as the proofs of mathematics? Is it possible to get as great certainty in theology as in mathematics? And to these questions the lecturer addressed himself with vigor and effect, drawing the conclusion that Religion, Mathematics and Science generally, rest on the same footing as far as certainty is concerned. He deduced two morals from his examination of the subject, (1.) That however certain we might be with regard to anything in Science or Theology, we should never demand that others look at it in the same light; we should learn the lesson of

charity; (2.) that we should aim at certainty in religion as well as in science; and that when a thing is almost absolutely certain, we should take it as such until it is disproved.

It is a subject of speculation among students why the mathematics of the Second Year should be made a condition precedent to obtaining the B. A. degree with "General Distinction." During the Third and Fourth Years a student may develop distinguished talents for any of the cognate subjects of those years and "attain a good standing in all their classes," but if the applicant was unfortunate enough to be in "Egyptian darkness" as regards the mathematics of the Second Year the merited degree with distinction cannot be awarded. Section XII of the Calendar should be amended at the first meeting of the Faculty and the mathematics of the Second Year struck out.

THE PHILOMATHIC.

THE above is the latest, and what we believe will prove one of the most valuable of Dalhousie's societies. It was first mooted at a meeting called for the purpose March 22nd. At that meeting a committee was appointed to draw up a scheme for the Society in conjunction with Professors Seth and McGregor. The following is the result of their deliberations, which was duly accepted by a meeting held on the 29th. It explains the aim and "make-up" of the Society well enough to make comment unnecessary.

Recommendations of Committee appointed March 22nd.

1. That the Society be called the Philomathic Society.
2. That its objects be, (a.) to stimulate interest in Literature, Science and Philosophy; (b.) to encourage thorough study and independent investigation in special departments; (c.) to give practice in the presentation of subjects, and in the experimental illustration of lectures; (d.) to encourage the formation of collections in Botany, Zoology, Geology, Local History, etc.
3. Membership. That the instructors in the several faculties in the University be Honorary Members; that all former and present students of the

University be eligible for Ordinary Membership; and that other persons, not connected with the University, who may apply for membership, may be elected Associate Members by ballot.

4. That the fee (annual) for membership be fifty cents.

5. That the office-bearers of the Society be a President, one Vice-President from each Faculty (who shall preside in rotation with the President); a Secretary-Treasurer; and an Executive Committee, including, (in addition to the above officers,) three other members.

6. That the meetings of the Society be held in the University fortnightly during the College Session.

The meetings of the Society will be conducted largely in the regulation fashion, consisting in the reading of papers, and their subsequent discussion. Probably excursions about the country, and to the manufactories, to illustrate facts in geology and chemistry, will be an interesting feature.

The professors have taken great interest in its formation and promise the Society their heartiest support.

The following officers were elected to hold office for a year:

- President.....K. G. T. WEBSTER
- Vice-Presidents {D. S. MACKINTOSH, Arts.
.....F. CONGDON, Law.
.....R. J. MACDONLD, Medicine
- Secretary-Treasurer..T. F. WEST.
- Executive Committee.—J. W. LOGAN, G. F. JOHNSON, GEO. G. PATTERSON.

RAMBLINGS.

Now that the elections are over, it must afford both the Ins and Outs no slight satisfaction to view the situation in at least one aspect, the growing importance of our country. The struggle was brief as it was fierce; but no election contest on these few arpents of snow ever excited such wide-spread interest before. Our American cousins said nasty things about us editorially for weeks before the voting, if we were Tories and patronized us if we were Grits. The American editor is a very irritating creature, but, as our own papers were abusive and ignorant too, we cannot afford to throw stones at him. The English papers and magazines teemed with

articles, including one from our own Attorney-General. When the result was known the American editor said it was a great moral victory; the English editor said he was glad Canada could guard her own. On all sides there was no small stir.

I said the American editor is irritating. He reminds me of a retort a friend of mine made who was once entrapped, against his fixed principles, into a political discussion. He kept cool but his opponent became very much heated, and at last made some outrageous statement. Mel's eyes blazed, but he said very slowly, "you don't seem to think its possible to insult a man, in talking politics." The American editor always proceeds apparently on this assumption. He thinks, no doubt, that Canadian veins run ice-water instead of blood, and that it is impossible to make such ichor boil. He is mistaken. But he probably means well; and then he has the Irish voet to look after. He has too many trials and is too much worried to take time to be merely just to us.

Puck's late cartoon on the election is a case in point. The matter is thought important enough to secure the chief place, the central page. Poor Canada as a squaw, in a most undignified attitude is being drawn to Uncle Sam, by the magnet of business interests; but the Conservative majority (which, of course, must not be confounded with the Canadian people,) binds her, not too tightly, to that old stick Sir John. The title is: Only a Question of Time. Another case is the article in the *Illustrated American*, called "Canada at the Polls." The closing words of this are, "Canada has come one step nearer to union with the United States." Does the American writer or draughtsman think that Canadians cannot read, or that they do not know when they are insulted. Perhaps they do not imagine that their words and drawings will have any effect whatever. But it is hardly pleasant to have your neighbour tell you that you are to be whipped back to heel sooner or later.

My solace lies in remembering that the American editor is not the American people, and

that he seldom represents genuine American sentiment, on any question. The sons of revolutionary sires, the unprejudiced New Englander of the old rock cannot but feel a thrill of sympathetic pride at the sight of a small community of English blood, handicapped in every way, but preferring to work out its own destiny by itself. The American of pure blood, the man of culture and education, looks back to England as the home of the race, is proud of her history and of her achievements in literature and politics. In a word, he understands the value of the past, while at the same time he firmly believes in his great republic and its glorious destiny. But the American editor addresses an audience which imagines that the history of the world began in 1776 A. D., and that Adam's real name was George Washington. No one who has had the pleasure of knowing the genuine American makes the mistake of thinking that his opinions ever stray into the columns of the American newspaper. After all, the poor editor is to be pitied rather than blamed; that same Irish vote, the "boss," and the labour organization do not permit him to say positively that his soul is his own.

We Canadians do not know this, unless we have lived across the lines. Then we begin to understand the degree of contempt the American entertains for the paper that is supposed to represent him. Least of all do our editors understand this great fact or they would not be irritated at what such a paper as the *New York Herald* says or gravely quote it. Its usual editorial opinion is no whit more important than the dirtiest little ragamuffin's that hawks it down Broadway, or couched in choicer language. It is impossible to find, anywhere in the world, largely circulated newspapers, more hopelessly and helplessly vulgar than in the United States. Our own are bad enough in all conscience; but they are many, many shades better than some New York and Boston dailies that I could name.

For Canadians, for students, who are by nature lovers of ideals, what nobler dream can there be than a country of our own? One

Canada, from the mountains to the sea, from the prairies to the great lakes,—Quebec, our Wales, a people sprung from the sifted yeomanry of England, Scotland and Ireland—a country where pure laws are sternly administered, where education is wise and evenly diffused throughout all ranks and classes, where religion beats in the national life-blood—is not this possibility grand enough to live and die for? We are an English people; we have no black belt of savagery, encroaching swiftly on the territory of the white man. We cannot degenerate. This stern climate breeds only a hardy race; its rigours forever preclude the possibility of less sturdy generations. It is only with great thoughts that we can build a great nation. We have so much, is it not worth while going on, even if our dream does not prove true, even if we fail? It is a fair land, this country that gave us birth and where lie the graves of those who gave us life. Long as we may live and far as we may travel, we shall never find a spot upon the planet so dear to us, as the scenes that met our childish eyes. We have our future in our own hands. Let the old men coldly judge of dangers and weigh advantages of this course or that. Our country's future is not in their hands but in ours. Before the end of this century the young men of Canada will be the voters and the leaders of parties in this Dominion. They can make of this country a great and independent nation, if they but will and work. So runs my dream. What a destiny! what a dazzling prospect! Perhaps the dawn of the twentieth century shall see a new nation, taking her place among the nations of the earth—at peace with the great republic at her side—bound by love and veneration to England, the mother of nations—reconciling the English on both sides of the sea and in time, bringing about that great English-speaking federation of the world, which shall be able by its sheer bulk and magnificence of sleeping power to awe into peace the inconsiderable remnant. So may it be. [The Rambler.]

THE members of the Alumni Association will dine at the Queen Hotel on the evening of the 23rd inst. It is hoped that the effect of loyal toasts will be enthusiastic work. Let all the graduating class join the Association before leaving the city.

WORDSWORTH.

A CRITICISM:—BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

[The following article from the pen of the late Dr. Lyall, will be read with interest by all who have had the privilege of studying under his direction. An old magazine containing it, the first and last pages of which are wanting, has been put into our hands. It is therefore impossible to state when and where the article appeared. It is well suited to show the interest our late lamented professor took in the study of literature in all its branches.—*Editors Gazette.*]

WE accept the definition of Imagination given by Professor Wilson of Edinburgh—a competent authority—viz., "Intellect working under the laws of passion." We would only substitute the word emotion for passion, and we believe that was what was intended in the definition. Imagination is "ideas seen in the light of emotion," or "possessed in the element of emotion." In that state they generally assume a figurative form—the form of a simile or a metaphor or prosopopeia, &c. Hence, poetry and poets. And, according to the character of the emotion, will be the style or character of the poetry. For example we have the poetry of the affections. "Poems founded on the Affections," is the title given by Wordsworth to certain of his poems. We have the "Songs of the Affections" by Mrs. Hemans. We have the "Plays on the Passions," by Joanna Baillie. Burns' songs are essentially poems of the affections; and nothing could surpass the felicitous expression there given of all the varying emotions which enter into and constitute the predominating emotion, love. The "Cotter's Saturday Night" is a poem founded on the affections, and is, perhaps, the finest delineation of the domestic scene that has ever been presented. The incident and imagery are all such as serve most successfully to portray the domestic picture. We have the patriotic ode, such, again, as "Bruce's Address to his Army," the "War Elegies," of Tyrtæus; the martial lyrics of Campbell; the "Lyre and Sword," of Körner; the imagery and style in all these strictly follow or obey the particular emotion. In Homer the predominating emotion is undoubtedly the martial and heroic, and the hurry and impetuosity of the description, and boldness of the imagery are all in accordance with the animating theme. We have such fine scenes, however, as that between Hector and Andromache—the episode of Glaucus and Diomedæ—the night scene beside the camp-fires—the moon and stars sailing in the deep blue vault of heaven, with innumerable individual pictures, each of which has its several emotion or emotions constituting the individuality and forming the beauty of the delineation.

The "Æneid" is not so martial, though in the account of the final sack of Troy in the Second Book, and the wars with Turnus, it is sufficiently so. "The coming event casting its shadow before," of Rome's future conquests, is embodied in the person of Æneas. "The Hegemony," in embryo, is already contained in the conquest of Latium. The fine descriptions of the third and fifth books are familiar to every scholar. The mystic character of the sixth book—the consultation of the Sibyl—the descent to Elysium, and the shadowy forms that flit before you on these shadowy plains: all produce a weird and sublime effect on the mind. The episode of Nisus and Euryalus, in the sixth book, owes its beauty to the exhibition of such noble friendship between these noble youths, and the grief of the mother lamenting her dead son, who would never be restored to her affections again: the pathetic delineation of these affections in the trial to which they were put has always made that episode a favourite passage with the readers of Virgil. The loftier and sublimer emotions are those which distinguish the epics of Milton, as these deal with the grand themes of Heaven and Hell—the councils of Pandemonium—the wars of the Angels, before Satan and his rebel host were yet finally cast down—the Temptation—the expulsion from Eden—the Redemptory Act.

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heavenly muse!"

What emotion will you not find in Shakespeare? From the deep tragedy of Macbeth and King Lear to the rollicking humour of the "Merry wives of Windsor," from the melancholy of Hamlet to the trenchant wit of Beatrice or Benedick, or the jocund fund of Jaques and Rosalind. But the emotion of Shakespeare is like the sea, fathomless, boundless. You cannot sound its depths, or measure its shores. *What emotion will you find in Pope?* and to the extent that he is not characterized by true emotion, you are not disposed to allow him a place among true poets. There is plenty of intellect; there is fine enthusiasm; there is splendid antithesis; there are admirable moral and critical maxims; but there is little true or genuine emotion. His emotion is of the more artificial kind, as he confines himself for the most part to the delineation of artificial life; and that is not the region or element of highest poetry, if it is of any. There is pathos in the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, and that, admittedly, is the part of Pope's writings to which we would go for anything like poetry that would vindicate to itself the name. It is

much the same with Dryden; and these two claimants to a niche in the temple of the muses,—masters in their own peculiar department, have always appeared to us to occupy a "dubious frontier-space" between, not the rational and insane, as Foster said of Don Quixote, but between poetry and elegant prose.

Burns speaks of Thomson's "landscape glow," and in the same stanza of the "moving flow" of Gray:

Thou canst not learn, nor can I show
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow,
Or wake the bosom melting thro'—
With Shenstone's art,
Or pour with Gray the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

The pervading element of Scott is the chivalrous, and his poetry is steeped in its spirit, and takes the mould of its imagery. The fiercer and wilder passions give us Byron—as in the Corsair, Giaour, Manfred—and even Childe Harold; although there is enough of the generous and noble in these poems to redeem them from the charge of utter misanthropy. The weird and the mystical constitute Coleridge. The secret of "Christabel" is still a secret to most readers, and the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" still needs an interpreter. The worship of the Ideal, the Ideal of Beauty, and the Ideal of the social state, form the spirit of Shelley. "The Revolt of Islam," I dare say, would be a great poem if one had patience to read it, but it would require one to be smitten with the same spirit with the poet himself, to follow the fortunes of so visionary and tedious a narrative. The spirit of Greek poetry is transferred into modern thought or language in the Endymion and especially the Hyperion of Keats. And what shall we say of Wordsworth?

An intense sympathy with humanity in all its phases, particularly its lowlier or humbler phases—the love of nature—a high admiration of all that is great and noble in character and conduct—a profoundly devout spirit—a deep insight into the subtler workings of the human heart—with a philosophic cast of imagination peculiar to himself. These seem to be the characteristics of Wordsworth, or the more prominent features of his muse. The first of these is especially conspicuous in the "lyrical ballads," the earliest of his poems; which were given to the world under that name, but are now published under a different designation. It may be admitted that these poems frequently descend to trivialities which are unworthy of the poet, which few will justify, and most will repudiate. When they first appeared, accordingly, they were received with almost universal derision. Some approved, others hesitated and disliked; but

seemed to think that all was not as it ought to be. They were made the subject of successful travesty, by one of the Smiths in the "Rejected Addresses." The great autoerast of criticism at the time, Francis Jeffrey, began his review of Wordsworth with this emphatic oracle: "This will never do!" And yet, who would be without the "We are Seven" of Wordsworth—"Alice Fell," "Lucy Gray," even "Goody Blake and Harry Gill," "The Idiot Boy," and so on? The "We are Seven" is an attempt to embody the ideas of a child respecting death, unable to take in the thought of its being anything more than a temporary separation—hardly even separation—far less dissolution or utter extinction. The loss of her cloak, by Alice Fell, is a simple enough incident of humble life, and there is nothing to object to, perhaps, in the incident itself; it is the way in which the poor tattered garment was lost, and the inordinate grief of the child in consequence, which are objectionable in the composition. "Lucy Gray" is an affecting incident affectingly told, but it perhaps wants verisimilitude, for what father would lay this command upon his child on such a night?

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

You hardly sympathise with the father on the loss of his child after employing it on such an errand. "Goody Blake and Harry Gill," it seems, is a true story, intended to illustrate the power of imagination over our physical state, resulting sometimes in disastrous, even the most fatal consequences. The story is told of a patient under the knife of the surgeon, or who supposed himself under the knife of the surgeon, being told that his blood was oozing out drop by drop, and that he could not live long, actually dying of fear; it was a cruel experiment to see how far imagination would actually go. Harry Gill is the type of a Cumberland farmer, who, taking revenge upon an old dame, his neighbour, for robbing his hedge to provide herself with fuel on a cold winter evening, and who was rather "habit and repute" in this way, becomes the subject of an imprecation or minatory prayer:

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
"God! who art never out of hearing
O may he never more be warm!"

And so it comes to pass:

The cold, cold moon, above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said:
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill;
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!

No word to any man he utters,
A-bed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."

A-bed or up, by night or day;
His teeth they chatter, chatter, still;
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill!

(Continued.)

A TRIP THRO' ITALY.

(Continued.)

I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome; a thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images,
And I spring up as girt to run a race

Rome—ancient mistress of the world, before such a subject pen fails, we stand helpless. Poets have sung of thy former glory, thy continued brightness; historians have recorded the noble deeds of thy valiant sons. Foster—mother of art, what magnetic influence, what spell is this thou art casting over us now; voices of the past are calling to us, of stern heroic deeds, thou great heart of Italy—of the world, hast thou ceased to beat; but even yet as mournfully we gaze upon thee dead, thou speakest with power and majesty, gone, but not to oblivion, strong even in death, here mayest thou read of the greatness of man.

A visit to St Peter's, the Forum and the Colosseum occupies the first day. Although provided with the indispensable Baedeker, yet impatience prevents a careful study of street connections, and momentarily forgetful of being ignorant of the language, we hasten to a cabstand near by. Our request "can you drive us to St. Peter's," was answered by a blank look; prompted by some indefinable impulse, we repeat the words in a louder tone, as if thus the more intelligible. Presently a smile breaks over the dark face of the Italian, and the hearty reply of "O, Si, Si, Signorina, San Pietro, San Pietro," sets our fears at rest. This being now our settled destination we quickly drive through many narrow streets, past open Piazzas till we reach the Piazza di San Pietro. This open square forms a fitting approach to the Cathedral, the largest in the world, covering an area of 18,000 square yards, while Milan covers 10,000 and St. Paul's of London, 9,350. The great Obelisk,

which now stands in the centre of the square, was brought to Rome by Caligula from Heliopolis, and is said to be the only monument of the kind at Rome which has never been overthrown. The following is related of its erection on its present site: "This huge monument estimated by Fontana to weigh about 500 tons, was removed on rollers from its original position on the 10th of Sept. 1586, and erected under the superintendence of Domenico Fontana on its present site. Fontana in the construction of his apparatus had omitted to allow for the tension of the ropes produced by the enormous weight, and that at the most critical moment, although silence was imposed on the bystanders under pain of death, one of the 800 workmen, the sailor Bresca of San Remo shouted 'Acqua alle funi,' (water on the ropes), thus solving the difficulty. As a reward his relations were granted the privilege of providing the palm branches for St. Peter's on Palm Sunday." On either side of the Obelisk stand two beautiful marble fountains, whose waters sparkle in the warm sunshine of the beautiful March weather.

Approaching the Cathedral we feel somewhat disappointed by the Facade, but having pushed aside the thick heavy curtain, which hangs before the door of every Italian church, we enter by the central of the five entrances and stand upon the spot, a round slab of porphyry, where Emperors and Popes for many centuries were crowned. Directly above is the loggia where, previous to the union of Rome with the Italian Government, the Pope was wont to stand when blessing the people assembled in the Piazza without. At first the sight is dazzled by the magnificence and splendor of the interior. The Cathedral, built in the form of a cross upon the site where St. Peter is said to have suffered martyrdom, is supposed to have been begun by Emperor Constantine, but the work met with many interruptions. The famous artists, Bramante, Raphael and Michael Angelo, were successively employed upon its construction; the present dome being almost entirely the work of Michael Angelo. The Cathedral is so well proportioned, that although conscious of its vastness, one cannot realize it. The marble floor so beautifully inlaid, the various chapels on either side so rich in works of art—statues, paintings, etc., it seems as if the riches of the world, the highest and noblest conceptions of Architects, Sculptors and Painters have been here collected, yet amid this grandeur the four great dome pillars, and the dome itself including the high altar, are worthy of special note. The pillars are 234 feet in circumference, the niches in the lower part of which are occupied by statues;

above these on the sides facing the high altar, are the four loggias, where the sacred relics are exhibited on high festivals to the concourse assembled below. The interior of the dome is very richly decorated in gold and mosaics, the four mosaics of the Apostles, also of the Saviour and Virgin Mary being lowest, while high over all is God the Father, by Marcello Provenzale. Under the dome and directly over the tomb of St. Peter is the high altar, where the Pope alone performs mass on special occasions. A flight of marble steps leads down to the tomb, which, including the eighty-nine lights kept continually burning, is enclosed by the Confessio, around which many are constantly kneeling. The lights burning on the high altars of the many chapels in the Cathedral, the slow measured movement over the marble floor of the priests, the gently swelling notes of the deep-toned organ in the largest chapel on the left hand side, remind us it is the hour of worship. Silently and reverently we follow the groups now entering this side chapel, and the service throughout though unintelligible, is fraught with meaning. The preliminaries have been completed during which our enthusiasm was aroused by the exquisite music, and our vision dazzled by the gorgeously robed priests of various ranks in attendance. Our attention is now attracted by the earnest, powerful preaching of an eloquent Cardinal, so once more deploring our ignorance of Italian, we slip quietly out for another glance around the Cathedral. Just before us are the confessionals for eleven different languages, as the inscriptions indicate, arrayed in order around a side chapel. The Sacristy consisting of three chapels is very interesting, containing works of the great artist Giotto and many others, also the magnificent robes embroidered in gold, worn by the Pope on special occasions. Many of the pictures in the Cathedral are mosaics, the originals being in different churches throughout the city. One particularly striking is a representation of the Archangel smiting Satan, copied from that master-piece by Guido Reni, in the Church of the Cappuccini. The Archangel is personified as a winged youth, who stands upon the chained and prostrate Satan with sword in hand, raised as if in the act of striking the final blow. The deadly revenge depicted on the evil face, and by the clenching of his huge hand is rendered strikingly impressive by contrast with the majestic look, yet determined resolution of the angel face above him. This Church of the Cappuccini is interesting by reason of a curious cemetery beneath it. The order of monks to whom it belongs was founded in the fifteenth century, and take their name Cappuccini—

hooded fellows—from their peculiar dress, high pointed hoods of dark brown woollen cloth, gowns of the same, tied by a girdle, and sandals. Preceded by one of their order as a guide we enter the cemetery below. The area is divided into four chapels with a corridor running along by the side, the ground is composed of earth brought from Jerusalem, and therefore sacred—a property supposed to preserve the bodies therein interred. At length the space being completely occupied, they were in turn taken up in order to make room for the deceased, having lain there for a period of about twenty-five years. This practice was discontinued in 1870 by an order from the Government. They have thus a collection of 4,000 skeletons, monks and nuns, by which the sides and ceilings of these chapels are completely decorated. The high altars are formed of skulls alone, while the side wall decorations form niches, in which are inserted whole skeletons dressed and standing upright. The ceiling is frescoed in the most fantastic manner, and the hanging chandeliers are composed of longer bones, such as of the arms. The frescoing of the walls extend to within four feet of the ground, thus one must be very careful in passing to avoid actual contact.

Emerging once more into the open air above, we hasten away from this terrible tomb of the dead in an opposite direction. Threading our way in and out of the numerous streets of present Rome, passing beautiful piazzas with their sparkling fountains, we must pause to admire the taste and skill of the architect, and if superstitiously inclined drop into the ever-flowing waters a silver coin, to insure our return to this city of the world. We pass onward and reach another part of the city—the Historic. Here between the Capitol and the Palatine Hills are the ruins of the most memorable spot in Europe, the spot where questions were discussed and decided which settled the fate of nations—The Forum. Here is the Sacra Via which leads to the top of the Capitol Hill, where around the open piazza are clustered the buildings containing the famous Capitol Museum, so well described by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his opening pages of the Marble Faun. Let us retrace our steps and coming down the flight of steps we stand at the head of the Forum. Before us, spread out to the light of the nineteenth century are the ruins of Temples, Basilicas, Columns, Arches, etc., a noble wreck in ruinous perfection. The Forum, now carefully preserved in its present state, was long neglected, being gradually filled up by the rubbish of centuries, and occupied by the teams of peasants, while smiths and carpenters established their workshops

around it. A plan of excavation was begun in the sixteenth century, but was not successfully carried out until undertaken with considerable energy by the government in the early part of the present century, indeed some portions of the former pavement is about forty feet below the present level of the ground. Looking across the Forum we see successively the ruins of the Temple of Saturn, The Rostra or orator's tribune, established by Julius Caesar, the platform of which is 80 feet long, thus giving the orator room to walk up and down during his speech. Nearer the centre rises the Column of Phocas on the spot were so many popular meetings were held. To the left the Temple of Caesar, near which is the tribune where Mark Antony so wrought on the passions of the assembled throng by his eloquent oration over the death of Caesar. Between the Temple of Caesar and the Temple of Castor and Pollux are the remains of the triumphal arch of Augustus, while just beyond to the south-east of the Temple of Castor is the Temple and close by the Palaces of the Vestal Virgins, the tiny rooms belonging to the six priestesses being now accessible to the public. Rising back of the Forum and separated now from it by buildings and one or two streets, are the famous Palaces of the Caesars; while away to the right is the ancient Theatre, one of the most imposing ruins of the world,—the Colosseum.

A visit to the deserted halls and many apartments of the Palaces on the Palatine, and a stroll through the still beautiful gardens directly above, for they are so constructed, and gazing down on the ruins below, we seem transported back to the days of heroic deeds, this feeling is greatly enhanced by a view of the interior of this wonderful amphitheatre close by. In vision we see the seats rise tier above tier in this colossal edifice, and amid the sea of eager, expectant faces gazing down into the arena below, we descry on the opposite side the Emperor surrounded by his nobles. Every one seems excited, a favorite gladiator will appear to-day, and eager discussions may be heard on all sides; heavy bets are being laid and a general air of expectancy seems to prevail over the assembled populace. High over all on the walls above may be seen the sailors stretching the huge canvas from side to side to protect the spectators below from the burning rays of the tropical sun. Below are the caves or apartments where the famished, infuriated beasts are caged. The Gladiator enters, a very Hercules, his huge sinewy form seeming almost powerful enough to cope with the enraged beast. Hark! a tremendous roar of baffled rage,—a spring,—a rush,—they close in deadly conflict. Dexterously

avoiding his enemy he gives a desperate wound ere the mad animal can pause in his wild plunge. but ah! he is only the more infuriated by the pain, and turning his gleaming eyes of fire upon his enemy, makes another mad rush. For a moment all is terrible confusion, the spectators gaze with bated breath, yet once more he skillfully extricates himself from imminent peril and pausing just a second, bleeding and dishevelled, he aims once more, but alas! the odds are against him, he staggers, falls backward, the brain whirls, a mist comes before our sight, a terrible sensation has come upon us, the air is stifling, we cannot remain longer; the audience may grant him mercy for he has fought well.

Rome is so full of master pieces of the great artists, that it seems almost impossible to discriminate between them. That famous picture of Beatrice Cenci by Guido Reni calls for a second study. The pathetic story of her life and death has caused us at an early day to pay a visit to the Barberini Palace where this picture stands, the gem of the collection. Though innocent she is unjustly condemned to execution for the death of her noble Roman father, a man loved and honored by all. It is the evening before the execution in which she appears to us now. Does not that pure, sweet face, with those eyes so sorrowfully dark, and look of patient resignation seem transformed to angelic brightness; she seems not a creature of this world, but a being of celestial regions, bearing awhile with patience the sorrows of humanity. Again in the church in the Piazza in Lucina, we pause as we recognize the same master hand, this time it is the crucifixion around which groups are reverently kneeling. Once more, a little further along, we enter the Church of St. Augustine situated near to the banks of the Tiber. Here is the statue of the Virgin Mary and the Child Christ carved out of wood brought from the Holy Land. Ah! there is the veritable necklace. Several years ago as the King and Queen of Italy, accompanied by the Crown Prince and a favorite general were driving through the streets of Naples, a would-be assassin rushed up with drawn sword, attempting the life of the King. As the blade gleamed through the air the frightened Queen uttered the cry "Oh St. Marie of Augustina save the King." The attempt was fruitless and the Queen out of gratitude, upon her return to Rome, placed around the neck of the statue the pearl necklace worn so long by herself. Yearly, upon the anniversary of this day, the King presents the Queen with a string of pearls, thus indicating by her photographs the number of years since the event transpired.

The lower classes of the Italians are very ignorant, very superstitious and completely under the control of Catholicism, as may be judged by their firm belief in the following story. In a church on the top of the Cephel hill, just opposite the Museum, is a figure of the Child Christ. This Bambino when carried to the rooms of sick or dying persons was by virtue of its sacredness, the means of sudden and perfect restoration to health. One lady who had been so cured conceived the idea of retaining the image, and sent a copy to the church in its place; but the following night the true child, of its own accord, returned to the church and knocked upon the door until the priest gave it admittance, thenceforward it has never been removed. As the priests unlocked the different sets of gilt doors which enclose the figure, many gathered around and during the few brief moments it was exposed to our view, (sparkling and completely loaded with jewels, the offerings of its devotees,) then repeated their prayers in its presence. Of course the more enlightened Italians do not believe in these numerous tales, and a strong atheistic feeling has been rapidly growing of late years. Since the union of the nation the Pope is becoming more and more disliked, while on the other hand the people are becoming more and more devoted to their king.

The key note of Italian character is this devotion to their country and king. They call Italy the mother of sciences, fine arts and flowers—the garden of Europe; and proudly ask us if in the history of the Italian Restoration we do not admire the numberless sacrifices, the numerous battles one against ten. What can compare to that river of true Italian blood which flowed from 1848 when Italy was divided into many kingdoms ruled by the Pope, Austria, France and petty kings, both Italian and Foreign, till 1870, when Rome, the present capital, formerly possessed by the Pope was formally taken. The memory of the troubles suffered on account of their past weakness, the fear of their being again conquered and divided by some near nation; jealous of their new power and with the hope of taking what is still wanting to them Nice, Corsica, Lavoia Malta, etc., has compelled the Italians to arm themselves from head to foot. At present they have an army of twenty five hundred thousand and a navy second only to England, the headquarters of which is at Spezia, a strong fortress of 40,000 inhabitants.

The popular, brave, intelligent, and charitable King Humbert the First, is idolized by many of his subjects. Always at hand at any great public work, yet equally so by the bedside of the unhappy who are dying, he moves about among his people loved and revered. Though only 47 years of age, his hair and moustache are quite white, and at first his wild and fixed look is rather startling, but his heart of gold makes him worthy of admiration. In 1884 there was a terrible siege of cholera at Naples. King Humbert was in Rome at the time, great festivities were being carried forward at Monza to which he was invited. His answer was, "At Naples people are dying, at Monza people are amusing themselves, I will go to Naples," and he went. The number of the deceased

reached to thousands daily, no one was to be seen in the streets, except long processions of women singing psalms. King Humbert went and entered some of the worst quarters of the city, aiding the sick and dying both by words and money; visited the hospitals and in every way proved himself most kind and tender. How could they but love and admire such a man, who so calmly thought, and so bravely acted. All Italy protested against seeing their beloved king in such danger, but he left Naples safe, amid a chorus of blessing and admiration; and when next year, invited by the Neapolitans to return, he revisited the former scenes of suffering, his reception was enthusiastic itself, a very paradox of joy laid hold of the people, a sort of delirium, as they shouted "This is our King." The Queen Margaret is also greatly beloved, religious, yet not bigoted, intelligent and charitable. She speaks many languages, including Latin and Greek, writes a great deal and is very skilful in playing upon the national instrument, the Mandoline. Many hospitals and asylums throughout the country bear her name.

Before we leave Rome we must visit the Vatican Palace, the largest in the world, originally intended as a dwelling house for the Pope, but at present a very small portion is occupied by the Papal Court. The Palace possesses 30 courts and 11,000 halls, chapels and private rooms, a large number of which are occupied with collections and show rooms. Close by St. Peter's it is approached by an arcade formed by several rows of pillars extending in a curve. At the entrance we obtain passes from the Swiss guard stationed there, and proceed up the grand stairway. The walls of the famous loggias and stairways are covered with symbolic words by Raphael and others. A picture called "The School of Athens," is on the opposite side of the room we are now entering. It is the Temple of Wisdom. A flight of stairs leads up to an open colonnade crowned with a dome at the back. Grouped on the stairs are representatives of the various sciences, geometry, mathematics, astronomy and music, while Plato and Aristotle stand directly under the arch. Ah, here we see the unmistakable figure of the bald Socrates and Diogenes too, lying upon the steps. This picture does not intend to represent a gradation of sciences, leading up to philosophy, but rather to introduce various popular characters. It is impossible to give any adequate conception of the many gems of art gathered in these rooms. Groups of tourists are constantly visiting these galleries, and many artists frequent this Palace to gather fresh inspiration for their work. The famous picture of "The Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo, in the Lastine Chapel is much blackened and defaced by time, yet still fascinating. The ceiling also is the work of that great artist. In his conception of The Last Judgment, the influence of Dante may be clearly seen. The boatman Charon is there, while all about him is a sea of faces contorted with pain and terrified by fear, while above are the angels grouped around the person of the Great Judge. We now enter the rooms devoted to sculpture, and wander through the magnificent halls, gazing with wonder upon the works of man here

collected. Feeling, however, as if we had already seen more than we could at once comprehend, we return to the open air and follow along by the banks of the Tiber, yes this is the same Tiber where Horatius so bravely kept the bridge in those good old days.

To visit the Parthenon, and during the closing hours of the day take a walk in the beautiful Pincio garden, also across to the Janiculum, along the Passaglia Margherita, is to realize some of the beauties of the city in the evening light; for while watching the sun slowly descending we gain an admirable panoramic view of the capital spread out in its vastness beneath our feet. Every spot has its history, tales too numerous to repeat are here learned from the very stones themselves. This is the spot of a famous deed, yonder is the Tarpeian Rock, away across the Campagna and just dimly visible on a clear day are the olive groves and vine clad hills of Tivoli. This village is 15 miles beyond Rome, accessible by the steam train, and with its many cascades and delightful ruins forms a pleasant excursion from the heat and sights of the city. Near by are the extensive ruins and still beautiful grounds of Hadrian's villa. The Borgese villa just beyond the city walls, its delightful park, the favorite drive in Rome, its beautiful palace, containing many choice collections of art, is a delightful resort, appreciated more thoroughly by frequent visits.

One day remains to us, so we drive along past the Baths of Caracalla, out on the old Appian Way to the Catacombs of St. Callistus. Although there are many catacombs in Rome these are the most interesting. Arriving at the guide house we secure our tickets and torches, and follow our guide who passes ahead with his huge torch already lighted. Going down a long flight of steep stairs to the darkness of the tomb below, we pause to light our torches and listen to the cautious of the guide not to lose sight of him amid these labyrinths. Through passages after passage we thread our way in the densest darkness. Chapel after chapel open to the right and left of these corridors, the walls of which are lined with graves, one above the other, and sealed with large slabs of stone upon which are carved inscriptions now nearly defaced. Here our guide pauses at one somewhat larger than the others, this was a favorite meeting place of the early Christians when compelled by persecution to worship in these vaults below ground, surrounded by the graves of the dead. Remains of skeletons are in some parts lying here and there. Our journey could be continued for miles in this underground city of the dead, but having explored many long passages we return just opposite to the old staircase broken down by order of the Emperor on learning that a party of Christians had gone below to worship; thus leaving them to a terrible death. This old Appian Way is but one of the many interesting drives around Rome, we must not delay, so passing along and gazing back admiringly at the pretty Trevi fountain, erected in honor of the late Emperor Frederick's visit to Rome, we reach the station and set out upon our journey to Naples, Vesuvius and Pompeii.

Correspondence.

COMMON SCHOOL STUDIES.

To the Editors of the Gazette:

ON different occasions articles have appeared in the columns of the GAZETTE criticizing the present course of study in the common schools. The general tenor of these articles is to find fault with the attention given to grammar, history and geography, and to advocate the introduction to a larger extent of the sciences, which by such writers, have been termed the practical subjects. The position of both these classes of subjects has been misrepresented particularly by the advocates of the scientific course.

What is of more practical importance to the boy leaving the common school than grammar, history and geography? He is not burdened with best common schools? He is not burdened with long, meaningless, philosophical definitions, the paragraphs of Calkin's Geography, but he gets that idea of grammar which enables him to converse intelligently, of geography that enables him to understand his newspaper, and of history that enables him to understand, and as a result appreciate and take a pride in upholding, our national institutions. In some schools the most practical results are not attained in these branches, but this is not the fault of the subject, nor even the text book, which should always be supplemented by the teachers' knowledge, but of the manner of presenting it. But, if these subjects are abused how much more do the sciences suffer? How often is it that the knowledge of the sciences carried away from the school consists of a few high sounding terms, the memory of some hasty experiment the point of which was never really grasped, or other knowledge impracticable in the extreme. And is not this true also of the science embraced in the usual college course with those who do not make some branch of science a speciality? How then is the instruction to be given the young to be made most practical? Not by introducing science studies, as such, with their mystifying terms and phrases, but by introducing an improved set of reading books.

The Royal Reader, No. 5, combines admirably elementary and highly instructive reading, but the series as a whole is defective, the lower books not leading up to this, being rather devoted to nice little stories which could be made infinitely more interesting and instructive

by the introduction of practical science. Just now when so many of our students are called upon to fill positions in the public schools it behooves them to give the matter careful consideration, and to writers of books it may be said while much honour attaches to giving a new work to the scientific world, as much and more would attach to the writer who would give to youth of our land a series of books to supply the want now so much felt.

DEAR GAZETTE.—Why is it that few, if any, of our general students take advantage of the short commercial course which Dalhousie offers? It must be because those who intend to enter upon a commercial life do not think it to be a suitable course. I would suggest to the Senate that they change some of the subjects and offer a course something like the following:

First Year.—English, Mathematics, Political Economy, Law of Contracts, Law of Sales.

Second Year.—English, Physics, Advanced Political Economy, Law of Negotiable Instruments, Law of Partnership and Companies.

In the vacation between the two sessions the student might attend a commercial college and obtain a knowledge of book-keeping. At the end of the two years he would find himself capable of filling almost any position in commercial life which might offer. With such a course Dalhousie might demand from the Halifax banks a support similar to that given by the Toronto banks to Toronto University.

X.

Dalhusiensia.

Borrow has been to the barber's. And now a freshman has transgressed the law. We give him until examination time to reform. And then, beware!

SOME poetry on "Spring" has been sent to the GAZETTE. As Jessica out-nighted Lorenzo, we thought of out-springing Teinnyson thus:

In the spring the wrinkles deepen on the students' empty purses;
In the spring the sun-warmed poet grindeth out his silly verses.

One must draw the line somewhere. In this case after generously drawing a line far enough away from our notions of what poetry ought to be, the verses on "Spring" are still on the side of the line next to the waste paper basket. Did I ever read you my poem on Spring? This is the first verse:

"Hail gentle spring! O, gentle spring
Thou comest in the springtime of the year,
Thou dost not come in winter or in fall;
O gentle spring, we know that thou art here."

That's what I call blank verse. Seriously, though, now, we would advise you to try the following method of composition. Lay your poetry away for awhile after 'dashing it off' as you say. You might forget all about it, and no harm would be done. But in case you should think of it again, perhaps your increased judgment, and reverence for that 'lovely maid' of Goldsmith's—Poetry, would incline you to consign your blank verse to the grate. Find out some real poetry after that and spend your leisure time in committing it to memory.

THE RHYME OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

BY A FRESHMAN.

The Freshie, it seems, were far from light;
They had not read much, and knew so
Little of style, the Prof. set them to write
The story of Robinson Crusoe.

Then they read the adventures of Robinson o'er,
But thought the tale certainly grew so
Much longer than that which they'd known once before,
It could not be the genuine Crusoe.

There seemed to be more than there used to be
About the great tempest that blew so,
When his vessel was wrecked in the Southern Sea;
Still they read and they wrote about Crusoe.

They wrote of the island, the wreck, and the boats,
Of the tools by which he could do so
Much work, of the pleasure he took in his goats,
And how by his care the beasts grew so
That it pleased poor Robinson Crusoe.

They wrote of the parrot, the poor, lonely bird,
Likewise of the cat that did mew so,
While its master felt never like speaking a word,
Because there was none that he knew, so
He had to keep silent, poor Crusoe.

They wrote of the yearning he had to get free
From the laze, and his efforts to do so,
Of the sight of the cannibals down by the sea
That made him for some days quite blue, so
Lonely felt Robinson Crusoe.

They wrote of his wish for companion or friend,
He cared not of Gentle or Jew, so
That he were but honest; and how, in the end
Poor Friday turned up, and thus threw so
Much joy into life for Crusoe.

They wrote of his rescue, his starting for home,
His joy that his exile was through; so
The freshies were glad that the deep scene had come,
And they too had cheerful Addison; so
They finished their Robinson Crusoe.

Mellow Junior. "Do you know, Geordie, who was the author of 'Two lovely black eyes'?"
Geordie. "Well, I don't know; Mashie was the author of mine."

In the mathematics class-room at the end of a somewhat abstruse proof on the hyperbola,—
F.D.—Do we have that for the Examination?
The "Philosophical Undergraduate" fainted.

Personals.

1868.

ISAAC SIMPSON, the last on the list of graduates for the year '68, studied theology and was settled first in Merigomish and then in LaHave, and is at present ministering in a spiritual capacity in the growing city of Cambridge, Wisconsin.

1869.

ANNAKD, JOSEPH, studied theology in Princeton, and after a short pastorate in Hants Co., went to New Hebrides in the capacity of missionary to the benighted in that land.

MILAN, E. D. is another of our graduates who became a theologian and eventually a dispenser of the Gospel. Lanenburg is his present charge and, if we make no mistake, has been since his ordination.

SUTHERLAND, J. M. has charge of the Presbyterian congregation at St. James, N. B., where he has been for many years.

1870.

LESLAY, A. W. H. studied medicine after graduation, both in Halifax and Edinburgh. On the re-organization of the Halifax Medical College he was appointed Registrar and Demonstrator in Anatomy. He practices in this city, his office is on the corner of Bishop and Pleasant Streets.

SCOTT, H. M., Pr. D. on finishing his course in Germany was appointed Professor of Church History in the Congregational Theological College of Chicago, which chair he still holds.

THURVERS, W. M. entered the Indian Civil Service shortly after graduating. At present he presides as judge and magistrate over an extensive district in the Madras Presidency.

WALLACE, JOHN is at present in Lone City, Amador Co., California, where he is pastor of a large and prosperous congregation.

1871.

BAVIER, E. S. has been lately inducted in the congregation of Mabou, Cape Breton.

J. G. MCGUCKON, D. Sc., was appointed to the Munro Chair of Physics in Dalhousie University in 1879, where he is still to be found as popular and energetic as ever.

RUSSELL, A. G., after graduating in theology, was called to the Presbyterian charge at Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York, and is still in that place.

THE many friends of C. M. WOODWORTH will be pleased to learn that his health has improved under the treatment received at the Victoria General Hospital. We are pleased to learn that the latest reports from Mr. L. A. MCKENNA, at present in Bermuda for his health, are very encouraging. He expects to return in June.

R. J. McDONALD has received the appointment to the second department of the Albro St. School, made vacant by the resignation of Eben Fulton on account of failing health.

THE GAZETTE is informed that D. M. SOLOAN, B. A., has placed in the hands of the publishers of the *Boys' Own Paper*, a story, the scene of which is laid in fiction. If Mr. Sloan's facile pen in the past was an earnest of future good things, we predict for the subscribers a delightful piece of reading.

"Miss GRACE DEAN McLEOD, who has gained an enviable reputation as a Canadian story writer, has now in the hands of the publishers, Messrs. Lothrop and Co., a new book of Acadia Tales. Miss McLeod will be remembered in this city as a former student of Dalhousie University."—*Halifax Herald*.

MR. W. J. BOWSER, LL. B., a barrister of New Brunswick, has just arrived in this city, and will practice here. He has taken offices for that purpose in the Turner block on Corlova Street. Mr. Bowser is a graduate of Dalhousie College, Nova Scotia, and will be sure to succeed in his profession."—*Panconser Paper*.

IN the same paper we note the card of "Blake & Magee, Barristers, etc." In the junior member, E. A. Magee, LL. B., we recognize Magee of the class of '88, Law. We extend our best wishes to both.

SIR ADAMS G. ARCHIBALD, one of the oldest and most energetic Governors of the University, has been presented with a highly flattering address by the Liberal Conservatives of Colchester on his retiring from active political life. With them we join in wishing him "the greatest measure of happiness and that abiding comfort which comes to the man who has well and faithfully served 'his day and generation'."

J. E. CHERENTOFF, B. A., who for the past few years has been pursuing a post-graduate course at Cornell University and filling the position of assistant to Prof. J. G. Schuman in the Department of Philosophy, passed through the city on March 28th en route to Germany, where he will prosecute his philosophical studies under distinguished masters during the summer months. He has met with great success at Cornell and his friends here confidently believe he will ere long attain more than a provincial distinction in his chosen field. While at college he distinguished himself both in the class-room and on

the football field. Among the list of graduates it would be difficult to find one who was more cordially voted a general favourite than Mr. Creighton. The GAZETTE wishes him *bon voyage* and a profitable summer's study.

H. C. SHAW, B. A., is still pursuing his law studies in the office of Messrs. McLeod, Morsan & McQuarrie, Charlottetown, where he has put in the regulation indentureship of four years. He intends going up for his final examination this fall and the result can easily be anticipated by his old acquaintances—a high standing among the fortunate ones. While at Dalhousie his pen frequently delighted GAZETTE readers, and his humorous address to the freshman won him the distinguished title of the "Freshman's Friend."

THE Convention of the National Educational Association of the United States for the present year is to be held at Toronto, Canada, from the 14th to the 17th of July next, and will, on this occasion, be of an International character. The meeting promises to be the largest and most important yet held by the Association, as it will probably be attended by some fifteen thousand of those actively engaged in educational matters from all parts of the United States and Canada.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Burgess McKittrick, C. A. Maclean \$2.00; Rev. J. L. George, Alex. Laird, J. H. Sinclair, A. E. Chapman, A. H. Costley, W. A. Lyons, R. McBride, James Forrest, James Farquhar, Rev. Dr. Pollok, R. F. O'Brien, H. V. Bigelow, Eben MacKay, A. W. Chisholm, Dr. G. M. Campbell, Rev. George McMillan, F. H. Coops, D. Morrison, Rev. E. S. Bayne—\$1.00 ea h; Prof. MacGregor, \$3.00.

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