

Prof. Heichti.



The Dalhousie Gazette.

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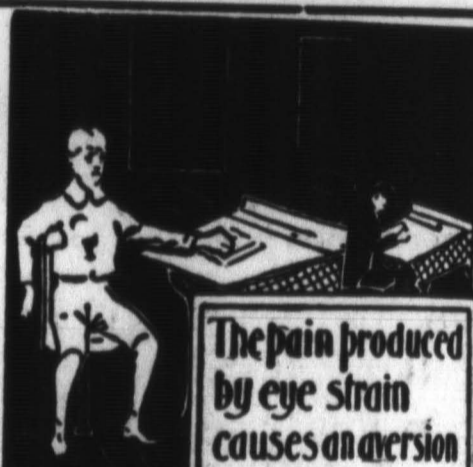
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"ORA ET LABORA."

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SINCE the death of Prof. Charles Macdonald many of his students have been thinking much over the question of a Memorial. From many places has come the question, "What can we do to show our appreciation of his worth, and our desire to perpetuate his memory?" It is plain that the memorial must be something useful to the College which he loved so well. It is more evident that nothing unworthy of the man should be attempted. The best we can is none too good.

A scheme has been formed to raise at least \$20,000 for a Memorial Library. It is proposed to raise the money much as the students of Queen's are doing for their Convocation Hall. Students and Graduates are to be asked for subscriptions, to be paid in instalments during a number of years.

The Students of the College are not wealthy. But already many have subscribed, and when the canvass is completed it will be found that they have done their share to make the memorial a reality. If the graduates respond with the same heart as the students, the sum desired will be easily obtained. Those graduates who are now in Pine Hill College have done nobly.

It is gratifying to know that the scheme has met with the approval of those who were most intimate with Prof. Macdonald. The Professors of the College and old personal

friends are heartily in sympathy with the movement. Several of the Governors have promised their support. So the prospects for success are very bright.

We need say little of the worthiness of the scheme. To Prof. Macdonald is due much of the excellent reputation that Dalhousie College now possesses. The MEMORIAL GAZETTE of last year is full of proofs of his culture, his kindness, his ability, and his devotion to his College. There is no graduate in Arts or Science since 1866 who has not been influenced by him in the way of good. Not one graduate, we feel sure, will claim that he has paid in any degree for what he received from Prof. Macdonald.

Surely then it is not begging to ask the hearty support of all Dalhousians for this project. It is not an act of charity to give where there is really an obligation. We do honour to ourselves when we thus honour the memory of a great and good man.

THERE are dim whispers in the air that Convocation this year will not be *quite* as dull as in the past. And it is time for a change. We have indulged our vigorous old Scotch Dalhousie simplicity too far. Stoicism may try to slur it over, but graduation is really a notable milestone, a cross-roads milestone, in one's life. There are several proposals: that the Senior class should hold an At Home in the College on Saturday evening before Convocation; that the Seniors should perform in, say, Orpheus Hall on Monday afternoon; and that a dance, not at all of a formal character, should be held in the College on Monday evening.

It is in the nature of Dalhousie that there should be objections made to every proposal. The first two are class matters, and in any case are debatable only on the ground of convenience. The last will no doubt be questioned on the ground of propriety. It seems to us, and we believe that in so saying we are the mouth-piece of the great majority, that whatever the individual judgment may be, neither student nor professor, nor governor has any right to prevent or cast im-

pediments in the way of the amusement of a sufficient number of the students, as long as that amusement is officially recognized by the Province through its Governor.

But, anyhow, let us do something. The reason why it is so hard to do anything here is that we don't get practice enough. Once we make a splurge it will come to be expected and will not be hard to do again. This is the time to begin.

OUR attention has lately been drawn very forcibly to a fact which has been too long overlooked in our College Athletics. No man should be allowed to go into sports of so violent a nature as foot-ball or hockey without satisfactorily passing a medical examination. The sudden and lamented death of our fellow-student last month is supposed to have been caused by heart-trouble, aggravated by over-exertion at hockey.

It may be objected that the necessity of meeting certain medical requirements would shut out some of our best men from College sports. It is not at all likely, however, that the adoption of such a plan would mean any serious loss to our teams. Certainly, some steps should be taken to prevent a repetition of such an accident as that of last month.

DALHOUSIE feels doubly the death of Reverend David H. Smith. Old Dalhousie mourns a class-mate and friend, and New Dalhousie is sympathizing with a fellow-student in the loss of his father. David Holmes Smith was graduated B. A. in 1867, and M. A. in 1871. He entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, but was obliged to retire through physical disability, and finally settled in his home at Truro, where for a number of years he has lived uncomplainingly an invalid's life. Mr. Smith was distinguished by his Christian fortitude and cheerfulness under trying affliction, and was awarded by all that best praise, the name of true-hearted gentleman. With his brother and his son, who are of us, and with the others of his family, we very truly sympathize.

FOR MORE BEAUTY.

No one can make this complaint of Dalhousie that her needs are trifling or vague. She asks no luxuries and indeed would rest fairly content if she had the bare necessities. With these wanting, perhaps it may seem absurd to speak of anything so unpractical as "sweetness and light," as if one would talk of silks and laces to a beggar clothed in rags. But poor as we are, we cannot afford to banish beauty entirely from among us, nor are the prospects so dull that we have no hope of attaining it in some far greater degree.

To take a broad view of the matter, is not a lack of fine feeling for beauty in construction one of the greatest defects of our people at large? And it is no wonder. Too often, if we come from the country, the most elaborate building we know is the village church—without, a square unhandsome block, with holes for windows covered with blinds all awry; within, a dismal waste of discoloured wall with a still more dismal stovepipe running through it. If we come from a town, the post office and railway station were likely the wonders of our youth, and even now we can hardly realize their bewildering ugliness. With such images as these ever present before our eyes, the sense of beauty in us must be aided by a strong and persistent imagination to come off conqueror.

Come a little nearer and consider, if you will, what of fairness is to be seen in Halifax. The Province building has a simple dignity—if only one could get far enough away to see it—one or two of the churches have some form and comeliness, but with these and one or two other exceptions, Halifax streets are dingy rows of dullness. Were it not that Nature has been very good in giving her surroundings unrivalled in loveliness, there would be small chance in Halifax for a hungry mind to feed on beauty.

With a mind prepared in this way, then, the average Dalhousian comes to his college and completes his education in æsthetics. Set in a bare grass plot is the college, surrounded by a dirty wall of pickets, a lank pile of brick shooting up into the air. Not a curve, not a trace of ease, not a suggestion of warmth, a tall hunchback shivering with perpetual chills. Such is Alma Mater from without.

The inside fulfills the genial promise of the outer walls. Everything seems to have been framed with the express purpose of turning the attention away from appearances to

"things in themselves." For the appearances are usually so unattractive that

"the eye can't stop there, must go further, And can't fare worse."

Some of the rooms are pleasant, but others —! One where Vergil and Homer and Plato are read and which might be expected to be full of fair things, is notorious for its sooty walls and foul air. The Modern Language room is pleasant, not because of itself, but because it is so full of light that one imagines he is outside, far off somewhere. The Libraries are a little better, and in the Arts room is a real piece of lavishness—our only one—the Munro portrait. Even of this some have asked why it was not sold for "three hundred pence and given to the poor" library!

But, says a practical body, why all this pother about prettiness and such stuff, while our libraries and laboratories are starving for equipment of the barest sort? Well, it costs little to keep a wall clean and pleasantly coloured, to have a few engravings hung on it, and to keep what little we have well-ordered. And we must be determined that when our buildings and equipment do come, they shall have an appearance worthy of the university. This is not a determination to be carried out in the dim and distant future, for not many moons hence, these castles in the air we have been building so long, will have changed into *real substance in plain view*.

And after all, is this question of beautiful surroundings quite unpractical? Wise men have said not. Twenty-three centuries ago Plato's imagination constructed a Republic, a City of the Perfect. There was to be no ugliness in that city, for ugliness meant "moral deformity." "We would not have our guardians grow up amid images of moral deformity, as in some noxious pasture, and there browse and feed upon many a baneful herb and flower, day by day, little by little, until they silently gather a festering mass of corruption in their own soul." Rather, that City was to be a City of the Beautiful, where "our youth shall dwell in the land of health, amid fair sights and sounds, and beauty, the effluence of fair works, will visit the eye and ear, like a healthful breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul even in childhood into harmony with the beauty of reason*"

One great modern exponent of Plato's theory has further explained it as connecting closely "the æsthetic qualities of the world about us and the formation of moral character."

* Plato: Republic, Book I, (Jowett's Translation.)

"Wherever people have been inclined to lay stress on the colouring, for instance, cheerful or otherwise, of the walls of the room where children learn to read, as though that had something to do with the colouring of their minds; on the possible moral effect of the beautiful ancient buildings of some of our own schools and colleges; on the building of character, in any way, through the eye and ear; there the spirit of Plato has been understood to be, and rightly."*

Nor are Plato and Walter Pater the only ones who have spoken thus; but these will suffice for our purpose. Let us see what lesson for our college there is in it. *Alma Mater*—what does this mean? "Nourishing mother" is a bald translation. And does this mean bare sustenance? No, the influence implied is "genial, refreshing, beautiful." Like Nature, she should be one who

" can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts,"
that the

" mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
The memory be as a dwelling place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies."

Memories:—how much we have to remember college for mind-awakening, training for work, life-long friendships. And if only she would give us more love for the lovely, then would her influence be like the pouring out of an "alabaster box of ointment very precious," a gift not wasted, but leaving in the mind forever the "fragrance of beauty."

G. G. S.

THE MONK AND THE PILGRIM.

About fifteen miles to the north west of York is Ripon; and two miles north of Ripon is the little village of Studley. And from Studley the outer gates of Lord Ripon's park are easily gained. Let us pass through them, and on up the stately avenue.

A herd of over fifty deer, feeding among the trees, look up with mild eyes. Pheasants in great numbers are making themselves ready, too, for the approaching season of slaughter.

*Pater: Plato and Platonism.

Through another gate, jealously guarded by a collector of English shillings, we pass into the Gardens—Paradise!

Everything is in perfect order and in perfect taste. Statuary abounds: fawns, nymphs, satyrs, human figures, glancing here and there through the foliage, give a life-like appearance to the scene. Small lakes throw back the sun, and swans pursue their graceful journeys to Nowhere and Back.

After somewhat less than a mile of a walk we enter a small valley through which a stream of water flows, and in due time, rounding a bend, get our first glimpse of the object of our journey—the grand old ruin of Fountains Abbey and Monastery. It takes its name from the several fountains or springs that feed the stream of the valley. Here many centuries ago, pious monks, retired from their fellow-men, built a lonely retreat. Out of the hills at the south side of the valley they quarried the stone; and the work of their hands still follows them.

No ruin in England is so impressive. It is the largest and gives the most adequate idea of the vast extent of an old monastic establishment. The Abbey, cloisters and parts of the secular buildings, are still standing; but they are roofless. There are walls and foundations outlying in all directions, but in a sad state of dilapidation; the effacing fingers of Time having accomplished the work of dissolution all the more easily because of the inferior quality of the stone used in the building. But the sight of what is left with the suggestion of what had been, goes to the making of a never-to-be-forgotten picture of the magnificence of ruin.

In our own new country there is little or nothing out of the past to stir the emotions that are kindled in such a hallowed hoary spot as the Valley of Fountains Abbey. And since sympathy is needed for the true interpretation of a work, it is only in such a spot that the spirit of that ancient time can be truly appreciated.

Though many of the monks were far from holiness, and though their life was not always all self-denial, yet there were multitudes of them that, manifestly, were anything but idle; and many of their leaders and of themselves were of high and noble purpose. After the Norman Conquest, when all over England and Scotland these stately piles of stone began to rise, the monks gave themselves with ready hands, clear heads and devoted hearts to the great work. And as you stand to-day in the presence of that work which still follows them and realize their purpose—how that in so building they

were seeking to give expression to their religious conceptions, and did give it in forms of perfect beauty—surely the judgment will be favourable and the verdict given that their work was not in vain! The times were primitive and it was object lessons our half-civilized fathers needed; and it was these that the monks sought to afford them. And perhaps not even yet has the day come when we can dare to disembody the spirit of worship from the forms of devotion. "Great ideas," says Bishop Potter in an article on 'The Uses of a Cathedral' in the *Century* for February, "whether spiritual, moral or social, must have great expression, or sooner or later they will dwindle and die." The greatest idea in the life of a Christian nation should have the most magnificent expression possible given to it, as a witness to the stranger and also for a reminder to the people themselves. Shall the stranger see our strength and beauty lavished upon the houses where men follow their business or their pleasure, and miss them only in the temples of our religion? This was the spirit of the Monks in their building: their work was to be a continual witness for God—not so much to the stranger as to themselves and to their people. Strength and Beauty were the peculiar possession of His Sanctuary and of their home within its shadow.

And to a very considerable extent they fulfilled their ideal. It is easy for us to criticize it to-day. But if ours is so much higher because so much more spiritual, let us rather compare our accomplishment with theirs; and perhaps boasting will be excluded and our criticism silenced.

These monasteries were centres of light and charity in a dark and cruel world; and though often oppressive themselves, were a healthful check upon the ambition of the nobles and of the King. And in those dark times of fighting and intrigue among the great and of oppression by the great of the lowly, they often proved for the persecuted and homeless "a hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Let us pass now to another scene some forty-five miles to the south, that calls up other men and other times. The name of Scrooby will be familiar to the student of British history, though the local habitation of that name is now indistinct enough. It will be remembered that this was the first gathering place of that noble band of dreamers and workers known in history as the "Pilgrim Fathers." They dreamed not of "Beauty" but of "Freedom." They wrought not on stone but on the fleshy tables of the hearts of men.

Few they were in their beginnings, and despised, but yet mighty and glorious in their works, who have done so much for the intellectual and moral training of old New England and so, indirectly, for the Loyalist element of our own Canadian people. Let me give the faintest sketch of the story.

In 1560 Wm. Brewster was born at Scrooby. He was educated at Cambridge where he became a Nonconformist. Returning to Scrooby he founded the Independent Pilgrim Church there. Here came in 1604 John Robinson, a Church of England clergyman, who had imbibed Puritan ideas at Cambridge and so had been suspended by his bishop. Robinson became assistant and afterwards sole pastor of the little chapel at Scrooby.

They were persecuted sorely, and at last in 1608 the little Pilgrim band escaped to Amsterdam. From Amsterdam they removed to Leyden, where Robinson died and was buried. But here they could not rest. The young people were growing up among strangers in a strange land, and when the fathers should be taken, what would become of their faith?

And so they decided to emigrate to the wild land beyond the winter sea where they could have a free hand to train a race for God. And on the 20th of December, 1620, they reached Plymouth. With what pathos has Mrs. Hemans painted that scene!

"The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark on the wild New England shore.

* * * * *
What sought they thus afar! Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,—Freedom to worship God?"

In all the annals of the Christian Church there is no more pathetic incident,—none nearer to the fountain of the heart's tears than this of the Pilgrim Fathers landing on the bleak American shore that cold winter's day nearly three centuries ago.

"No man," says Fisher, "whose heart is not of stone, can read without deep emotion the simple record of one of their number, the historian Bradford. They comprised only one hundred and ten persons. Before the spring they had buried under the snow one half of the little company. At one time only six or seven were strong enough to nurse the sick and to attend to the burial of the dead. In this small number . . . were Brewster their ruling elder . . . and Miles Standish their military leader."

Let us return then to the Scrooby of to-day. A small farm house now occupies the site of the old manor house of Wm. Brewster. But let me quote a Tablet, placed within the walls of the farm house:—

"This Tablet is erected by the Pilgrim Society of Mass., U. S. A., to mark the site of the ancient Manor House where lived Wm. Brewster from 1588 to 1608, and where he organized the Pilgrim Church of which he became the ruling elder, and with which in 1608 he removed to Amsterdam, in 1609 to Leyden, and in 1620 to Plymouth, where he died April 16th, 1644.

How changed is everything now! In a British town to-day a man may stand on a street corner of a Sunday night and preach anything under the sun from the pure gospel and loyalty to Sovereign and country—to blatant atheism and unblushing anarchy; and he is taken no notice of by the authorities until his audience impedes traffic, and then they are all asked to "move on."

England was slow to learn; but she did learn; and though with certain types of people this Liberty tends to License, yet the principle is right. And the world ever since, and especially the world of to-day, is debtor to the Pilgrim Fathers for that lesson of Freedom that they gave us all. They gave it by their own renunciation of home and native land. It was the spirit of their fathers in them that led their children to revolt against over-sea oppression. It was the same old stern spirit of the Puritan that inspired their grandchildren to avenge the wrongs of the Southern slave.

No! the Pilgrim did not live in vain or die without works to follow him to glory.

But there is little of all this to be suggested by the Scrooby of to-day. Within that Scrooby farm house there may be seen an old window and a walled-up doorway of the original manor house. A few yards away is a red brick barn; it was originally the Pilgrim chapel. There Robinson preached and the Pilgrims worshipped, seeing visions and

dreaming dreams. On that site where now a garden smiles, stood the barracks of Cromwell's soldiers; here in the farm yard they had sung their psalms and whetted their swords. And not many yards away—though there is now no trace of it—stood a Bishop's Palace of Wolsey's.

Sic transit gloria mundi!

Yes, the earthly glory passes; but Heaven does not forget. The halo fades from before the eyes of men, but the saint remains in the life and character of the nation. Let us not forget the Monk and the Pilgrim and the lessons they have taught us. Each was willing to renounce the world for an ideal—however imperfect; each was willing to consecrate his life to a purpose—however unworthy. Let us use well the Freedom the Pilgrim has helped us to win; let the work of our hands go forth as finished in strength and beauty as was that of the Monk.

J. B. MACLEAN.

KÖLBING'S BYRON.*

Professor Kolbing's point of view for regarding Byron is the one which prevails upon the continent of Europe and nowhere in the great Anglian world. In the mother-island, in the great Republic, in the Four New Nations, few cultivated persons can accept Professor Kolbing's postulate, that Byron is 'the greatest English poet of this century.' The large assumption of this phrase raises the question whether the poet's nation or foreign peoples are best judges of the native poet's rank and worth. What would Germans, for instance, think of the presumptuous Yankee or 'wilder Canadier' who ventured to dethrone a Goethe for a Heine, especially for a Heine who wrote bad German and lame metre? To us the point of view is 'distinctly curious.' To proceed upon the assumption that Byron is the 'greatest' poet in the century of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, is to raise a quarrel with English-speaking persons everywhere, upon the very threshold of an investigation. If the phrase had been 'greatest influence,' the matter might admit of argument.

The point of view explains the care which has been lavished on these two volumes. If Byron be the greatest poet, it is of the utmost importance that the world should have the very

*Lord Byron's Werke in kritischen Texten mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen herausgegeben von Eugen Kolbing. 1 Bd. The Siege of Corinth. 2 Bd. The Prisoner of Chillon and other Poems, Weimar, 1896.

words he wrote or approved ; and no critical apparatus can be too extensive or complete, no comment too minute or voluminous. — Consequently, the editor assembles all obtainable information as to the publication of each poem, the notoriously worthless contemporary notices, the circumstances of production, bibliographical facts regarding separate editions and translations, different workings over of the same material ; and finally a mass of notes of the most miscellaneous character. It must be freely admitted that the learning implied is very great. For a long time it has been plain to readers of *Englische Studien* that Professor Kolbing must be considered the chief living authority on all matters pertaining to Byron. Whether he has made the best use of his immense information is another question. The text is literally buried under mountains of explanation. Merlin's magic work, which Vivien wanted to read, with its '—square of text that looks like a little blot,

* * * *

And every margin scribbled, crost and crammed
With comment, densest condensation, hard
To mind and eye :—

is a superficial brochure beside such work as this. And yet one studious Gaul repines at the absence of etymological notes, and the *Anglia* reviewer regrets that *Don Juan* is to be treated only in selection. There is no satisfying some people. The critic feels like following Macaulay's example in summing up Nares' *Burleigh*, and review this production by the book of arithmetic. The first volume has nearly three and a half close pages of commentary for every page of fair-spaced text ; and the second, more than ten. Such patience bestowed upon the consummate art of Milton or Pope or Tennyson might give valuable results ; bestowed upon Byron's slovenly improvisations, it is simply time and labour thrown away.

Foreigners seem blind to the fact that Byron wrote his own language in the most careless fashion. He, himself, confesses to 'the faults of negligence not of labour.' His most brilliant champion of later years, Matthew Arnold, admits freely his 'sins of common and bad workmanship,' while his most vehement assailant, Mr. Swinburne, who sympathizes with Byron's political and social loves and hates, leaves him hardly a stylistic or formal excellence. Of the famous tilt between these two doughty champions, Professor Kolbing has apparently heard nothing, although Mr. Andrew Lang is mentioned, and his quips and cranks and wanton

wiles give our editor no little trouble. The recent works of Professors Saintsbury and Herford take the same ground in regard to Byron. English opinion is practically agreed on this point. It is strange that Professor Kolbing does not see the matter in the same light ; for his method forces into painful relief the innumerable and crying faults of Byron's verse. No one denies to Byron poetic excellence of a sort. Though he lacks 'sense for form and style, the passion for just expression, the sure and firm touch of the true artist,' he does possess passion, dash, grandiosity, 'the excellence of sincerity and strength,' which Mr. Swinburne noted, and Mr. Arnold approved. For three qualities Byron deserves to be studied, but it is more than doubtful if Kolbing's application is the best fitted to bring these qualities home to the student of Byron's verse.

It will not do to forget the end proposed. In editing an important work, the object aimed at is the writer's meaning. Now, as the writer himself must know his own meaning best, his own words, whenever obtainable, must furnish the best possible commentary and explanation. The editor should obtrude himself and his opinions as little as possible. Learned as he may be, he must avoid mere display of learning ; and practise the most vigorous exclusion of all that is not plainly essential and to the point. In annotation, he should aim at Spartan laconism. Notes should be notes, not excursions or small dissertations. The educational value of citing or discussing minute errors of previous editors or translators is *nil*. And finally, the truly judicious editor must not deviate ; he must keep to the high-road, and refrain from chasing every literary will-o'-the-wisp that crosses his path. The excellences of Byron are not minute excellences ; and hence, while illustrative material from his letters, conversations, etc., is indispensable, he does not deserve such comment as a mediæval monk would bestow on the Gospels.

It is impossible, within the limits of this review, to point out in detail the defects in Professor Kolbing's work, if judged by these criteria, and those points of interpretation on which one is forced to differ from him. Our chief quarrel is with *his method as a whole*. Granted that the principles of editing just laid down are right, the present editor's method is unsatisfactory in many ways. In the first place, the citation of contemporary opinion only, in regard to Byron's poems, is misleading. At the time, there was no such thing as impartial criticism in Great Britain. Nor was there down to the establishment of *The Athenæum*. The notoriously offensive tone of all periodicals was due to personal, political,

and national prejudice. Writers reviewed their own works in friendly journals. Even such a gentleman as Scott was guilty of this. The publications of a firm were criticised in the firm's magazine, as in one notorious instance in this country at the present time. On coming to London, Carlyle found puffery, capitalized and reduced to a system. In view of this, the critical opinion of a Murray, overawed by the MS. of a noble lord, the *Schwarmerei* of a doddering, dilettante D'Israeli, who ranks Byron above Homer in one instance, have no value except as illustrating the contemporary craze. Worse than that, they may lead foreigners to imagine that England never recovered from her Byron-*rausch*. Again, the value of the excursus on alliteration in the first volume is slight. As Stevenson has pointed out, this affecting the letter is in the very warp and woof of our language. Byron's use of this stylistic ornament is cheap and obvious; and the investigation is not pursued in the second volume. This seems distinctly otiose, like the long list of Byron illustrations in the second volume. An edition of Byron is not a Byron Encyclopaedia. Again, unless he proposes to treat *all* handlings of the same themes throughout the edition, why does the editor devote sixty pages to those contained in the second volume? Careful bibliographical material, (as in vol. II, pp. 256-271) is of course welcome wherever found, and need not check the student pressing on to know his Byron, and not merely to acquire information *about* Byron. The weakest part of the introduction is the attempt to deal with the æsthetic value of the poems. The editor must surely be aware how far English opinion has left Byron behind; but he ignores utterly the judgments of such competent critics as Matthew Arnold and Mr. Swinburne. Our modern taste may be all astray; but such weighty pronouncements as those cited should be discussed, if only for the sake of refutation.

As regards the mass of notes, a considerable number of them are not new. Murray's one volume edition of 1876 contains a large part of the useful illustrative material, such as Byron's own comments, extracts from his letters, journals, conversations, etc. One peculiar feature of the commentary in the parade of the faults of other editors and translators. The delinquent scholars are given short quasi-algebraical symbols for the sake of easy reference, such as p^1 , m^2 , and even k^{6a} , and they marched out regularly in their *san benitos* for a sort of literary *auto-da-fe*, exposed to public derision, an pelted with such hard words as 'sinnlos,' 'verkehrt,' 'rathselhaft.' In many cases the errors are sufficiently

grotesque; but the fault often lies with Byron himself, who either had no clear meaning to express, or so wrapped it up in his loose English, that the intelligent foreigner may well be pardoned for failing to explain the inexplicable. These castigations demonstrate the editor's knowledge and patience, but they do not further our knowledge of Byron. The determination to annotate at all hazards has led to the most extraordinary results. The first is prolixity. Something must be seriously wrong, when 634 pages of notes are needed to explain ninety-two pages of text. Perhaps the worst example is the 'note' to l. 598 of *The Prisoner of Chillon*, (vol. I, pp. 118-125),—seven pages to explain one line. The line is, 'There is a light cloud by the moon.' The spirit of Francesca adjures Alp the renegade to repent before the cloud crosses the moon, or be for ever lost. To elucidate this difficulty, the editor prints the corresponding passage from Beckford's *Vathek*, and quotes from Medwin, Byron's, exaggerated confession of his obligations to that weird tale. So far the note, though diffuse, is not irrelevant; but next comes a pointless quotation in full of Byron's opinion of *Vathek*, a work by the way much better known than Professor Kolbing seems to imagine. Then follows a paragraph of explanation regarding *Vathek*, and finally, a five page discussion of the relation which this eccentric tale of terror bears to other poems of Byron. Again, an entire page (vol. II, p. 337) is taken up in exposing the mistake of somebody who wished to read 'pined' for 'joined' in the line, 'bettered in hand, but joined in heart,' *Prisoner of Chillon*, l. 55. The very next note discusses what Byron meant by 'the pure Elements of Earth' when nothing is clearer than that Byron himself used the phrase without thinking. The truly judicious editor might have spared us all such inconclusive discussion. On such a scale, and in such a fashion, annotation does not illumine, it only clouds the text.

In the second place, a large number of the notes are trivial. To justify the invention of Bonnivard's white hair a long extract from a certain K. Clevens' *Haarkur* is inserted; for this the editor does not vouch. Another case in point is the long half-jesting excuses (in the introduction, but really an explanatory note) upon the bird with azure wings, which visits Bonnivard in prison. Prof. Kolbing thinks this may be the American blue-jay; and cites the Philadelphia *Portfolio* of 1823 in support of his views; but, strange to say, he ignores the well-known communication of Samuel Langhorne Clemens on the subject. What purpose is served by noting parallel passages to such commonplace phrases as its like

which are constantly on the life of English-speaking people? (vol. II, p. 369, l. 271.) This is only a type of many similar glosses. In general the book would be improved by the excision of half the notes, and compression of the remainder.

To take up even a few of the points noted in the commentary, where a different interpretation suggests itself, to notice the crudities passed over in silence, to offer the emendations or improvements which might be offered, would be beyond the scope of this article. The oddest thing about the entire work is that the editor does not apparently see the drift of his own investigation. Though a great deal escapes him, which jars upon the Englishman, he is still forced to recognize the presence of anacoluthon, obscurity, carelessness, forced rhyme, ambiguity and downright nonsense* in his poet, and yet he does not perceive the futility of commenting such faulty work as if it were classic

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Dalhousie College.

CONCERNING ROBERT BROWNING.

"The child is father of the man," and nowhere is this more clearly shown than in the characteristic anecdotes told of the childhood of Robert Browning. His education was almost wholly received in his home; his father, although a man of business, was highly cultured, a great collector of old books and rare editions, and as much a lover of the Greek dramatists in the original as his son became.

Robert Browning's college training was limited to a few terms at the London University, for the sole purpose of perfecting himself in Greek. At this time he had but few friends outside of his home, and the ruling interests of his life were found in "Mother, home and books."

Browning seems to have had the difficulty that presents itself to all young men, as they come of age—that of choosing a profession. At one time we find him eager to become a barrister; at another, the idea of diplomatic service presents itself; but finally, he deliberately chose the literary profession, as best suited to his tastes and capacities. He rhymed almost from his babyhood; for we find him walking round and round the dining-room table, when not much taller than it was, making rhymes for his sister.

On his fifteenth birthday, his mother presented him with copies of Keats and Shelley, who for a time were his models

*Sec. II, 341, l. 76: *ibid.* 339, l. 57: *ib.* 331, l. 11: *ib.* 343, l. 91: *ib.* 343, l. 81: *ib.* 389, l. 3: l. 53, l. 1 f. and *passim*.

of verse, so far as he ever had any models. His genius, however, was not of the imitative kind, and his first sustained effort, "Pauline," showed that characteristic independence of all models, which he maintained to the close of his career. He was exceedingly modest and had no desire to have his verses brought before the public in print.

The elder Browning was a most indulgent father and gratified, as far as he was able, every want of his son. Everything that he could desire was at the hands of the poet—ample provision, leisure, travel and friends.

We do not mean here to enter into any criticism of our author's works; he had literary methods of his own, and he clung to them, not seeking to adjust them to the general taste. Consequently, the young poet had much discouragement with his earlier works. His third book "Bells and Pomegranates," was the immediate occasion of his making the acquaintance of Miss Barrett, who had so beautifully alluded to this collection in her poem of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship."

This introduction was a crisis in the poet's life. Each conversation with the invalid poetess endeared her to him, and he was anxious that their marriage should take place very soon. Her father, however, was not so indulgent to his children's wishes as was Mr. Browning, Senior. He had made up his mind that Elizabeth was never to leave him. She knew it was perfectly vain to ask his consent; but she was surely old enough to act for her herself, being thirty-eight, and six years the senior of her fiancé.

Soon after this, they were quietly married and went to Italy to live. From this time, almost to the end of her life, Mrs. Browning attained and preserved a degree of health she had not known since her fifteenth year. Her happiness was perfect, and it imparted life and vigor to her frail humanity. It is quite delicious to the ordinary feminine reader to find her indulging in a fit of crying because her "golden-hearted Robert" had impatiently shaved off all his beard, so spoiling, as she thought, his handsome visage.

After so many happy years together, it is touching to read Robert Browning's pathetic description of the last days of his beloved wife, whose genius he rated as far above his own and whom he mourned sorely to the end of his life. Yet it was after her death he did his best work. Happiness seems to have been to him less of an inspiration than sorrow. As he became increasingly popular, he went more into society and enlarged his circle of friends. Yet he never

became a real man of society, and was always glad to go back to the continent for months together, with his sister, for rest and seclusion.

As to Mr. Browning's attitude towards Christianity, it is not so clearly defined as we could wish. That he did not accept a dogmatic theology is apparent enough; but his belief in the grand doctrines of our religion is continually shown in his letters. It is clear, however, that his creed fell far short of that exalted, evangelical and spiritual one, which, like a thread of gold, runs through and illuminates all the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. J. A. M. G.

THE MACDONALD MEMORIAL MEETING.

The Roman gathered in a stately urn
The dust he honor'd—while the sacred fire,
Nourish'd by vestal hands was made to burn
From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,
Honor the dead; and let the sounding lyre
Recount their virtues in your festal hours;
Gather their ashes—higher still, and higher
Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers,
And, o'er the old men's graves, go strew your choicest
flowers.

—JOSEPH HOWE.

On Monday, February 24th., a mass meeting called by the students to consider the Macdonald Memorial, was held in the Munro Room. There was a large and enthusiastic attendance of Dalhousians, graduate and undergraduate, while many of the late Professor's friends among the citizens were also present.

President Forrest, in taking the chair, made a brief reference to the work Macdonald did for Dalhousie, and announced the object of the meeting.

Mr. Theodore Ross, B. A., laid the scheme before those assembled. It was felt by all that the most fitting memorial to Macdonald would take the form of aid to the library, and with this in view, it was proposed to ask Dalhousians to raise \$20,000. As to the disposal of this money, the students were strongly in favour of applying it to a library building. But if the amount subscribed were not sufficient for this purpose, it was to be set apart as an endowment fund; while on the other hand, if more than enough were subscribed—and there

was great hope of this—it should not all be put into a building, but a part was to be reserved for endowment.

The idea was being received most favourably by Dalhousians. Among the undergraduates, over \$2000 had already been promised, and that from two partially canvassed classes in the Arts school. As an evidence of what might be expected from the graduates, twelve men at Pine Hill had subscribed \$1050. Most of these promised \$100 to be paid in annual instalments within ten years. But it was thought best not to grant so long a time to any but the students, for they of course could not be expected to contribute largely for a few years yet.

Mr. Ross then moved the following resolution:

Whereas, the services of the late Professor Macdonald of this college have been of the greatest importance;

Therefore be it resolved, that in the opinion of this meeting it is desirable to establish some memorial to him, the form of it to be defined later;

And further, that this meeting appoint a committee with powers to solicit funds for this purpose.

Rev. Dr. Pollok seconded the resolution. The movement, he said, was so worthy that there should be no difficulty in raising money. The people of Nova Scotia were beginning to realize what immense services Professor Macdonald had done for education among them, and it was well to take advantage of this feeling while it was at its height. For the carrying out of the scheme, not only promises were needed, but plenty of "bona fide" which was equivalent, the speaker said, to "cash down."

Dr. D. A. Murray spoke with great feeling of Macdonald as a man and a teacher. After his great benefactions to the college, such a memorial was but fitting and deserved. It was one, too, that Macdonald himself would have wished, for through it, lasting benefits would be conferred on the students of Dalhousie.

The attitude of the Governors toward the project was shown by Mr. J. F. Stairs and Mr. H. MacInnes. Both expressed hearty approval and said there would be no conflict between this and any larger scheme the Governors might have in view.

Mr. J. J. Stewart, Dr. A. H. MacKay, D. Finlayson, M. P. P., A. H. MacLean, M. P. P., and Mr. G. S. Campbell, all spoke approvingly of the memorial and promised their support.

Letters were read from Principal Grant of Queen's and Hon. D. C. Fraser, both of whom promised large subscriptions.

Mr. G. H. Sedgewick then moved that an advisory committee be appointed to include the following :

Rev. Principal Pollok, D. D., Presbyt. College ; Rev. Principal G. M. Grant, D.D., Queen's ; Mr. John F. Stairs, Chairman Board of Governors ; Dr. A. H. MacKay, Supt. of Education, N. S. ; Mr. H. B. Stairs, Alex. Robinson, Supt. of Education, B. C., Dr. E. MacKay, Dr. D. A. Murray, Dr. A. W. H. Lindsay, Dr. John Stewart, Dr. Geo. M. Campbell, D. M. Soloan, B. A., Dr. J. G. MacGregor, Edinburgh University, G. A. R. Rowlings, B. A., D. Finlayson, M. P. P., Geo. Patterson, M. P. P., J. J. Stewart, W. E. MacLellan, Prof. A. Stanley MacKenzie, Pres. S. Robertson, F. I Stewart, B. A., T. Ross, G. M. J. MacKay, Geo. H. Sedgewick.

And further, that out of this number the following be selected as an Executive Committee :

Dr. E. MacKay, Dr. G. M. Campbell, Geo. Patterson, M. P. P., H. B. Stairs, LL. B., Dr. D. A. Murray, G. A. R. Rowlings, B. A., G. M. J. MacKay, G. H. Sedgewick ; these having power to add to their number.

The motion was seconded by Mr. K. F. MacKenzie, and carried unanimously.

After singing "God Save the King," one of the best meetings ever held in Dalhousie adjourned.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—When I meet a lady student on the College stairs I invariably step aside, and allow her to proceed on her way unobstructed. Let a fair traveller on the thorny path of knowledge approach the College entrance, and I do not fail, if within reasonable distance, to push back the unwieldy door, that she may not be forced to expend any unnecessary muscular energy. Thus do I speak my mind freely, without fear of reproach in the shape of quotations concerning "glass houses," etc.

A rumor came to my ears a few days ago, Mr. Editor, which was to this effect. Four students of the weaker sex entered a certain class room in our College, and found that the gentlemen of the class, who had preceded them, were occupying all the front seats. After waiting a moment and

seeing no signs of action on the part of their classmates, the young ladies went to the back of the room and brought up chairs for themselves. The gentlemen meanwhile, as the rumor hath it, viewed these proceedings with the most unruffled equanimity.

The only explanation I can give for the action, or rather inaction, of the members of this class is, that they have erred through youth and inexperience. But I feel that this is a poor explanation. Politeness is not necessarily incompatible with the freshness of youth ; and surely men do not have to come to College to be instructed in the common courtesies of life.

I see, Mr. Editor, that I am beginning to moralize. The tendency to moralize is my great weakness. Hoping that these few remarks may produce the desired effect, I am,

Yours sincerely,

PETRONIUS ARBITER.

DEAR GAZETTE,—For some time I have been suffering from a malady which has now got full possession of me. It is called *cacoethes scribendi*, and fortunately for the public rarely attacks its subjects a second time. The disease lurked long in my system without any violent outbreak, but an "article" in your last issue brought matters to a head. The writer of the article bemoans the transmigration of the college spirit from the old light, bright and gay incarnation to the present "substantial, solemn and prosaic" one.

Those of us who have been here for three or four or maybe five years can readily appreciate the writer's feelings. Who can view unmoved the rush for the library, or the hastening of the freshmen into class before the last echoes of the "five minutes to" bell have died away? Who but sheds a tear as he finds the halls silent as a church (*I was* in a church once) instead of as in 'ye olden time' filled with sweet melodies? Has some one put a ban upon the singing in public of "He's got a jag on" or "It's a way we have at Dalhousie?" I pause for reply.

But I am nothing if not practical, so I am going to suggest a few measures which might tend to lighten and brighten and make gay as of yore our classic halls, and I shall have space only to deal with the things which are seen.

Let me begin dear *Gazette* with yourself. I see you before me as I write, civil suited, "substantial, solemn, prosaic."

"As who should say,

'I am Sir Oracle and when I ope my lips
Let no dog bark.'

Now you might very well set a good example and be "light, bright and gay" yourself. Get a nice yellow and black striped cover, or, if you wish to be up to date and show yourself past the days of lamps of learning and mortar boards, have a black ground with a four inch yellow strip to go around you under your arm pits (if you have any). Or (suggestion number two) have a "poster cover." I bought some coloured pencils and worked out a design which I would part with for a trifling consideration. A slight description will be sufficient. A beautiful blue maiden with small mouth, smaller nose, pores over a nice yellow book while the distant purple sun throws a delightfully cool ultramarine shadow of a leafless red tree on a smooth brown lawn. I showed the result of my efforts to George, and he pronounced it a complete success. In fact he said it was the gayest thing he ever saw.

But GAZETTE, you are not the only thing that offers a field for improvement. How dull coloured our text books are. Why should not each one cover his own, as I see one Freshman has done, with bright calico, or if he wishes to be patriotic, with yellow oilskins. The latter material would probably be better, as it would preserve the pristine dryness and tend to keep away insects.

I was sorry when the gown question was so completely dropped by the juniors of last year. What a grand opportunity they (the gowns I mean) afforded for light, bright and gay displays! Judicious distribution of a few yards of light, bright and gay yellow ribbon would work wonders.

Gowns are not, but still we can wear the college necktie. Perfect yellow and black beauties of the De Peyster Ruthven style may be purchased down town for from fifteen cents up. And what, I may ask, is fifteen cents compared with the having to endure the present substantial—solemn—prosaic creations with which our students (I must except two or three shining examples) adorn themselves. At such times and occasions, gentlemen, all other considerations sink to nothingness, all petty mercenary motives are laid aside and nothing, &c., &c., (you know the rest).

My light, bright and gay effusion has already, I fear, taken too much space, but I must not close without offering to freely impart to any one who wishes them all my large stock of ideas of which the above are mere samples. * Let us form a society and call it the S. D. I. P. L. B. G., Society for the Dissemination of Ideas for the Promotion of the Light, the Bright and the Gay.

Prior Tempore, Prior Jure.

COLLEGE NOTES.

SERGT. MAJOR LONG's gymnastic concert takes place about the first week of March. This is something new for the college, and it is hoped that all true Dalhousians will do their best to make it a success.

THE graduating classes, as usual, are busily engaged in attempting to decide whence the annual photographs shall come. In the war of rates, Gauvin & Gentzell have captured Arts, Law is going to Notman's, while Medicine still hangs in the balance.

THE Glee Club has decided to hold its concert somewhere in the vicinity of March 20th. Mr. Wikel is sparing no pains in his preparations, and as far as we can judge, it will be the best concert yet. Let all the students turn out and make things go with a swing. Everybody—even fourth year Honour men—can spare one evening.

SOME twenty or so of the students took advantage of the pleasures offered by the good sleighing, and with their lady friends, all suitably chaperoned, drove out to Shepherd's on the Margaret's Bay Road one evening last month. It must have been very enjoyable, judging by the enthusiasm shown by any of "the set" when the subject is mentioned. Some danced, some talked, but everybody had a good time. Much credit is due to those who by their efforts organized and successfully carried out this pleasant drive.

PRACTICALLY everybody in the University has signed the petition to the Faculty, asking permission to hold a modest ball in the college, and all hope it will receive the support of the Professors. Hitherto such functions have been the work of a few energetic men, who have been put to much unnecessary expenditure by having to hire a ball-room, etc. Even then, quite a few took great pains to prove these were not College "At Homes." Now, however, the sentiment is unanimously in favour of following the example of other colleges, such as King's, in these matters. We will then have more pleasant recollections of the exam. hall, and will have an opportunity of repaying somewhat the hospitality of our Halifax friends.

AN unusual pleasure was afforded Dalhousians on the evening of February 8th, when the staff of the Institution for the Deaf were "At Home" to the students. A varied entertainment was given in the Assembly Hall, consisting of language lessons illustrative of the methods employed in the Institution, and some delightful music by prominent city folk. After this, refreshments were served and the guests were allowed to inspect the beautiful building. Hearty thanks are due to the Institution Staff for the enjoyable evening spent.

FEBRUARY 21st was the night of the Delta Gamma "At Home," and of course everybody who could, went, and everybody who went had a good time. The Arts Library and the Examination Hall were the lightest, brightest and gayest places, but as usual, the corridors were haunted by people who love darkness rather than light. As th

Delta Gamma were hostesses, it is mere waste of time to speak of the entertainment provided. Suffice it that programme and refreshments were worthy even of such famous entertainers as they. Finally, the animals went off two by two under a most poetic moon.

THE Ladies of the Delta Gamma gave a small but most successful "At Home" on Thursday evening, Feb. 20th. Conversation was led along most interesting lines by the topics which the programmes offered, and if any misogynists were present, surely they will change their opinions after this. Modest refreshments were served, and the gathering dispersed shortly before midnight.

Two meetings of the Delta Gamma have been held since Christmas. The first, at Mrs. W. C. Murray's, was devoted to "Current Events." Papers were read as follows: "Science," by Miss McCurdy, "Sport," by Miss MacKeen, "Fads and Fashions" by Miss G. MacIntosh, and "The Newest Books" by Miss Edith Read. It is difficult to single out any one paper for its excellence or knowledge of the subject. They all contained much interesting information. The next meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. M. M. Lindsay, Pleasant St. After several matters of business had been considered, the evening was spent "with Canadian Authors." A paper on Gilbert Parker, by Miss M. Spencer, one on Dr. Drummond, by Miss Ina Bentley, and a third on Ralph Connor, by Miss Primrose Campbell, were very enjoyable. Miss Cann gave a reading from "Johnny Courteau," which was thoroughly appreciated. A feature of this meeting was the amusing to the rollcall with quotations; the Sophettes showed a special and suspicious liking for "Ralph Connor."

ON February 2nd, the students of Dalhousie again had the pleasure of listening to a lecture from Rev. W. T. D. Moss. His subject was "Modern Reverence." The present, he said, is a time of change. Every day is bringing wider knowledge and new ways of looking at things; bringing, too, distrust of the old beliefs, neglect of the old ways. The stricter beliefs and usages of our fathers are not sufficing for us their children. We have a different attitude towards the clergy, the Church, the Sabbath, even towards God and the Bible. With all this breaking away from many things once cherished, it might seem to some that there is no such thing as Reverence in us moderns. Such is the idea, indeed, of the Pessimist, who sees nothing ahead but ruin for all that is good. The Latitudinarian, on the other hand, is for throwing aside every vestige of restriction. "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." But the best way of regarding the present is that of the Rational Optimist, who sees that this is a period of transition from the narrower rules and beliefs of the past to a more enlightened freedom and a larger faith. Modern Reverence is but the first stage in the growth of the new, nobler and more uplifting reverence of the future.

REV. WILLIAM DOBSON was greeted by a large audience on February 9th., when he lectured in the Munro Room on "A Good Citizen." First of all, a good citizen or a good state is one in harmony with the

essential nature of things—with the plan of God. Lack of harmony with this great order means destruction, which, if slow, is none the less inevitable and final in its effect.

"The mills of the Gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small"

This means, then, that a good citizen must know of this order, must know himself and his place in it. He will attain as far as he can the full statute of manhood—physically, mentally, morally—for his weakness in any of these particulars means weakness in the state. He will not engage in any business that will tend to put the state out of its place in the economy of God. The fullest revelation of what this plan is, and of our duty toward it, is to be found in Christ. The lecture was much enjoyed by all present. Professor W. C. Murray presided.

At its regular annual business meeting on Feb. 8th, the Y. M. C. A. elected officers for the coming year. The following were chosen:

President.....LUTHER L. YOUNG.
Vice-President.....A. E. G. FORBES.
Corresponding Secretary.....C. J. CROWDIS.
Recording Secretary.....J. T. MEEK.
Treasurer.....H. D. BRUNT.

The newly elected officers held their first meeting and chose leaders of the various departments of Y. M. C. A. work.

Bible Study.....W. H. COFFIN.
Missionary.....J. A. SCRIMGEOUR.
Membership.....G. W. LANGILLE.
Devotional.....G. W. MILLER.
Visiting Sick.....E. KIRKER.
College neighborhood.....WM. GREEN.
Lecture Course.....G. H. SEDGEWICK.
Nominating.....H. M. UPHAM.
Finance.....H. D. BRUNT.

The last year has been fairly successful. The weekly meetings have been very well attended and have been characterized by a more thoughtful treatment of the subject discussed.

THE Bible study classes have been doing well. Mr. Everett Fraser, the Chairman of the Bible Study committee was compelled to leave college on account of ill health. This hindered the work in the early part of the Session.

A SLIGHT advance has been made this year in the contribution to the Canadian College Missions. This missionary work has strong claims upon Canadian students among their fellow British subjects, the students of India, who will undoubtedly exert such a great influence over the political and religious life of that part of the Empire. Now the contribution from our college, and the proportion of these who contribute, even considering only the members of the Y. M. C. A., is small, and none outside of the Y. M. C. A. contribute at all. The mission study class had the largest enrollment in its history at the

opening of the session. The spring term, however, with its "shadow of examinations," has considerably lessened its members.

Two men have volunteered for the foreign field this year and have joined the band. Special interest have been aroused by the Students Volunteer Convention to be held at Toronto from February 26th. to March 2nd. Mr. J. A. Scrimgeour has been appointed a delegate, and Pine Hill will also send a representative, Mr. C. A. Myers, M. A., and the Ladies College send Miss Holmes. The Conventions are held every four years. It is believed that this will be the best of the kind ever held.

THE Sunday afternoon lecture course is becoming even more popular. The Munro room has been filled at almost every lecture and each meeting serves to show the utter unsuitableness of the room, either as an assembly hall or as a fit memorial to the name of Dalhousie's greatest benefactor. The need of suitable rooms for conducting the work of the Y. M. C. A., and especially for an auditorium, is more and more felt as the number of students increases. But the days when "young men shall see visions" are not passed away. It is hoped that the day of greater things shall soon dawn for Dalhousie.

HOCKEY.—At a meeting held in December, the D. A. A. C. decided to re-enter the Halifax Hockey League after an absence from it for six years. The fact that we were one of the "charter" clubs gave us the right to a place in the league over the heads of the other applicants.

Messrs. Campbell, Hall, L. B. MacKenzie and Cam. Macdonald were appointed a sub-committee to look after all hockey matters. This committee engaged the Empire rink for practice and home games, and organized the team with L. B. MacKenzie as captain.

It was with much trepidation that we went into the campaign, in view of the fact that most of our players were totally inexperienced in senior hockey, and all of them were pressed for time in college work. However, showing, we think, the true sporting spirit, we went in not so much with the hope of winning, as to learn how to win in the future.

Six league games have been played, with which their results are scheduled below:—

Date of Game.	Teams.	Winner.	Score
Jan. 10	Chebuctos vs Dalhousie	Chebucto	6-2
Jan. 14	Wanderers vs Dalhousie	Wanderers	9-0
Jan. 21	Dalhousie vs Crescents	Crescents	5-0
Jan. 31	Dalhousie vs Chebuctos	Chebuctos	no score
Feb. 4	Dalhousie vs Wanderers	Wanderers	3-1
Feb. 11	Crescents vs Dalhousie	Crescents	12-2

The game on Jan. 31 went by default. No score had been made but Capt. MacKenzie refused to allow his team to play after the referee allowed a Chebucto player to remain on ice after having struck Wood.

This schedule, while it shows that the work of Dalhousie's team was distinctly inferior to that of the other teams, also showed that there was a marked improvement in it in the second round of games, with the exception of the second match with the Crescents, and there were special reasons for our severe defeat on that occasion.

We take some consolation from the fact that the D. A. A. C. in the league, has been decidedly for clean sport, and that we have been only slightly and indirectly affected by the recent M. P. A. A. decisions *in re* professionalism, which has so seriously embarrassed some of the other clubs.

As increased skill and experience were all that we really expected to get, we think that we have some ground for satisfaction with this season's work, and as nearly every man on the team will be with us next year, we hope for a much better record.

At the close of the league series Dalhousie's team was composed as follows:—*Goal*—Kennedy; *Point*—Carney; *Cover Point*—L. B. MacKenzie (Capt.); *Right Wing*—N. G. Murray; *Centre*—Rankine; *Left Wing*—Wood; *Rover*—Slayter.

SINCE the other notes in this column were written, the Senate has given its decision against the dance. Many of us are disappointed, but judging from the experiences of the Toronto students, perhaps the decision is not unwise. The quotation is from a *Varsity* editorial:—"Would it not be advisable to rejuvenate the old style of Conversat at which there was no dancing? It has been suggested, not without reason, that the Conversat has become nothing but a huge dance, with a few side-shows thrown in for the benefit of chaperons and "wall-flowers." Unfortunately this seems to be borne out by the facts, because it is indisputable that the departmental exhibits on Wednesday night did not receive the attention from the guests which they merited. We may safely say that of the crowd who attended this year's Conversat quite eighty per cent. cared only for the dancing. Anyone who was present will realize that this is a modest estimate. We may conclude then that the Conversat, as at present constituted, is primarily a dance. Is it then fulfilling its mission, or the purpose for which it was inaugurated? The object of the Conversat is to entertain the friends of the university, and the vast majority of the friends whose friendship may prove useful to this institution are middle-aged and elderly people."

EXCHANGES.

College air is all a-hum with conversats, dances and things. Mount Allison, U. N. B., McGill, Trinity, Toronto, have all been dissipating. We Dalhousians, too, have conversats quite often—in the Senate room.

Apropos of the above is the following quotation from *King's College Record*: "College education is distinctly a social process. The quality and completeness of its social life determines the collegiate grade of an institution."

Shakspeare has been robbed of his plays but he still has to his credit the Psalms (previously attributed to David and others). At least so says a London paper quoted by the *Westminster*. A Shakspeare—David controversy would be highly exciting.

The *O. A. C. Review* records a year of "phenomenal growth" for its college. A new library and hall to cost \$40,000 is being erected through the generosity of the late W. E. H. Massey of Toronto, and Sir William Macdonald has given \$125,000 to equip a school of Nature Study and Domestic Science. As the *Review* says, Guelph bids fair to become the greatest agricultural college in the world, and it is surely fitting that such an institution should be in Canada.

Socrates died 399 B. C., rose again January, 1902, and at once set to work at his old trick of making trouble. His latest dialogue appears in the *Queen's Journal* where he discourses ironically as ever about universities, making an exception in favour of Queen's. For the particular benefit of Toronto he "cobbles" a very unshapely "pair of shoes," but *Varsity* says they do not fit and flings them back at him. Altogether Socrates' second appearance is not a success, and we think he should return *Φθίην ἐρίβωλον* as quickly as the *Journal* will let him—*ἡματι τριτάτῳ*, if possible.

The *U. N. B. Monthly* is the most academic in tone of our Canadian exchanges. All the contributed articles—and many of these are written by the students—have much of that finish which is to be expected from the Alma Mater of Roberts and Carman. Among the most interesting of the later contributions we note "Legends of the MicMacs," "The Poetry of Archibald Lampman," and Theodore Roberts' "Sailing Song." The editorial department is bright. This extract from it has a "personal application" near home: "The memories which we will carry with us and dwell upon most hereafter are connected with our fellow students. Unless we give up some of our time to help on the college societies, to get acquainted with one another, we shall lose perhaps the best in college life."

Personals.

R. J. MESSENGER, B. A., '99, was in the city during the second week in February and paid the College an angel's visit.

ON December 25th., 1901, Dr. J. W. Pennington, '00, was married to Miss Etta MacLaren of Yarmouth. The GAZETTE wishes felicity.

AT the opening of the House of Assembly Geo. Patterson, M. A., '87, LL. B., '89, moved the address in reply to the speech from the throne.

C. F. LINDSAY, '99, has been winning more than Fellowships at Johns Hopkins. He carried off the gold medal for the quarter mile run at a recent athletic meet.

MR. PERCIE W. HART, author of "The Ludovic Zam Affair," has written a romance which will be published soon by the Biblot Brothers of New York. The romance will be historical and will be called "Jason—Nova Scotia." The scene is laid in and around Annapolis Royal in the time of Queen Anne. Mr. Hart's former book was well received and the coming romance will doubtless be interesting, especially to Nova Scotians.

FOUND.

ON Wednesday, the 29th, in the north end of the College, several frozen dates and two congealed epochs, also a cluster of ideas, quite frosty, supposed to be categories. Claimants must prove property and pay all expenses. Should no claim be satisfactorily established, the articles found will be given away in April to the needy.

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A. E. D. translates *τειχομαχεῖν μοι* by "fight a wall with me." In some former state he must have been a battering ram.

PROF. OF ETHICS:—"Who can live on a *set of relations*?"

Moralist (after thought):—"Who can live on anything else?"

WRITTEN in Freshie Millar's book:—"Tui dum vivam nunquam obliviscar. V. B." The GAZETTE extends congratulations to the happy man.

J-HN-N MCKY translating *ἀλλ' ἐμὸν οὐ ποτε θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι ἐπειθῆν*—"They never could confine my heart within one cage."

PROF. D-NN-S latest pun—It is only during the last hundred years that the investigation of series has been *seriously* undertaken.

OUR sympathies are extended to K-k-r; out of the fifty old bottles he lugged round town "in the dead vast and middle of the night," he sold only three.

A WORTHY Pine Hiller, thinking of the proposed memorial, has resolved to withstand the charms of fair Dalhousians in future lest eventually he may have to pay a double subscription.

PERHAPS the best exhibition of the proverbial freshman colour was given by the medicals of '05, when they *rushed* (?) to get chairs for the ladies of the zoology class. Verily, "we are the people, and politeness has died—with us."

A-CH-E—"Mr. McRitchie, what does the word "unfledged" mean?"

McR—"Undeveloped."

A-ch-e—"Would you call a calf "unfledged?"

McR (after deep thought)—"Well, pretty near."

FIRST Freshman (after election of Gazette editor)—“Forbes should have been our editor.”

Second Freshman—“Why, he has had an office already; he was President of the Photograph Committee.”

STILL Knighthood is in Flower: B-g-n, with two ladies, on Dartmouth side, about 11.30 p. m.,—“Now if it hadn't been for you women, I could have stayed all night at that place.” On Halifax side,—“Oh, we won't have to walk to your place, there's a car. Isn't that lucky for me?”

A GAZETTE Editor who ventured to approach Pine Hill shortly after the appearance of the last number only escaped assault by promising that he would apologize for a reference to them. They are not “sports” and they never booze in Greek or English, they say. We retract, they may be right.

EXTRACT from Freshman Green's essay on his childhood—“I used to be a very frisky boy at school and got a good many lickings. I had a great fondness for playing tricks, but a poor ability for getting out of them.” Mr. G's admirers will welcome these little reminiscences of the great Freshman orator.

IT'S queer that those hockey players should be suspended for playing base ball; even if they were on the *battery* they might have been *a(r)maturess*. Many a time have they *completed the circuit* and made a *ohm* run. How greatly was our captain's *solenoid*! No doubt their *discharge coulomb* off. *Watt a cell!*

WORDS ON JIMMY'S WORTH.

I heard a waltz's dreamy note
While 'gainst a wall reclined;
When trouble 'mong the dancers brought
Our Jimmy into mind.

He stepped on everybody's toe,
'Gainst everybody ran;
And much it grieved my heart to know
What man doth say of man.

Though others tried to dance, he played
The deuce with all the measure;
Sure the least motion that he made
Gave me a thrill of pleasure.

Then sang we all, “Long live the King!”
And Jimmy, long live he.
And when he next doth dance that fling,
May I be there to see.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Duncan Finalayson, M. P. P., \$5; Principal Soloan, \$3; Dr. J. G. MaGregor, Dr. Pollok, Miss Jennie Ross, Dr. D. A. Campbell, \$2; H. W. Toombs, A. J. Campbell, LL. B., S. A. Morton, M. A., F. B. Day, B. A., J. A. Redmond, I. D. McDonald, Miss A. P. Gladwin, Dr. McLaren, Miss Sophia McKenzie, Rev. H. M. Clark, A. C. Gillis, Rev. J. McMillan, G. W. Miller, D. E. Ross, B. A., Rev. J. C. Herdman, A. H. McNeil LL. B., J. A. Ferguson, G. W. Loughhead, Robert Landells, L. B. Elliott, T. C. Hebb, R. H. Stavert, Miss Bentley, Miss Blackwood, Miss Richardson, Miss Manley, Miss Spencer, Miss Rand, J. Malcolm, W. Fraser, W. K. Power, J. M. Trueman, L. Brehaut, A. P. Laing, E. D. Ross, Ira McKay, Ph D., Miss Susan I. Stairs, D. S. Bauld, G. H. Sedgewick, A. R. Cunningham, Hector McInnes, LL. B., Rev. J. E. A. Colquhoun, T. J. Meagher, Miss Gertrude McIntosh, W. H. Parsons, Miss Nora McKay, B. A., E. M. Ross, B. A., Miss W. B. Williams, B. A., Hon. Mr. McEwen, \$1 each.

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