

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. III.
OLD SERIES—VOL. X.

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WHOLE No. 106.

CONVOCATION.

THE fifteenth semi-annual Convocation of Dalhousie College was held April 24th inst., in the Legislative Assembly Room. There being no procession the students assembled at the place of meeting at a quarter to three. Soon after the faculty entered, the Principal taking the chair. Messrs. D. S. Fraser, B. A., J. C. Herdman, B. A., and Arthur I. Trueman, B. A., were present in Academical costume, and took their seats at the desk. The usual brilliant concourse of ladies was not wanting to grace the occasion with their presence.

Proceedings opened with prayers by the Principal. The Secretary of the Senate was then called upon to read the list of undergraduates who had passed the sessional examinations, and of those who had obtained distinctions in their several years. Before doing so he remarked upon the harmony and good feeling that had prevailed between professors and students during the session, and referred to the satisfactory result of the examinations, one only of all who had gone up to them being plucked. University and special prizes were then distributed, and certificates of merit were given. Further information in regard to these is given in classified form below. The graduating class of eight members being presented by Prof. Lawson, Dean of the Faculty, were capped by the Principal and presented with their diplomas. The degree of M. A. was conferred upon the five following gentlemen:—W. P. Archibald, J. C. Herdman, Louis H. Jordan, Alexander W. Macleod and Arthur I. Trueman.

A new feature in the Convocation was the exercises in elocution. The winners of the Young prizes were called up to the platform, and recited the pieces which they had previously delivered at the competition.

Mr. A. I. Trueman having consented to speak was then called upon by the Principal. He pointed out the value of a thorough and regular training, such as Dalhousie is well calculated to

give. He marked the distinction between education and knowledge. The want of the age is men with well trained minds, fit to grapple with any subject. Professions seemed as crowded to them ten years ago as now, yet, for really able men, there is always a place. Not one of Dalhousie's graduates had been wholly unsuccessful. Some of them had already highly distinguished themselves in science and politics.

Hon. P. C. Hill said the question which always occurred to him on an occasion like this was, whether a classical education possessed, in this intensely practical age, the same value as in former days. The large attendance which always greeted the meetings of Convocation, and similar gatherings seemed to him a direct answer in the affirmative. A classical education is an excellent thing for a young man. The days were past when we should be content in the colonies with having things done in a rough way. How could we appreciate the wonderful discoveries of Dr. Schiellmann if we did not know anything of Agamemnon and his times? It was the pupils of Eaton and Harrow who became the rulers of Great Britain, guiding her destinies and moulding her policy. Dalhousie had already furnished a member to the Government of this Province, who showed that a classical training does not unfit a man to grapple with public questions, but rather aids him in grasping them properly. True there had been great statesmen in Nova Scotia who had not had a classical education, but every man had not the intellect of a Johnstone or a Howe.

Sir William Young said the prospects of Dalhousie were never brighter than they are at present. A High School had been established which would act as feeder to the College. The Presbyterian body had secured a magnificent building for a Theological Hall, and would amalgamate their interests with those of Dalhousie. When an effort had been made a few years ago by the friends of Dalhousie to raise an endowment, they found that they had been anti-

icipated by the agents of the Presbyterian Synod. Now the path was clear for them. He deprecated the idea of making Greek an optional subject in the College course. He feared such a step would tend to lower the standard of education. Let Greek be retained, but the requirements made easier. Degrees in science apart from those in arts might be given.

UNIVERSITY CLASS PRIZES.

CLASSICS.—4th year, John L. George, Pictou; 3rd year, Geo. Wm. McQueen, Sutherland's River; (Special Latin) Roderick McKay, Dalhousie; 2nd year, Albert E. Thomson, Halifax; 1st year,—1st, James S. Trueman, St. John; 2nd, G. Creelman, Upper Stewiacke.

MATHEMATICS.—2nd year, Albert E. Thomson, 1st year,—1st, George M. Campbell, Truro; 2nd, G. Creelman.

PHYSICS.—4th year, John H. Cameron; 3rd year, Roderick McKay.

ETHICS.—4th year, J. H. Cameron.

METAPHYSICS.—3rd year,—1st, Roderick Mackay, 2nd, Isaac M. McLean, Hopewell.

LOGIC.—2nd year, A. E. Thomson.

CHEMISTRY.—3rd year, Roderick McKay; 2nd year,—1st, S. J. Macknight, Dartmouth; 2nd, Albert E. Thomson.

HISTORY.—4th year, John H. Cameron.

RHETORIC.—1st year, James S. Trueman.

FRENCH.—4th year, George W. Munro; 3rd year, Roderick Mackay.

GENERAL PRIZES.

ST. ANDREW'S PRIZE, awarded to the best student in the Mathematics of the second year, Albert E. Thomson.

ELOCUTION PRIZES, given by Sir William Young, Kt.; 1st, (\$20); James A. Sedgewick, Musquodoboit; 2nd, (\$10); Duncan Cameron, St. Mary's.

NORTH BRITISH SOCIETY'S BURSARY, (\$60 annually for two years) for the best average in the second year, Albert E. Thomson.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION PRIZES.—3rd year,—1st, Roderick McKay; 2nd, Isaac M. McLean;—1st year,—James S. Trueman; 2nd, Graham Creelman.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S MEDALS.—Gold Medal, John L. George; Silver Medal, John H. Cameron.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

These are awarded according to general standing in all subjects proper to different years.

FIRST CLASS.

4th year, John H. Cameron. 3rd year, Roderick McKay, Isaac M. McLean, Charles S. Cameron, George W. McQueen. 2nd year, Albert E. Thomson. 1st year, James S. Trueman, Graham Creelman.

SECOND CLASS.

4th year, George W. Munro, Anderson Rogers. 2nd year, William R. Fraser. 1st year, — Spencer, Charles Blanchard.

DEGRESS CONFERRED.

M. A.: William P. Archibald, James C. Herdman, Louis H. Jordan, Alexander McLeod, Arthur I. Trueman.

B. A.: (alphabetically arranged) John A. Cairns, John H. Cameron, John L. George, James A. McKenzie, George W. Munro, Edmund L. Newcombe, Anderson Rogers, Alfred Whitman.

PRESENTATION TO SIR WM. YOUNG.—Immediately before the opening of Convocation the Hon Sir William Young, chairman of the Board of Governors, was requested to meet the Professors in the Provincial Library, when the Principal addressed him as follows:—

"Sir William,—The Senate of Dalhousie College request your acceptance, as Chairman of the Board of Governors, of this portrait of yourself—a most creditable work of art—expressing the hope that you will allow it to grace the walls of the College Library-room, in some recognition of your high and generous services to the College from its first institution. We trust that the presence of the portrait in the College will not be without its influence on the students, in serving to remind them from day to day what may be accomplished by assiduity in intellectual culture, which opens up the way to the most honorable and responsible positions in the land."

Sir William, in reply, expressed his high sense of the compliment paid to him by the presentation, and his earnest desire for the success of Dalhousie College, in which he took a warmer interest than in any other institution in the city. He cheerfully acceded to the wish of the Professors. He referred briefly to Mr. Barratt, the young artist, who, when he came to Halifax, he had placed under the tuition of a Dalhousie graduate for the improvement of his general education, and he was pleased to see evidence of the development of his artistic genius.

The portrait is an oil painting by Barratt, and is a striking likeness; it is regarned by competent judges as probably the best work of the kind which he has yet produced. It will remain in the Provincial Library for a few days prior to removal to the College Library.—*Morning Chronicle.*

VALEDICTORY.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—

NEVER before in the history of Dalhousie College was a valedictory delivered before so limited an audience. The pomp and circumstance of Convocation are wanting to give it importance, yet we assure you that no regrets

on that score mingle with the pleasure we feel in addressing to you a few parting words. The action of our authorities that deprived us of the privilege of reading this paper at the formal closing of the Session to take place this afternoon, is already known to you and needs no comment here—perhaps, after all, as students parting with students, for the utterance of an affectionate farewell, and the free expression of our views on colleges and college life, no more suitable place could be chosen than a meeting such as this.

In the fall of 1874, when we began our studies at this University, we had a class of twenty-one undergraduates; of these only six are members of the present graduating class. Five of the remaining fifteen are engaged in business; six belong to other classes, or have abandoned study altogether; three have gone elsewhere to finish their education; one has been called from a life of cares and sorrows to a home of peace, where the weary are at rest. Never, more than on an occasion like this does the memory of the departed come back to sadden our hearts. As a class we leave behind us a fair record. If we have not had amongst us any brilliant geniuses, we can claim the honor of having been diligent, faithful workers. From the first we have been known as the quiet class. Though never backward in joining in whatever fun was going on, or in aiding to provide musical entertainment for the College, yet in that boisterousness which characterizes the average student we have been wanting. Whether this has been commendable in us, I will not assume the province of determining. Before we entered those classic halls we had heard much about college life. To our imaginative fancy it seemed full of poetry. We had read of students' sports, of prizes and honors, and we longed to be students. Alas for man that never is, but always is to be blest, a few months' trial was sufficient to teach us that college life was not altogether what we had anticipated. We found that like ordinary life it has its little misfortunes, and its moments of pleasure, a dark side as well as a bright, that truly enough

"Its nae in books, its nae in leaer
To make us fully blest."

We had only seen the sunny side of the picture. The long weary hours of study, the aching eyes and head, and hard necessity of sticking to books when the heart is anywhere else but in our work belong to the shady side.

But if college life has not proved poetical, it has been what is infinitely better,—practical. We have had a hard experience, the remembrance of which will make the difficulties of after life appear less formidable. We have learned the power and value of hard work. He who knows not that work is the beginning, the middle, and the end of success, has no right to leave college yet. He has a lesson to learn which it were well for him to master ere he faces a world that makes no allowance, and is no respecter of persons. We have learned that sober perseverance will succeed where giddy cleverness will fail, and that a dogged determination will, in the end, overcome every difficulty. We have formed methods of study, and habits of close application. Better than all, if we have profited by our course we have found out that we know very little, and that we are only just emerging into the broad field of research, which, the farther we proceed will appear to us only to become more and more extended. In the matter of mental training we have been greatly advantaged. In this respect, perhaps, our College has done as much for us as could be expected of it. It has taught us not to take the dicta of professors or authors and swallow them blindly as the chick does the food from its mother's beak, but to test all knowledge and to find out the truth of it for ourselves. By precept upon precept we have been advised to be thorough. Such has been the preaching, nor has the practice been wholly inconsistent with it. We claim, and justly too, that among Nova Scotian colleges, in point of thoroughness, Dalhousie is first and the rest nowhere. Still, even in Dalhousie there is room for improvement. That students may receive the greatest possible benefit from a course of studies, colleges should keep two aims in view,—first and principally, to develop and strengthen the powers of mind; secondly, to impart the greatest possible amount of knowledge compatible with the greatest amount of mental development. For the attainment of this second object a radical change is necessary in our college system. The error into which all cis-Atlantic Universities have fallen has been their attempting to teach too many subjects. They have been endeavouring to be broad, forgetting that what they gain in breadth they lose in depth. In the train of this pernicious error come the twin vices cramming and smattering, and their inevitable consequences, mental debility and intellectual dyspepsia. Speaking from experience we can say

that this dissipation of energy over a great variety of subjects, has been the greatest evil we have had to complain of in Dalhousie—and Dalhousie in this respect is not in so hopeless a condition as many of her neighbours. In order to insure perfect thoroughness the number of imperative studies should be greatly reduced. Students then could concentrate their time and energies on a few subjects, and master those completely. One subject fairly mastered benefits the learner more than a score smattered in. His interest is awakened, all the faculties of his mind are strengthened, and he is encouraged to make further and more strenuous efforts. Here we study Latin and Greek for four years, and leave college with a very imperfect knowledge of both. We are unable to read either, not even the easier of the two languages, with any degree of fluency. We form a bowing acquaintance with the Modern Languages and go away to forget them. We dip into Science and Philosophy and give some attention to Mathematics. But our knowledge of each of these subjects is fragmentary and unsatisfactory. Hence we become discontented with the result of our application, and disgusted with our work. This is the natural outcome of the turkey-fattening system of education now in vogue. We are tired of it. Let us have less work and more thoroughness.

If we were to suggest any further reform to Dalhousie and her sister institutions, it would be to lay less stress on examinations. Not that we regard them as necessary evils, or would have them carried on with less unbending strictness—far from it. We consider them beneficial and necessary. But all must have noticed in students a tendency to get up work solely with a view to examinations, to lose all interest in their studies only in so far as their application will influence their standing in the pass list. This ought not so to be. Measures should be taken to check as far as possible such a tendency. We should devote ourselves to our work for its own sake. Till we have learned to do this our studies will profit us very little, however high a mark we may make at the Sessional Examinations. The true student does not value acquired knowledge at the price which it brings in the market.

Carlyle thus describes the school in which Schiller had been ground—"there was no allowance for the varieties of original structure. A scholar might possess what instincts or capacities

he pleased; the regulations of the school took no account of this; he must fit himself into the common mould, which, like the old giant's bed, stood there appointed by superior authority to be filled alike by the great and little." The same remarks might be made with almost equal truth about many of our modern institutions of learning, whose cast iron curricula allowing of no option, forces the student's "mind from its true aim and drives it by sheer violence into one which it feels to be false." But what profits criticising and advising. We have done with college life and college regulations. Whatever faults our *Alma Mater* may have, we will ever be proud of her, nor will we ever cease to admire and respect her for her sterling worth. Dalhousie has done much for us, for which we would not be found ungrateful.

Now fellow graduates we are about to bid eternal farewell to those dingy walls. Community of labor and interest, during four years have bound us closely together. Our relations have ever been most cordial. We have formed friendships which promise to be life-long. For the kindness which I have always experienced from each of you, I wish to express my gratitude. We have climbed upwards together, and now we are just stepping off of the last rung of the ladder on to a platform somewhat raised (educationally speaking) above the *locus standi* of the common mass. From this platform different paths lead to different goals, to the pulpit it may be, the court room, the business desk or the editor's sanctum. Whatever path we may choose, one thing is imperative on us—that is work. The capping at Convocation is not the signal for us to rest on our oars. We have been during all these years in training, now we must "pull out" for ourselves. The fact that we are free to choose our own direction, should add vigour to our strokes, and determination to our purpose. And we must remember that the world's test of us will be, not "what is he?" or "is he a B. A.?" but "what has he done?" "what can he do?" In this sceptical age nothing is taken on trust, everything must be tried and proved. Men have begun to look with suspicion on paper or parchment certificates of scholarship and ability, and will take them only at a very large discount. Our success will depend on what we do, and with Paul we can do all things if we go about it with faith in God and in hard work. And further we should bear in mind always to perform our duty without making any ado about it. The noblest

deed loses its nobleness to us if it is followed by apparent expectation of applause on the part of the doer. Quoth the wise old seer of Chelsea, "Whisper not to thy own heart, how worthy is this action; for then it is already becoming worthless." O! the value and rarity of

"One still strong man, in a blatant land,"
If we perform a really worthy action, men will know of it and appreciate it. If they do not, its value remains the same. All we have to do is to attend to our own business, and to do our duty, expecting no praise for it.

Fellow students, in parting from you, rest assured that our best wishes and sympathies remain with you. Your term of probation is not yet expired. For a little while longer calendars, convocations and examinations, will be matters of high interest to you. We know what toil is still in store for you. That fellow feeling which the poet says makes us kind will not be without its influence on us. For your true gentlemanly conduct towards us we take this opportunity of conveying to you our thanks. And now, as with our foot on the threshold we hold the door ajar for a little, and cast back one long last lingering look, on familiar objects and friendly faces, it is with mingled feelings of joy and sadness we say FAREWELL.

VALE!

IN MEMORIAM.

(TO THE GRADUATES OF '78)

Prologue.

"'Tis ever thus.

Scarce do we learn to know each others hearts;
Scarce do we hold communion of souls;
Scarce do we learn to interchange our thoughts,
Our feelings, projects, ends, and aims in life,
Than time, who knows not pity, comes between us,
Drives us asunder with a hand remorseless,
And bids us say farewell.

Ah! Time thou grim, remorseless, stern destroyer,
Tho' in thy course triumphant thou dost overwhelm
Kings, princes, peoples, principalities and powers,
The rich, the poor, the old, the young, yea, all
Who have on this material world a place;
Yet can we point at thee the scornful finger,
Mock thy great power, and scorn thy boasted prowess,
In that, tho' thou may'st drive us far asunder;
Yea even to the world's remotest limits;
Still until Death puts his cold hand between us,
We dare thee to the uttermost; defy thee
To break the bonds of amity, and friendship,
Welded and forged upon the hearts own anvil,

Nursed by our *Alma Mater's* kindly usage,
Strengthened by ceaseless fellowship in study,
And deep engraven on our memories' tablets,
Old fellow there we have thee! Yield thee now!

Primus.

First in the rank both physical and mental,
Cometh the dux Johannes Levis Gravis,
Decked with a golden badge; his kindly face
Beaming with knowledge and intelligence.
Johannes none of us will e'er forget thee.

Secundus.

Next to him cometh one—a second Dux,
Bearing upon his breast a badge of silver
"Full of wise saws and modern instances"
"Johannes" too but not a "Levis Gravis."

Tertius.

Then cometh one who was in race an alien;
In language thought and learning a dear brother,
And whom as such we'll lovingly remember.

Quartus.

The sage comes next and who will soon forget
Our light haired boy, his face his form and fancies?
'Twere but an idle task to aid here, memory.

Quintus.

Now cometh Jimmy loved by every one
Kind and good natured, taking every joke
—In right good part—in truth a jolly dog.

Sextus.

And now our memory has a harder subject
To exercise its power. John Andrew Magnus
Huge as to stature; ("huge" with the gentler sex)
But whom with all his "hugeness" we'll remember.

Septus.

And in our memories in after years
That cove light Anderson will ever hold
An honourable place. If 'twere but only
Because of that famed song "Kafoozlum"

Octus.

Last but not least comes Alfred, also great
In stature as the greatest, skilled in breaking
What some deny existence of—the hearts
Of fair ones. He'll surely be remembered.

Epilogue.

And so they've played their parts, this worthy octad;
And now they've gone, perchance to meet no more
Their old associates in toil, and learning.
But yet we doubt not that they'll all lay up
Remembrances of those, still left behind them;
And look upon this tribute to their memory
As coming from the bottom of our hearts,
And so to all we say Farewell! God speed!

SILENIUS.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., MAY 1, 1878.

EDITORS.

J. H. CAMERON, '78. R. MCKAY, '79.
A. ROGERS, '78. G. W. MCQUEEN, '79.
C. S. CAMERON, '79, *Fin. Secretary.*

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We thank those of our subscribers who have paid their subscriptions, and respectfully request those who have not done so to forward the amount of their bills as soon as possible to the Secretary,

CHARLES S. CAMERON, *Baddeck, C. B.*

It is with a sense of relief known to few that we dip for the last time the editorial pen. Naturally we look back. Amid the excitement that attends the closing of a session, it is so difficult to realize that those years so long in anticipation, so short in retrospect, are gone. Those who labored honestly have little to regret. Certainly we did not utilize every suggestion made during the course—what class does? Perhaps this is not expected by those who regard our welfare most.

It is said that people never do any accustomed task for the last time knowingly, without a feeling of sadness. The expression is purely poetic. When De Quincey gave birth to the thought he knew it was imaginary. Yet some students, when the B. A. parchment is safely in their keeping, murmur, "I would like to live college life over." For the benefit of such we may take the liberty of saying that Professors don't want students of this cast longer. They have started

us fairly on the high-road of life, and it is understood that we are to push on instead of becoming pillars of salt. Besides if a man can't learn something in four years he won't in eight.

College has many peculiar enjoyments that link themselves to our very existence. In proof of this listen to the tales of undergraduate life fifty years ago. As the old man narrates them fresh life is stirred within him—happy days are being lived over again. No friendship is more lasting than that of classmates, simply because it is disinterested. But who that strains his eye in looking forward is content to loiter by the way, until his sun is past the meridian?

As graduates we feel that the course has been of great advantage. Late and early was it necessary to work. The faithfulness of our professors did a great deal to encourage us; they know a great deal about us—more perhaps than was agreeable at times. Yet they don't know how many hours the average student is compelled to spend over the ink-stained table. We are thankful to some extent for one lesson well-taught, viz., shoulder your own burden and see that you don't delay about it. Those who have taken the hint are prepared for work in and out of a university. To those still beating about in wilderness we would kindly whisper, "Struggle on; unless choked by French participles you will yet reach the land of milk and honey."

Many college papers reproduce the kind things said about them by exchanges. We, too, were much encouraged by friendly notices, and benefited by frank criticism. Especially are we grateful to those who contributed to fill the columns of our paper. More than once did articles from the strong hand of graduates bring back moisture to the parched tongue. It is noteworthy that most of the help came from those who once nursed the GAZETTE, or took it by the hand in later years. It has grown to a considerable size, and though sunburnt is not bad at heart. What if its liver does seem a little unsettled at times. Irritations and their causes disappear together.

In passing the GAZETTE into the hands of the students who will return to Dalhousie, we trust they will give the future editors that kind support given to us, and make it in the best and widest sense a student's paper.

DR. MCKENZIE, who labored so faithfully during the past winter as Lecturer in Physics, and who in connection with Dr. Bayne managed the course of popular lectures so successfully, sailed in the *Scandinavian* on Saturday for Germany, to continue his original researches under Helmholtz and Kirchoff. We wish him a pleasant voyage—free from extraordinary experiments—and success in studies; and hope to hear of his return to Dalhousie before another term commences, not to continue as a temporary spoke, but to fill a professor's chair.

WITH very great generosity the Rev. Dr. Patterson presented all the students of Dalhousie with very finely bound copies of his "Memoirs of Johnson and Matheson." On behalf of the students we thank the Doctor for his liberality; and trust that the result will be an increased interest in missionaries, and those among whom they labor.

ANOTHER of our students has fallen in a far-off land. It is with no ordinary regret that we write this obituary of Mr. Archibald Purvis of Pictou. During the session of 1872-'73 he was a student in Dalhousie. In the following summer he went to Europe, and for some time prosecuted his studies in Leipsic University. He also in winter attended the Arts classes in Glasgow, and almost completed the course. While in Göttingen he paid special attention to Philosophy and Languages. His health seemed good till September of last year, when he had an attack of pleurisy, which his medical adviser did not seem to fully understand. Towards the end of the year he returned to his friends in Leipsic, and hoped to spend the winter there; but health failing the doctors urged him to use the cure at

Davos, Switzerland. He went there in February; but all that skill and kindness could do were unavailing, and he sank on the 24th of March—one of the noblest fellows that ever enrolled his name in Dalhousie. From early manhood he was distinguished by his earnest Christian life. We speak from the fresh recollection of academic friendship when we say that his presence was a power for good. And those who knew him best in the University justly admired the depth of thought that was characteristic of him. Our country can ill afford to lose men of such loftiness of aim. To his sorrowing friends we tender our sincere sympathy. Fellow students, if you would think wisely of life, consider its end.

WE were pleased to see in "Belford's" for April, a criticism of Wordsworth from the pen of Professor Lyall. This is indeed, the paper with which the learned Doctor favored the students last winter, and which was at the time briefly noticed in the "GAZETTE." We then directed attention to Professor Lyall's accord with the feelings and nature of the philosopher poet, and his peculiar fitness for the task of which he has so happily acquitted himself.

The opening pages are devoted to a rapid but comprehensive review of poetry, identifying the poetic quality with emotion. In Burns this assumes the form of love. Byron exhibits the passions, the fiercer emotions. The ancient poets found their aspirations in the martial and heroic. In Shakespeare we find every conceivable emotion. Dryden and Pope inasmuch as their compositions are to some extent unemotional appear "to occupy a dubious 'frontier-sphere' between poetry and elegant prose."

The critic next proceeds to point out the characteristic feeling in the poetry of Wordsworth. "An intense sympathy with humanity in all its phases, particularly in 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.”

The rest of the paper is occupied with a review rather than a criticism of the works of the poet. We think there are places where the hand has been laid rather lightly but at the same time remembered that all men are not capable of appreciating Wordsworth. The Professor concludes with a wish that the poetry of his favorite author may be more generally studied.

As usual, when the writer resides at a distance from the press, some curious and provoking errors have been made in the text.

We owe our acknowledgments to Dr. Lyall for a corrected copy.

THE competition for the prizes offered by the Hon. Sir Wm. Young for Elocution was held on Monday morning, April 23rd, in the College Library. The number of competitors was not so great as usual, but the quality of the declaiming was fully up to the average. After all had gone through their first recitation, and the judges had compared notes, four were called upon to undergo a second trial. The prizes first and second respectively, as was seen at Convocation, were awarded to James A. Sedgewick and Duncan Cameron.

We must say that some of the competitors did not have fair play. At such a meeting, as at all others, there are always those who will not make it convenient to arrive before the commencement of the exercises, and who have not patience enough to wait outside the room until there is a pause in the operations. The consequence, in the present instance, was, that more than one of the speakers were interrupted by the entrance of tardy individuals. Such disturbances attracted the attention of the audience, which is sufficient to destroy the animation of the most lively declaimer. We would suggest that during such exercises, in future, no one be allowed to enter while the platform is occupied.

Any one who cannot make it suitable to come in time, should not object to being kept in waiting until the speaker for the time has taken his seat.

“WHERE doctors differ, we can enjoy our own opinion.” Pleasing thought, sure enough, when they differ so frequently and so continually.

Pope, in his essay on “criticism,” says:
“Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.”

D’Israeli takes an quite an opposite view, for, according to him, “an indifferent poet may exert the art of criticism in a very high degree.” He instances two French authors, D’Aubignac and Chapelain, noted “critics,” but wretched play wrights, and adds, “the talent of judging may exist separately from the power of execution.” And it is for this reason that young authors are not to condemn the precepts of such critics as even D’Aubignac and Chapelain.

Macaulay, speaking of poets, says that, “as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines;” that “in an enlightened age, there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of verses, and even of good ones—but little poetry.”

Carlyle scouts the idea, and remarks: “It has been hinted that he (the poet) should have been born two centuries ago, inasmuch as poetry, soon after that date, vanished from the earth.

Such cobweb speculation, has now and then, overhung the field of literature; but it obstructs not the growth of any plant there; the Shakspeare or the Burns unconsciously, and merely as he walks onward, silently brushes it away. * * * Let but the true poet be given us, place him where and how you will, and true poetry will not be wanting.”

The same authors differ widely in their estimates of Boswell. Macaulay held that while other men had attained literary eminence in spite of their weaknesses, he attained it by reason of them. “If he had not been a great fool,” he says, “he would never have been a great writer.” Carlyle replies to this, “The world has been but unjust to him; discerning only the outer terrestrial and often sordid mass; without eye for his inner divine secret. Nay, sometimes a strange enough hypothesis has been started of him; as if it were in virtue even of these same bad qualities that he did his great work. Falser

hypothesis, we may venture to say, never rose in human mind. *Bad* is by its nature negative and can do *nothing*; whatsoever enables us to do anything is by its very nature good. Boswell wrote a good book because he had a heart and an eye to discern wisdom and an utterance to render it forth.”

A KEEN REPLY.—At a short distance from the town of P, lives a bookbinder, who is noted only for his sceptical opinions, and for the ill usage of his wife. A few months ago a lady of my acquaintance brought to him an ancient Bible and requested him to bind it for her. Said he, in a scoffing and abrupt manner, “What do you want that book bound for?” “Oh,” she answered, “because I esteem it.” “It’s all lies,” said he, “it’s all lies; this book says there’s a hell. There’s no hell; there’s no hell.” “Well,” said she in a mild but firm tone, “I am sorry for it; for some men sorely need a place of that kind.”
G.

STUDENT'S FAREWELL MEETING.

THE final Students' Meeting was held in the College on Wednesday the 24th, at 11 o'clock. Mr. George was called to the chair. The Financial Secretary gave a brief statement of money matters in connection with the GAZETTE, which was satisfactory. If subscribers all pay up promptly, our successors will be free of encumbrance. Mr. J. H. Cameron then read the valedictory. The attention of the students showed how much the paper was appreciated. At the close the applause was vociferous. Our readers will find the very interesting production on another page.

It is customary for the graduates to address their fellow-students. We shall produce some of the remarks:

Mr. Newcomb.—In addressing you as students for the last time, my feelings are such as I can not describe. I have great satisfaction in knowing that I am free from the hard study involved in a course here, but I regret leaving the old hall and Reading Room, and above all, to part with my class-mates, with whom I have passed through the fiery ordeal.

To-day the names of eight new graduates will be added to the list of our College; to-day eight of Dalhousie's sons turn their back on her stern face, to return as students no more. There is great satisfaction in leaving none of the class

behind. Heavens know we have worked for our degrees; and now we enjoy the just fruit of our labour.

I shall not give advice. There is nothing before you who remain but hard work, if you wish to be successful. We have formed firm friendship, such as I am sure will last through life. Our employments may be widely different. A large number of this class are to enroll themselves with “the lads in black,” some are to become lawyers and some journalists. Though our energies be turned in different directions, yet our sympathies, I am convinced, will be the same; and though we may not all meet again, we shall kindly remember each other. I may say in conclusion, that the farewell I say is felt as earnestly as it is expressed, and

“Whereso'er my steps may tend,
And whenso'er my course may end,
My soul shall cast the backward view,
The longing glance alone to you.”

Mr. Whitman.—He philosophized on College life; liked it, but in such a way that no qualifying word in English just suited his feelings; referred to the Valedictory, and differed in his opinion as to the number of subjects that should be compulsory in college. He looked forward with pleasure to life's work which promises more variety; and thought men should study for the love of knowledge. Regret was expressed at parting with students, and a copious benediction pronounced over the heads of those left behind.

Mr. Cairns read a very good paper, of which we can only give a small part. He tried, like the rest, to give full expression to his feelings, and like them failed. Only once have we the chance or the pleasure of going through college and intermingling with fellow students. He expatiated on the advantages gained in comprehension of grasp, and added the advice, “strive to understand everything you learn.” He referred fellingly to the happy associations of the past four years, and quoted:—

“Still o'er those scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.”

Mr. McKenzie.—College life has its its bright spots, although to some the shady side predominates. The goal is not reached in Dalhousie without a great deal of perserving labour; yet the bond of sympathy that unites us together tends greatly to alleviate the burden which otherwise would be galling in the extreme. That spirit of harmonious action that has been grow-

ing for years has reached its climax. When the most trying seasons of college life are being passed through, when its blackest disappointments come, of inestimable value is a sympathizing word from one who has passed through the same deep waters. It is marrow to our bones. The thought of parting from such a crowd of jolly good fellows, makes me feel like lingering around this renowned battle-field. Close to us are the noble Juniors. Even now are their heads seen bobbing above the second last round of the long ladder. Then come the Sophs, a feeble folk in number, but giving full indications that they have caught the spirit of their ancestors. And last our Freshies, emerging from the first stage, full of life. To all left in college I wish God-speed.

Mr. Rogers.—When insects are passing from one stage to another, they are characterized by their stupidity. Whether this be on account of brain force being stunned by the transformation, or from lack of it altogether, I cannot say, but one thing is certain more than insects, are in a transformation stage to-day.

In tender and unwary hours I longed for college life; saw withered students return home, heard hollow voices and wished for the experience. I gave up the yard stick and scissors—but no, I pocketed the latter, knowing that all a student's extra energy goes to beard.

It is the habit for graduates to grow very solemn when bidding adieu to their step-mother. I feel solemn too, but cannot show it. Still you will believe me. It would be so delicious to take the course over—to go backward ten degrees on the dial plate of existence; to get battered and patted; to breathe the air of freshman experience—and perhaps continue to breathe it forever. To me college life has been sweet, yes, very; but we all like a change of spice. Perhaps this is too important an occasion to indulge in trifling. We are apt to toss up the chaff, and let people judge of the wheat by the law of association. The former dances in the sunbeams like flakes of gold. But chaff of any kind soon is known by its results. Are students anxious to be successful when life's wild throbbings and disappointed hopes are buried forever? Then be in earnest.

Towards the students of the other years I shall always entertain the best feelings, and hope all may yet have the pleasure of wearing an honest hood, owned or borrowed.

What shall I say of classmates? Partakers in every peril this day we are (for the rest of the sentence I would refer you to the next elocution contest). To-day our class stands—no wings broken, no cherished feathers in the dust. To all who will yet be nursed in the dear old lap of Dalhousie, I wish every success. One wish more; while "lingering over" the heaps of taffy, sometimes think of dried jaws far away. One advice, don't kill yourselves working—that is at the taffy. One pinch of snuff, *sic semper fidelibus*.

Mr. George made a nice little speech which may be summed up in the advice worthy to be remembered, "avoid self-seeking." He referred to the benefits derived from following special subjects, and closed by advising all to follow those who are

"Moving on from high to higher."

Mr. Munro was unfortunately prevented by indisposition from being present.

Many of those not in the graduating class spoke briefly, reciprocating the kind expressions of the Seniors. Votes of thanks were passed to the Valedictorian, the Financial Secretary, the editors of the GAZETTE and the Chairman. Cheers for the Graduates and for the Professors. College songs and choruses, concluding with the National Anthem wound up the last meeting of a session that to us was pleasant, and one that in after years will give much food to those who are fond of reveries.

TEKEL.

It was midnight. The clock had just struck twelve. As Scotia's poet hath it,

"The hour of night's black arch, the keystone."

For six long and tedious hours I had been wading through the heat investigations of Magnus and Regnault, La Voisier and La Place, Dulong and Petit, men who have spoiled the amiability, the love of life, the hopes, perhaps of all; certainly of one of the Juniors. Wearied, exhausted, to use a vulgarism, thoroughly "played out" by the prolonged effort, I leaned back in my chair and gave myself up to meditation. I reflected on the woes and vicissitudes of humanity; of students; of Juniors *par excellence*. Methought that in a few short weeks we would be Juniors no more; or we would be plucked. Expressive word! "What a world of misery its monody unfolds" to make an admiss-

ible mutilation of Poe's lines. What depths of woe unutterable it conveys every year to some of us poor students. Remembering my own sad experience I calculated the pros and cons in my favour, and with a hazy conception of what I had just been reading, endeavoured to work out the equivalent of midnight oil and toil, equal to a place in the traditional blackboard, at the final day. 'Tis easily conceivable that my feeling would not be soothed by such reflections. Suddenly I became conscious of an indefinable feeling of dread; a presentiment of approaching misfortune. Then

"The lights in the chamber burned blue."

I hastily rubbed my eyes, thinking it was a passing affection of the optic nerve. But no. A ghostly aspect pervaded the room, I looked around me fearfully. Everything was in its wonted place, nothing was distinct. I felt as if my Nemesis were approaching. My curly locks straightened out and stood erect

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. I would have given worlds to escape. 'Twas impossible. I frantically strove to rise, but my will seemed to be held down by a superior force. Perforce I sat still and waited the issue; at once fearful and curious. Suddenly, right before my distended "optics" a formless something appeared. Gradually it resolved itself into the misty outline of a blackboard; misty, yet withal as apparent as its material counterpart in our halls. Then from the gloom emerged a spectral train, the shades of bye-gone students clothed in the shade of bye-gone gowns.

Slowly they approached the board with mortal agony depicted in their cadaverous countenances. Seemingly oblivious of my presence, they drew near, as if advancing to meet their doom. I turned my eyes again towards the object of their fear. By some mysterious agency, an ominous scroll had been fixed thereto; engraved with the characters of an unknown language. As they came slowly on and read the inscription contained in the scroll, the faces of some of the apparitions brightened, but the tortured looks of the majority will ever remain indelibly fixed in my memory. Then, as they came, they silently vanished.

Again I essayed to rise, but I was powerless to do so. Closing my eyes, I endeavoured to shut out from my brain the remembrance of that ghostly sight. Ineffectually. The mystic dread

seemed still to hang over me, and ere long I became conscious of the presence of another supernatural visitor. Under an irresistible impulse I unwillingly opened my eyes and looked up. Ye gods! What a sight met my vision. Close to my side stood a gigantic form, clad in the same misty garments as his predecessors. His burning eye was fixed upon me, and sank into my inmost soul. I would have given worlds untold to have escaped from that awful presence, even to take my eyes from his penetrating glance, but my gaze was fixed upon him as that of the fascinated bird is fixed upon its destroyer. Suddenly, with a commanding gesture he raised his arm, pointing with his fiery finger towards the blackboard. Urged on by the same impulse my eye followed the direction of his finger, but the blackboard had vanished and with it the scroll. In their place I seemed to see the indistinct characters of some word. Gradually they became more and more distinct, until, in letters of fire, that seemed to burn, to sear my brain, I read the word PLUCKED! * * * * *

With a frantic effort I burst from the invisible bonds which held me to my chair and endeavoured to seize the spectre by my side. It vanished, and my hands closed on the air alone. I looked again for the ill-omened words. They, too had gone. My open book lay upon the table, the light burned naturally with a steady flame. Nothing seemed to denote the fearful scene which had just been enacted, save my own trembling limbs and haggard countenance.

I had dreamed and the dream has not been fulfilled. SILENUS.

Dallusiensia.

THE "Black Knight" enquired of one of the "Varsity Eight," the whereabouts of a certain young lady's father. We suspect he has obtained the consent of a necessary personage to an important arrangement. It is now necessary to "ask papa."

"LE SAGE" on the fateful morning thundered forth, "This is not the time for adulation." Alas! for the rarity of the fulfilment of human expectations. The very first sentence of the Latin paper was, "Multa patrum et in Augustam adulatio."

ONE of our Juniors makes out that the "early christians, when daylight failed, were burned by starlight." What torture! We think they were burned to serve as star-light.

IMAGINE the dissatisfaction of a Senior, who was requested to give an outline of the life of Juvenal, and succeeded in "scraping up" all the important events in the life of Tacitus.

Scene.—George Street. *Time* “shortly after Convocation.”
Personae.—Young Graduate and “She.”

She.—“And who was that distinguished looking, light-haired young man who apparently spared neither money nor pains in his toilet?”

Y. G.—“To whom do you refer?” *She.*—“He who was distinguished by the white rose. *Y. G. (sotto voce).*—“I’ll have to look after “Bloke.” (To “She”) “Oh! he is our “Sage.” *She.*—“Indeed, why so named?” *Y. G. (with a touch of sarcasm).*—“Because of his *overabundant* wisdom.”

(Continued admiration of “She;” increased indignation of Y. G.)

’Tis a trying time with Chawles. “He says that “when a fellah is rushing around all day bidding adieu to his lady friends, and runs the risk of offending his less attractive, but more to be feared male friends, he is in a kind of a quandary you know.” That’s so Chawles, and we wish you a speedy issue to the trying ordeal.

A B. A. says the Freshmen have come out of their shells. A very important fact in ornithology.

JANITOR filio auctus est. Semper floreat Janitor.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

THE following modern version of an old poem, familiar to us in another dress in the days of our boyhood, we find in the *Canada School Journal*. Hans is German for John; Ivan Russian.

Behold the mansion reared by dædal Jack.

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan’s bivouac.

Mark how the rat’s felonious fangs invade,
The golden stores in John’s pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtile Grimalkin to his quarry glides—
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce rodent
Whose tooth insidious Johann’s sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine’s foe’s assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of the hall
That rose complete at Jack’s creative call.

Here stalks impetuous cow with crumpled horn
Where the exacerbating hound was torn
Who bayed the feline slaughter beast that slew
The rat predacious whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
That lay in Han’s inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs, who drew
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce vindictive scorn,
The harrowing hound whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of puss, that with verminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Ivan’s courts we saw.

Robed in senescent garb that seemed in sooth
Too long a prey to Chronos iron tooth,
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros’ osculative sign,
To the lorn-maiden whose lac-albic hands
Drew alba-lactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of the immortal bovine, by whose horn,
Distort, to realm ethereal was borne
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal who made die
The old mordacious rat that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John’s domestic bower.

Lo! here with hirsute honors doffed succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen’s golden bands the torn unthrift
Whose means exigious stared from many a rift
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied
That dared to vex the insidious muricide
Who let the auroral effluence through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud, cantankerous shanghai comes at last
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vow of Hymen’s sacrament,
To him who robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lacrymose,
The emulator of that horned brute morose
That tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

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