

Dr. Macgregor

# The Dalhousie Gazette

## CONTENTS

Editorials . . . . .	1-2
The Queen's Jubilee . . . . .	2-3
To the King . . . . .	4
Wordsworth, A Study . . . . .	5-14
Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam . . . . .	14-19
Obituary . . . . .	19-20
A Good Word for the Law School . . . . .	20-21
College Notes . . . . .	21-26
Personals . . . . .	26
Dallusiensia . . . . .	27-30
Correspondence . . . . .	30



March, 1901

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### TERMS.

After all that has been spoken or written in eulogy of our late beloved Queen, no one can hope to contribute anything which may the more reveal of that transcendent grandeur in her life and reign. But, even though no scope is left for originality yet reiteration upon such a beautiful theme can never become wearisome. Her life has been and ever will be a perpetual benediction to the whole civilized world, and any stimulus to our contemplation of it can never fail to elicit a healthful response. We cannot here recall the manifold virtues which made her life and reign so incomparable in beauty. These are familiar to all, but be it said to the credit of our nation that it has shown fully its capacity to appreciate the good, the beautiful and the true and has responded with its deepest love and devotion.

The influence of her good, pure life had endeared her to all her subjects and what could be more exalting to a nation than to have those qualities of love and devotion exercised towards one who was in the highest degree worthy of it all. Not only has "she wrought her people lasting good" by her noble



example of life but her death has awakened throughout the Empire those feelings of sorrow and sympathy which deepen our views of life. The sense of bereavement seemed personal to all, and a nation set aside its commerce, its bartering and strife to become unanimous in sorrow. The greatness of a nation is in its sentiment, and the grandest influences are those which stir the hearts of a varied people with the same emotion and make men nearer brothers than before.

Queen Victoria has so consecrated the name of Queen that to us the word stands as a synonym for whatsoever is lovely and true and the name Victoria as our ideal conception of earthly sovereignty. She will be remembered as a great and good woman whose public influence was all for righteousness, and whose private life was characterized by those endearing virtues which are mightiest in the mightiest.

### THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

This was written at the time of the Queen's Jubilee by the late G. W. Steevens.

"Riding three-and-three came a kaleidoscope of dazzling horsemen, equerries, aides-de-camp, attaches, Ambassadors, and Princes, all the pomp of all the nations of the earth—scarlet and gold, purple and gold, emerald and gold, white and gold—always a changing tumult of colors that seemed to list and gleam with a light of their own. It was enough. No eye could bear more gorgeousness; no more gorgeousness could be there, unless princes are to cloth themselves in rainbows and the very sun.

"The prelude was played, and now the great moment was at hand. Already carriages were rolling up, full of the Queen's kindred, full of her children and children's children; but we hardly looked at them. Down there through an avenue of eager faces, through a storm of white waving handkerchiefs, through roaring volleys of cheers, there was approaching a carriage drawn by eight cream-colored horses. The roar surged up the street, keeping pace with the eight horses. The carriage passed the barrier; it entered the churchyard; it wheeled left and then right; it drove up to the very steps of the cathedral.

"We all leaped up. Cheers broke into screams, and the enthusiasm swelled to delirium. The sun watery until now, shone out suddenly, clear and dry, and there was a little plain, flushed old lady, all in black with a silver streak under her black bonnet, and with a simply white sunshade, sitting quite still, with the corners of her mouth drawn tight, as if she was trying not to cry.

But that old lady was the Queen, and you knew it. You did not want to look at the glittering uniforms now, nor yet at the bright gowns and young faces in the carriages, nor yet at the stately princes, though by now all these were ranged in a half circle round her.

"You could not look at anybody but the Queen, so very quiet, so very grave, so very punctual and so unmistakably—every inch a queen.

"It was almost pathetic, if you will, that small, black figure in the middle of these shining cavaliers, this great army, this roaring multitude, but it was also very glorious.

"When other kings of the world drive abroad an escort rides close at the wheels of his carriages. The Queen drove through her people quite plain and open, with just one soldier at the curbstone between her and them. Why not? They are quite free. They have no cause to fear her. They have much cause to love her. Was it not all for her—gala trappings of the streets, men, horses, guns, and the living walls of British men and women? For the Queen summed up all that had gone before—all the soldiers and sailors, the colonials, and the strange men from unheard of islands over sea.

"We know now what that which had come before all stood for. We knew as we had never known before what the Queen stands for. The Empire had come together to revere and bless the mother of the empire. The mother of the empire had come to do homage to the one Being more majestic than she.

"There were archbishops, bishops and deans in gold and crimson caps and white, orange and gold embroidered vestments waiting on the steps. There through gaps in the pillars and scaffolding you could see all her Ministers and great men, a strange glimpse of miniature faces as in some carefully labored picture, where each face stands for an honored name.

"All stood, and the choir sang the 'Te Deum.' Next rose up a melodious voice intoning prayers. The Queen bowed her head and then the whole choir and the company outside the cathedral and the whole company in the stands, at the windows, on the housetops, and away down the streets, all standing, all uncovered, began to sing the One Hundredth Psalm. 'Come ye before Him and rejoice.'

"The Queen's lips were tight and her eyes, perhaps it was fancy, looked dim; but then 'Three cheers for the Queen!' and the Dean, pious man, was wildly waving that wonderfully crimson cap, and the pillars and roofs were ringing as if they must come down. Then 'God Save the Queen,' a lusty peal till you felt drowned in sound.

"The Queen looked up and smiled, and the Queen's smile was the end and crown of it all, a smile that broke down the sad mouth, a smile that seemed half reluctant, so wistful, yet so kind, so sincere, so motherly."



## TO THE KING.

Now the good Queen is dead  
 Let each man bow his head  
     In prayer ascending  
 Unto our God on high,  
 Men who no more will cry,  
 With deep tones blending  
 God Save the Queen !

Pray that to us be given  
 By Him who sits in heaven  
 —Ask it with pleading—  
 A noble King. May he  
     Unto her faithful be  
 Who hovers watchingly  
 —Brightness exceeding—  
 God bless our King.

May he be good and true,  
     In all he has to do  
     Always God-fearing.  
 Let him both night and morn  
 Well her dear place adorn  
 That not a man may scorn  
     His persevering !  
     God bless our King.

May his throne be secure  
 And may his court be pure  
     No ill revealing.  
 Now is is the time of times  
 Joyous the church bell chimes !  
     Hark how it's pealing  
     God Save the King !

## WORDSWORTH. A STUDY.

A satisfactory study of Wordsworth is work for many earnest years, not for an evening, but I shall try to indicate shortly his thought on the three great objects of thought, Nature, God, and Man, and I arrange these objects in this order advisedly, for in following this order, it seems to me, we shall be able to form the most systematic idea of his philosophy, although for a "system of philosophy" we shall look to him in vain.

There are those who look upon Wordsworth as merely what is rather vaguely called, "a Nature poet," a term which in these days of catalogues of Nature in measure—and out of measure—is almost one of reproach. He is indeed a poet of Nature—the poet of Nature—in the truest sense, but to him Nature is something other and very much more than a vast collection of phenomena. She is rather a great and mysterious but beloved Being whose consecrated priest he is, not making use of her to illustrate and express *his* mind, but devoting his life to communion with her and to the interpretation of her being and ways to men. Indeed, his own term "Nature's priest" best describes his relation to Nature.

For this office he was specially and preeminently fitted, first of all, of course, by what he himself calls "that first great gift, the vital soul," "in virtue of which," Shairp says, "whatever he did see he saw to the very core. He did not fumble with the outside or the accidents of the thing, but his eye went at once to the quick,—rested on the essential life of it. He saw what was there but had escaped all other eyes. He did not import into the outward world transient fancies or feelings of his own, 'the pathetic fallacy,' as it has been named, but he saw it as it exists in itself, or perhaps rather as it exists in its permanent moral relations to the human spirit." This vital soul is, "not the intellect merely, nor the heart, nor the imagination, nor the conscience, nor any of these alone, but all of them condensed into one, and moving all together."

Secondly, by his unparalleled powers of observation which nothing escaped. "No modern poet has recorded so large and so varied a number of natural facts and appearances which had never before been set down in books." It is said that no one has ever discovered a mistake made by Wordsworth with re-



gard to any appearance of Nature, or fact in natural history, although such mistakes have been found in the works of both Walter Scott and Burns.

Thirdly, by his power of vivid description,—not a slavish elaboration of detail, not wearisome “word picturing,” but description which is also revelation, bringing conviction with it, and forcing the dullest imagination to visualize the scene portrayed.

These powers constitute what Shairp calls, “The double gift of soul and eye, highest ideality and most literal realism combined, which has made Wordsworth of all modern poets Nature’s most unerring interpreter.”

It is far from surprising that the charge of Pantheism should be brought against Wordsworth by many who consider that an accusation to be shunned. But there is Pantheism and Pantheism. If Wordsworth be understood as not admitting the personality of the Divine Being, he is misunderstood, as can be proved by many passages in his works as well as by his life, but no true Wordsworthian will be concerned to deny that his contemplation of Nature, surely the most profound that has ever been—led him to include in the term “life,” what less poetic minds have looked upon as “dead matter.”

“I was only then  
Contented, when with bliss ineffable  
I felt the sentiment of Being spread  
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still ;  
O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought  
And human knowledge, to the human eye  
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart ;  
O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings,  
Or beats the gladsome air ; o'er all that glides  
Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,  
And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not  
If high the transport, great the joy I felt,  
Communing in this sort through earth and heaven,  
With every form of creature, as it looked  
Towards the Uncreated, with a countenance  
Of adoration, with an eye of love.  
One song they sang, and it was audible,  
Most audible then when the fleshly ear,  
O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain,  
Forgot her functions and slept undisturbed.”

These are indeed “things that thoughts but tenderly touch.” Wordsworth was a philosophic poet, not a formal philosopher, and we may not force his thought into rigid moulds, nor judge

him in this matter by any vision more short sighted than his own. He had that sense of the nearness and presence of God which leads those who are blessed with it to look for Him and find Him in all His works. He felt in a degree that few feel that, “Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.” With such a power of insight as few mortals have possessed he saw into the deep emotion of external Nature, and discovered much of her relation to the human soul and to God, and if he did not discover the whole of that relation and set it in due array, I, at least, know of no poet or even philosopher who has the right to triumph over him.

What then can we gather of Wordsworth’s conceptions of Nature, God, and Man, and the relations they bear to each other?

Better than any attempt of mine to give in halting words of prose the poet’s creed is it to let him speak his own confession of faith, as it is given in the “Lines near Tintern Abbey” :

“These beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man’s eye :  
But oft in lonely rooms, and ’mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart :  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration : . . . Nor less I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime : that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul :  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures, not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur : other gifts  
Have followed : for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompense. For I have learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth : but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,



Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
 Of something far more deeply interfused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
 And the round ocean and the living air,  
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
 A motion and a spirit, that impels  
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
 And mountains; and of all that we behold  
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
 Of eye and ear,—both what they half create,  
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognize  
 In Nature and the language of the sense,  
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
 Of all my moral being.

Nature never did betray  
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege  
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
 From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
 The mind that is within us, so impress  
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
 Is full of blessings."

Here Nature is found to be not merely a lovely and suggestive show of earth and sky, not merely even a "teaching shadow" but a comforting, calming, joy-bringing, and a revealing power. If she, for the impersonal pronoun will not do in speaking of Nature according to Wordsworth, if she is the garment of God, as Goethe says, to Wordsworth she is not only a garment, but a living garment which not hides but reveals Him.

Nothing, I think, is clearer from this and kindred passages, than that in the contemplation and love of Nature Wordsworth found a way "into the life of things"—a conviction and a conception of God such as others have found and daily find in art and music.

"The ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see,  
 But if we could see and hear, this Vision, were it not HE?"

It was not Wordsworth's wonderful powers of observation which alone enabled him thus to see, not *through* but *in* Nature, some "authentic vision" of the Supreme, for to many acute and

patient observers of Nature such vision has not been vouchsafed. The power was in the spirit of the man. In other things he discerned types of God, in Nature God Himself. In the sixth book of the Prelude he tells us how from the study of mathematics he

—"drew  
 A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense  
 Of permanent and universal sway,  
 And paramount belief; there recognised  
 A type, for finite natures, of the one  
 Supreme existence, the surpassing Life  
 Which to the boundaries of space and time,  
 Of melancholy space and doleful time,  
 Superior and incapable of change,  
 Nor touched by welterings of passion—is,  
 And hath the name of, God. Transcendent peace  
 And silence did await upon these thoughts."

Such a view of Nature as Wordsworth held may of course be regarded as frankly Pantheistic, but it is quite plainly seen by a comparison of passages that he also not only held firmly by the doctrine of a personal God, but that Christ was his hope. It is "from the Cross" that light shines upon the "happy grave" of his friend, as it is to the Lord Who giveth and taketh away that he looks for support and grace to submit when his "six years' darling" is taken from him. His full acceptance of the biblical account of the past and prophecy of the future finds utterance in the last stanza of his poem on "The Power of Sound"

"A Voice to Light gave Being;  
 To Time, and Man, his earth-born chronicler:  
 A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,  
 And sweep away life's visionary stir:  
 The trumpet . . . . .  
 To archangelic lips applied,  
 The grave shall open, quench the stars.  
 O Silence! are Man's noisy years  
 No more than moments of thy life?  
 Is harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,  
 With her smooth tones and discords just  
 Tempered into rapturous strife,  
 Thy destined bond-slave? No! though earth be dust  
 And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay  
 Is in the WORD that shall not pass away.

It may be difficult to harmonize these views with his conception of Nature, but as I said before, Wordsworth is a philosophic poet not formally a philosopher, and the wise reader will not look to him for a fully articulated philosophical system.

No student of Wordsworth can overlook his remarkable doc-



trine of Reminiscence. Walter Pater says, "He had pondered deeply on those strange reminiscences and forebodings, which seem to make our lives stretch before and behind us, beyond where we can see or touch anything, or trace the lines of connection. Following the soul, backwards and forwards, on these endless ways, his sense of man's dim, potential powers became a pledge to him, indeed, of a future life, but carried him back also to that mysterious notion of an earlier existence—the fancy of the Platonists—the old heresy of Origen. It was in this mood that he conceived those oft-reiterated regrets for a half-ideal childhood, when the relics of Paradise still clung about the soul—a childhood, as it seemed, full of the fruits of old age, lost for all, in a degree, in the passing away of the youth of the world, lost for each one, over again, in the passing away of his actual youth."

Wordsworth's own recollections of "the deep mind of dauntless infancy" were unusually vivid, as probably his original impressions were, and to these childish impressions he appeals in support of his claim that knowledge is recollection.

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more  
Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;  
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar :  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home :  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing Boy,  
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows  
He sees it in his joy ;  
The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended ;  
At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

O joy! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive !  
The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction : not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be blest ;  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast.  
Nor for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise ;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things ;  
Fallings from us, vanishings,  
Blank misgivings of a Creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts before which our mortal Nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :  
But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal Silence."

When we turn to Wordsworth's view of man we find that, compared with his boundless appreciation of Nature, though no less profound, it is much more restricted. It is difficult to say how far his chosen mode of life influenced his work in this direction and how far his love for and interest in Man as he is found in "a state of nature" decided him in his choice of a simple country life with its "plain living and high thinking," but we have good evidence of the truth of Myers' remark that his limitations are inseparably connected with his strength. To the last his conception of human character was extremely simple. It is with the "simple child that lightly draws its breath," with the independent old leech-gatherer, with the shepherd of "the cottage which was named 'The Evening Star' ", left broken-hearted by his erring son, with the widow "left beneath a weight of blameless debt," with the plain folk asleep beneath the clods of the valley beyond which their feet had never wandered, with these his tenderest and deepest thoughts are engaged, and "over this strange, new, passionate, pastoral world," Mr. Pater says, "of which he first raised the image, a sort of biblical depth and solemnity hangs." But it was by this very simpleness with its broad outlines and far distances that he widened the horizon of the thought of his time. By his daring to contemplate and to



present Nature and Man in their original and unsophisticated setting in the world of fact and thought and to present them thus in the plainest words possible, he cast down the conventional standards of the eighteenth century as to "correct" poetical subject, treatment, and language. It is in his dealing with the primary affections, the primary joys and sorrows of men, "the elementary expression of elementary feelings," that we find a great part of our debt to him. He takes us away from our narrow views of life; away from the selfishness and exclusiveness that make us feel that neither our joys nor our sorrows are like those of other men; out from the artificial light in which we live to the clear daylight of his own serene largeness of view, and shows us that we are all brothers in a common humanity, bound by one tie to a common Father, bound by one tie to each other. He hushes our bitter words and soothes our foolish fretting with his gentle, "Why make ye this ado?," and teaches us the meaning and end of life:

"Life is energy of love  
Divine or human; exercised in pain,  
In strife and tribulation; and ordained  
If so approved and sanctified, to pass  
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy."

The heroic note for which we have a right to look to all whom we name poets, we find too in Wordsworth. He is a leader of men to noble doing as well as to beautiful thought. By wise reproof he checks the waste of Heaven-given powers, and points upward to the Supreme Law and onward to the Supreme Reward. The Character of the Happy Warrior, the Ode to Duty, and the sonnet beginning "The world is too much with us," illustrate this side of his teaching.

In the first of these he describes the character which not only the actual soldier, but every man in arms in the battle of life should strive to attain, the spirit whose,

"—High endeavors are an inward light  
That makes the path before him always bright.  
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain:  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower:  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives;  
By objects which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate.  
Who if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined

Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a Lover, and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired."

This poem and the Ode to Duty are spiritual tonics which never lose their efficacy. In all the range of prose and poetry combined we find nothing which more truly and beautifully describes the "stern benignity" of Duty, or voices more perfectly the joy beyond singing of duty-doing than these lines:

"Stern Lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face.  
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,  
And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;  
And the most ancient heavens, through  
Thee, are fresh and strong."

In the sonnet above referred to how he scorns and rebukes the practical materialism of his day—and alas: of ours.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers;  
Little we see in nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This sea that bears her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;—  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on the pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

We owe very much to Wordsworth both for what he was and for what he left us. Through a long and as commonplace a life as any of ours, he lived almost in sight of those beatific visions to which his best poems irresistibly lead our thoughts, and he did his own large share to bring in our happier day when more than ever man knows that he cannot live by bread alone, and feels more than he did before the dawning of Wordsworth's day that

"his destiny, his being's heart and home  
Is with infinitude, and only there;  
With hope it is, hope that can never die,  
Effort, and expectation, and desire,  
And something evermore about to be."



If epitaph ever spoke truth, this, placed upon a tablet in Grasmere Church by those who knew him best, surely speaks it.

To the memory of  
William Wordsworth  
A true philosopher and poet  
who by the special gift and calling of  
Almighty God,  
whether he discoursed on man or nature  
failed not to lift up the heart  
to holy things,  
tired not of maintaining the cause  
of the poor and simple,  
and so in perilous times was raised up  
to be a chief minister  
not only of noblest poesy  
but of high and sacred truth.

M. S.

#### FITZGERALD'S OMAR KHAYYAM

Of the lesser names in the annals of our Nineteenth Century Literature that of Edward Fitzgerald, critic, letter-writer and translator is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable.

As the intimate friend of nearly all that splendid literary coterie that flourished during the middle of the Century, including Palgrave, Mill, Thirwall, Thackeray and most of all Tennyson, the personality of Fitzgerald would be necessarily interesting, were he not also himself a writer of singular and extraordinary quality. Just how attractive that personality was is well evidenced in the dedicatory lines of Tennyson's "Tiresias," and in the even more touching words with which the aged Laureate dedicated his last poem to the memory of his life-long friend.

But it was as the transcriber of Omar Khayyam that Fitzgerald made his mark, and it is that aspect of his work that we shall here consider.

Of his life it is necessary to say very little. He was born in 1809 of Irish lineage, and was educated at Cambridge. This ancestral origin is thought by some to have been largely instrumental in turning his mind at an early age to that study in the field of Persian poetry with which his name is now so inseparably linked; the ethnology of the day having accepted as a tenet the hypothetical affinity of the words "Iran" and "Erin." Be that as it may, it was at Cambridge that Fitzgerald met Tennyson and his brilliant band of associates. In "Euphranor," his first work, though not published till 1851,

he gives us under a veil of symbols a happy picture of their academic life. His great attachment to his Alma Mater and to his college friends led him after graduation to make frequent pilgrimages to old Cambridge. (Let Dalhousians mark well the lesson.) On one of these visits it seems that he met a young man of high attainments in Oriental learning and of a temperament akin to his own, who opened up to him a wealth of Persian poetry far beyond his previous knowledge or conception.

In the poetical remains of Khayyam, a name known to European scholars only as a Mathematician, and distrusted by his own countrymen as a heretic, the genius of Fitzgerald at once perceived a prize. Now, thanks to his transmuting power, the old Persian poet has been rescued from an unmerited oblivion and has become the "guide, philosopher and friend" of thousands of English readers.

It was in the latter part of 1858 that a limited edition of the "Rubaiyat," or Quatrains, was published, and as the characteristic modesty of Fitzgerald only once allowed his name to appear in any of his works, it was issued anonymously. At first the publication was a complete failure, but a select few read and appreciated it. Of these it is probable that none had an opportunity of studying the original "Rubaiyat," and it became a matter of speculation whether such really existed or whether the whole was not the work of the unknown English author. But the orientalism of the poem was too apparent to favor the idea of its English origin, and thoughtful readers agreed that the alleged translator must have had at least some foundation in his original. In these speculations Fitzgerald found an innocent gratification, and quietly prepared a second edition with considerable extensions and changes. The readers of "Omar" went on increasing; several subsequent editions of the poem appeared; and the talented transcriber became known to the world. During the last few years there has been a remarkable revival of interest in Omar, and the constituency of Fitzgerald's readers is to-day larger than ever; for although other translations have appeared both in English and French, his easily stands first.

The known facts in the life of Omar Khayyam are meagre in the extreme. He was an educated Persian far in advance of his time, who flourished contemporaneously with our William of Normandy. Of the numerous quatrains ascribed to him it is well nigh impossible to distinguish the genuine from the false. Fitzgerald has selected some hundred of these and woven them into rather loosely connected parts of a fragmentary whole. As a translator he occupies a position absolutely unique. Literally unfaithful to his original; altering, transposing and manipulating at will, he has yet given in substance and to some degree in form all that this original meant to convey.



He seemed to be the very re-incarnation of "Old Omar" and to partake himself of the spirit of his Persian prototype. He thus produces a great modern English poem, tho' not strictly English, in a setting at once Oriental and Mediæval. For call it what you will, a paraphrase, a version or translation, the poem as we have it possesses a peculiar charm and richness such as is shared by few others in our language. The rolling quatrains with their unicorn rhymes, the beautiful imagery with its Oriental setting, the quaint mixture of melancholy and gaiety, of shadow and sunshine, all combine to lend it a beauty at once unmistakable and astounding. The strange mingling of mysticism and materialism, of fatalism and optimism gives to the poem an element of weirdness and renders it extremely difficult to analyse.

Some critics, dwelling on what is mystic, seek to find a spiritual significance in lines which when read literally mean something widely divergent. Such would consider Omar's much loved and much praised "wine," for instance, not as we know it, the juice of the grape, but rather as a symbol of the Deity, and so would transpose an audacious Epicurean into an Orthodox Sufi. But for this the poem offers small warrant, and indeed there are many passages that defy interpretation unless taken literally. And the little we know of Omar's life points to a similiar conclusion, for the reason already noted that his own countrymen allowed his name to sink into obscurity was that he labored continually under the taint of atheistic leanings.

But taking him at his own estimate we should do him scant justice, for his practice was undoubtedly better than his philosophy. "Eat and drink for to-morrow we die"—Take the goods the gods provide and live in the glorious present. These were his answers to the great problem of life.

"A Book of verses underneath the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the wilderness—  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enou !

"Some for the glories of this world ; and some  
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come ;  
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,  
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum !

\* \* \* \* \*

"And if the wine you drink, the Lip you press,  
End in what all begins and end in—Yes ;  
Think then you are TO-DAY what YESTERDAY  
You were—TO-MORROW you shall not be less.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit  
Of this and that endeavor and dispute,  
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape  
Than sadden after none, or bitter Fruit."

But that Omar boasted more than he caroused, and that he was something better than a mere devotee of sensuous pleasure may be judged from one of the few incidents which history records of him. It appears that a friend having attained to the high office of vizier, the poet was asked to claim any part of the friend's bounty. "The greatest boon you can confer on me," he said, "is to let me live in a corner under the shadow of your fortune to spread wide the advantages of Science, and pray for your long life and prosperity." This is certainly not the language of the vulgar pleasure seeker.

And although the poet touches lightly upon the deep things of life he can be serious as well. Looking about him at the works of men, their hopes and their ambitions he finds that all is vanity.

"And those who husbanded the Golden grain,  
And those who flung it to rhe winds like Rain,  
Alike to no such aureate earth are turn'd  
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

"The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon  
Turns Ashes—or it prospers ; and anon  
Like snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,  
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

"For some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from his vintage rolling Time has prest,  
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest."

Had Omar lived in our day we should have called him an agnostic, for this is his statement of the problem of origin and destiny :—

"Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing  
Nor *whence*, like water willy-nilly flowing ;  
And out of it, as wind along the waste,  
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing."

Yet the poet cannot repress the thought that the soul is now "crippled and confined," and may yet attain a fuller development separate from that "clay carcass" of which he says :—

"Tis but a tent where takes his one day's rest  
A Sultan to the realm of Death addrest ;  
The Sultan rises and the dark Ferrash  
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest."

But whatever the solution of the great problem of life this much is known, that we are here for a moment and what we do must be done quickly.



"Oh threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise  
One thing at least is certain—*this* life flies ;  
One thing is certain and the rest is lies :  
The flower that once has blown forever dies.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Would you that spangle of existence spend  
About *The Secret*—quick about it, Friend !  
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True  
And upon what, prithee, may life depend ?

"A Hair perhaps divides the False and True  
Yes ; and a single alif were the clue—  
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,  
And peradventure to THE MASTER too."

And the quest for Truth is its own reward whatever be the result.

"And this I know ; whether the one True Light  
Kindle to Love, or wrath consume me quite,  
One flash of It within the Tavern caught  
Better than in the Temple lost outright."

It is with an audacity that is akin to bravado that Omar challenges the idea of God's injustice.

"What, without asking, hither hurried *whence* ?  
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence !  
Oh, many a cup of this forbidden wine  
Must drawn the memory of that Insolence !

What ! out of senseless nothing to provoke  
A conscious something to resent the yoke  
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain  
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke !

"What ! from his helpless Creature be repaid  
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross alloy'd—  
Sue for a debt we never did contract  
And cannot answer—oh the sorry trade !"

For himself he is content to trust the "larger hope" that the Potter who fashioned the clay will not in wrath destroy his own handiwork.

"Some there are who tell  
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell  
The luckless Pots he marr'd in making. Plish !  
He's a Good Fellow and 'twill all be well.

"The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,  
But here or there as strikes the Player goes :  
And he that toss'd you down into the Field,  
*He* knows about it all,—*He* knows—*HE* knows !"

We have tried to quote from Omar just enough to indicate the direction of his thought, and have not sought to illustrate any of the peculiar beauties of his style. The spirit of the poem is unmistake-

ably pagan and it seems rather extraordinary how in this Twentieth Century (we had almost written it *Nineteenth*) it should be read with such universal delight. Omar's message is eight hundred years old ; it was uttered at a time when Europe, lapsed into barbarism, was beginning to awaken under the stimulus of the Crusades, as already noted it is essentially oriental ; and yet there is in it that which appeals to the western mind in this age of stress and strain.

It is the intense *humanness* which changes not but is the same in every clime and in every age that appeals so strongly to us. However much each element may attract individual minds, it is not the sensuous materialism, or the stoical submission to fate, or even the jolly good comradeship that so challenges our admiration. Omar is a man for all time because, while conscious of his own imperfections and with a frankness that is unsurpassed, he has laid bare the inner workings of an unaided mind seeking after truth in its own halting way, and intent on solving for itself the great riddle of existence. That it is all so genuine and so natural only adds to its charm, and did the Rubaiyat possess none of those qualities which render them such an exquisite literary fragment, we should still revere "Old Omar" as one of the wisest and jolliest of mankind.

R. M. McG.

### OBITUARY.

The fraternity of Dalhousians has lately been called upon to mourn the untimely death of a recent graduate, J. S. Metzler Morrison. The deceased was one of the most popular students of his time, a man of good ability and of a most kindly magnanimous disposition. He came to Dalhousie in 1892, graduating in Arts in 1896, and in Law in 1897. In that same year he went to British Columbia. He practiced for a time in Rossland, later moving to Grand Forks where he became a partner of Hon. Smith Curtiss, Minister of Mines in the Martin Government. On the retirement of Mr. Curtiss from active practise Mr. Morrison entered into partnership with Mr. H. C. Hannington, a native of New Brunswick.

The business of the new firm increased rapidly and there were clear prospects of a large practise being theirs in the near future. Mr. Morrison was junior partner and had already attracted considerable attention in the courts. In the midst of such encouraging success and bright hopes for the future his work was suddenly ended. He died on the 25th of January after a few days' illness at the early age of twenty-eight. His body was brought to his home in St. Peter's and there in the little cemetery it was laid to rest.



His death must bring to us a solemn sense of the uncertainty of life, for few men apparently possessed such an abundance of vitality as did he. Metz., as he was popularly called, was highly regarded by all who knew him. He was bright and witty, and possessed those qualities of sincerity and honesty which make men beloved. During his college course he enjoyed the good fellowship of all the students and always took an active interest in the general affairs of the college as well as in his studies. The *Gazette* extends the sincere sympathy of all Dalhousians to the bereaved parents and relatives.

### A GOOD WORD FOR THE LAW SCHOOL.

The following from the pen of Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., M. A., LL. D., will be of interest to Dalhousians as showing the respect which that great lawyer and law-writer has for our Faculty of Law. His remark upon the length of the examination papers will meet with the cordial approval of the students. Speaking of one of the recent examination papers, a student said, "They gave us six or seven questions to be answered in two hours, and I could have given more than that time to each question." Had he not "the inestimable advantage of not knowing too much" three days would probably not have been too long. We hope the Faculty will give the matter their attention.

We copy from the *Law Quarterly Review*, (London) Volume XVI, page 227 :

"The current calendar of the Law School of Dalhousie University, Halifax, N. S., continues to give evidence of a far higher ideal of legal education than it has yet pleased our Inns of Court to recognize. There is a three years' course covering the whole range of English law, and including in the third year International Law and the Conflict of Laws. Moot Courts are held every week, and 'every candidate for a degree shall be required to take part in at least two arguments at the Moot Court.' It does not appear that the Harvard Method is adopted in its entirety, but a Harvard law graduate is on the teaching staff. The only remark we have to make on the examination papers is that some of them seem to contain more matter than can be adequately dealt with, even for examination purposes, in the time allotted. There is a three-hour paper on Torts which we should be sorry to have to answer in anything less than three days. But students in the examination stage have, besides the courage of youth, the inestimable advantage of not knowing too much."

### EXCHANGES.

"The secrets of human happiness and success are to-day what they were yesterday, what they will be to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow. To know one's work and to do it well, to be just and kind to our fellow-man, to reverence the memory and traditions of the fathers as an inheritance of great price, to listen to Nature speaking to us out of her mysterious, inexhaustible heart—these are the eternal secrets of a happy and successful human life; and when we assert our manhood quietly in our own character, within our own circle, there is no shift of time or of manners that can wholly, that can even largely, steal them from us."

Selwyn Image.— *The Student*, New Century Number.

The first issue of *The Student* for the new year is a special New Century Number, in memory of the work done by Edinburgh men in the old century. The number is dedicated to the memory of R. L. Stevenson. The dedication is written by Austin Dobson. There is a photograph of Stevenson. Other illustrations are numerous. The contributors of prose and poetry are "the younger craftsmen who may be the Masters of to-morrow,"—Jerome K. Jerome, "Q," R. C. Lehmann, I. Zangwill, Gilbert Parker and many others.

Other exchanges, *Argosy*, *Athenaeum*, *King's College Record*, *Acta Victoriana*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *The Nova Scotia Normal*, *Queen's University Journal*, *O. A. C. Review*, *McGill Outlook*, *Westminster*.

### COLLEGE NOTES.

The regular meeting of the Medical Society was held on Friday evening February 1st., President Faulkner in the chair. The large Lecture room was well filled by the Medical Students and their friends from the other Faculties and the city. The Executive Committee are to be congratulated upon the success of their arrangements for the evenings entertainment.

The program was opened by a piano solo by Mr. McManus of the second year Arts. Mr. J. R. Millar's paper on the History of Early Medicine was most interesting and instructive. Mr. Millar gave a brief sketch of the progress of Medicine up to the 17th century, with a short account of the works of the most noted men of the time. Mr. King's solo, "The Blue and the Grey" was heartily applauded. Miss Fraser, of the Ladies College gave as her first reading, W. G.



Stevens account of the Queens visit to St. Paul's Cathedral during her Diamond Jubilee and as an encore a selection from David Copperfield. The last number was a piano solo by Miss Huestis of the Weil Conservatory of Music. Too many thanks cannot be given to those who so kindly assisted the Medical Student in making the Society meeting such a decided success.

The Reading Room has become by far the most popular room in the College, class rooms of course excepted; but still if a little more attention were paid to it as regards neatness and order in the arrangement of magazines, it would become even more popular. Of course with so little space it is difficult to keep the different papers and magazines in proper order. If those in charge of the room could by any means secure another shelf for newspapers, and an extra table for magazines, with a few more chairs for comfort, they would have the additional thanks of all who frequent the room. It seemed indistinctly remembered that the papers and magazines are not to be taken out for reference.

The ladies of the Delta Gamma Society were "At Home" to the Professors, the Naughty ones and the officers of the various societies on St. Valentine's evening, the 14th. inst. A very pleasant evening was spent, and the Dalhousie young ladies have sustained their reputation for skill in devising new forms of entertainment. Mrs. Forrest, Mrs. MacMechan and Miss Jean Forrest, President of the Delta Gamma Society, received the guests in the Arts Library. Here all things were arranged to make it easy for the "plugger" to "quit his books." The Librarian and his table were absent, the book-cases were decorated with flags, and the College Colours were in evidence everywhere. The Examination Hall, too, where refreshments were served, was even cheerful, if such a place can be cheerful, and the matter on the table for examination was not such as is usually met with there. The evening was passed in the discussion of topics suited to the day and all went away firm believers in co-education and Delta Gamma.

The Glee Club Executive have done well in selecting some College songs for the Club. The attempt to adapt Dalhousian words to one of them has not been a complete success. The diction may not be harsh, but certainly the rhymes are uncertain, and some of the phrases require a vivid use of the imagination when applied to our situation. It would be well if some "mute inglorious Milton" would speak and cover himself with glory, by composing a few verses more appropriate.

At recent meetings of the University Students' Council a new constitution was adopted. Under its provisions the Editors of the

GAZETTE for the next year must be chosen before January 31st. of each preceding session and the Editor-in-chief must be shortly afterward chosen by them.

Under these provisions the following Editors have been elected:—

Arts and Science	1902	{ G. H. Sedgewick K. F. Mackenzie W. R. MacKenzie
------------------------	------	---

	1903	{ D. G. Davis H. H. Blois
--	------	------------------------------

	1904	W. Corbett
--	------	------------

Law	1902	{ P. J. Worsley A. C. Calder
-----	------	---------------------------------

	1903	T. F. Phelan
--	------	--------------

Medicine	1904	A. C. Cunningham
----------	------	------------------

We congratulate them on their sorry task.

We Dalhousians—those of us who have been wise enough to use our opportunities—have been enjoying a splendid quartette of lectures.

First there was Professor Stockley's lecture on Shakespeare's patriotism, which we have noticed.

Then on Sunday in the Y. M. C. A. lecture course Professor MacGregor lectured to a large audience. "Bible Criticism" was his subject, but the general application of the exact and deep thought of the scientist in the real of the poet and moralist, gave us thoughts that we seldom have roused. A few more lectures of that stamp would help us all.

Friday evening the 20th saw the second of the Sodales Lectures. Hon. D. C. Frazer, M. P., B. A., '72, was the Speaker, Prof. Howard Murray the chairman,—what more need be said? The subject of the lecture was "The Evolution of the Political Platform in Nova Scotia," and our eyes were opened to the poetry and the bravery and the honour of our forefathers' fight for freedom, in a way they had never been before. A jest that cannot be passed—At a Hants election in the early thirties Colonel Crane and Mr. Fuller were the candidates. They met in debate. "Colonel" said Mr Fuller, "can you tell me the difference between a crane and a—?" naming a certain water bird of filthy habits and a poor reputation—"Why, yes, Mr. Fuller. Let me see. Its fuller in the body, its fuller in the wing, its fuller in the leg, in fact its *fuller* all over." Defeat of aforesaid Fuller.



Sunday the 3rd. of February saw another good lecture Prof. Keirstead of Acadia lectured on "The Study of Literature as an Aid to Religion." Dr. Keirstead showed us a few deep things that want of thought makes us skim over, and gave us much to ponder. He paid an interesting tribute to our late Queen.

Sodales had the first debate of the new year Friday night, February 8th. The subject was the Government Ownership of Railways. Mr. P. D. MacIntosh took the pros and Mr. C. O. Main the cons. They were seconded by Messrs. D. A. Murray and A. J. W. Myers respectively. After a general discussion and due consideration the audience come to the conclusion that the pros had the best of the argument. Mr. E. W. Coffin acted as critic.

The largest audience of the season assembled in the Munro Room on Sunday the tenth to hear Professor MacMechan's lecture on "Dante's Seven Heavens." Dr. MacMechan was in his best vein. In irreproachable phrase he gave an enthusiastic description of the poetic atmosphere of Florence, touched on our English great names that have linked us with the great names of Florence's past. And so on to Dante, his life and the general plan of the Divina Comedia, and a fuller explanation of the Paradiso. All wished he could have been longer. After the lecture Miss Margaret MacKenzie favoured us with a well-rendered solo.

#### HOCKEY.

There has been a great deal of interest taken in hockey at Dalhousie this winter, much more than in former years. For at a special meeting of the D. A. A. C. it was decided to form an Inter-class League and to hire a rink in which to play. A committee, appointed for the purpose, drafted rules very similar to those governing the Inter-class Foot-ball league and the North End rink was engaged on Saturday mornings for the matches.

The first game took place on Saturday morning, January 26th between the Medical College and the Second and Fourth years. It was a very close and exciting match and ended in victory for the "Meds." with a score of 4 goals to 3. The winners' goals were scored by Slayter, three, and by Rankine one; the losers' by Mackie, Gordon and Stairs, one each. Ritchie of the freshmen was referee and proved a very good one, fair and sharp but acting with discretion.

The second game scheduled for February 2nd. was postponed till the 7th. This time the Second and Fourth years were matched with the First and Third. Again the "Sophs and Seniors" met defeat, though after a hard fight. The superiority of the freshmen in individual play gave them the game as there was little combination work on either side. The winners' score was five, of which Bauld made four, and Payzant one; and the losers' three, of which Gordon was responsible for two and Stairs for one. Slayter of the Medical

College made a good referee, very strict, perhaps too much so on small offences, but thoroughly impartial.

Then on February 9th. was the great fight between the two previous winners, "Meds" v. First and Third years. And it too nearly approached becoming a fight, for there was a great deal of heavy checking, which in some cases is perfectly fair and above-board, but also there were on both sides too many petty trips and too much unnecessary hitting at hazard. Apart from that, it was a fast, and hard game, and the Medical College won, principally by their superior weight. The score was two goals to one. The Medicals' score was made by Slayter, and the freshmen's by Bauld. McManus of the Sophs. refereed the game and he erred somewhat on the side of leniency, being the opposite of Slayter in that respect.

This leaves the Medical College in the lead with two wins, the first and third second, with one win and one loss, and the second and fourth last with two losses. But it remains to be seen how the second round may turn out, and it should prove very interesting.

The regular meeting of the Delta Gamma Society was held on Saturday evening, Jan. 19th, at Mrs. Flemmings, South Park St. After a short business meeting, Miss Forrest introduced Dr. Ritchie to the Society. Dr. Ritchie was one of the first young ladies to graduate from our Alma Mater and has recently held a professorship in the Girl's University of Wellesley. She gave us a most interesting and instructive lecture on that institution. We were to imagine that we had left the Railway station of the town of Wellesley and driven for several miles along a country road in the direction of the University buildings. We see first a large brick building, which every stranger might suppose to be the main building of the University. This, however, is called "Stone Lodge" after the founder of the University of Wellesley. A little farther on, is the Campus with its several large and beautiful buildings among which are the Main Building, Library, Gymnasium and Club Houses.

On entering the buildings, one notices particularly the perfect order and spotless cleanliness of the Corridors, Class Rooms, Reading and Waiting Rooms. Very naturally, too, the girls take great pride in keeping everything as clean and neat as possible. A short distance from the principal buildings is a cottage where some sixty or more girls live. These are such girls as cannot so well afford the luxuries of dwelling in the Main Residence, and who do all their own work. They are not, as some might suppose, looked down on by their wealthier sisters, rather are they respected and admired by all who know them. The 'Snob' is unknown at Wellesley, and should such a person find her way there, she must very soon change her views or lose the respect and esteem of all the girls.



The Professors, too, are not dreaded and feared by the students. Thinking not of their superiority but of the advantages they had in the way of gaining knowledge, they feel it a pleasure to help and encourage the girls in their work. In comparing the curriculum with that of our own College, there are a greater variety of courses, offered to an undergraduate. The work required in their first year corresponds to that of our second, and after the second year, the student is allowed to specialize along her favorite line of study.

But it is not all work and no play at Wellesley. The girls have tennis and boating in summer, and during the winter months, skating, while a great deal of spare time is spent in the Gymnasium. College Societies are numerous, every girl belonging to one or more of these. Then too, the weekly receptions cause no little excitement, for the girls are then permitted to see their friends from Harvard and other neighbouring places.

Dr. Ritchie also gave a very good idea of the government and laws of the University and how well they were obeyed. We, Dalhousie girls, were advised first to take a degree from our own College and then there could be nothing more interesting and beneficial than a Graduate Course at Wellesley, and our lecturer seemed to have quite convinced her hearers of that fact.

The Dalhousie girls would thank Dr. Ritchie very heartily for the great interest she has taken in the Delta Gamma Society and in their work generally. She has done much for us and we are indeed grateful to her.

### PERSONALS.

Harold Putnam, B. A., '92, LL. B., '98, was married on June 30th to Miss Laurence, daughter of Speaker Laurence of Truro. The GAZETTE extends congratulations.

J. W. G. Morrison, B. A., '00, has accepted a position on the staff of the Halifax Herald.

We understand that Dr. Halliday who is at present taking a post graduate course in the University of Glasgow has been offered an assistant-professorship in Pathology in the University College, Dundee, which is affiliated with St. Andrews University.

Under the rather fanciful title "The Porter of Bagdad," Professor MacMechan is about to publish a series of imaginative sketches. "The Porter of Bagdad" is now in the press of George W. Morang & Co. and it will be looked forward to by Prof. MacMechan's friends.

### DALLUSIENSIA.

An exchange calls attention to a peculiar circumstance this year regarding the Graduates. They will have no(ugh)t one photograph taken.

Freshman Br-nt to "Grave and Reverend Senior," "How are you getting along with your work?"

F. A. M. "Oh, pretty well, I guess."

Freshman Br-nt. "What history have you?"

F. A. M. "Gibbon's German Empire, Hallam's Middle Ages, Bryce's Holy Roman Empire and Robertson's Charles V."

Freshie (encouragingly) "Well, you'll find that quite easy." Senior goes away rejoicing.

The graduating class in Arts are making a departure in the picture taking business this year. The Honor Students in classics have had a separate group taken. We are anxiously awaiting its appearance in Gauvin and Gentzel's window.

Prof. McN-l. "What is the authority for that statement?"

Climber D-v-s. "First proposition of the Eclipse, Sir."

Yo-ng L. L. translating Horace. "What a beautiful maiden, crowned with many a rose, he hugged in the dark cave!"

Prof. "Mr. Y-ng, you must be substituting your own experience for the reading of the text."

The lodgers of 22 Edward St. wish to announce that they have laid in their *Main* supply of rolled oats, (three barrels), but have no need for more than two and a half. Lodgers with spare *Nichols* on them will be accomodated. Don't come *Layt'n* avoid the rush.

In Latin Class. Prof. "This is a passage over which learned men disagree. Do you feel qualified to solve the difficulty Mr. Davis (A. E.)?"

Climber proceeded immediately to explain the passage.

H-w-t has got far enough in Philosophy to make the discovery that the "Old Oaken Bucket" was a *brass can*.

A "Light Fantastic Club" has recently sprung into existence. Applications for membership may be handed to the President H-br-n or Secretary Treasurer F-ll-r.

J. R. M-ll-r is *laying low* for the prize in Therapeutics consequently refuses all social invitations.

Prof. Medicine: In the later stages of Pneumonia you might give Brandy and Port Wine or Champagne as stimulants.

Great applause from the representative from Yarmouth County.



Prof. Clinical Surgery : In what stage of diphtheria is the respiratory function most likely to fail ?

Mr. King : The *last* stage.

Prof. Surgery : What joints are first affected in gout ?

C-rs-n : The metacarpo-phalangeal.

Prof. : Which one ?

C-rs-n : Of the great toe.

McG-r-y to Senior Medical who has just examined a patient's heart : Did you hear any rales ?

SOLILOQUY OF ST—T.

Well life *is* queer.

Now I'm in my Junior year  
I see it more. When I first came  
I was green. But I'm not to blame,  
The Island's rural, their wise saws  
Supremely ignorant. Why, was  
Not even I a dancing man ?  
I stopped ere College life began.—

\* \* \* \*

P. D. can't can't Socratize like me.—

\* \* \*

Will Walter reprimand Miss—Z.

I wonder, using my ideas ?  
I said she might.—She appears  
So modest. For I spoke about  
It often.—No answer.—No doubt  
She's bashful. No, it cannot be  
That she scorns *my* philosophy.  
(Besides to find the source there's only need o'ye  
To scan Britannica Encyclopedia)

\* \* \*

By Aix and Ghent

I had ill luck that night I went  
To Chocolate Lake. Five girls  
I asked in vain. To fix her curls  
One hadn't time. Another said  
Her skates were dull. An aching head  
Another pleaded. "Mother's sick,"  
The fifth affirmed in accents thick  
With grief. Alas, about  
I turned and left. I do not doubt

They're truthful. It cannot be  
That they would scorn *my* company

Oh me,

'Tis Friday that I always see  
Bad luck. I almost said a d—  
I did say, "*Hang* the Delta Gamm"  
Because I have not got a bid—  
But I believe that some one did  
Steal that invite— I think I'll go  
And risk it. If it should be so  
They left me out.—Well then by Bay Verte  
I'll start for home, as my name's St—t.

At a very late hour the other night (Feb. 6th) a person was discovered leaving the Mount Hope grounds. His haste indicated that it was either an inmate *bent* on escape or a Dalhousie half-back trying to make the last boat.

Did you catch it Sartor ?

W. T. M. McK—n seems to have fallen into oblivion as a practitioner. W. F. is the man now.

C-lder (an editor-elect for next year) after reading Dallusiensia in last issue :—"Wait till you see us next year."

Lecturer on Procedure : "Don't get those infantile notions into your head, Mr. McN-il."

The President : "Can any gentleman give me silver for a dollar note ?"

S-nford : "I can sir." (Hands the President four pieces of silver and pockets the note.)

L. J. : "There's a twenty-cent piece here, sir."

Sandy (aside) : "I didn't think he'd notice it."

"Doc" Moseley (telephoning to lady-friend) : "You walk out Morris Street and up South Park, and I'll meet you."

DesB-rres (at meeting for appointment of editors for next year) : "Haven't we got enough editors on the Gazette now ? What do we want three more for ?"

A somewhat portly lady fell on Morris Street a few days ago. "Doc" Moseley and a couple of others were in the vicinity, and "Doc" gallantly rushed to the lady's assistance. After vainly attempting to raise the prostrate one, he called to his companions, "For G--'s sake, boys, give us a lift."

Prof. of Cons. Law : "Mr. Sanford, will you take it upon yourself to deny the authority of the Provincial Parliament to prohibit, for instance, shaving on Sunday ?"



## CORRESPONDENCE

DEAR GAZETTE ;—

I have some remarks to make, and I am going to make them. (I am an Arts Freshman.)

In the first place, why isn't college what I thought it was going to be? Our football team won the trophy, and we had a little celebration. But it wasn't like what I expected. And some of the fellows say that the team didn't always do what they were told to do but I don't know anything about that.

And College Songs—why I knew all that I've heard here before I came, and then you never hear them except on special occasions a Junior told me there was a fine of two dollars for singing in the halls, and one would think so. I often hear the Medicals sing when I go past there. Why can't we?

I thought everybody would be at those splendid lectures we've been having. But that little Munro Room held them all. And at one some chaps who should have known better—for they weren't freshman—talked all the time, and I missed some good points.

That reminds me you didn't say anything about those fellows who made the noise outside the door one Sodales night before Christmas? Why? did you think it wouldn't sound well? "It is better to be good than to seem good."

That's all I have to say just now. Please correct the proof of this to make some sense, even if it isn't the sense I meant.

I am,  
Your obedient servant,  
A Candid Freshman.

P. S. On second thought, I have decided that I don't want this published. I have found the answer, "No time" is the motto here, and that's not the students' fault. The term is too short.

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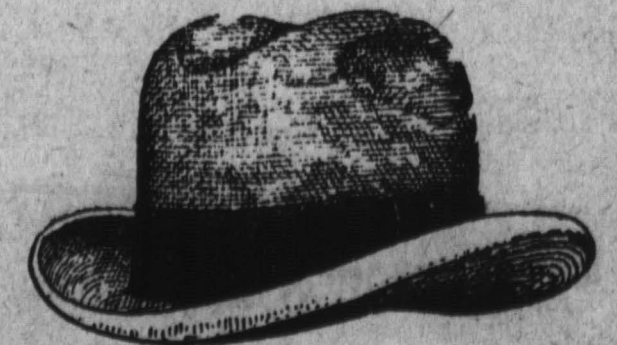
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