

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

ORA ET LABORA.

VOL. XX.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 6, 1888.

No. 11.

## || A LONGING.

Oh ! that we could but burst this clayey shroud  
That round our spirits doth enwrap itself,  
And fly into the infinite unknown,  
And bathe ourselves in everlasting Joy,  
Knowledge and Power ; open our spirits wide  
And drink deep draughts of bliss ineffable ;  
That to our free-made souls might be revealed  
The secrets of all things in heaven and earth,  
Which now we vainly strive to comprehend !  
How strangely foolish to us then would seem  
Our petty strifes and envies here below,  
And how should we, knowing and known  
Live in a state of pure seraphic peace !  
But ah ! this freedom which we thus desire  
It cannot be,—at least, not yet.

## || NIGHT.

Hail ! Holy Night, that with thy sable pall  
Mantlest us all,  
And bringest sweet repose  
That doth our worn eyes close  
To things of earth.

Thy fairy fingers fling  
O'er all the hills a graceful, restful gauze ;  
Which, light as is the loving angel's wing,  
Soothes and yet awes.

All, all is still as from the heavens above,  
The moon looks down with love  
Upon the sleeping world,  
On mountain, stream and dale,  
Hid by the shimmering veil  
Of silvery mist, over them all unfurled.

With what majestic step dost thou pass by,  
O heavenly Night ! Even with the sweep  
Of thy rich trailing robes, hushing the cry  
Of trouble and turmoil, in silence deep.

Oh ! that my pen could tell  
The ecstatic feelings that arise in me,  
Which cause the tears into my eyes to well,  
When I am wrapt in silence and in thee.

A calm yet rapturous feeling  
Over the spirit stealing  
Doth raise the soul up to the Heaven above ;  
Of Him who is alone  
The God of Love.

## \* NOVA SCOTIAN POETS. †

### VIVIEN.

"Oh Caledonia stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child."

FOR newspaper poets one generally entertains but little respect. We have the most profound contempt for the man who could put his name, initials, or *nom de plume* to such doggerel as this, (we assure our readers that the omission of the contexts in no way helps to vitiate the sense,)—

"I've been asked by a lady,  
Who has come to maturity,  
To define my opinion  
Of love in its purity.

Well, this, to my mind,  
Is easily done,—  
'Tis the undying love  
Of sires for sons ;  
The affectionate love  
Of sisters for brothers ;  
Or the dutiful son  
For the smile of his mother.

If this is not ample,  
I would say to Maria  
For a more glorious example  
Seek higher and higher."

Or this:—

"Hope dawned dimly too—pregnant with joy  
It dyed to flame flush of its own bright hue  
Life's wide horizon, till crimson shone,  
Earth's dross was gold in those enchanted years ;  
Time broke the spell. Hope's light went out in  
tears."

† For some time the Editors have been trying to arrange for a series of critiques on the Nova Scotian poets of to-day. They are at length enabled to begin the series with the following on Vivien, one of whose poems graced the columns of our New Year's number.

Or this:—

"I sat in the shadowy twilight  
And the hurry and cares of the day—  
Like garments laid by for a season  
Were quietly folded away."

Or this:—

"She's slight in stature,  
But strong in mind  
And fleet of foot  
As any hind.

I must frankly admit,  
Now I'm clear of the spell,  
That with all her faults,  
I loved her well."

The rhyming scribblers of our daily papers are nearly always of those "whose right it is, uncensored, to be dull;" and we may lay it down as a rule that only by charity can their effusions be called poems. To this rule there are certain exceptions. It may happen that from the force of circumstances some, who possess the true poetic instinct and fire, have had no other means of giving their productions to the public. Such has been the unfortunate fate of our own College bard, "Silenus." Such, too, we presume has been the case with Vivien. She, among ordinary newspaper poets, is a Triton among minnows.

There was nothing in the early education of Vivien to provoke or strengthen the poetic impulse. Born in the village of Arichat, she had such a training as the convent school there afforded.

"And if she rained no Greek or Latin store,  
'Twas that her own abundance gave her more."

But Vivien's true education was gained from her own reading. That she has read extensively yet closely, and supplied the deficiency in early training is evident from her poems. For the style she usually adopts, classical allusions are perhaps too frequent. In half a dozen poems chosen at random we find such expressions as these:—"with Midas touch," "Dis and his mocking ghosts," "frail Vestal Rhea," "Danaus' daughters," "wanders by Acheron's tide," "now Hermes guard thee," "Charon and Iris watching." He were an ambitious undergraduate who would make all those references without a satisfying glance at his Lemprière or Smith.

The romantically situated and romantic town in which she was born appears to have made a deep impression on Vivien. Arichat, in parts, possesses a certain wierd picturesqueness not

unlikely to affect a poetic mind. Along the shores of its well sheltered harbour the gently lapsing waters make pleasant music, but out beyond the Atlantic stretches for three thousand miles, and there its waves meet their first rebuff. During and after a storm, while the fishing boats ride safely within the harbour, the sea seethes like a caldron among the rocks by the harbour's mouth, and the mist curls in clouds from the breakers that dash themselves against the cliffs. Vivien seems to have revelled with a true poet's delight in the wild scenery around her, and particularly in the changing moods of old Ocean. As a consequence, her poetry smacks of them as honey in Madeira tastes of violets.

We quote from several poems:—

"Hark! how the waves rush madly to the shore,  
Plunging themselves down in the yielding sand,  
And how they roar! like some caged beast who scents  
The pathless forests of his native land."

"There have I heard the wild gull shriek  
Above the angry billows,  
Like the white souls of them who sleep  
Down where the green-haired Naiads keep  
Fair watch above their pillows.

There have I seen the gray-stoled fog  
Pass by on noiseless pinions  
To clasp the barren hills—a bride  
Who scorns, yet must awhile abide  
Within her lord's dominions."

"Ah beneath thy magic power  
I am drifting, slowly drifting  
To a tiny village, wave-washed  
By the broad Atlantic's foam."

"And the south wind, and the perfume  
Seemed in vain, all in vain,  
To the sad eyes searching space  
For a country and a face,  
For the ocean fogs that sweep  
Fierce across the harbour bar, afar."

It may be doubted whether Vivien should be included among the Nova Scotian poets of to-day. The wide circle of readers to whom she has endeared herself by her sweet songs know that she has left Nova Scotia to live in the United States. We are proud to feel that she is yet in sympathy a Nova Scotian—that after a two years residence in the land of her adoption, her heart still beats true to the land of her birth. Hear her in "The Charles River":—

"The city rover, tranquil Charles,  
Can prize thy stately mazes;  
But I, who love a different shore,  
Where wilder waters chafe and roar,  
May wonder at his praises.

"Far grander than thy placid flow,  
Are waves that mount to Heaven  
In awful wrath, then sink, to moan  
Like some lost ghost, who creeps alone  
In the weird dusk of even.

"Yes, fair thou art, but fairer far,  
Unto my faithful vision,  
Is that lone stretch of barren sea, etc.

"O tranquil Charles, fair may ye seem  
Unto the city rover;  
But far away my troth-plight lies,  
Where stormy waves, and stormy skies,  
Claim me a faithful lover."

So familiar has Vivien become to Nova Scotians, that we can hardly realize that it is only a few years—not more than five—since she began to sing. She commenced her poetical life-work with "The Poet's Apology."

"When the winds of passion and waves of thought  
Have waged fierce war in the human breast,  
What curious weeds and wonderful shells  
Are carried to shore from the wild unrest!  
Lest the evil sneer and the narrow frown  
Should we hide our treasures with frightened hands?  
Should we cast them out to sea again?  
Or bury them deep in the clinging sands?  
No, show thy wares in the market place  
Prepared for what judgment the buyers yield;  
For the plough must pierce—and the fire scorch,  
Ere the barren land is a fruitful field.  
And perhaps, who knows, in the laughing crowd,  
One favoring voice may find praise for them,—  
May find 'mid thy valueless ocean things,  
A beautiful flower, or tiny gem."

During the brief period that Vivien has been before the public, she has written much—we believe too much—her collected poems would make a large volume. The fault so common to young writers—the fault of writing too hurriedly or the want of what Horace calls "the labor and delay of the file"—is noticeable in some of her poems, particularly in her later ones. Words occasionally, are unhappily used, and sometimes a faulty line spoils the music of a stanza. "Moonshine" is not a becoming title for a poem that contains the following:—

"Surely some day from the struggle,  
And the little wants of living,  
Our freed spirits gladly breaking,  
Shall re-reach a purer air;  
Gaining by the vast transition  
Life immortal for the mortal,  
And for earth's uncertain beauties  
Loveliness beyond compare."

Nor has Vivien added to her reputation by "A Jubilee Fancy;" nor by that other poem whose name we have forgotten, but which is in sections strikingly like some stanzas in Gray's Elegy. Had Vivien written less hurriedly and with more care, all the errors we have mentioned would have been remedied—they were errors of execution, not of genius.

In her choice of subjects Vivien has been intensely womanly; thus her poems are full of Love, of Beauty, and of Parting, while there is little of Duty or Honor. Her range has been wide—too wide. Vivien should not have written of "The Jubilee," or "1883-84," or "The Halifax Poor House Fire." These are the themes of inferiors; Vivien's muse should take a higher flight. Neglecting Horace's caution *difficile est proprie communia dicere* she has touched with a truly feminine hand, lightly, elegantly, on every day events and scenes. One subject uncommon among the poets of either sex—that of the grave—is a prime favorite with Vivien. A good old Scotchman, Robert Blair, tells us he made it his task

"To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb,  
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all  
The travellers meet."

To Vivian it seems no task to write like this:

Alas! so lonely too! I who delight  
To feel a lover arms around me fold,  
But there the worm shall find me all alone,  
And laugh at me so helpless and so cold;  
While with the years my coffin shall decay;  
The screws and handles crumble with the rust;  
My cere-clothes moulder into nothingness;  
And what was I shall mingle with the dust;  
Then other bones shall touch what once was mine,  
And stranger skulls shall nod a welcome grin,  
While fleshless fingers clasp my fleshless palms  
And claim me "Sister"—Death hath made us kin.

If Vivien is womanly in her choice of subjects she is equally so in her philosophy. Thus she advises a friend:—

"Live thy life thou hast but one  
Dear its joys are bought,  
Wilt thou lose a moment's bliss?  
Wilt thou spurn a dear one's kiss  
For a prudish thought?  
Grows a flower within thy path?  
Sweetest flowers are few,  
Do not pass it sadly by,  
Just because in yonder sky,  
Lurks a darker hue;  
Pluck it, hold it to thy breast  
Till its bloom is o'er;  
For some joy that once has been  
Memory of a vanished scene  
Lights the dark before.

Youth is short—stay not to ask  
Are its yearnings wrong?  
Take the kisses that ye crave,  
Passion dies beyond the grave,  
And old age is long."

Neither is her theology masculine. There is too much faith and love in it,—too little reason.

"God's pulpit turned into a battle field,  
God's servant wrangling o'er some Bible thought,  
Is this the faith of brotherhood and love  
The lowly Jesus taught?  
Almost I envy that untutored one,  
Within some distant, desert vast and lone,  
Who rears and worships in unquestioning trust,  
A thing of wood or stone."

In another poem she writes:—

"What earthly father counted wise and good,  
Would calmly exile his rebellious child  
To an eternal hell; and shall our God,  
Our tender, perfect God, from his fair home  
Turn ever an unfeeling heart to those  
Whom he has made—unto the awful cries  
Of those, who never of their own free will  
And wit, would come to pain and sin and death?  
Better believe that He, just as the soul  
Unshriven from the flesh, has forced a path,  
Annihilates it by a swift command,  
Turns it to nothing, mouldering with the clay."

Milton prefers eternal suffering to annihilation; Vivien, following Socrates, regards annihilation with favor; and the pleasant heterodox doctrine she teaches, like Bishop Berkeley's theory, "admits of no answer, but produces no conviction."

We think it was Goldsmith who said that all things written from the heart, have some merit. Almost all of Vivien's poems bear the heart's impress, and Goldsmith's statement is justified in them. We have not seen, with perhaps three exceptions, a work from her pen that either for some pretty conceit, some gem of thought, or some beautifully turned phrases, does not deserve a word of praise. Generally even in her inferior poems, if we may be permitted to borrow a simile, "were the embroideries burned down, there would still be silver at the bottom of the melting pot." Much of what she has written is impassioned, imaginative, and pathetic. We take a quotation from "Destiny":

"What dead old dreams do ye bring to her  
O, odorous flowers of June,  
While she waits alone for her lord to come,  
—On this languorous afternoon?  
Ye bear her back with your subtle scent  
To a night almost divine,  
When she held love's goblet to her lips  
And buried her soul in its wine;  
Yea, swallowed it down to the very dregs,  
To stay the merciless drouth  
For a proud dark face, and a kingly mien,  
And a glorious, scornful mouth."

"From Your Arms" would have been a more apt illustration of the qualities we have mentioned, but it is too lengthy to insert. "Under the Lilacs" is simple in style, while "A Pansy Memory," and "Fate," savor strongly of Browning; but the three are equally affecting. The majority of Vivien's poems are not characterized by the intense, subtle passion, running through "From Your Arms," and a few others. Mrs. Grant's criticism of L. E. L. will therefore not apply to her; "L. E. L. has too little variety for me. Everything is so impassioned. I wish she would mix a little sage with her myrtle garland." We do not think Vivien is at her best when writing in an intensely passionate or highly imaginative style. We consider hers

more the genius of a Wordsworth than of a Shelley; and like her most when she is simply

"Breathing the cadenced poetry that throngs,  
To pure and fervid lips unstained by cares and wrongs."

The finest efforts of her muse are those poems that flow smoothly along in lines of "linked sweetness," treating easily and gracefully of those lighter themes that poets love. Such poems there are in plenty; we might mention as examples "Marguerites," "At Sunset," "Lilacs," "The Sea," and "The Night Winds;" want of space forbids our quoting any of them.

From Vivien's own words would we take our closing advice for her. Let her, as she says in her poem "Fame," take perseverance for her guide, and patience for her Alpine-stock, and it will not be long till we dwellers in the land of the Mayflower shall have still more reason to be proud of her. She has ability, vivacity, grace; she has a wide and easy command of imagery; she has power to make her lines harmonious and tenderly descriptive; let her cultivate these gifts developing them by careful study, and years before "the deepening shadows warn her night has come," she will have attained a recognized place among the poets of to-day, and won a noble and enduring fame.

#### NOVA SCOTIAN POETS.

NO. II.\*

PROF. ROBERTS.

WHETHER we can justly claim Prof. Roberts as a Nova Scotian poet, is doubtful. Born in the rectory of Fredericton, he was educated at the University of New Brunswick. The publishers of the *Week*, Toronto, charmed with the poetic gifts displayed in the first volume he gave to the world, secured his services shortly after graduation as editor of that leading journal. This position he occupied but a few years, when he was called to the newly established chair of English Literature in King's College. A man eminently fitted for such work, we can easily imagine that he readily forsook the editorial for the professorial chair, and came to Nova Scotia, and here it was that "In Divers Tones," to which we intend specially to refer, was composed.

\* IN DIVERS TONES: by Charles G. D. Roberts, author of "Orion and Other Poems," Professor of English Literature in the University of King's College, Windsor, N. S., pp. 134, 12 mo., (Montreal, Dawson Bros., 1887).

Only the other day, our daily papers contained the opinion of Prof. Roberts that the editor of that delightful little volume, "Sonnets of the Nineteenth Century," had expressed. That estimate we also must quote:—"I am unaware if Mr. Roberts be of Canadian birth, but he is indisputably the foremost poet of Canada." Of course this editor includes in his estimate only those of our poets who write in English, Swift says of England,—

"Our chilling climate scarcely bears  
A sprig of bays in fifty years."

but it might well be, as Canadians, our proud boast that we have a poetical literature, of which any young nation might be proud, in two languages. A Frchette wins the highest laurels the French Academicians offer; while a Roberts draws encomiums from that generation of Englishmen, which has seen the palmiest days of Tennyson and Browning.

No one can read in "In Divers Tones" without realizing that Prof. Roberts has learned "the greatest art of all—the art to blot." There is not in the whole book one poem we would have excluded with the exception of "La Belle Tromboniste"—it, we must confess, is unworthy of its author. Nor is there a poem we would have shortened. On the contrary, there are many whose linked sweetness we could wish were longer drawn out; for we would like to linger under the gentle spell ere the theme is changed. There is no fear of wearying as we read; for Prof. Roberts is master of the mechanical part of verse-making. He changes his metre frequently, and by so doing he makes the sound more nearly "an echo to the sense." In the fifty-nine poems which compose the volume "In Divers Tones," some thirty metres are employed; and these Prof. Roberts uses, as easily and quickly as a skilful juggler manipulates his implements. It is unanimously admitted that the hexameter is among the most difficult of all measures, and but few poets have ventured to employ it. Two of the poems in the collection now under review are written in it. We quote as specimens of Prof. Roberts' skill in this metre the opening lines of "The Pipes of Pan":—

"Ringed with the flocking of hills, within shepherding  
watch of Olympus,  
Tempe, vale of the gods, lies in green quiet withdrawn,  
Tempe, vale of the gods, deep-couched amid woodland and  
woodland,  
Threaded with amber of brooks, mirrored in azure of pools,  
All day drowsed with the sun, charm-drunken with moon-  
light at midnight.  
Walled from the world forever under a vapor of dreams,—  
Hid by the shadows of dreams, not found by the curious  
footstep,  
Sacred and secret forever, Tempe, vale of the gods.  
How, thro' the cleft of its bosom, goes sweetly the water  
Penëus!  
How by Penëus the sward breaks into saffron and blue!  
How the long slope floored beech-glade mount to the wind  
wakened uplands,  
Where, thro' flame-berried ash, troop the hoofed centaurs at  
morn!  
Nowhere greëns a copse but the eyebeams of Artemis pierce it.  
Breathes no laurel her balm but Phœbus' fingers caress.  
Springs no bed of wild blossom but limbs of dryad have  
pressed it.  
Sparkle the nymphs, and the brooks chime with shy laughter  
and calls."

If there are finer hexameters in the language than many of the above, we do not know them.

To one who gives even a hasty glance at "In Divers Tones" it is evident that Prof. Roberts aspires to be, perhaps rather is, the poet of Canada—the Canada he thus apostrophizes:—

"O child of nations, giant-limbed,  
Who stand'st among the nations now  
Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,  
With unanointed brow."

A pretty Grecian story relates that one nation, having in time of war asked assistance of another, received in answer a poor lame man. Tempted at first to despise the gift, they soon found that by his songs he had roused to vigorous life their patriotic feelings and infused new spirit into their faltering armies. "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who make the laws," said an astute Frenchman. Almost in our own day, we have known a State impelled to battle valiantly in a losing cause by the same fiery spirit—the song "My Maryland." But though poets may undoubtedly awaken, they cannot create, a love for country or a national pride, especially in our day when sentiment is so little regarded. Hence it is that Prof. Roberts' "Collect for Dominion Day" his "Canada," or his "Ode to the Canadian Con-

federacy" will be read by the vast majority of us simply as pleasing poetry; but they will not stir our blood and send it throbbing through our veins. The defect is not in Prof. Roberts' poetry, but in our hearts. Listen to him as he sings of Canadian Independence in the poem "Canada":

"How long the ignoble sloth, how long  
The trust in greatness not thine own?  
Surely the lion's brood is strong  
To front the world alone!

"How long the indolence, ere thou dare  
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame,  
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear  
A nation's franchise, nation's name?"

"But thou my country, dream not thou  
Wake and behold how night is done,—  
How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow  
Bursts the uprising sun!"

And in "An Ode for the Canadian Confederacy" he voices the same idea:—

"Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!  
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate  
Tho' faint souls fear the keen confronting sun,  
And fain would bid the morn of splendor wait;  
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,—  
'Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!  
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,  
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name;—  
This name which yet shall grow  
Till all the nations know  
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand  
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian land!"

With these four last lines Mr. J. J. Curran closed his speech on "unrestricted reciprocity," delivered during the present session of parliament. One can hardly see the connection that led Mr. Curran to think them a fitting close for a speech on such a subject, but one cannot but admire his taste. If, swanlike, he wished to end in melody, his selection was excellent.

Prof. Roberts resembles Wordsworth and Shelley in his intense passionate love of Nature. He does not, however, regard Nature as alive, filled with Thought as an active principle as Wordsworth does; nor with Love, as Shelley does; but he sees, or expects to see, in the various phases of nature,—in the woods, streams, tides and winds—reflections of his own joys and sorrows. We make room for a few stanzas from "In the Afternoon":—

Wind of the summer afternoon  
Hush, for my heart is out of tune!  
Hush, for thou movest restlessly  
The too light sleeper, memory!

Whate'er thou hast to tell me yet  
'Twere something sweeter to forget,—  
Sweeter than all thy breath of balm  
An hour of unremembering calm!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Wind of this summer afternoon,  
Thou hast recalled my childhood's June;

My heart—still is it satisfied  
By all the golden summer tide?

Hast thou one eager, yearning filled,  
Or any restless throbbing stilled,

Or hast thou any power to bear  
Even of a little of my care?

Ever so little of this weight  
Of weariness can'st thou abate?

Ah, poor thy gift, indeed unless  
Thou bring the old childheartedness,—

And such a gift to bring is given,  
Alas, to no wind under heaven!

Wind of the summer afternoon,  
Be still; my heart is not in tune.

Sweet is thy voice; but yet, but yet—  
Of all 'twere sweetest to forget."

Many other poems sing of joyous times when nature seems in harmony with his spirit—of sunny summer days, in which we can imagine our author saying with Longfellow,—

"It is enough for me  
Not to be doing but to be."

—but none of these have we space to quote. When Prof. Roberts describes Nature, he does so closely and accurately though with ideality. He does not look on Nature through the spectacles of books, as Dryden says Pope did, hence his numerous descriptions are neither stilted nor unnatural; they are as shadows "received by the ear, and perceived by the eye."

Stopford Brooke, in the closing words of his little work on English Literature, tells us that a new class of literary poets has arisen, who have gone to Greek and Mediæval and old Norse life for their subjects; but who continue the love poetry and the poetry of natural description. To this class Prof. Roberts belongs. We have stated that his poetry abounds in natural description; but there are many poems that are classical in their subject and sentiment. Such, for example, are "Actæon," "The Pipes of Pan," "A Ballade of Calypso," and "Off Peloponnesus." This last, one of the prettiest poems in the volume, describes Ulysses and his men passing the promontory whereon the Sirens sang. The story is old, but with poetic touches added by a master hand, it takes a new life and beauty.

Were we to add tribute of ours to Professor Roberts' worth as a poet, we would but bespatter the fair fame of one so highly and worthily praised by abler critics. We have pointed out

some of the characteristics displayed in his verse, and mentioned a few of his poetic gifts. The possessor of these and other gifts that a reading of his verses discloses, we know not how to designate, but by the name of a genuine poet in the truest and highest sense of that name,—

"Qualem vix reperit unum  
Millibus in multis hominum  
Consultus Apollo."

In concluding this meagre critique, one is tempted to moralize on the manifest want of interest we Nova Scotians show in our literature. How many of us are comparatively familiar with the poets of England and United States and yet know nothing of our own Howe, or McPherson, or Garvie, or Cameron, or Roberts? None of these is unworthy our attention. The time spent in cultivating an acquaintance with them would be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable, and as a result of it, we would be more proud than we are, but not than we ought to be, of those of our own land who have

"Fed their souls upon the soft and sweet  
And delicate imaginings of song."

#### IN MEMORIAM.

MISS MARTHA JANE MELLISH, who attended the University Classes in English Literature during the years 1884-5-6, departed this life March 21st, at the residence of her brother-in-law, I. L. Archibald, Esq., Dufferin Terrace, Halifax. Miss Mellish was a young lady of most amiable disposition, refined manners and cultivated mind, and her early death will be deeply regretted by a wide circle of relatives and friends.

#### PERSONALS.

MR. J. J. MILLER, B. Sc., is home recruiting his health.

MR. J. A. RUSSELL, LL. B., has been spending his Easter vacation in a visit to the city. It is said that he has a suit extraordinary on hand, and that he has been devoting his attention to it in his vacation. The GAZETTE wishes him every success.

D. F. D. TURNER, B. A., '84, was successful in the recent examinations at Edinburgh University in winning the Bronze Medal in the Department of Practical Surgery, in a class of over 100 students. Mr. Turner also obtained in his first year a Medal in the Class of National History, and last year he won the Gold Medal in the Class of Medical Jurisprudence

#### FOOTBALL.

Dear Editors:—In reference to the football match,—“Old Dalhousie vs. New Dalhousie,”—permit me to say that I have written to a number of old Dalhousians, asking them to take part in the above match. The most of them have willingly responded to the call, and will be ready to do their part. So far, twelve have will make up the required number. I hope to be able to furnish you with the full list of names for your next issue. An effort is being made to secure W. A. Henry as captain.

Arrangements have been made with the managers of the I. C. R., by which those coming to Halifax to take part in the match will receive return tickets free.

We will be glad to receive the names of any old Dalhousians who may wish to take part in the game.

I am, yours truly,

W. R. CAMPBELL.

Truro Academy, March 22nd, 1888.

#### DALLUSIENSIA.

We wish our contemporaries to note that this column is not intended for the public, but belongs exclusively to the students at present attending College, who are alone expected to understand its contents.

THE Grand Duke is inconsolable since the departure of his "last Duchess."

Now is the plugger in his element! He ransacks earth and heaven, and all for what?

As Exams. approach, the trembling Freshmen and Sophs, even the most abstemious, are ready to drink: "here's to King Charles."

A certain city undertaker has his eye on some of our hopeless 'grinds': he sets them down for sure gain, and is patiently waiting till Exams. are over.

THE Queen's College Journal points out some of the defects in the practical application of Henry George's Land Theory as a cure for all social disorders. The Journal shows that its realization would result in no real addition to the wealth of the country, and that while manufacturers would for a time be greatly benefited, and manufactures lowered in price, the ultimate effect would be the increase of the price of the necessaries of life, from the fact that capital would be diverted from agriculture, mining, lumbering, etc., to manufacturing enterprises.

## THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 6, 1888.

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

## TERMS:

One collegiate year (in advance) .....\$1 00  
Single copies..... 10

Payments and other business communications to be made to V. G. FRAZER, Dartmouth, N. S. All literary communications to be addressed to Editors "Dalhousie Gazette," Halifax, N. S. Anonymous communications will receive no attention.

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## PLEASE

## PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Remember that the Financial Editor has a large part of the expenses of last year, besides those of the present year, to make up; and consequently that remissness on the part of subscribers means indebtedness on the part of the GAZETTE. So please send your dollars along without further delay.

WOULD it not be a move in the right direction if the Faculties of Law and Arts would arrange that the students of the Faculty of Law should have a better opportunity of attending some lectures of the Arts Course? Several law students were anxious, during the Session that has lately closed, to attend the Arts Lectures on English and Political Economy. We think it would not be difficult to find means even for

making attendance at those lectures not only open to, but compulsory on, many students of the Faculty of Law. Owing to the fact that a large number of them are already Graduates of Universities, it would be hardly possible to make attendance at those lectures compulsory on all Law Students, yet a large number even of those students who are Graduates, would be found willing to take another course of lectures in the subjects mentioned. But attendance could be made compulsory on students who are not Graduates.

It is too true that many young men consider themselves sufficiently well equipped with educational armour to stand at the Bar and contend with a bench of judges, all of whom are thoroughly educated men, and, being endowed by nature with a certain amount of "smartness," hope to supplement this with such a knowledge of law as they may be able to acquire. It is a fact that many men have attained great eminence at the bar, (though such triumphs are not more frequently seen in the legal profession than in any other) whose names do not appear on the roll of any University. Yet the existence of such exceptional cases is but little reason why anyone should deliberately neglect, or if he is one who has not arrived at years of discretion, should be allowed to neglect those opportunities of improvement which lie at his hand.

Seeing that the standard of admission as articulated law students is so low throughout the Maritime Provinces, Dalhousie should, for her own credit, endeavor to give every one who may bear a Degree from any of her Faculties, the best general education that it is possible under the circumstances to give. For many reasons it would be undesirable, if not impossible, to impose anything like a full Arts Course on the Law Students who are not Graduates in Arts in some University. The alternative manifestly is to mark out some course that appears to be of direct practical benefit to one pursuing the study of law, and which at the same time will not be too great an addition to the existing curriculum of the Law School. We think that a course of lectures in English and Political Economy will answer both of these requisites.

IN this issue we print the last of the competition articles. Though they have not been so numerous as we could wish, yet on the whole they have been of good service to the GAZETTE, coming in very timely when we were short of matter. We hope the donors of the prizes feel satisfied at the results, and disposed to continue them. If they do so, we feel sure that much better results will be obtained in the future. The idea is good, and all should encourage its development.

For the information of our readers we may remark that we have marked the prose articles thus, \* \*—the poetry, §§.

## \* \* JOAQUIN MILLER.

THERE is no page of history more replete with varied incident than that which records that surge of humanity which flowed up and down the Pacific Coast from 1849 to 1865. It was a mad race for gold. Tens of thousands of brawny men, cut loose from the restraints of law and society, without the restraining influence of woman, searched with pan and rocker every creek from San Francisco to Cariboo, and from the Rockies to the Pacific. It is

"A tale half told and hardly understood;

A tale it is of lands of gold

That lay toward the sun,"

but told best by far by one who had experienced every phase of that ever-shifting panorama; who knew every pain and pleasure, every joy and sorrow of a pioneer's life in the far West.

Cincinnatus Heine Miller, or Joaquin (Waw-keen) as he is better known, was born in the western part of the State of Ohio somewhere along in the thirties. His father was a man of good education but of a nature singularly shy and sensitive. Soon after the birth of Joaquin the family moved into what was then called the Mianic Reserve, in the State of Indiana. Here the father farmed and taught school. But hewing a farm out of the wilderness is no light toil, and Miller speaks of it in after years in words of pathos:

"Ah! girding yourself and throwing your strength  
On the front of a forest that stands in mail  
Sounds gallant, indeed, in a pioneer's tale.  
But God in heaven! the weariness!  
This reaching of weary-worn arms full length;  
This stooping all day to the stubborn cold soil—  
This holding the heart! it is more than toil!"

Many a sturdy pioneer in the West at the present day will say "Amen."

Then came the gold excitement and the Millers floated in the stream of humanity Westward. The path of the Argonauts, as the '49ers have been called in allusion to the object of their search, was marked by

"A long black serpent line of wreck and dead,"

But our friends got through to "The sundown seas" in safety and after a short stay in California went north and settled in Lane County, Oregon. Joaquin, however, stayed in California, and drifted hither and thither among the miners, till at last, falling under the influence of Joseph DeBloney, a Californian John Brown who wished to unite the Indian tribes around Mt. Shasta in a miniature republic, he settled among the Indians and lived a wholly savage life for some years. He did not stay continuously with his savage friends but, with other whites who were living there, wandered away for short periods. At one time he went with twenty-five others on the filibustering expedition to Nicaragua led by the daring but ill-fated Walker, from which only two returned. When the war broke out between the Shasta Indians and the whites he fought with his adopted friends, was taken prisoner but broke gaol and fled to Washington Territory where he taught school for a short time.

Thence he went to Eastern Oregon, and under the shadow of the Blue Mountains became in turn miner, express-messenger, cattle-herder, Indian scout, lawyer and at last county judge, in which position he administered justice "with a pair of revolvers and a copy of the Statutes." Owing to domestic troubles he left the West and fought on the Confederate side in the Civil War. After Lee surrendered he went to England and there published his first volume of poems, "The Songs of the Sierras," which immediately brought him into prominence in the literary world. Since then he has devoted himself to purely literary pursuits, living for a time in Washington and afterwards at San Diego, California, where he now edits "The Golden Era."

He is pre-eminently the Poet of the West. Others have been inspired with the same beautiful scenes, but they have been "By the sea in the West and sung by the sea in the East." He has

loved the West—"The heart of the world's heart" with its glorious mountains—

"With flashing helmets that defy the clouds,  
And make fierce fellowship with undimmed stars,"

and he has sung of it with such poetic fervour that his songs will live as long as there be "A rush of rivers and a brush of trees." He has the directness and vigor, the sturdy independence, the reverence for women, the democratic feeling, the breeziness so characteristic of life in the more unsettled parts of the Far West.

Macaulay says that in a rude state of society we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. His reason is that under such circumstances the reason is subordinate to the feelings. So, perhaps, it is to the semi-civilized life which he led for years that we owe the genuine poetry which pervades his works. His rude lyre was taught the melody of "Untamed rivers," the "Sad song of the wind in the mountains," and the

"Surge! Surge! Surge!  
From the white Sierra's verge,  
To the very valley blossom."

It is the very poetry of nature. In his later works there seems to be a tendency to the sensuous and alliterative rhythm of Swinburne, but it never for a moment, as is often the case in the works of the highly educated poet, obscures his meaning. The dynamic force and energy are always present.

Now, in conclusion, a few words as to the moral tone of his works. He comes up to Tennyson's description of the Poet, for he is "Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love;" or, as he says himself—

"An ardent lover of the pure and beautiful,  
With a heart all impulse, intensest passion,  
Who believes in love as in God Eternal—  
And who sings wild songs like the wind in the cedars,  
Is tempest-tossed as the pines, yet ever  
As fixed in truth as they in the mountains."

He hates shams with as bitter a hatred as Carlyle:

"For what man can bare us his bosom,  
And touch with his fore-finger there,  
And say, 'Tis as snow, as a blossom,  
Beware of the stainless, Beware."

His men are like those we read of in Bret Harte, rough but true,

"Not hairy monsters as some proclaim us  
But men blown up from the world's four quarters,  
Common alone in undoubted courage."

They

"Hold no crime, or curse, or vice,  
As dark as that of cowardice."

Their only creed is

"The standing side by side till death,  
The dying for some wounded friend  
The faith that failed not to the end."

What better picture of unswerving fidelity can there be than his words on visiting the grave of Walker, the filibusterer:

"I simply say he was my friend  
When strong of hand and fair of fame;  
Dead and disgraced, I stand the same  
To him, and so shall to the end."

He can hardly be called orthodox in his religious views, but rather belongs to the *broad church* of Oliver Wendell Holmes. His wild, untamed spirit is not one to be bound by any dogma. He says, "I am no creedist. And again:

"I only know that creeds to me,  
Are but new names for mystery,  
That God is good from East to East,  
And more I do not know or need  
To know to love my neighbour well."

From cover to cover of his works will be found not one loose thought or suggestion but a broad humanity, a love of truth and right, and a belief in God's goodness that can be productive of nought but good. "Be worthy, O brother, be worthy!" is his teaching. Let us close with a quotation relevant to a noticeable feature of his poetry, but once casually mentioned in these pages, viz., his reverence for woman:

"O woman, born first to believe us;  
Yea, also born first to forget;  
Born first to betray and deceive us,  
Yet first to repent and regret!"

O first, then, in all that is human,  
Lo! first where the Nazarene trod;  
O woman! O beautiful woman!  
Be thou first in the kingdom of God!"

R.

#### SPELLING REFORM.

(Speld according to the twenty-four rules of the American and English \*Philological Associations.)

JUST think of the time that has been lost! For many scores of years every English-speaking child who has been educated has had to waste two or three years of his school life in cramming his head with absurd and illogical combinations of letters, which owe their ugliness to chance and the caprice and stupidity of either ignorant or blindly prejudiced men of former generations. Or more vividly, in the language of F. A. March, Professor of English and Comparativ Philology

\* Proper names and titles are not yet interfered with. They may well be left till a general change is made in common words.

in Lafayette College: "Count the hours that each man wastes in learning to read at school; the hours which he wastes thru life from the hindrance to easy reading; the hours wasted at school in learning to spell; the hours wasted thru life in keeping up and perfecting the knowledge of spelling; in consulting dictionaries, a work that never ends; the hours that he spends in writing silent letters; and multiply this time by the number of persons who speak English; and we shall have a total of millions of years wasted by each generation."

Are you not yet convinced? I quote again from Professor Lounsbury: "We speak feelingly of the degradation of those who bow down to gods made of sticks and stones; we send missionaries to turn them from the evil of their ways; but I have yet to learn that, considering the difference of circumstances, there is among the most savage tribes any fetishism more senseless and more stupid than that which, with educated among us, treats as worthy of respect and reverence the present orthography of the English tongue."

And what are the objections urged against spelling reform? They are insignificant. It used to be objected by ignorant people: "Why, it would completely spoil the etymology of our language to change its spelling and make it fonetic. How could we ever get back to the origin of our words over such a yawning chasm as that would make?" This objection is quite imaginary. The change would be most decidedly in the interest of etymological research; and the only pity is that it was not made long ago.

What is the object of etymological study? Is it not to get at the history of the development of language, that is to say, spoken language? Then read the words of Professor March: "A changeless orthography destroys the material for etymological study; and written records are valuable to the filologist just in proportion as they are accurate records of speech as spoken from year to year." And says J. H. A. Murray, President of the English Philological Society: "Fonetic, that is to say, truthful notation has become absolutely necessary to every student of language." Imagine a filologist in the

year 2500 studying the English language, from the eighteenth to his own century, by means of the written records of that period. What could he learn about it from a changeless spelling? The task would be as hopeless as if every page of the record had been obliterated.

It is objected that all our past literature would be in the old spelling. Until the change was consummated could not those who had learned the reformed spelling easily master the old well enough for practical purposes? Undoubtedly. And why should not the spelling of our past literature be changed in the course of a few years? Do we spell the works of Shakespeare as he spelled them?

The only real objection to the reform is the difficulty of bringing it about. But what reform has the world ever seen that has not encountered resistance and difficulty? Indeed, does not the amount of opposition afford a true measure of the magnitude of the abuse, and, consequently, of the necessity of reform? Expense, of course, there will be. But compared with the saving that will be effected once the reform is accomplished, how utterly insignificant! "Our language would be 17 per cent. shorter, and if millions are invested in our printing establishments, 17 per cent. of the cost of printing would forever after be saved. Wouldn't that pay?" And this leaving out of consideration the amount of time and energy gained to our descendants.

Spelling reform is favored by all the eminent English scholars both in England and the United States. Principal A. H. McKay gives the names of 25 presidents of American universities who have declared in favor of the reform. And besides these are a host of college professors and eminent men outside the colleges.

The Spelling Reform Association has existed since 1876. Its officers alone include 20 college professors and 5 editors. It publishes a magazine, *Spelling*. The reform is being actively agitated and a great deal has already been done. The Association is guided by the counsels of the Philological Association. This latter body has recommended as an easy first step the use of the following, *ar, catalog, definit, gard, giv, hav, infinit, liv, tho, thru, and wisht*, instead of the

absurd forms now used. The next step recommended is the use of

## THE FIVE RULES.

1. Omit *a* from the digraf *ea* when pronounced as *e* short, as in *hed*, *helth*, etc.
2. Omit silent final *e* after a short vowel, as in *hav*, *giv*, etc.
3. Write *f* for *ph* in such wurdz as *alfabet*, *fantom*, etc.
4. When a wurd ends with a dubl letter, omit the last, as in *shal*, *clif*, *eg*, etc.
5. Change *ed* final to *t* when it has the sound of *t*, as in *lasht*, *imprest*, etc.

The American Philological Association and the English Philological Society hav jointly recommended, as a stil more advanced step,

## THE TWENTY-FOUR RULES.

1. *e*.—Drop silent *e* when fonetically useless, as in *live*, *vineyard*, *believe*, *bronze*, *single*, *engine*, *granite*, *eaten*, *rained*, etc.
2. *ea*.—Drop *a* from *ea* having the sound of *e*, as in *feather*, *leather*, *jealous*, etc.  
Drop *e* from *ea* having the sound of *a*, as in *heart*, *hearken*, etc.
3. *eau*.—For *beauty* uze the old *beuty*.
4. *eo*.—Drop *o* from *eo* having the sound of *e*, as in *jeopardy*, *leopard*.  
For *yeoman* write *yoman*.
5. *i*.—Drop *i* of *parliament*.
6. *o*.—For *o* having the sound of *u* in *but*, write *u* in *above* (*abuv*), *dozen*, *some* (*sum*), *tongue* (*tung*), and the like.  
For *women* restore *wimen*.
7. *ou*.—Drop *o* from *ou* having the sound of *u*, as in *journal*, *nourish*, *trouble*, *rough* (*ruf*), *tough* (*tuf*), and the like.
8. *u*.—Drop silent *u* after *g* before *a*, and in nativ English wurdz, as *guarantee*, *guard*, *guess*, *guest*, *guild*, *guilt*, etc.
9. *ue*.—Drop final *ue* in *apologue*, *catalogue*, etc.; *dema-gogue*, *pedagogue*, etc.; *league*, *colleague*, *harangue*, *tongue* (*tung*), etc.
10. *y*.—Spel *rhyme* *rime*.
11. Dubl consonants may be simplified:  
Final *b*, *d*, *g*, *n*, *r*, *t*, *f*, *l*, *z*, as in *ebb*, *add*, *egg*, *inn*, *purr*, *butt*, *bailiff*, *dull*, *buzz*, etc. (not *all*, *hall*).  
Medial before another consonant, as *battle*, *ripple*, *written* (*writn*), etc.  
Initial unaccented prefixes, and other unaccented syllabls, as in *abbreviate*, *accusè*, *affair*, etc., *curvetting*, *traveller*, etc.
12. *b*.—Drop silent *b* in *bomb*, *crumb*, *debt*, *doubt*, *dumb*, *lamb*, *limb*, *numb*, *plumb*, *subtle*, *succumb*, *thumb*.
13. *c*.—Change *c* back to *s* in *cinder*, *expence*, *fierce*, *hence*, *once*, *pence*, *scarce*, *since*, *source*, *thence*, *tierce*, *whence*.
14. *ch*.—Drop the *h* of *ch* in *chamomile*, *cholera*, *cholera*, *melancholy*, *school*, *stomach*.  
Change to *k* in *ache* (*ake*), *anchor* (*anker*).

15. *d*.—Change *d* and *ed* final to *t* when so pronounced, as in *crossed* (*crost*), *looked* (*lookt*), etc., unless the *e* affects the preceding sound, as in *chafed*, *chanced*.
16. *g*.—Drop *g* in *feign*, *foreign*, *sovereign*.
17. *gh*.—Drop *h* in *aghast*, *burgh*, *ghost*.  
Drop *gh* in *haughty*, *though* (*tho*), *through* (*thru*).  
Change *gh* to *f* where it has that sound, as in *cough*, *enough*, *laughter*, *tough*, etc.
18. *l*.—Drop *l* in *could*.
19. *p*.—Drop *p* in *receipt*.
20. *s*.—Drop *s* in *aisle*, *demesne*, *island*.  
Change *s* to *z* in distinctiv wurdz, as in *abuse* verb, *house* verb, *rise* verb, etc.
21. *sc*.—Drop *c* in *scent*, *scythe* (*sithe*).
22. *tch*.—Drop *t*, as in *catch*, *pitch*, *witch*, etc.
23. *w*.—Drop *w* in *whole*.
24. *ph*.—Write *f* for *ph*, as in *philosophy*, *sphere*, etc.

"The several sets of rules ar entirely in harmony with one another, being in fact the several ascending steps of one consistent scheme of spelling reform which culminates in a ful fonetic representation with an alfabet devized by the Philological Association and adopted by the Spelling Reform Association in 1877."

Now, what can each of us do? We can each at least declare in favor of the reform and not against it. Who ought not to be willing to take the very slight trubl of amending the eleven wurdz givn abuv, in all his writing? Sum might even adopt the Five Rules. The next step is the use of the Twenty-four Rules. Any information you want on the subject can be constantly obtaind by subscribing a dollar for *Spelling*.

What excuse, then, has anyone for doing *nothing* for this reform? You admit the crying necessity for it. You see that a practical start has been made by an Association composed of all the most eminent scolars of America under the guidance of the two Philological Associations, than which there is no higher authority on the subject of language in the English-speaking world. You hav their authority for certain practical moves, recommended by them to everyone, in the direction of reform. What more do you want?

Think what a tremendous influence would be brought to bear if everyone who sees the necessity of the reform would consider it his duty to support it by adopting sum stage of the amended spelling! What a mighty force might be wielded by the combined efforts of all our

college papers if they would only follow the steps of their enlightend professors who ar pushing on the reform! How soon would our legislators be forced to repeal the laws which exist preventing all improvements in orthograpy, and thus remove the clogs from the wheel of progress!

Don't be afraid of being calld a crank. If you ar one you hav many an eminent brother crank; Professor Max Muller, for instance: "I feel convinced that practical reformers (of spelling) should never slumber or sleep. They should keep their grievances before the public in season and out of season. They should hav their lamps burning, to be redy whenever the right time cums. They should repeat the same thing over and over again, undismayd by ridicule, contempt, and all the other wepons which a lazy wurd knows so wel how to employ against those who venture to disturb its peace. \* \* \* If I read the history of the wurd rightly, the victory of reason over unreason, and the hole progress of our race, hav been achievd by such 'fools' as ourselvs 'rushing in where angels fear to tred,' till, after a time, the track becums beatn, and even angels are no longer afraid."

Let no say, "I cannot help."

You can.

Do.

V. G. FRAZEE.

## SOME CRITICS CRITICISED.

BY A NON-PROFESSIONAL.

## I.

## THAT WORSE THAN WORTHLESS ARTS' COURSE.

THE GAZETTE Editors, it would almost seem, have extended the usual newspaper rule, "*We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents*," by tacitly adding to it the clause, "*Nor do we care a whit for them*;" otherwise it is not easy to imagine how such a wholesale condemnation of the Arts' Course as "A GRADUATE'S" communication in the New Year's number, entitled "AN ARTS' COURSE, AND WHAT IT WAS WORTH," could have appeared without editorial comment. Perhaps, however, a sufficient comment, in their opinion, was to be found in the GAZETTE's uniform advocacy of higher education generally, and, more particularly, in the present instance, in the appearance

on the same page as the communication, of a statistical statement of the Arts' Department of Dalhousie College, in which the increased number of Undergraduates from Halifax County is taken as proof of the fact that "the citizens of Halifax are at length awakening to a realization of the privileges they have so long ignored." And, indeed, the evidence which this statement furnishes of a steadily increasing interest in this department of study should carry some weight against the strictness of even "A Graduate," who, having gone through it all, (with the highest honour too, we are told), presumably knows all about it. As, however, the communication has found its way into the outside press, and, in some measure, no doubt, from the very audacity of the attack, is attracting considerable attention, it may not be amiss to examine the charges made and arguments employed, and afterwards, from the general tone of the article, try to discover the frame of mind of the writer.

The Arts' Course, then, is chargeable in the first place, with most injurious effects on the misguided students who "take" it. For (leaving the question of "weakened frame" out of the count) "College work, as it is now conducted, being simply a gymnastic effort for the memory, the mind, in consequence, gains no strength, and the student leaves College with his originality and individuality completely lost." In support of this position, a most graphic sketch is drawn of the interior of a Class-room in session. And such a scene as it presents! A congregation on the hottest Sunday of July, with the most tedious of preachers at his very worst, is nothing to it. The "Professor's monotone," the student scribbling away as if for "dear life," with such complete torpor of mental facilities as finds its only parallel in the condition of a medium at a spiritualistic seance, the occasional "dull" tones of the laggard who is being left in the race, all combine to render the scene the very essence of dulness. But vivid as the sketch is, it is so highly coloured that it is no easy matter, for the present writer at any rate, to find any substantial original of it in college experience. As, however, considerable latitude of choice is allowed the Arts' student in the latter half of the Course, "A Graduate" may have selected a distasteful subject, found a Professor incapable of arousing any interest in it in charge thereof, (for rare specimens of such teachers are still to be found, even in this age of specialists, enamoured of their subject and enthusiastic in its praises), and then, not very fairly or logically, represented this particular experience as a sample of all College Lectures. For surely it will not be distinctly asserted (though such is the inference "A

(Graduate" would have us draw) that *all* students in *every* subject, in *every* Arts' College, permit themselves and are permitted by their Professors, to take fifteen pages per hour of (to them) unmeaning notes in the mental condition in which they are pictured. Who can imagine such a scene, while, for example, the development of a drama is being traced, or a character analyzed, a theory in Philosophy or Political Economy expounded, or a classical or physical law explained and illustrated? And yet there are Arts' subjects in which copious notes are taken. The truth is that dulness, instead of being the usual accompaniment of the treatment of an Arts' subject, is the rare exception; for, as a rule, the Professor succeeds in inspiring the student with some of his own enthusiasm for the subject, and in throwing around it an interest which effectually keeps off all tendency to drowsiness. Both alike are thus on the alert, the one to understand, the other to make himself understood. And such being the case, the further objection, that the notes thus taken "are never again read, thought of, or referred to, until the close of the session, when the student commences to prepare for the examinations," loses much of its force. For, theories and arguments once grasped, the much abused practice of "cramming" becomes less objectionable, acquiring, in fact, more of the nature of a brushing up of previous knowledge. And besides the objection, like what proceeds it, is altogether too sweeping. It is another example of too hasty generalization; and the consideration that examinations written and oral, essays and exercises on the Class work are, from time to time, required of the student should, even if a sense of duty added no stimulus in the same direction, lead to a considerable modification of the terms employed.

But besides the injury to the student himself, it is urged against the Arts' Course that the time occupied in taking it is wasted, and worse than wasted. And the reason given is that "on emerging from his studies, the student will find that, while he has been mastering Greek roots, the earth has gone round with immense velocity and that it will take him another four years to get back to the living, thinking world again." Now it is at least an open question whether the average student is so engrossed in College work as to fail to keep up an intelligent acquaintance with what is going on in the world around him. He manages to be "abreast of the times" about as well as most of people. But even assuming a lack of such outside knowledge, the Course itself does not treat entirely of "things remote from daily uses." "Mastering Greek roots" is

not the whole of it. And, without striving to make out a case for Arts' by the disparagement of its rival, Science—that "rising sun" towards which "A Graduate" would have all the students "turn their faces,"—it may be safely asserted that no study has more to do with the "living thinking world," than that of the practical problems of Political Economy and the profound questions of Ethics and Metaphysics. The time thus spent is surely not wasted. Nor should even "Greek roots" be despised, "dry facts" though they be, for it may be as important, as certainly it is as interesting, to know that the structure of the speech of a people who have moulded so much of our modern civilization as to be able to give the names and explain the function of the various parts of a plant. "Dry facts," it is true, are disagreeable things, but then they belong to Science as well as to Arts, they cannot be ignored by the student, for they serve as tests of thoroughness and accuracy, and, as such, have a certain value (less, however, than is generally supposed) assigned them in examination papers. And, although "A Graduate" may not think so, occasions may occur in actual life when, as an encyclopedia is not always within easy reach, a knowledge of them can be turned to practical account for purposes of illustration. Such, at all events, Macaulay tells us was his experience, a writer, the charm of whose style is due in no small measure to the variety and aptness of his illustrations, drawn from a most retentive memory, "loaded with dry facts" of every description; and it may yet be "A Graduate's" own experience.

Now it is evident from the foregoing, that "A Graduate" has met with a keen disappointment, and, indeed, we have the writer's own confession of the fact. The disappointment, however, arises from a misconception of the proper province of an Arts' Course. It is a means, not an end. It seeks to lay the foundation of proper modes of thought in full confidence that "original work, the evolution of one's own mind," will follow in due time, and be immensely improved by such preparation. Further, education, like virtue, should be "its own reward," and, therefore, to lament the fact that "a Degree (in Arts) by itself will not win one a position as assistant teacher in a back woods school," is unworthy of a student. And as for the question of "culture," that word of uncertain signification and the regret expressed at being "unfitted for social life," the sense of beauty and the knowledge of character, arising from the study of a literary masterpiece, the tolerance that comes from the consideration of conflicting views on a subject, the removal of prejudice, that preliminary

insisted upon in all processes of reasoning—these should, in part at least, employ the one; while, in respect to the other, the student's own life will be moulded by them, and even though he never becomes a "lion" in society circles, his views will influence the lives of those around him.

## \* \* II.

### EVOLUTION AND "THE FALL."

*"The study of primitive humanity, together with the suggestions of Evolution hypothesis, render any doctrine of a Fall more and more untenable. Instead of Paradise, and man's sudden lapse from primal innocence, we are now convinced that history implies a slow and toilsome upward effort on the part of our ancestors from the outset."*

The above is a quotation from an article on the "PROGRESS OF THOUGHT IN OUR TIME," contributed to the "Jubilee" Number of the *Fortnightly Review* by J. Harrington Symonds. Mr. Symonds is known to most readers as the author of some standard critical biographies of literary men. He has also published two volumes of *Studies of the Greek Poets*. In the kindred subject of Art, too, he has been a frequent contributor to the leading magazines, and his contributions have established his reputation as a critic. The present article, however, is a first attempt in a new department of criticism; and this fact, his previous critical training, and the consideration that his eminence in Literature and Art may very properly be ascribed to a life devotion to those special subjects, (and, indeed, he confesses as much) should have led to the use of a less positive term than the word "convinced," in treating this "vexed question of modern Philosophy." But though, probably, too hastily arrived at, and therefore too sweeping in its nature, the conclusion which Mr. Symonds has reached, indicates correctly the position taken by some of the most prominent leaders of thought, and, as such, certainly merits careful attention. In considering it, however, one readily imagines many objections which might be urged against the *data* upon which it rests.

And, first, it might be argued that the Evolution theory is "not proven," and that, therefore, the deductions drawn from it are not valid. Or again, admitting the operation of such a law in the physical and mental spheres, we are not bound to assume that it is also operative (in the same sense, at any rate) in moral nature; and such partial operation might be justified on the ground that "His ways are past finding out." Or, even granting universal operation, it might be contended that it ceased entirely, as far as man is

concerned, when he assumed his present appearance, when he was made "in the image of God." Or, lastly, it may not have kept pace in its action in the various departments of our nature, and, therefore, though man may have subsequently developed physically and mentally, his moral nature has attained its highest development, when he had a life of innocence in Eden.

If, however, the Evolution theory has "come to stay," and if it can be satisfactorily established that the law of Development still operates universally, it will be necessary, here as elsewhere, to try and reconcile Science and Revelation. Many attempts in this direction have probably been made; but, in the absence of knowledge on the point, the following is submitted for consideration.

Is there any "doctrine of a Fall" not inconsistent with the "Evolution hypothesis?"—this is the first enquiry and main point in our attempted reconciliation. Mr. Symonds virtually answers in the negative. "History implies a slow and toilsome upward effort on the part of our ancestors from the outset," and in that ascent there can be no ground lost, no sudden descent to the original position. Then, too, the pinnacle of moral perfection (which a "state of innocence" would seem to imply) is, on this hypothesis, an impossible position for "primitive humanity" to occupy. Yet the innocence of our "first parents," rightly understood, may be found to have been but a very early stage in (perhaps little more than preparatory to) their moral development; and what was, in one sense, a "Fall"—a fall from that innocence—may have been a step without which it would have been impossible for them to have developed any farther.

Dismissing, as not material to the present object, the question of man's pre-historic condition, and leaving for a future paragraph the investigation of his moral development after "the Fall," let us take the Mosaic account of his creation, and try to discover what is really implied in the description of his innocence therein given. And, this accurately ascertained, the necessity for a "Fall," and the possibility (at least) of the above explanation of it will at once appear.

Adam was created innocent. But then he was ignorant of *Evil*. His innocence, therefore, resembled the "cloistered virtue" that Milton speaks of, and we can no more "praise" the one than he could the other. Further, his knowledge of *Good* must have been far from perfect, for "it is a psychological principle that to know anything thoroughly we must know its opposite." In this state development was practically at a stand-still. To advance beyond it was possible only by the acquisition of such knowledge. So he was prepared to acquire the knowledge by having his innocence put to the test. He fell. He ate of "the forbidden fruit," of the fruit of "the tree of knowledge of good and evil"; and (to quote Milton again) "perhaps this is that doom which Adam *fell* into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good *by* evil."

From this point moral advance is possible; but, as in the case of his physical and mental development,



proper agencies must be put in operation. He now knows *Good* and *Evil*, and is free to choose between them. The bent, however, which an initial evil step has given his moral nature, and the consequent attractiveness of sin will tend to produce a wrong choice. Still, glimpses of the right, efficacious as fore-glimpsings of the perfect light of a Model Life to be realized on earth "in the fulness of the time," were vouchsafed to prophets and inspired teachers, and by them communicated to the people. A comparison could thus be instituted between Right and Wrong, leading to the point where (as Browning expresses it) "the soul has seen by means of Evil that Good is best." But not even yet is a right choice assured. Man may still have to lament with Ovid, "*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.*" An irresistible attraction towards the right must, therefore, be brought to bear on him; he must be made to see "Virtue in her shape how lovely—see and pine." Hence the appearance of One, who by His death for the sake of mankind and as the seal of the truth of the principles He inculcated, was fitted to "draw" all men to Himself; and whose life, one of innocence, of a kind infinitely higher than that of the "first Adam"—innocence which, though tempted, yet yielded not, and, while understanding evil, yet rejected it—furnished a perfect model for universal imitation.

A right choice being thus assured, and a Pattern provided, the rest may be left to time. And time, the teachings of Revelation and the "suggestions of Evolution" alike tend to assure us, has a high stage of moral development in store for the entire race.

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#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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Professor Johnson, \$3.00. Rev. Dr. Lyall, Hon. S. Creelman, Professor MacGregor, \$2.00 each. Rev. Dr. Burns, Rev. Dr. Pollok, Rev. E. S. Bayne, A. S. Mackenzie. Dugald Stewart, \$1.00 each.

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