

Dalhousie Gazette.

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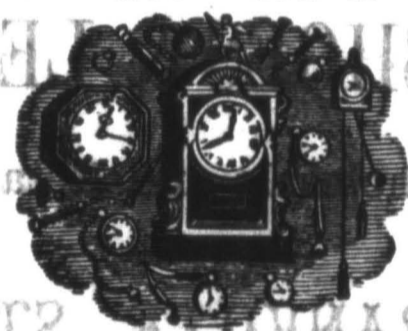
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DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.
 ORA ET LABORA.

Vol. VII.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

No. 7.

RUDENESS.

IN the last part of a previous article I endeavoured to show from examples in history that rudeness is no advantage even to a soldier; that when "war lifts his horrid front, gnashes loud his iron fangs and shakes his crest of bristling bayonets," men of humanity and refinement have been the most ready at duty's call to

"imitate the action of the tiger;

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood."

Nova Scotians are lovers of peace, who see nothing attractive in the profession of arms. They look on Hannibal and Belisarius as not extreme instances of the fate of military geniuses. When they think soberly of "the little Corporal" who drove war's chariot over groaning empires, the horses prancing in red puddles, the wheels tearing through human flesh; his great brain pressed, during the weary toil of a life-battle, by the heavy galling crown ambition gave him; they rather pity than envy the scourge of Modern Europe, seeing he wrecked happiness and soul together only to win a rock on which his angry thoughts might gnaw out his own life. But if they were threatened with danger that could not otherwise be met, these peaceful inclinations would get the go-by, and the class distinguished by propriety and moderation (not the vaunting and arrogant) would show that in our Province are hearts as brave as ever "burst the buckles on a manly breast," arms strongly nerved as ever drove the lance of chivalry, and eyes defiant as ever flashed back scorn on Scottish heath or in a baron's hall.

Of course, stern bearing and bloody brawls are no longer commended; yet courage is as much required as ever. Unswerving resolution, and fortitude to bear the worst, must always attend those who venture to lead in any unpopular path of duty. But then, haughty incivility and insulting pride, are as far from these qualities as "Limbo is from bliss." Firmness of the highest type is entirely compatible with the gentler accomplishments of our time. It is not best to place most reliance in the spirit of a man who always has a pipe or a curse in his mouth. It is not a rule that persons of taste in dress have a tendency to value a faultless attire above a stainless character.

All know how a thievish cur will wander from home, steal on a flock of fowls, make a great show of his teeth, and proudly trot off to a corner, carrying a marrow bone and a merry tail; but just then, catching a glimpse of the roused mastiff, he suddenly drops both, and reaches away for his own yard as if his life were worth preserving. Now, some people, in their behaviour toward others, act in a similar fashion. They are regular beasts of prey. The manner in which they avoid differences with their physical superiors, resembles the prudential instinct of an animal destitute of the intellect, emotions, and moral nature of the lordly biped. But only let such meet a weaker, and they will proceed, with the utmost ease and impudence, to make his life miserable. They are as temperate in teasing as a hog at dinner. When their victim is pained by some cruel jest or

trick, they raise such a laugh as would stir envy in the breast of a goblin. This rudeness may be only occasional and indulged without thinking; but, when it is allowed to settle into a habit, cruelty to the powerless is the distinguishing mark of a coward. I am far from saying that you should never annoy any one. If I become intoxicated with pride, look down upon the jostling crowd with mingled contempt and fear, bottling up fastidious resentments against all who presume to come in contact with "our" importance, it would be positive unkindness not to correct me. Generally, however, we may not be rude unless we would shun applause as darkness avoids the sun.

Before a man can benefit society, he must have influence; ere he can exert influence for good, people must consider him a friend; men select their friends from those who respect their rights, and to be treated with civility is a right. Manners have been called "letters of recommendation," and they are read by all, even against the bearer's wishes. All know the lasting nature of first impressions; and how often does an act of rudeness fix on a stranger an unfavorable opinion that nothing can entirely efface.

Among professional men downright roughness has proved the rock on which many a fortune split. A physician may have rare knowledge and judgment, but if the sick child has feared his bluntness and thinks that in his breast is no "milk of human kindness," he will be left in his office many a time to study, when he would prefer to practice. The doctor must understand how love detects and magnifies every trace of indifference in tone or act, as well as every solicitous attention, before he can see how rudeness will, if indulged, continually push itself between him and success. A lawyer may be possessed of great acuteness and of convincing eloquence, a clergyman may have a cultivated intellect and a large heart, but if they would find full exercise for their powers,—if they would not shut doors of usefulness in their own faces, their manners must be inviting. On great occasions the spirit of the moment may, and will, break through all restraint and act its independent self; but then such times seldom come, while every day affords opportunities for the exercise of that easy grace so important as a means of gaining the favor of others. A man may be great and loved in spite of rudeness, as he may though wanting in education, but not to the highest extent, for no talents or attainments can excuse any one for trampling on civility.

Rudeness not only affects our prospects of influence and activity, but it diminishes our own comfort. To get the greatest amount of enjoyment out of life, we must draw largely upon the pleasures of others, and before this can be done we must be in sympathy with them and they with us.

In literary works, too, polish is at a premium. Nice sentiments in ornamental finish bring to a writer more money and compliments, than original thoughts however strongly framed, if rude joints gape through the varnish.

The student, dependent on self, determined to elbow his way to distinction, is in great danger of neglecting, if not despising, that deferential behaviour which adds so much to

the chances of success in life; and though he should form a correct estimate, the demand afterwards made upon him in this respect is entirely disproportioned to his opportunities for culture. Look at the situation. A young man with hay-seed in his coat comes to the city, takes up his abode among the gray garrets of Argyle or in lonely lodgings out on Lockman, crouches in silence over a table from four to ten hours a day, shuffles into class and again sits in muteness, rarely mixes in society, and if by a law of animal magnetism he is brought near a lady in company, so novel is the situation that he is likely to criticise her beauty and figure in language somewhere between that of an artistic painter and a horse jockey. After a few terms of seclusion he graduates, and is expected, not only in scholarly attainments, but in affability, to be as near perfection as human nature is suffered to approach. The standard is high, but he must attempt to fill his prominent place as becomes a professional man. If he fails, he may bid "a long farewell to all his greatness." If he does not embrace the bosom of society with the wooing tenderness she imagined she had a right to expect, she will shrink from his touch, shake her saucy head in disapproval and frown upon his vulgar indecorum; while her scornful lip scarce keeps back the burning story of her wrongs, till with a graceful sweep of her little white hand, she consigns her rude tormenter to oblivion. W.

"THERE BE LAND RATS, AND WATER RATS."

When Grainger's poem on the "Sugar-cane" was read at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the listeners boisterously applauded the paragraph commencing.

"Now, muse, let's sing of rats."

If deemed too mean a topic for the poet, it is nevertheless an interesting subject to the naturalist, and an anxious one to the farmer; the former poetically calling them the "whiskered vermin race," the latter applying more passionate epithets.

Though we carelessly take it for granted, that the "whiskered vermin race" are numerous, we, in our cold country, form but a faint idea of their incredible number, till we read such statements, as that, in Jamaica, they destroy one-twentieth of the entire sugar crop, or, that in one plantation over 30,000 were killed in a single year.

However, it is intended to narrate their doings and give an outline of their history, in Great Britain. There are two distinct species of land rats in England, the black and the brown. The delicate black rat, it is supposed, crossed over to the country at the time of the Norman Invasion, in fact, on board the Norman Squadron, and took possession of the unoccupied territory. The introduction of his hardier brown brother is related by Mr. Waterton, as follows: "Though I am not aware that there are any minutes in the Zoological Archives of this country, which point us to the precise time at which this insatiate and mischievous little brute first appeared among us, still there is a tradition current in this part of the country, (Yorkshire) that it actually came over in the same ship which conveyed the new dynasty to these shores. My father who was of the first order of field naturalists, was always positive on this point, and he maintained firmly that it did accompany the House of Hanover in its emigration from Germany to England."

Mr. Curvier, on the contrary, thinks that it came from Persia, where it lived like the rabbit in burrows, and that an earthquake induced it in 1727, A. D., to swim the Volga and enter Europe. The black rat has its own localities, and though treated by the later intruder as the House of Stewart was by the House of Hanover, it was no more exterminated

than the Celts were by the Saxons. Instinct tells it that union is strength and slender is the chance of escape of a brown intruder which ventures within the dominion occupied by its smaller relatives. Place an equal number of each in a cage, and the morning will miss the blacks, if no other food has been within reach; even if there is a superfluous supply, their long delicate ears will invariably have been eaten by the gourmands. Nearly every ship which leaves port has on board a number of these quadrupedal passengers. Thus they become extensive travellers, and doubtless many a hoary wanderer has circumnavigated the globe oftener than Captain Cook. When this species and the genuine ship-rat happen to be on board the same vessel they form colonies at opposite extremities, or when a warehouse is their chosen abode, the latter will be found nearest the water, while the former dwell farther inland.

As long as water is accessible and a cargo in the hold, the rat is secure; when care is taken to keep water out of his reach, he resorts to curious expedients to obtain it. On a rainy night he comes on deck and will even ascend the rigging to sip the water lodged in the folds of the sails. As a last resort, (how different from man!) he will attack the spirit-casks and get so drunk, that he cannot walk home. In public houses his land-friend will, in like manner, attack lead pipes conveying liquor to the taps, and become equally convivial. We all know their partiality for pipes containing running water and their astonishment when they receive a liquid punishment. If water is scarce, the ship-rat will desert at the first opportunity, passing along the mooring rope in Indian file. When this mode of escape is not possible they hesitate to commit their bodies to the water no more than does a good swimmer. The hawser not only enables the starving wretches to escape, but also furnishes a passage for those, which unconscious of the slender fare on board the ship, embark for a voyage. To prevent this, the sailors stuff up the hawse-pipes or pass the rope through a broom, the twigs of which form an effectual barrier. When a small island inhabited by breeding birds is touched to obtain water, some of the rats find a way to the shore, annoy by robbing the nests, and ultimately drive away the feathered inhabitants.

Many persons in London make a living by hunting rats in the sewers, receiving a suitable compensation from those who use the rats for sporting purposes. Several of these persons arrange to meet at a particular locality, whither having driven the rats, they can easily secure them. Accordingly each person, with a lighted candle, a bag, and spade and sieve for examining any rubbish which may contain an article of value, wends his way to the spot, driving before him the rats. Having thus circumvented they catch them by the back of the neck, and throw them into the bag.

The officers in charge of the sewers in the larger cities of France, occasionally hold a hunting match for the purpose of destroying these destroyers of the brickwork. There, instead of being committed to the tender mercies of a terrier, as in England, these scavengers with whole jackets are bought up by a company, between which and the Hudson's Bay company some one may see an evident though perhaps not very lofty analogy. They use the skin to make the thumbs of the finest kid gloves, it being preferable to the genuine article on account of the elasticity and closeness of its texture.

A noted chemist placed a dozen rats in a cage to experiment upon. When he opened the cage a few hours later he found but three alive, and the bones of the missing nine carefully picked. Such anecdotes are more frequently brought to our notice than those which show the better side of the animal's nature. Let us not, then, denounce him as possessed of no good qualities, but looking at both sides think what he would become by better training. A Sussex

clergyman walking out in some meadows one evening, observed a great number of rats migrating from one place to another. He stood perfectly still and the whole assembly passed close to him. His astonishment, however, was great when he saw amongst the number an old blind rat, which held a piece of stick at one end in its mouth, while another had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted its blind companion. A kindred circumstance happened on board one of the ships of the British Navy. The surgeon's mate, lying awake one evening in his berth, noticed a rat enter, look carefully around, and then retire. In a short time it returned, leading by the ear a companion. A third soon joined and helped the first mentioned to bring crumbs of biscuit, to what was supposed to be their blind parent.

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence.

To the Editors of the "Dalhousie Gazette."

DEAR SIRS,—I have read your paper with much interest. I have pictured in my mind's eye the advancing column of thinkers who are being trained to use their powers in Dalhousie, and rejoice that every year adds to their number.

Cultivated young men are the true wealth of the country. Knowledge gives the nation power. I love the young men who come from their distant homes struggling against the discomfort incident to a narrow purse, and, zealously cultivating the muses on a little oatmeal.

Stick to it my dear fellows. You will be all the better men that you were not reared in the lap of luxury. Now suffer a few words of kindly advice. Some of you have a good many corners—too much angularity about you. Try and get these rounded off. Don't talk the dictionary all the time. Put your thoughts into the plainest Saxon. Have thoughts of your own and a standard to rise up to, and, climbing, you will get to it. No doubt as a class, you are smart fellows,—perhaps far above the average of city youth,—but be humble; you do not know nearly so much as you ought to know, considering your privileges.

Be true, first of all, to yourself, keep your soul plumb, speak the truth. Lots of fellows are very economical of the truth. A little of it goes a long way with them. Pay your debts; if you cannot buy a new gown, wear the old one. If you cannot have a fine coat wear a coarse one. The incubus of debt has kept many a student grovelling in the mud, when he might have been flying in the air. Be courteous; kindly speaking costs little. "Good words cost little, but are worth much." Never be witty at the expense of others' feelings, for two are hit when one is struck; you who aim the dart, and the one in whose breast you plunge it. Be hopeful. A clear conscience and a good digestion will very much aid you in your walk in life. Don't think every pretty girl who smiles at you, has fallen deeply, desperately in love with you. Not at all, my dear fellow, it is just a way they have.

Yours truly,

D. B.

DEAR GAZETTE.—It is my intention to give a brief account of a very pleasant meeting held this evening by the "Excelsior" Debating Society, not for the purpose of criticism, but with a two-fold object—to show how students of Dalhousie occasionally enjoy themselves, and, to take away from the minds of some of your readers, the idea that this Debating Society is not well attended and interesting.

The first on the programme was an original article on "Our Religion." That the writer belongs to the Temperance army, is easily deduced from the subject taken to illustrate the inconsistency, with the word of God, of the lives of men, whom the church recognises as Christians. The writer in vigorous language showed the inconsistency of tending a bar, and presiding at religious meetings; of causing wretchedness and crime, and praising a good character; of degrading mankind, and advising a holy life; of faithfully serving Satan during the week, and appearing at the Lord's Table on Sunday. Reference was also made to the relation of the minister of religion, to those liquor dealers whom large contributions to the Church shield from just punishment, and exalt to a respectable position in society. How the minister, after preaching an enthusiastic temperance sermon walks home, arm in arm, with the biggest rumseller in his congregation, telling him his anxiety to have those unrespected grog shops in the lower streets put down; and, gives his friend to understand (though, of course, indirectly, for he feels he would be inconsistent if he said so plainly) that he connives at his respectable business. We consider that the subject was well presented, but think that the double character, and the relation of its possessor to the clergy, occur in very few instances.

The essayist, very properly, declared these to be the characteristics of a fashionable religion, not of "pure religion and undefiled."

After several warming readings and recitations, a second original essay was read on "Love of Poetry," but as we expect it will appear in the GAZETTE, we advise the reader to look for it in another column.

Soon followed an essay on "Our Societies," the master piece of the evening, if we may judge from the applause with which the essayist was received, and which was boisterously repeated at the close of nearly every sentence—elicited, no doubt, by the mirth-provoking material and the appropriate style of reading.

The programme was completed—too soon we all thought; votes of thanks passed to committee and essayists; then, resolved, that similar meetings be held during the remainder of the session at intervals of three weeks.

Coming at the time when studies press heaviest, the pleasure of the evening, by refreshing our minds and bodies, gives a powerful stimulus to work for the next three weeks.

If laughter is as healthful as it is said to be, the laughing done by the Sophs. and Freshmen during the evening, will balance the loss sustained during the last few days, through the unfitness of the ground for football.

We hope that such a meeting will be held on the Friday evening before the Sessional examinations commence, so that we all may be refreshed and enabled to appear, not jaded and worn out, but to the very best advantage during the subsequent trying days.

Unintentionally, our report has exceeded due bounds, but we would briefly add, that our Debating Society has never been better sustained than during the present term. The attendance is large and regular, and a lively interest is taken in the discussions. There were between forty and fifty present this evening, and if only between thirty and forty (as is the case) attend regularly, we cannot complain, for a smaller number is quite capable of sustaining the weekly debates. True, a few city students, others who board a long way from the College, and those who live in Dartmouth, are not always present, yet the thirty regular students occupy the two hours of Friday evening with speeches from which the hearer receives pleasure and information, and the speaker desirable, because beneficial, practice.

Friday evening.

H.

Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

EDITORS:

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ONE of the most remarkable phenomena in the literary world of late years, has been the growth of college journalism. There are on this Continent little less than four hundred colleges; and of these scarcely one does not boast its representative sheet, while some support two distinct periodicals. Much ridicule has been poured upon the projectors of the various papers. The letter we published in our last issue, from one of the founders of the GAZETTE, will give our readers a fair idea of the difficulties under which the initiators of college papers had too often to prosecute their undertakings. Nor was the opposition and ridicule from their fellow-students only. In many cases the public journals amused themselves by cracking small jokes and spiteful witticisms at the "bantlings," "fledglings," or whatever other name happened to strike their fancy. In spite of all this, college papers have increased and multiplied. From Nova Scotia in the East to Oregon in the West, the land is full of them. The question rises, are they of any utility? Is all this good paper (most of it tinted) and printer's ink thrown away? We think not. We are unwilling to believe that so many of the most talented young men attending the various colleges are squandering time which could be more profitably devoted to the regular studies of the curricula. Our reasons for so believing, we will do our best to lay before our readers.

In the first place we think the college paper fills a recognized vacancy in the curricula of most colleges. The great deficiency of all university training is that almost everything tends to acquisition, and that very small attention is paid to the power of expression. This, as far as the professors are concerned, can scarcely be avoided. The most they can do is to set a few formal essays for the different classes. These do some good, but (at least we think so) not very much. The subjects are almost necessarily abstract, requiring considerable previous reading, and a maturity of thought such as few, if any, students have at command. The principal objects of essay-writing must be to give practice in composition, and to exercise the mental faculties in original thinking,

in opposition to the exercise given by acquiring a knowledge of the various subjects that make up a college course. Now to have any command of style, one must have a grasp of the subject, and to grasp a subject it must come easily into the writer's range of thought; and this, we maintain, is rarely the case with an ordinary collegiate essay. Under-graduates are generally sensible of this, and to meet the want have, long ago, instituted college debating societies. These have done, and are doing, good work. But the style of language produced in a debating society can scarcely be anything else than slipshod and colloquial. It wants the finish and correctness produced by writing with a view to publication, and by that alone. Therefore came the institution of college papers. They were started to furnish some means whereby students desirous of literary excellence might attain that command of style which comes only by practice on themes adapted to the writer's powers of thought. True it is that the great majority of students contribute little or nothing to the pages of their paper. That is their own fault. The paper is there for them. The power of writing clear fluent English is becoming more and more a necessity every day in this age of magazines and newspapers, and the fact that not one graduate in ten possesses this power is becoming evident in a correspondent ratio. Those who neglect the opportunity offered by a college paper are simply throwing away a most valuable means of self-culture. That many do throw it away is much to be regretted. They who do avail themselves of it will never regret having done so.

Again, the college paper occupies, or should occupy, an important place with regard to the world outside of college walls. That the interest taken by the world at large in higher education is increasing, we gladly confess. But this interest very often takes an entirely wrong direction; and even when the direction is right, it is apt to take very inappropriate modes of shewing itself, owing to its possessors having little or no acquaintance with the practical working of collegiate institutions. Educational papers may do much to guide public feeling on this point; but these are for the most part occupied with the concerns of primary education; and even when they do pay attention to collegiate matters it is from an outside point of view. More than this, any beneficial service rendered to higher education by outsiders must come from men who have themselves enjoyed the advantages of a college training, and it is indeed rare for any man to attain such a position in political or journalistic life that his utterances will command immediate respect, before the years of middle life. Now any one who has paid attention, either by personal observation, or by reading and comparing, to the progress of higher education during the last quarter of a century, must be aware that all collegiate institutions are in a process of transformation and reform. Hence the unwisdom of much legislation and newspaper writing on this subject. The authors judge of educational matters by their own experience of colleges as they were a quarter of a century ago. To remedy this is one of the objects of a college paper. It should serve as an exponent of the wishes of those who personally feel the need of certain remedies, to those whose

place it is to provide these remedies by appropriate legislation. This may seem high ground for us to take; but we feel that some such indication of collegiate necessities is needful, and such, to the best of our ability, we shall endeavor to supply.

It is not to the outside world only that the wishes of the students require to be made known. In most colleges (at least in all which like our own are not boarding colleges) there is a great want of union and sympathy between professors and students. A few hours each week is all that they see of one another. No matter how desirous the former are of doing everything the latter can reasonably ask for, it is difficult for them to arrive at any knowledge of the wishes of those receiving instruction. There will always be little things galling the students, and which might as well be changed or done away with as not, but which, for want of information, the professors are unable to remedy—even if they have an inkling that some change is necessary. These it is the place of the college paper to make known, either by editorial comment, or by throwing open its columns to correspondents. We have the vanity to think that the GAZETTE has not been wholly valueless in this respect.

And, lastly, it will not be difficult, we think, to show that college papers contribute their mite to aid the progress of culture. In this work, it is true, they must compete with the large and influential literary magazines. Still the college paper has certain advantages not enjoyed by any of these, and reaches a class that would otherwise be entirely destitute of any incentive to literary culture. In the first place there is the consideration of price. Few papers indeed give as much reading matter for fifty cents as we do; but still the majority of college papers are much lower in price than the majority of the magazines. The reason, of course, is that the former are not conducted with any view to profit, while the latter are. But this is not the chief advantage possessed by a college paper. Our remarks here have a particular reference to our own Province, but we doubt not they will apply almost equally well to our cousins across the border. Numbers of students come up to college having scarcely any idea why they have come. They have been brought up in families where the library was strictly that recommended to a lady by Horace Walpole—the Bible and a cookery book. Nevertheless, persuaded that a college education would do them incalculable benefit in some indefinite manner, they have come to college. There they find a paper to which all students are expected to subscribe. What more natural than to send this home as a letter giving so many bits of information regarding a college life. And at home (for have we not been told by persons who know?) it is received gladly. It is welcomed as furnishing so much news about that little world in which the absent member of the family is living. It is conducted, moreover, by his fellow-students. Perhaps (great thought!) he may some day be elevated (?) to its editorial staff, and his family will enjoy the delight of seeing their boy's productions in print. Thus the little sheet makes good its footing in many a household where the high-priced magazines could no more enter than a camel pass through the

needle's eye. It is when our financial Secretary informs us of the number of students who have their GAZETTES sent home, that we feel most keenly the responsibility attached to our position—humble though it be. We feel that we too are in our place, fighting the great battle with ignorance, striking our blow upon the barriers that so long have sheltered darkness and superstition. Let the paper only be true to itself and to its cause, let it only advocate the interests of culture and higher education, and it will not fail of doing good work in the world.

We have written what may seem to many a dull and heavy article. We felt, however, that a few words on this subject might not be amiss. There is an opinion prevalent that college papers serve no other purpose than that of affording a means whereby the *cacoethes scribendi*—the itch for writing, said to afflict the masculine mind in youth—may be gratified. We have offered these few ideas to shew that such a belief is unjust and groundless. We are far from thinking they are all that could be urged. Meanwhile, if what we have said shall induce any persons to look upon college papers as something more than boyish amusements, we shall be more than re-paid for any trouble in composing the above.

THE other day, as we were idly turning over some old exchanges in the Reading Room, we came across a number of the *New York School Journal*, containing Mr. Tomlinson's prize oration. We read it over, and the results of that reading we shall lay before our readers. Before proceeding farther we shall just remark that the oration is most villainously printed. It occupies about a column and a quarter of an ordinary newspaper, and in that space we counted fifteen typographical errors! In some places indeed, it requires considerable thought to see what the author really said,—a fine exercise, in conjectural emendation. However, we shall refer to nothing concerning which there can be any uncertainty.

The oration commences with the assertion that "the youth of nations, like the youth of man, is romantic." Our youth is chiefly associated with recollections of alternate spankings and strawberry jam; and we are of opinion that nine-tenths of the human race have much the same reminiscences of that period as ourselves. Mr. Tomlinson, we suppose, has heard that the figure of comparison plays an important part in Rhetoric, and desiring to beautify his composition by its use, has chosen a simile which sounded well without considering whether there really was any resemblance between the things compared. A little further on the hero issues forth to "pluck the flower of glory from the breast of danger." This we presume, is a hitherto unknown plant of the fungus species. We hope Mr. Darwin will not overlook it in his forthcoming work on Parasitic Plants. A little before the place where mention is made of this interesting botanical specimen, we are informed that the period in which the Cid flourished was a "dark" one. A few lines further down we are told that "on hill and valley cities had sprung;" (*sic*); (doubtless these valleys were similar to the exalted

ones of Scripture, since cities sprung on them); that there were "gay fountains," and that "perfumed air allayed the heat of the Southern sun." We commend this transformation to readers of Milton as a fine example of "darkness made visible." Perhaps the managers of some New York theatre might take a hint from it for their next Christmas Pantomime. We are extremely happy that the "splendor of his valor" was "destined never to fall." So extraordinary a Natural Phenomenon would certainly have perplexed savants to this hour. We have heard of splendor fading, but of its falling we can form no conception. It would perhaps be somewhat similar to shooting stars or the Aurora Borealis. For his wonderful achievements, the Cid "became called the champion." Ordinary English would require "was," but as this is a prize oration, perhaps we should look for extraordinary language. The Campeador's last request was that "as his body had never yet been conquered nor put to shame, that in the end this might not befall it." The poor little word "this" must here be in a dilemma. If the foregoing clauses were coupled by "and," its mind would be perfectly at ease. But as the sentence stands, its uncertainty regarding which of the clauses it should attach itself to must be similar to that of an ass placed between two bundles of hay. In conclusion, we may just notice an extraordinary mania of Mr. Tomlinson's for using obsolete words; within a few lines we find "thereof," "erst," and "ere."

And yet this oration was the one to which Whitelaw Reed, William Cullen Bryant, and George E. Curtiss awarded the first prize. We have no reason to doubt it was the best of the batch; but what must the rest have been? We have criticised it to point out the besetting sins of American oratory. There is quite enough of such oratory in Congress, and on various stumps throughout the country. It is really too bad for men of genius and learning to encourage college Juniors to perpetrate such balderdash. We are happy to say that Yale, Harvard and Columbia—the three leading colleges of the United States—refused to have anything to do with the Inter-Collegiate Contest. If our readers remember, we expressed our disapproval of such a competition before it took place. The result has quite equalled our worst anticipations. We trust no misguided individual will originate an oratorical contest on this side of the border.

A LATE correspondent in the *Morning Herald*, speaking of a Paper University, made use of the same ideas, and even of the very same words and phrases that were used in an article on the same subject in Number 3 of our present volume. Any man may take what he pleases from our columns, but we object to his doing so without acknowledgment.

We have received from the office of publication, a copy of the *Canadian News* containing an address delivered by Mr. Jenkins to the Manchester Reform Club. The speech is admirable, and may tend to change some popular English views about Canada. We recommend it to the perusal of all students.

POETRY.

THE love of poetry is almost universal. It is found wherever there is civilization, and sometimes when the only sign of civilization is itself. From the song of Moses, first and finest, all the way down to those lines that appeared on the blackboard the other day, there have been certain men who, by their inborn genius, have shaped our common passions into song. And what a purpose these songs have served! To express a purpose is to strengthen it; and poetry appears to be its only expression. The worshipper can pour forth his heart's devotion only in a lofty hymn. The patriot gives vent to his feelings in a stirring war-ode. And the lover, sighing like furnace, has a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow. There is another kind of passion which finds its expression in what is peculiarly poetry. There is the erratic child of fancy, who seems to be in sympathy with all nature, animate or inanimate, hideous or beautiful. He hears music in the murmurs of the waves, overwhelming sorrow in the sighing of the winds, or joy that can only be dreamed of, in the laughing of the waters. He thinks that the moon is "weary of climbing heaven," or that the little brook is hastening away, anxious to get to a big river, as soon as possible. And when he talks to them, he must use the language of poetry; for do they not talk poetry to him? For such as he were written Tennyson's "Farewell to the brook," Poe's "Song of the Bells," and a thousand others like them.

It is pleasant and profitable too, to sympathise with all these various passions, even although we may not be the subjects of them ourselves; and this we can do by reading their poetry. That this is beneficial, we can prove by many and weighty arguments, but we forbear, because no one ever pretends to deny it. The important question is, how shall we make it most beneficial to ourselves? How shall we make the best use of poetry, to our own advantage?

It will not be by knocking our brains out over an anomalous construction, or an antiquated form in Homer, or by ransacking the rules of prosody, for the correct scansion of one of the odes of Horace. Nor will it be by skimming over the poems of our mother tongue at railway speed, simply for the sake of saying we have read them. We might as well read Homer as that; better, if we had a good translation. We must read our great English poets, and read them thoroughly. I do not mean that we must read them all. A lifetime would not be sufficient for that, and we have something else to do. We must make a choice among them; and here we would desire to utter a warning against allowing the judgment of others to have an undue influence. Our own taste is after all the best guide for our own reading. It will lead us to select what will best develop those peculiarities that make us individual men, and not mere echoes of the great. We must not suppose that, because our taste differs from that of most other people, it is depraved and must be corrected. It seems to me that we should rather cultivate its peculiarity.

But to return to the subject of reading. We should, if the poem be long, make ourselves familiar with its structure, so that we may be able readily to catch the connection at any point. We must understand all the accompanying circumstances; we must appreciate fully the position of the poet; we must think his thoughts and feel his feelings, and sympathise with him in our every emotion. Some cold-blooded people will tell us that this is very foolish, and that we must command our passions. Could that man be said to have command of his horse, who dare not let him go faster than a walk, lest he should run away? Such persons imagine that when they have read poetry in a calm, critical way, they have read it thoroughly. There could be no greater

mistake. We must fully appreciate the feelings of the poet, before we can safely criticise him, for poetry is the expression of passion, and as such must it be judged. What does the critic know of passion? Yet he complacently applies his compass and square to the finest workmanship, and if it be not levelled exactly to his liking, he rejects it. As well might the milliner find fault with a flower, not an artificial flower, but one that grows.

To judge the finer strains of poetry aright, it is clear that reading from a book is not sufficient; we must commit them to memory, so that we may ponder upon them whenever and wherever we may be so inclined. We should make it our aim to commit to memory any passage that particularly pleases us; the labor spent upon it would repay us with, in all probability, as much profit, certainly far more pleasure than the same amount bestowed on classics or mathematics; for thus, and thus only, may we acquire that eloquence which our fathers so often tell us, with a mysterious air, is gained from the perusal of the grand old English classics.

THE SMALL BOY.

It takes many different sorts of people to make up a world, and we must, perforce, be more or less content with what Heaven sends us. Yet, it is an Englishman's privilege to grumble, and we want to exercise that privilege in the matter of the "Small Boy."

If ubiquity exists among mankind, then the "Small Boy" possesses that quality. And omnipresence, too, in so baleful a form and with such awful results that it is the daylight double of that dread visitant, the nightmare. If any one denies this faculty, we ask "Where do you not see him?" We further inquire, "Who, on very muddy days, gallops along the streets, contriving to splash mud on everyone? Who slides and coasts down all the hills in town, first making the side-walks like glass, and then running over the feeble toddlers on life's pathway? Who gets under people's feet in a crowd, and trips them up? Who goes in force to all the processions, exhibitions, tea-meetings, or whatnot, making himself more conspicuous than welcome—by reason of his pushes, elbowings, kicks, etc.?" Alas, the Small Boy it is, and no other.

At the Skating Rink the other day, the scene was a beautiful one. The ice was in good condition, and fair ladies and gallant gentlemen gracefully glided by. The band of the 87th discoursed the most melodious strains, and when these shaped themselves into a waltz or the Lancers the accomplished skaters danced and circled round in harmony with the music. But neither the scene, the ladies and gentlemen, nor the sweet music could charm our savage breast. Alas! the Small Boy was there. Stumbling in and out; tripping the ladies as they sailed along, playing chase among the unfortunate skaters, lying in writhing heaps—all legs and arms—there he was, laughing with demoniac glee at the unhappiness he caused. So besides being omnipresent, the Small Boy is cruel, you see. Yes, if unwatched by some one with superior strength, how he will snatch marbles from some smaller boy, and toffy from some prematurely happy girl, tease his brothers and sisters, worry the dog and cat, and do other kinds of mischief, with no other motive than to give himself delight by causing and witnessing the suffering of others.

In the first two exploits mentioned, we seem to see cropping out the evidence of another quality—selfishness. Has he not coveted the marbles and toffy, and already (in imagination) licked off the paper the last sweet stains of molasses! And why, after all, should he not take the toffy? It would but be a step towards "the survival of the fittest."

The Small Boy in some of his tricks, and in his anxiety to be present at all public undertakings, occasionally overreaches himself. At reviews and similar solemnities he immolates himself by getting under the feet of horses and men, and so is kicked by both with richly-deserved energy. For instance, one day at a review, a small boy—after having driven some to frenzy by his exertions—placed himself behind one of the tree-boxes on the Common, and called out to the soldiers at hand, "prepare for cavalry." A moment after, he had to sustain an attack made on his rear by an irate policeman, and so was unable to give further orders, on account of his having been unprepared for infantry.

The perseverance of the Small Boy ceases to be a virtue. "Auntie, give me that watch to play with! Auntie, do you hear? give me that watch, will you?" And so on for fifty times more or less. Then: "Mother Auntie Lib won't lend me her watch. Make her!" Mother answers, "And she is quite right, Tommie; you would only destroy it." Tommie ceases bullying after a time, and takes to violent howls and prolonged weeping—which, with other stratagems, either result in his getting the watch, or his expulsion. (N. B. In after-life the S. B. forgets to use this powerful weapon, and insists that it is a purely feminine one.)

Tommie occasionally shows skill in planning out the time and modus operandi of his requests, or rather demands. Suppose he wants some bread and jam—the latter locked up for certain reasons known to thrifty housekeepers: he seizes the golden moment when visitors are in and then clamors for it, to the inward but utter confusion and wrath of his mother, and the amusement of the callers.

Time, space, and patience fail us in our attempt to describe the Small Boy further. He is always at hand (alas!) to speak for himself, however, and to justify the question, "What on earth is the use of him?" There is but one reply. He is one of the trials sent to make us seek another and a better world, where there will be no small boys, except those who learn the catechism and die young in consequence of an excess of piety. By many wise sayings Oliver Wendell Holmes has made himself famous; but we think he never distinguished himself more than by suggesting that all boys be headed up in barrels till they are of age. That event will never happen, for if it did, few would wish to leave such a paradise as this world would then become.

But the Small Boy is growing on our hands. He seems to fill the world, as we look more closely; for his body often grows to man's estate, leaving the mind and soul in their former condition. We dare not believe the proverb—"The child is father of the man," or we would be of all men most miserable; but we do believe that every bad man is the Small Boy enlarged and intensified, with greater and more numerous opportunities of exerting his peculiar influence. Let us pray then to be delivered from the Small Boy—or, if not, to be taken away from the evil to come.

MISOPAIS.

OUR EXCHANGES.

We have perused with pleasure the second number of the *Vassar Miscellany*. This Magazine is never dull, but the present number is one of the best we have seen. The first two articles take opposite sides of the same question, and discuss it gracefully. The first shows the benefits, the second the evils of literary criticism. In our judgment the critics get the best of it, though there is a great deal of truth said on the other side. We heartily agree with the opinion that the compression of "an enormous amount of criticism into short time and shorter space is most fruitful in pernicious influence." The article on "English and American

gentlewomen," seems to exaggerate the differences between the two nations. The rest of the Magazine is, generally, well written, sensible, and free from weeds of rhetoric. Strange to say, though written by ladies, it contains no poems. Probably the editors act on the excellent principle that the next best thing to good verse, is no verse at all. We commend their example to some of our gushing exchanges.

We have received "The Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy, for 1875." It is interesting, even to those who do not believe in Phrenology. The articles are plain and simple in style, and go a good way towards convincing one of the value of that study, and its claims to be considered a science. The illustrations are numerous, and suggestive.

"THE Acta Columbiana" is fully up to its former high standard. It has a piece of poetry (!) entitled "A Legend of the Dog-days." It is an imitation of parts of "Hiawatha," but parodies are very bad things unless they are very clever. In one number the Acta takes an item from us without acknowledgement, and in the next, blames the Harvard Advocate for treating of their own items in the same way.

THE College Olio, prefers satisfying its subscribers to pleasing its Exchanges, and we believe that it is right. But we are not sure if it is right in thinking that both objects are not attainable in the same way.

We have received the February number of the Nova Scotian Journal of Education, containing an account of the teachers meeting held in Dalhousie College, on the last three days of 1874. In a Journal of Education, we expect to find the best thought of the teaching profession. We hope this is not the case with our Journal. We do not intend to say that it is badly written, but certainly it is not of a high order of merit. In an issue containing but seven pages of reading matter, we should think it hardly necessary to copy five separate articles from the same periodical, the January number of Louisville Home and School. We think it very desirable that teachers should contribute largely to the columns of the Journal.

Dalhousiensia.

A GAME of foot-ball was played on the Common on Friday afternoon.

A RUMOUR is abroad, that examination papers are being made out. Some students are beginning to study.

THE class in Psychology were informed lately that next day they were to have judgment. One can imagine their consternation.

A FRESHMAN is practising for the competition in elocution. He intends to recite a well known hymn, and uses gestures for illustration. His chums say that when he comes to the verse "the Moon takes up her wondrous tale," he gently and gracefully elevates a certain portion of his garment, and repeats the words in a solemn tone.

THERE are some venerable gowns in college. One is made up of innumerable tails; another consists of two sleeves and a long strip of lustre, that once was black; a third has merely the two sleeves and a piece of twine to keep them together. We strongly urge upon some benevolent student to collect funds enough to allow these veterans to retire from service.

THE Reading Room is from time to time replenished with literary matter of every description, consisting chiefly of our

exchanges, and of magazines kindly furnished to the students by some of the professors. It would be quite a treat to spend an hour or two every day, were it not for the work of a few individuals, who take the best of the magazines, and never return them. Every student knows that papers put into a Reading Room are not intended to be removed by the first person who can lay his hands on them. The Gazette and Reading Room are united, and students who do not subscribe for the one should remember that they have no right to use the other. Still less have they a right to take what they never paid for. Their conduct is unfair and selfish, to say the least of it; perhaps in law it would be called dishonesty.

Clippings.

THE first book printed in America was printed in Mexico in 1536, but the oldest American book now extant is found in the library of the cathedral of Toledo, and was issued from this same Mexican press in 1530.

THE first book printed by the Colonies of New England, was the Bay Psalm Book, issued at Cambridge in 1640, and the first newspaper in America was the Boston News Letter in 1704. This paper was regularly published for 72 years.—Annual of Phrenology.

EVERY country neighbourhood has woods which are full of ferns and brakes, which usually die and go to seed without doing any good save as a gratification to the sense of sight. The softer parts if stripped from the stems, and dried in the sun, retain their toughness and elasticity for a long time, and are said to be superior to straw and husks, and even to "Excelsior" for stuffing Mattresses.—New York School Journal.

ALL who handle money must occasionally get hold of counterfeit bills, for the Note Printing Bureau at Washington makes the startling admission that seven out of the nine denominations of the national bank notes have been counterfeited. Nor is this the worst yet. It is further asserted that the makers of spurious notes are getting more expert every year.

AN editor bemoans the calamities of the present year in the following touching strain: First that Beecher business, then the grasshoppers, then the Democratic victories, and now an increased tax on whisky! My goodness, what is this country coming to?

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