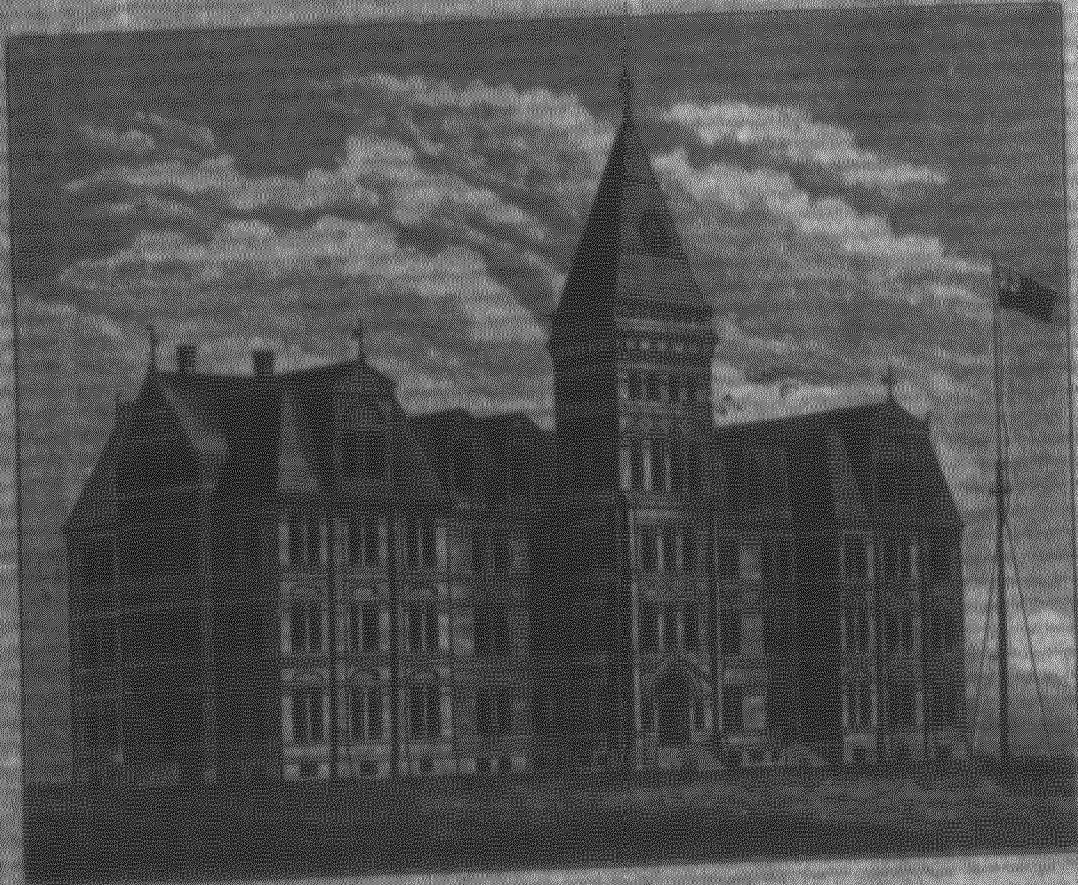


THE

# Dalhousie Gazette.

Gra et Labora.



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SESSION, 1888-89.

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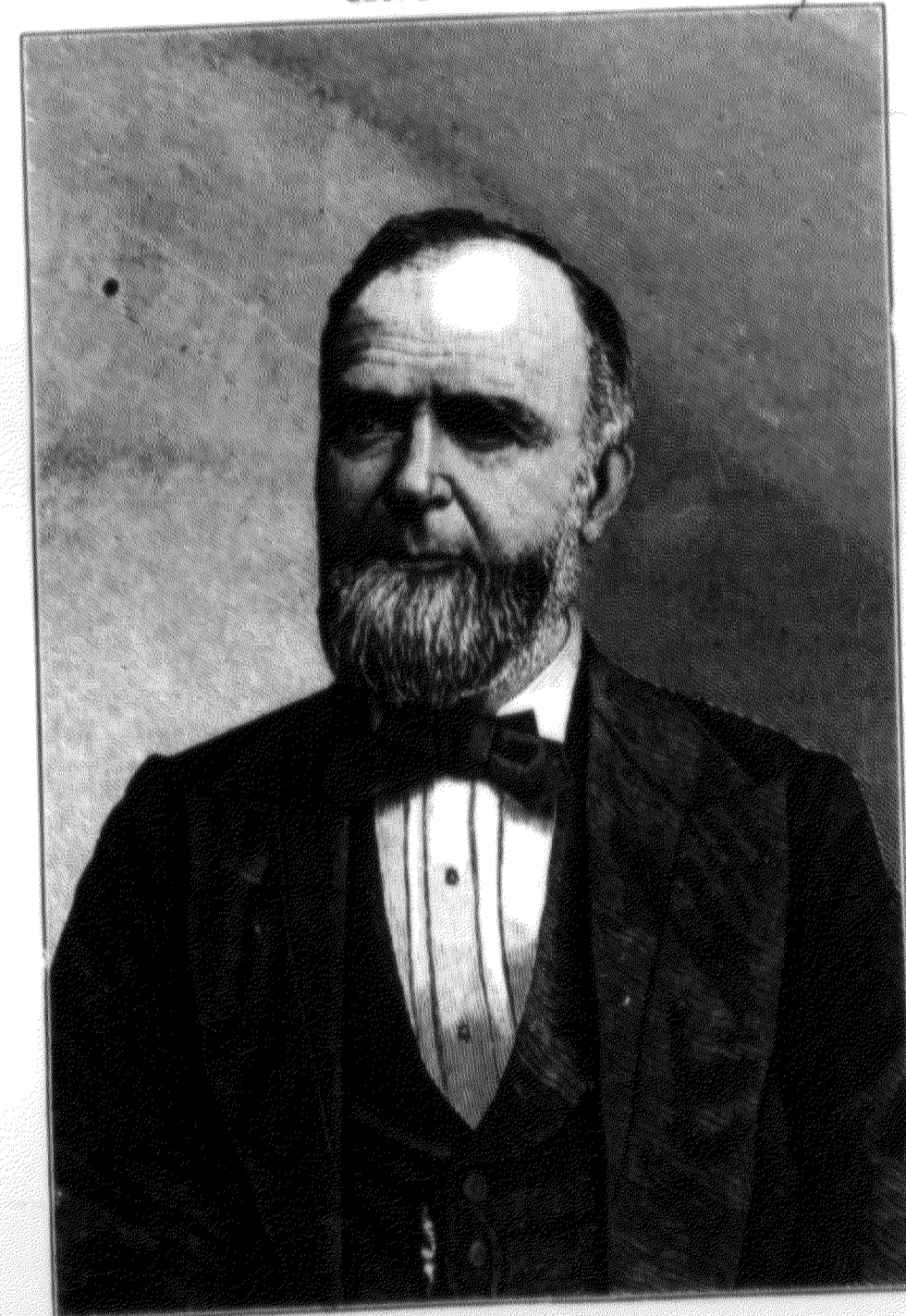
"ORA ET LABORA."

VOL. XXI.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 31, 1889.

No. 6.

GEORGE MUNRO.



**T**O-MORROW, FEBRUARY FIRST, is the day the Governors have set apart as a holiday in honor of GEORGE MUNRO—Dalhousie's second founder. We have enlarged our issue, and endeavored to make it specially interesting in honor of the occasion. Instead of filling our columns with laudatory notices of this man, to whom Dalhousie is so much indebted, as we might well have done, we have taken the course we knew he would prefer; and simply beg to assure him that at all times, but especially to-morrow, the heart of Dalhousie throbs with gratitude to him for his noble work.

"Lord bless ye lang wi' hao an' hiel  
An' keep ye aye the honest chiel  
That ye hae been;  
Syne tak' ye to a better leil  
When this is dune."

## WORK.

Rank and riches, names and places  
Do not make the man at all;  
'Tis the royal soul that graces  
Lowly cot or lordly hall.

Were we all to act as brothers  
None would hear of want or strife;  
He who lives the most for others  
Lives the noblest, grandest life.

Where so many hearts are troubled,  
There is work for all to do;  
Have we joy! 'Tis quickly doubled  
When our neighbor shares it too.

Ancient worthies wrought sublimely,  
We have greater light than they;  
Earnest effort, wise and timely,  
Drives the heart's despair away.

Work is noble, work is holy;  
Angels do their Maker's will;  
God's own Son, with spirit lowly,  
Wrought on earth, and worketh still.

Goodness is its own credential;  
Kindly words are healing balm;  
Blend with forces most potential  
Breath of prayer and holy psalm.

All around, in deepening sorrow,  
Fellow mortals live and die;  
Help may prove too late to-morrow,  
Can you stand, indifferent, by?

Oh, by all the hopes you cherish,  
Oh, by Him who reigns above,  
Up, and save them, ere they perish,  
Moved with pity, kindness, love.

Work! it brings the truest glory;  
Work! it yields the highest gain;  
Work! it lives in grandest story;  
Men may die, but works remain.

Beaten once? Then strive the harder;  
None assist? Then toil alone;  
Why should trifles damp your ardour?  
Faith has triumphs all its own.

Brothers! see the path before you;  
Shun no task which God assigns;  
Powers divine are watching o'er you;  
Bright with hope each promise shines.

Will you fail in high endeavour?  
Will you leave your work undone?  
Pledged to Duty, answer: NEVER!

LIFE'S BRIGHT CROWN SHALL YET BE WON.

Nictaux.

J. CLARK.

## OTHELLO

Critics have not been wanting who place Othello foremost in rank of the tragic quadrilateral of which Othello, Lear, Macbeth and Hamlet form, as it were, the boundaries within which no production that ever the tragic muse spake through man, is worthy to enter.

Roughly the plot is this. Othello, a Moorish soldier resident in Venice, and an attaché of the reigning duke gains the love of Desdemona, the fair daughter of a venetian senator, Brabantio. A secret marriage follows and soon thereafter, the gallant Moor is called away to do military service in Cyprus, at the beginning of the 17th Century a dependency of Venice. Desdemona must needs accompany him. Iago, his ancient, the gallant Lieutenant Cassio, and the rich Venetian gentleman Roderigo, the latter suitor in former days for the hand of Desdemona, also follow in his train. Iago, jealous of Cassio's lieutenantcy and hating the Moor for real or imagined wrongs, determines at the outset on their destruction; and Roderigo, who holds the purse strings ready to be untied in payment for Iago's supposed influence, is a fitting instrument to use in the accomplishment of his purposes. The jealousy of the Moor is excited with devilish cunning on the part of Iago—Cassio and Desdemona are the victims of base lies and mad vengeance. The latter is slain by the hand of her husband; Cassio escapes intended death with maimed limbs—and when, all too late, Iago is discovered, chiefly thro' means of Emilia his wife, Othello himself changes the chaos of his life for the blackness of death—with a sorry wretched tale. Our Desdemona's too would say " 'tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful."

Othello, Iago, Desdemona, Cassio, Roderigo and Aemilia are pre-eminently the characters of the tragedy. Othello, Desdemona, and Iago are superhuman characters. The Moor is conceived as a magnified explorer of the Elizabethian period, a much travelled Raleigh, who wooed his lady love with stories of the "battles, sieges, fortunes he had passed."

"Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances:  
Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
Of hair breadth's 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence  
And portance. In my travellers history  
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle  
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak,) such was my process;—  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders

An honest, frank, heroic, grand, passionate character—divine in all but hope and wisdom, His dying words speak truly: here they are:—

"Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate  
Nor set down aught in malice; then must you speak  
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;  
Of one not easily jealous; but being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd eyes  
Albeit unused to the melting mood  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinable gum.

Perhaps not so much the presence of all the tender graces, as the seeming absence of all error raises Desdemona above our highest conceptions of perfect human ladyship. Beautiful, true, meek, tender, devoted, loving, constant, noble, *real*—in face and form character, "faultily faultless."

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed  
And I loved her that she did pity them."

These words, honestly spoken by Othello of himself and Desdemona, and of a time when their souls spake one to the other, show in clearer light than any prolonged delineation could do, the purity and nobility of their respective characters—all the more so, too, if we have regard to the physical and worldly circumstances in which each of the parties stood. For Desdemona loved the Moor, neither for his face nor his fortune, but simply for the dangers he had passed:—and he loved her that she did pity them.

I have just said that Othello, Desdemona and Iago were superhuman characters. Iago were more truly classed subterhuman. Both Desdemona and Othello often touch humanity in its higher parts, but mostly rise above it. Iago never rises higher than the baser parts of average humanity, and always has the devil for his consort. There is nothing in common between the two types of character. They are separated in their deeper

parts by celestial diameters. Milton's description of Belial touches Iago at every point:—

"He seemed  
For dignity composed and high exploit  
But all was false and hollow: though his tongue  
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low  
To vice industrious but to nobler deeds  
Timorous and slothful;"

What a paradise the home of Othello and Desdemona afforded for the trusted serpent Iago! The serpent in Eden tempted and beguiled Eve. Iago had not the courage to tempt. He dare not mention to his lord one wicked project to which is attached the known penalty, "Thou shalt surely die" but inferior even as a devil by false deceit works hideous wrong with innocent means, and takes the moral consequences himself and reckes not.

In all human characters we expect to find something that is good—mayhap some hidden treasure lying deep beneath imposed strata of wickedness; yes none the less capable of exhibiting its brightness and value if occasion but touch the soul deeply enough. Thus Aemilia, the wife of Iago, can with her naturally coarse nature go a long way in wickedness. But the betrayal of an innocent member of her sex to the blind cruelties of a mistaken vengeance is an event which unlocks the hidden treasures of her soul and reveals much that is noble and good.

The black soul of the fiendish Iago, viewed on every side that is presented to us in the tragedy, nowhere betrays the existence of any such redeeming quality. Treachery, deceit, baseness, devilish scheming, wanton revenge, maddening cruelty, and unrelenting hardness of heart, meet our gaze at every turn, and our horror stricken eyes are never softened with the dew of pity or of love.

Shakespeare speaks so often in broad truths the feelings of the heart of man that we find him quoted very largely by writers since his time. So much so that a literary student, if there be such, who has not read Shakespeare will find on perusing his works for the first time a large number of the most familiar and apt quotations, the authorship of which was before unknown to him. In the tragedy under our notice, the words

of Desdemona give us no such general truths. Her lord Othello is all the world to her, of him only can she speak. Othello too speaks little save of her who is all the world to him. It is to the broad souled Iago forsooth! that we must look for high philosophy like the following:—

"Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed."

And again:—

"O beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on.  
O what damned minutes tells he o'er  
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves.  
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!"

Virtue is to Iago, we know not what: he merely recognises its existence, makes it suit his purposes. He never shows his true colors—he has none to show—his life is a sneaking, squirming lie from beginning to end; we have no confidence in him at any point, and may never trust the sincerity of his words whether they seem good or evil.

He can serve his master with a service accepted as faithful; he can advise him in matters of the most delicate and sacred nature; he can even commiserate her who is innocently tortured from the consequences of his guilt with such words as

"What's the matter, lady!

"Do not weep, do not weep, alas the day!"

"Go in and weep not; all things shall be well"  
with a cold heartlessness horrible to think of.

Such words as these Iago speaks to others: while to himself we hear him say

"Divinity of Hell!

When devils will the blackest sins put on,  
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows as I do now."

In Aemilia, Roderigo, and Cassio, we have characters of a more average cast. Cassio, in the fourth of the seven ages of man, is

"A Soldier,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth."

Iago is shrewd to use him too, by preying upon his physical infirmities and rendering him still more "sudden and quick in quarrel."

Roderigo, the rich, unprincipled Venetian is perhaps the commonest of all the characters, but, as a feather in the tail of Iago's deadly darts serves an important end. It is noticeable that in dealing with these lower types of character, Iago, if anywhere miscalculates. Perhaps he considered them unworthy his highest powers of cunning; at all events, Roderigo is the only one who suspects that Iago is befooling him. When remonstrated with, however, Iago is ready for the occasion, and with healing sophistry transforms his patient from a complaining, doubting, mal-content into the willing accessory to a cold-blooded murder.

Aemilia, too, as we have noted was incapable of certain degrees of wickedness, and breathes an apparently unexpected defiance, when her husband's true character is revealed.

Of all the characters of the play perhaps Iago teaches us most. Not truly as an example for imitation, but one to be guarded against and shunned. Nothing but the greatest power of perception could avail with such a villain; which is the same thing as saying that a stupid, however virtuous, and strongly "armed in honesty" is soon to be betrayed by him to his own destruction. He who would know the true Iago, must work inward to his thought by the same labyrinthine course as that by which the thought of Iago is evolved. Only his intellectual peer could do this. His character teaches us to be "wise as serpents;" Desdemona's to be "harmless as doves." The latter appeals to all our sympathy and pity. Simple, trustful, incapable of suspecting, she softens Aemilia's not too sensitive temper, and no one but an inhuman Iago could contract the charm which the simple trust of innocence held over the life of Othello.

Modern students of our poet are wont to trace a relationship between Shakespeare's plays and Shakespeare's personal character. But as this is a rather an erudite and difficult subject the writer of this sketch attempts it not; but must be content to sound the weaker trumpets in that praise with which "the brazen throat of unblushing fame" everywhere proclaims the poet's genius.

### THE RESURRECTION.

Jerusalem slept. For many days its  
Great heart throbbed and beat as never throbbed  
Before or since, and blood ran riot in  
Ev'ry vein. And now it slept, exhausted  
And undone. Nothing the guilty silence  
Broke but now and then the lagging step of  
Weary sentinel on his beat, or bark  
Of prowling dog. But all were not asleep.—  
Sleep lightly falls on heavy hearts.—Within  
A room, a group of silent women, pale  
And anxious, sat impatient for the dawn.  
Three days and nights of longing restlessness  
Had almost passed since on the shameful Cross,  
Pinioned by rough and cruel hands, their best  
And dearest friend, the meek and lowly Christ  
Had suffered death. And now, with hearts of great  
Compassion full, eagerly they watched the  
Lingering sacred hours depart so they  
Could go and at the grave anoint the well-  
Beloved dead with spices sweet. Slowly  
To watching eyes the watched for comes; and ere  
The virgin flush of dawn appeared, they, on  
Their way with eager feet but heavy hearts,  
Had gone, and when they reached the hallowed tomb,  
The first faint streak of day peeped shyly in  
The Eastern sky. But where was he whom they  
Had come to see:—for whom their tears had flowed,  
Their vigils kept?—What vandal hands had rolled  
Away the stone that closed the entrance to  
The tomb, and from it borne the body of [guards  
Their Lord! Where now the guards—Rome's faithful  
Who held her honor dearer than their lives?  
And who was he in form of angel mould,  
In garments white arrayed, a haloed light  
Above his head and on his face the bright  
Effulgence of the Son of God, who on  
The stone sat sentinel! With heads down cast,  
Fearful and perplexed they stood as if by  
Heaven transfixed, nor dared approach.

Low and

Tenderly, as if the Master's voice the  
Angel spoke: "Be not afraid. Jesus of  
Nazareth who was crucified and whom  
Ye seek, is risen and not here. Come see  
The place where he was laid." And guided by  
The angel hand they looked with trembling joy  
Within the vacant grave. "And quickly go,  
And his disciples tell that he is gone

To Galilee, and ye shall see him there  
As he had said when yet alive." Then, like  
Rush of sunlight through the pane when opened  
Wide the shutter's thrown, upon their souls a  
Flood of beams from waking memory poured,  
And they remembered what the Lord had said.  
Nor asked nor tarried they for further word  
Or sign, but trembling with a fear akin  
To joy that welled up in their hearts and in  
Their faces shone in sweet confusion bright,  
They homeward ran with swift and agile feet,  
To tell to all, the joyful tidings they  
Had heard, that Christ was risen from the dead.

Canso, N. S.

J. T. BURGESS.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GAZETTE,

I have a great deal of pleasure in complying with the request of your editors to write a letter from Cornell. First of all, allow me to tender my hearty congratulations to the College on the success of the football team in their matches this fall. Victories won from New Glasgow, the Army and Banks combined, and the palm plucked from the hitherto invincible Wanderers is surely glory enough for the "Yellow and black" in one season. The gentle sport is comparatively young at Cornell, but steadily gaining in favour; and this year their team did some really good work. However, the rules of the American Association do not allow of as noble game as Rugby. They play only eleven men on a team, have abolished the scrimmage, and hedged in the game with (what appears to me,) unnecessary rules and technicalities. But I must pass from the football field to the University.

Cornell has, speaking in round numbers, 1200 students and 100 officers of instruction. Of the students about 400 are taking some one of the engineering courses, while the remainder are scattered through various courses in Arts, Science, Philosophy, Letters and Law. It appears to me, from what I have been able to learn of the undergraduate courses, that the work at Dalhousie will compare favourably with that done here in the same departments.

It is in Science that Cornell offers special advantages. In Chemistry, Biology, Botany,

Physics and Geology, the laboratories are well equipped and the opportunities and encouragements for work are very great. In Chemistry there are more than three hundred students doing laboratory work. This over-crowding of the present accommodation has determined the Trustees to erect at a cost of \$80,000 what will be the finest Chemical laboratory in America.

The opportunities for carrying on advanced work in Cornell are as great as can be found in any American institution; while the privileges which graduate students enjoy are perhaps greater than those granted elsewhere. All the undergraduate courses are open to graduates, provided that they have had the necessary preliminary courses. They have access at all times to the Alcoves of the Library, and to the Seminary rooms. But perhaps the greatest assistance which one feels that he gets here comes from the *stimulating atmosphere* of the University. The advantages of personal intercourse with learned Professors who are anxious to help their students, and with earnest students who are travelling the same road as yourself, can scarcely be over estimated.

It is no longer true that Harvard and Johns Hopkins are *the only* places in America at which to study classics. With such men as Dr. Wheeler and Prof. Hale, aided by several assistant Professors and instructors, with a Classical Seminary room where the student can study under the shadow of his own gods, and find all the best texts and helps to study in the shape of models, charts, &c. With all these attractions Cornell holds out inducements for classical students than can scarcely be surpassed elsewhere.

Regarding mathematics I will only say that a very distinguished student of Toronto University, after visiting both Harvard and J. H. U. has decided to pursue the study of the higher mathematics in this university. The courses in History and Political Science occupy perhaps the most prominent place in the university. Among the lecturers in this department are such men as President Adams, Ex-President White, Dr. Tyler, Dr. Andrews and Prof. Tuttle. A student in this department has especial advantages from the

President White Library of History and Political Science. This valuable collection contains about 30,000 volumes and many manuscripts of great interest and value.

The mechanical and electrical departments are well equipped with shops and foundries where the students are initiated into the mysteries of practical mechanics. The C. E. men are to be made happy in a new building which will probably be occupied in the spring term. Any of the engineering courses could be taken by a graduate student in two years.

The expenses here are not much greater than in Halifax. The Registrar puts down the *necessary* expenses for a graduate student at from \$225 to \$300. Tuition for those working towards an advanced degree is free, but hereafter graduate students, who enter here upon undergraduate courses (*e. g.* engineering) will be required to pay the ordinary fee (\$75 per year.)

Canada is represented here by the Professor of Philosophy, the Librarian, the Assistant in Geology, and sixteen students. The Dalhousians you mentioned in your last issue, so that I need only say that we hope to see more of them here next year.

By the way among your College Notes, I noticed an item or two in reference to Cornell that could not have been very well authenticated.

We do *not* have Monday for a holiday instead of Saturday. There are classes from Monday at 8 a. m. until Saturday at 1 p. m. : so you see the facts are that we do not have *any* holiday. Again, *half a dozen policemen* of Ithaca do *not* prevent the 1200 *students* from giving their yell whenever they feel like it.

I am sending to the Reading Room the Calendar of the University and the announcement of the courses of instruction, from which any student interested may learn much about the working of this University. I shall be pleased to answer any questions in my power from any student who is thinking of prosecuting his studies in another University. Wishing the GAZETTE and its eight hundred readers, A Happy New Year, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

J. E. CREIGHTON.

Forest Home, Ithaca, Jan. 1st, 1889.

### THE TWO LIVES.

Two ended lives await the doomsman's word,  
Before the guarded gate of Paradise,  
Where ceaseless lightens the archangel's sword,  
That erst dazed Adam's eyes.

A gracious seeming form, one life enfolds;  
Circling its brow, a wreath of laurel twines,  
Its Tyrian-purple robe's soft, perfumed folds,  
A jewelled zone confines.

Upon its lip a proud assurance sits,  
As who would say: "I fear! Nay! Nay! Not I!  
St. Michael loveth me. Meed that befits  
My worth e'en now draws nigh."

Near by another stands, contrast complete;  
With thorned acanthus its drawn brows are bound,  
The highway's mire engrimes the way worn feet,  
Its hands are sun embrowned.

Vesture uncomely of dull hodden—gray  
Endues a form that has nor strength, nor grace;  
The furrowed face, of many a hard fought fray,  
Bears deeply graven trace.

"What seek ye here!" the harnessed angel asks,  
"Why stand ye thus before the port of gold,  
Barred by your fathers' sin! What earthly tasks  
Ye have fulfilled, unfold!"

Then spake the laurelled life; "O potent friend!  
Thou gavest wealth to be at will employed;  
Thou gavest me the means, the means true end  
I sought not to avoid."

"Knowing thou loved'st me I deemed it right,  
That thy loved one, no earthly joy should miss,  
Which could by gold be bought, be won by might  
I only lived for this."

Silent the angel harkened, but the while,  
The mystagogic splendour of his face,  
Flamed threatening lightnings. Fled the gracious  
Anger usurps its place. [smile,

"And thou!" Thus he the other life addressed  
"Hast thou done aught to win an entrance in!"  
"Nothing oh dread my lord! I stand confessed,  
A weakling, marred by sin."

"Great power and endless wealth fell to my lot  
All have I spent warring with want and pain,  
The sum of human ill is lessened not,  
My years have flown in vain."

E'en as he spoke there rose from far below,  
A tide of joy that beat upon the gate,  
Lifting above earth's threnodies of woe,  
Songs of a happier fate.

"The joy is thine!" a mighty Voice proclaims,  
"Born of thy love, in man's dull, pain-wrung breast;  
Well done thou faithful one; cleansed of all stains  
Enter into thy rest."

The arch angel's wings his glorious visage veil,  
His head superb, a low obeisance makes,  
While sounds the awful Voice. His burnished mail  
A lambent radiance takes.

Then as immensity's reverberant deeps,  
Enwomb the Unseen's words, the haloed crest  
Once more uplifts itself. The bright blade leaps  
To do its lord's behest.

Its glancing point, the briefest instant gleams  
Above the wealth of bay. Oh wondrous sight!  
The thornless crown is scathed; the proud lip seems  
Stricken with sudden blight.

The perfumed robe yields to a swift decay,  
Falling in ashes round the palsied knees,  
The pallid lips, vainly, a prayer essay;  
With curses dread he flees.

The self-same moment, on the other's brow  
A golden circlet, diamond studded rests:  
The humble form, the wearied members, now  
Raiment of white, invests.

A glory fills his face and lights his eyes  
As from his sight, the barring portals fade,  
And the far-spreading meads of paradise  
Are gloriously displayed.

R. R. J. EMERSON.

WE are indebted to the Halifax *Herald* for the cut of George Munro which appears on the first page. This is only one of many kindnesses the *Herald* has shown us, for all of which we are deeply grateful.

POEMS OF WILD LIFE.\*

Such is the title of a late issue in that most excellent of series "The Canterbury Poets." The editor is Prof. Roberts of King's College, and the flavor of the little volume he has given us is fresh and pronounced. The aim of the selection Prof. Roberts explains in his introduction:—"I have concerned myself in the main with that characteristically modern verse, which is kindled where the outposts of an elaborate and highly self-conscious civilization come in contact with crude humanity and primitive nature." That he has successfully accomplished his purpose, no reader of the "Poems of Wild Life" can doubt. He finds a place in his anthology for poems from English, American, Canadian, Australian, and even Swedish authors, and aptly illustrates the sighing and singing of the "unconventional muse, who flourishes on the border between barbarism and advancing civilization." Joaquin Miller as was to be expected furnishes the collection with more poems than any other writer. His genius temperament, early surroundings, and education, were peculiarly fitted to bring to perfection the kind of verse which this volume is intended to exhibit. To our mind his "With Walker at Nicaragua" is the gem of the collection. Readers of the "Poems of Wild Life" will wonder at the absence of any specimens of Bret Harte's pleasant verses, verses that have thrown a halo round western mining life in the days of '49. The explanation is that gathering from them was prevented by copyright.

Whether we have caught the feeling of these "indifferent days;" whether we are in sympathy with our "dilettante-ridden society" we do not know; but we are bound to confess, that we have found the reading of this little volume, fraught with greater pleasure than we derive from much of the modern poetry. Our only regret is, that to readers not familiar with the work Prof. Roberts himself has done, the selections made from his own writings will convey a wrong impression. "The Quelling of the Moose" and "How the Mohawks set out for Medoctec" are not by any means equal to the flights Prof. Roberts muse has taken and can take.

\*Poems of Wild Life selected and edited by Charles G. D. Roberts, M. A., London, Walter Scott, 1888, p. 227.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE POETRY OF ROBERT BROWNING.

Such is the title of a work to be published in February by Ginn & Co., Boston, Mass., for Prof. Alexander.

The book opens with an account of Browning's most striking peculiarities in method and style, and attempts to find an explanation of these in the conditions amidst which the Poet has worked, and in the nature of the themes which he treats. In the next place, an exposition is given of those general ideas pervading his work, which can only be gathered from the study of many of his poems, and yet are needful for the full understanding of almost any one of them. This exposition is contained in a series of chapters treating of "Browning's Philosophy," "Christianity as presented in Browning's Works," and "Browning's Theory of Art." These chapters are followed by a brief chronological review of his writing, and characterization of his development. The various points treated throughout the Introduction are illustrated by a series of selected poems furnished with careful analyses and copious critical comments. It is hoped that by thus unfolding, in a few typical examples, the characteristics and merits of Browning, the reader may at once be enabled to acquire a real knowledge of his poetry, and be prepared for further unassisted study of his work. The attention of those already familiar with Browning is especially directed to the Analysis of Sordello, much fuller and more exact, it is believed, than any heretofore published.

GROWTH OF A BIG BOOK.—When Webster's Unabridged was first published in one volume, it was a comparatively small book. Some years after, an addition was made of 1500 Pictorial Illustrations, A Table of Synonyms, and an Appendix of New Words that had come into use. A few years later came an entirely new revised edition of larger size, with 3000 Pictorial Illustrations; then, after an interval of a few years, a Biographical Dictionary of nearly 10,000 names, and a supplement of nearly 5,000 new words were added; and now there has come another new and most valuable addition, a Gazetteer of the World, of over 25,000 Titles. The work is now not only the best Dictionary of the words of the language, but is a Biographical Dictionary, a Gazetteer of the World, and a great many other good and useful things in its many valuable tables.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

Halifax, N. S., January 31st, 1889.

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THOSE who wish to subscribe to any of the magazines after they have served a term in the Reading Room, may have them at a fraction of the original cost by applying to the Manager of the Gazette. Here is an excellent opportunity of securing some of the best magazines at a merely nominal price.

THE students of the College are indebted to Aulay Morrison, LL. B. '88, for the handsome painting now adorning the walls of the Reading Room. The painting represents

our boys and the Wanderers in the midst of a scrimmage; is very natural, and much admired by all who have seen it. Aulay has never wielded his brush to better effect.

IN our last issue, under the heading, "Our Table," we erred in attributing the series of articles on "Canadian Poets," now being published in the *King's College Record*, to Prof. Roberts, who, we understand, has nothing whatever to do with them.

In the same issue the printer led us to say "Modern School of Philosophy," instead of *Modern School of Philology*.

THE session is well advanced and many of our subscribers have not yet been heard from. We ask them to remember that we have, this year, indulged in a new and expensive cover, and that we have endeavored to help along the Student's Reading Room, and, consequently, cannot afford to let any of the dollars go. Please send your subscriptions as soon as convenient to the Manager, and fill his oft-times troubled heart with joy and peace and gratitude.

A DISTINGUISHED graduate of the University of New Brunswick, Mr. George R. Parkin, Principal of the Fredericton High School, has become prominently known as an earnest and able advocate of Imperial Federation. We hear that he has been invited to Australia to lecture upon the subject, and that he has resigned his position in order to accept the invitation. Mr. Parkin has made a close study of this important subject, and has written and spoken much upon it. To its discussion he brings a trained scholarly mind, coupled with thorough honesty and belief in the principles he advocates. Whether right or wrong, his influence will make itself felt in lifting the consideration of the subject from a narrow low basis to a broad and high one. The students of the University of New Brunswick are proud of Mr. Parkin, so we judge from an item in the last number of their paper, and well they might be.

WE have to thank our Exchanges for the many kind things they have said of us. We were particularly pleased with the notice given us by the *Eastern Chronicle*. Some ten years ago that paper and ourselves were at daggers drawn, and mutually hard language was used. We are delighted to let the dead past bury its dead, and glad that the *Eastern Chronicle* shows a similar spirit. For many of the complimentary opinions our college exchanges have passed on our efforts we are deeply grateful, and beg to assure them that we reciprocate their kindly feelings.

WE congratulate the students and faculty of Queen's College, Kingston, upon having once more back with them their esteemed Principal. It will be remembered that about a year ago, Principal Grant, exhausted by the duties of his position, left for a trip to the colonies under the southern cross, in search of health. He has returned, we are glad to know, with health and strength restored, and has already commenced work. Principal Grant has promised that we shall yet hear more of his travels. For ourselves, we look forward to this coming account with unfeigned pleasure; for Principal Grant's pen touches nothing that it does not adorn.

"CANADIANA, a new magazine of Canadian history, designed to foster the sentiment of interest in the past, pride in the present, and confidence in the future of the Dominion," is edited by Mr. W. J. White, A. M., of Montreal. The first number promises well."

SO writes the *Herald* of this city. We have not seen this initial number spoken of, but we shall welcome *Canadiana* to our table. If it but reasonably meets the objects of its publication, *Canadiana*, the magazine of Canadian history, is bound to be one of the most interesting monthlies published on this continent; for D'Arcy M'gee was right when he said, "that no history is so romantic as ours." It is most unfortunate that it is not more studied. We hope *Canadiana* may awaken interest in our history, and give an impetus and direction to its study.

NOT often are we called upon to acknowledge the receipt of contributions from others than the members of our Alma Mater's family. In this issue, however, we are pleased at being able to publish poems from the pens of Revd. Jas. Clark and Mr. J. T. Burgess, two Nova Scotians who are fast climbing the ladder to poetical fame. We beg leave most heartily to thank these gentlemen, not alone on behalf of ourselves to whom their kind assistance was most opportune, but as well on behalf of our readers, one and all of whom we feel sure will enjoy their pretty verses. Our only regret is that Messrs. Clark and Burgess are not Dalhousians—they are worthy of being such,—so that we might oftener hope to grace our columns with their efforts.

DR. SCHURMAN, a few weeks ago, delivered, before an Ithaca audience, a public lecture on "The Political Situation in Canada," which has attracted considerable notice. After describing the great extent and resources of Canada, he compared the rate of taxation here with that of the United States. Taking the Province of Nova Scotia and the State of Vermont as districts between which a comparison could fairly be made, he found that at present the taxation for all purposes is less per capita in this country than in the neighboring Republic. Yet, in a few years, when the United States bonds become payable, and their pension list reduced, the rate of taxation there will become considerably lower than it is at present in the Dominion. "We have made great sacrifices," he said, "for the North West, but it has been, so far, the millstone about our neck, but eventually it will be our salvation." When the lands of the United States have become exhausted, from the Virgin prairies of Canada would come the wheat to sustain the millions of Europe. Turning to the question of the political future of the country, he said, that the progress of events seemed to point towards independence. Imperial Federation, although valuable as showing the loyalty and kindness of feeling existing throughout all parts of the British Empire, could never become

more than a sentiment. He would not venture any predictions as to whether the destiny of Canada was Union with the United States. Sentiment at present in Canada was not favorable to such a union. He was glad to notice that the periodical lapses of conscience which the American people underwent during their Presidential campaign were but temporary, but as soon as the smoke of the contest had cleared away, we heard no more of non-intercourse. It was a disgrace that such a thing had ever been mentioned between two English speaking and professedly Christian nations. Mr. Blaine had stated that by maintaining the tariff against Canada that they would eventually force her into political union. That statesman had wrongly read the history of his own country if he thought that a free people could be so coerced. Dr. Schurman spoke from a Canadian, not from a party standpoint, and deserves the hearty thanks of all for his vigorous protest against the treatment which Canada has received at the hands of the American people during their recent campaign.

IN the *University Monthly* for November the following suggestive sentences appeared in an article on football: "It is a pity that we are so far removed from the other Maritime Colleges as not to be able to arrange a series of inter-collegiate games. Probably in another year this can be brought about." We can assure our friends of the *Monthly* that we are in hearty sympathy with them in regard to the desirability of having inter-collegiate games. There are various reasons why any proposal tending to bring us together in friendly conflict should receive the support of all the colleges.

As matters are to-day, the students of one college know nothing about those of another, save by the impressions they may form by reading the respective college papers. On the other hand, if we had frequent meetings, such as a foot-ball union would afford, the bond of student fellowship would be strengthened, and the spirit of good-will encouraged.

Many arguments could be advanced in favor of an *inter-collegiate union*, but it is not our purpose to advocate it. What we should like to see is a "Maritime Province Foot-ball Association," which would comprise not only all college associations but also all associations that play the Rugby game.

The advantages of such an association are obvious; the most prominent probably being that: 1st. An intensified interest in the game would be awakened: 2nd. Better foot-ball would consequently be played: 3rd. The many hitches and disputes over the interpretation of rules would be lessened, because we should then play according to rules of our own making: 4th. The impartiality of referees would not so frequently be called in question, as the annual games would be played under referees regularly appointed by the association: 5th. It has long been felt by lovers of the game that the rules of the Rugby Union are not in all cases suitable for us. And should this proposal be acted upon and an association organized, some very important and necessary amendments could be made.

Foot-ball is the recognized and only suitable fall game in the Maritime Provinces, and it is unfortunate if the interest in it should flag, when so effective an antidote is at hand in the shape of such an association.

To-day we have a Maritime Province Athletic Association, and why should we be behind in foot-ball?

There are in Nova Scotia, at least, six flourishing foot-ball clubs, and within the last year two have been started in Halifax, and two in Cape Breton. Prince Edward Island has two, and a third is about being formed. As to the standing of the game in New Brunswick we are not definitely informed.

Though some may object that it will be impossible to get all the teams together, yet we confidently believe that all foot-ballists will favor a scheme that aims at affording even a limited number of the fraternity an opportunity of meeting.

In March, 1886, a communication was received by our Secretary from Dr. Stewart, of Pictou,

asking for an expression of opinion on the union question. What manner of answer was given we know not, but we do deplore the fact that the matter was suffered to drop.

We should like to see the subject thoroughly discussed by members of the various college and other clubs. Should it be taken up in the right spirit, we feel confident such an association will be formed—a grand *tournament* each year arranged and the *wish* of the *Monthly* more than fulfilled.

#### CLUBBING ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have made arrangements whereby we will receive new subscriptions to the *Forum* with a subscription to the DALHOUSIE GAZETTE for \$5.00. The price of the *Forum* alone is \$5.00 a year. It is "the foremost American review" of living subjects, and among its contributors are 200 of the leading writers of the world. It gives authoritative discussions of each side alike of every leading question of the time. The *New York Herald* says of it: "It has donemore to bring the thinking men of the country into connection with current literature than any other publication." This is an exceptional opportunity for every reader of the GAZETTE to secure the *Forum*. Apply to the Manager of the GAZETTE and pay \$4.00, one-fifth less than the regular price for the *Forum* for one year. Students will find a sample copy in the Reading Room.

#### CALUMNY.

"Twas but one slanderous breath,  
And lo! the fair good name was wilted—  
The words of friends grew cold and stilted,  
And life was worse than death.

One blighting, venomous word  
That struck its coward-poisoned blow—  
The craven whispers scarce would flow,  
Yet half the wide world heard!

"Twas but a whisper—one  
That muttered low for very shame  
The charge the slanderer dare not name—  
And yet its work was done!

An innuendo slight—  
And yet so mighty was its power  
A human soul this very hour  
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

Arichat, C. B.

STUDENT.

#### YE ANCIENT GAME.

"Very reverend sport, truly."—*Shakespeare*.

"Floreat Rugbela."—*Horace*.

"Here when you're tackled."—*Henry*.

It is a well known, undisputed fact that only the finer literary works of the ancients have survived the ravages of the *edax rerum* and been transmitted to us. As with their literary works so with their sports—only the best have survived the wear and tear of the ages. The young Greeks and Romans had many amusements of which we know practically nothing; but which, if we knew every rule, we would no more play than we would wear our dress suits to class, or allow a freshman the too free use of a cane. One game, however, in which they indulged has with little change come down to us. Need I say that this is the dignified, manly game of football? Lovers of British institutions will be grieved to find that football cannot be included among these, but the facts of history are stubborn. If while chasing the sportive oval we meet with any mishap—should our noses plough the mud or our shins suffer special damage—may it not comfort us to remember, that so cruel a fate overtook us when engaged in a pastime, of which we read that Augustus, in his old age, grew very fond? A hard fought match, wherein no advantage is obtained, we often liken to a meeting of Greek with Greek. The comparison is more apt than we imagine; for it is more than probable that the Grecian youths who went out to the common—the Bankers had no grounds in those days—and played *Episkuros*, had many draws. Of this game *Episkuros*, Smith writes in his *Dictionary of Antiquities*:—"It was the game at football, played in much the same way as with us, by a great number of persons divided into two parties opposed to one another." From this description it is fair to assume that the captains checked the umpire, the small boy climbed the high board fence, and a forward occasionally lay down in the scrimmage just as in our own day. No wonder Greece attained a high degree of civilization when her youths experienced the humanizing influences of football! The kindred game among

the Romans was played with the *harpastum*, a word derived from *harpadzo*, to seize, which shows conclusively that the Romans adopted the Rugby rules. Rich, in his *Dictionary of Antiquities*, writes thus:—"The game in which it (the *harpastum*) was used was played with a single ball, and any number of persons divided into two parties, the object of each person being to seize the ball from the ground, and to throw it amongst his own friends. The party who succeeded in casting it out of bounds gained the victory." Martial, speaks of the *pulvulerenta* (the dusty) *harpasta*, and no reasonable man can doubt that in trying to snatch the ball from the ground, the players would have some falls which would soil their costumes. Consequently just as with us, before a team could sit for their photos they would have to get their pants washed. How history does repeat itself! No dudes played with the *harpastum*, for we are told the game required a great deal of bodily exertion and dudes don't pine for bodily exertion. Here again we notice the similarity between the ancient and modern games. Whoever heard of a dude playing football? Let echo answer if it can. It would be as remarkable to see a dude play football, as it would be to see a junior in church, or a Ladies College girl without a chaperone.

The gentle and joyous sport was introduced into Britain by the Romans. They initiated the Britons into its mysteries, and when the Roman troops were called home to protect the fast falling empire, the game still flourished. The Saxons came and they took the football craze. So thro' all the political changes in England—changes that at that time were occurring more frequently than elections in Cumberland—this manly game survived. Fitzstephen writing about A. D. 1175 speaks of the young men going into the fields after dinner to play at football. In the city records of London, preserved at the Guildhall, (*Liber Memorandum* fol. 66 b.) is an entry under date, April 13th, 1314, that is interesting; and which being translated is, "And because of the great noise in the city by some players of large footballs thrown in the meadows of the people,

from which many evils might arise, which God forbid: We command and forbid on behalf of the King, under pain of imprisonment, such game to be used in the city for the future." By the reign of Edward III, the game had grown so popular that the people spent all their time at it to the neglect of their archery. As archery would have to be practised, if the English bowmen were to preserve the enviable reputation they had won at Crecy and Poitiers, a statute was passed (*Rotuli Clausarum* 39 Edward III.) prohibiting "*pila pedina*." A similar statute is 12 Richard II c. 6, which in an abridged form, reads as follows: "Item, it is accorded and assented that servants of husbandry or laborers and servants, artificers, nor victuallers shall not have sword or buckler except in time of war; but such servants or laborers shall have bows and arrows, and use the same the Sundays and holidays, and leave all playing at tennis or football and other such importune games. And that doers against this statute shall be arrested." Whether this statute was obeyed or not we have no record. It probably was, and the people grew so restless at being deprived of their excitement that they commenced a war known as the Wars of the Roses. By the time of good Queen Bess, the game was again being actively played, very actively played, as the following extracts from the recently published volume of the "Middlesex County Records" shows. "20 March, 18 Elizabeth—True bill that, on the said day at Ruysliffe Co., Midd., Arthur Reynolds, husbandman (with five others) all of Ruysliffe aforesaid, Thomas Darcy of Uxbridge, yeoman (with seven others including one "taylor," one "harnismaker," one yeomen and four husbandmen) all seven of Uxbridge aforesaid, and others to the number of a hundred, assembled themselves unlawfully and played a certain unlawful game called football, by reason of which unlawful game there arose amongst them a great affray, likely to result in homicide and serious accidents." "5 March, 25 Elizabeth—Coroners Inquisition post mortem taken at Southmymys Co., Midd., on view of the body of Roger Ludforde, yeoman, there lying dead; with verdict of jurors that



Nicholas Martyn and Richard Turrey, both late of Southmys, yeomen, were on the 3rd instant, between three and four P. M. playing with other persons at football in the field called Ereres field, at Southmys, when the said Roger Ludforde and a certain Simon Maltus of the said parish yeomen, came to the ground, and that Roger Ludforde cried out 'cast him over the hedge,' indicating that he meant Nicholas Martyn, who retorted 'come thou and do yt;' That thereupon Roger Ludforde ran towards the ball with the intention of kicking it, whereupon seeing his purpose, Nicholas Martyn 'cum cubito dextri brachii sui,' and Richard Turrey 'cum cubito sinistri brachii sui' struck Roger Ludforde on the fore part of his body under the breast, giving him a mortal blow and concussion, of which he died within a quarter of an hour, and that Nicholas Martyn and Richard Turrey in this manner feloniously slew the said Roger."

From the foregoing extracts it may be inferred that even in those early days, football matches were not devoid of excitement, and those little diversions and amenities which aid in making them so pleasant nowadays.

Notwithstanding the persecutions to which football players for such trifling weaknesses as mentioned above were subjected, the game still flourished. James I. found that his son Charles was developing a fondness for the game and forbade him to play it. In his *Basilikon Doron*, "his royal puppyship" as he styled himself, described football as "meeter for laming than making able the users thereof." This did not prevent the gallant yeomen of England from continuing the sport. On the contrary, the popularity of football has gone on increasing, until now it is the recognised English game when the cricket season is over. Cricket and football supplement each other and provide sport for the whole year. They have been carried like the Common Law into every English Colony, and, as much as it, are the birthright of every colonist. Several times when accidents have occurred in England, aggrieved parties or their representatives have sought redress, but in the latest case on the subject the Court of Queen's Bench has

decided that football is a lawful game.—See *Oliphants Law of Horses*, pp. 384 & 434. The Dalhousie law students last season took but little interest in our team and their matches, the report having gone abroad that football was unlawful, and the Dalhousie law students are nothing if not legal. After hearing of this decision, we expect next season to see all of them, headed by the Dean and the Lecturers, marching to the field to take a hand in the practices.

It is worthy of note that in the game of a few hundred years ago and even down to the close of the last century, the ladies played a prominent part. At first blush, one would argue for the return of the good old times in this respect. The softening, refining, influence of women in a scrimmage would undoubtedly be marked, but think of the disadvantages? Collaring low would have at once to be abolished. Ay, and collaring high as well. Think of a bashful freshman forward allowing his neck to be encircled by a fair lady's arm. The thought is too dreadful. Further, before a careful football reformer would advocate a change to the custom of our forefathers in this matter, history would have to be consulted. And we read that in those days riots often occurred, the fun grew so fast and furious, that the burgesses in the neighbourhood of the field of play had to protect their windows with shutters and close their houses. When these facts are known one is not ambitious to press the claims of the ladies to representation on our teams.

With us the great day for football matches is Thanksgiving Day. Our too short season is then at its height, and the anxious combatants most ready for the strife. Up till 1825, the day specially devoted to the worship of football was Shrove Tuesday. We can give valid reasons why mince pies should be particularly in demand on Christmas Day—why we should call on our friends on New Year's Day—why washday should come on Monday—but what the connection between football and Shrove Tuesday was, we cannot divine. Yet the fact remains that among the revels which marked Shrove Tuesday, football seems to have been in most places and from earliest times, conspicuous. Under the heading of

Shrove Tuesday in Chambers *Book of Days*, an extended reference is made to these football festivities. A lengthy description is given of the game as played in the beginning of this century at Seone, near Perth, Scotland, where this Shrove-tide sport is still kept up with greater energy than in any other part of the United Kingdom. "And though," concludes this account, "in the course of the play there was usually some violence between the parties, yet it is a proverb in this part of Scotland 'A' is fair at the ba' o' Seone."

These few observations on the history of football are consigned to the columns of the GAZETTE in the hope of increasing the interest in what is *par excellence* the college game. Its manliness and excellence none disputes, but of its claims to reverence for antiquity some may have had doubts. These claims we have endeavoured to present. We trust that when the season of 1889 shall come, many more than formerly shall don their jerseys and go forth to the sport royal, quoting "if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy."

THE CAPT. '88.

POEM.

A Halifax Daughter of Croesus, Who Hath a Dalhousie Student In Her Mind's Eye, Thus Discourseth To a Son of Mammon!

"Why thus with such officious zeal  
Say I am young, and rich, and fair?  
That I too happy am to feel  
The hand of sorrow and of care!

"You speak of lands and golden store  
And sparkling jewels that are mine;  
And name the suitors o'er and o'er,  
That you think worship at my shrine.

"Know, then, I scorn the sordid train  
Whose loveless vows are bought or sold;  
Know that the heart I sigh to gain  
Despises all my wealth of gold;

"I love—I dare not say his name—  
A son of genius, rich in mind:  
His thoughts are of the heights of fame;  
The crowd a million miles behind.

"And while in halls illumined bright  
I hear the same false flatteries o'er;  
He, patient, wastes the midnight light  
In studious toil, absorbing lore.

"Rarely he seeks the giddy throng  
And then he stands retired, apart;  
And views the dance and, hears the song  
With listless look and joyless heart.

"He turns from fashions flattering eye  
His mind to many a science clings;  
Throned in a world of castles high,  
How grand his vast imaginings!

"The praises of my wealth and face  
The minds of coxcombs may employ;  
But he regards the gold as base;  
And beauty's blandness as a toy.

"O never shall the world deride  
My fancy with unfeeling jest  
But smiles of more than Spartan pride  
Shall hide it—that's unless its guessed."

[The editors refrain from publishing the remainder of the above verses, as they tell of the engagement of the heiress to a cavalry officer, and of the announcement thereof with great eclat.]

Eds.

The DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, that paper "of which we all should be proud," will contain in an early issue an engraving of the photograph of our football team. Copies of the issue may be had by applying to Mr. McKinnon, Secretary of the D. A. A. A., price 10 cents. We should imagine that many of our graduates would like a copy.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Lathern in their present bereavement. Their son, who has just been called home, was not a Dalhousian, and was known to us only by his connection with the Medical College. The students of that institution speak in highest terms of his work there, and regret that one whose life was so full of promise should so early fall before Death's stroke.

## PERSONALS.

Robinson, B. A. '73, after a successful pastorate in Spring Hill, has been translated to a larger and more influential charge in Moncton. In his more extended sphere of usefulness we wish him success.

Dill, B. A. '84, is now pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Parrsboro'. In his hands, and as the result of his good work, the congregation is increasing in numbers, and becoming, yearly, stronger.

We notice in looking over the courses of study at Cornell University, that Prof. McGregor's work on Kinematics and Dynamics has been adopted as a text-book in one of the courses in Physics there. This recognition of Professor McGregor's book by a leading University, must be encouraging to its author, and urge him on to still better and higher work.

In naming the Dalhousians studying at Edinburgh University, in a late issue, we omitted to mention Putnam, B. A. '87, and Aiton, B. A. '85. The former is studying medicine and singing in the Glee Club. He expects to visit his native heath this summer, and we wish him *un bon voyage*. Aiton, we understand, is continuing his studies in Classics.

Locke, B. A. '85, is Engineer-in-chief of the Nova Scotia Central Railway, formerly the Nictaux and Atlantic. Under his charge work is progressing rapidly. Locke always had a fashion of rushing things, and showed it most clearly in the foot-ball field. We sincerely hope that he may attain still higher positions in his profession.

Jones, B. A. '84, was another of those Dalhousians who distinguished themselves at the final law examination. He was in the city lately and paid us a visit. He looks well. Teaching school and studying law hasn't weakened him. His shingle is now displayed in Digby, and it is reported that many clients have already found their way to him. He has our best wishes.

Blanchard, B. A. '80, has, after some years experience in the North West, returned to Nova Scotia, and gone into business with his father in Truro. We notice that he is writing a series of interesting letters, descriptive of his travels in Guatemala, for the local papers. We would remind him that our columns are open to any articles from him, and that we expect every graduate to do his duty in this respect.

We see by late Sydney, C. B., papers that Crowe, LL. B. '86, has gone into partnership with C. Chisholm, Esq., M. P. P. The new firm is likely to do a large and profitable business. Crowe was, in former years, an editor of the GAZETTE, and we are much mistaken if those crisp and readable editorials in the *Island Reporter* are not evolved from his brain. If the *cacoethes scribendi* has taken him, we would be delighted to have him contribute to our columns.

At the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, two Dalhousians may be found,—Torey, B. A. '82, and McKenzie, Sophomore '84. Both will graduate this year, and we predict will give a good account of themselves. At the sister institution of Bellevue College, in the same city, is a classmate of Torey's, Campbell, B. A. '82, and subsequently Tutor in Mathematics here. The students who sat at his feet join with us in wishing Campbell the most unlimited success.

Reports from Amherst are to the effect that H. W. Rogers, LL. B., '87, has succeeded in securing a goodly number of clients, and is doing quite a business. We hope it may continue to increase. T. S. Rogers, a junior in law '86-'87, is now junior partner of the firm of Dickie, Townshend and Rogers. We heartily congratulate him on being admitted to share in the profits of so good a firm.

Thompson, B. A., '85, and Nicholson, B. A., '86, who have been pursuing their theological studies in Princeton, have obtained the higher Arts degree from that University. Many Dal-

housians have in former years done likewise, a fact which shows how excellent their training here must have been.

"Messrs. R. M. Langille and H. K. Fitzpatrick, who have been studying law at the University of Michigan, have passed their final examinations and have been admitted to the bar. The examination was held in the Supreme Court of Michigan before a bench of judges. The examination was most creditable, and the chief justice complimented them most highly, stating that they had passed a remarkable examination, and never had students been before him so thoroughly prepared before. Mr. Langille is well known here, having been Principal of the North Sydney Academy for a term."

So wrote the North Sydney *Herald* in July, '88. Langille and Fitzpatrick are well known at Dalhousie, having graduated B. A., '85, M. A., '88. Langille has come back to Nova Scotia and accepted a position in Pictou Academy, where he continues to do good work. Fitzpatrick spent Christmas with his friends at River John, but speedily returns to Dalath where he is practising. Our best wishes accompany him

## Dalhousiensia.

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.

"Gentlemen," said the professor, "you will please look up these cases before the next election." They tramped.

"Learning's Epitome" was nothing to the Insurance Epitome that the baby of the third year law has prepared.

"Read the case of 'The Gaetano'" said the professor; and a youth from New Brunswick wanted the name of the defendant.

We didn't know that Shakespeare had any acquaintance with the present freshmen classes, till we read what he says in King John:—"How green you are and fresh in this old world." If this doesn't describe our freshmen may our back hair cease to grow.

## SONG OF THE SECOND YEAR (LAW) PORT.

I've learned the law of Contracts  
Sitting under Russell;  
I very nearly learned of Torts  
By wooing one with bustle.

In Crimes and Real Property  
I passed a fine exam;  
In Constit. History I ween  
I needed all my cram.

I'm now at Sales and Evidence—  
I work by night and day;  
In Equity I'm learning fast,  
It's taught by Townshend, J.

What shall I do when laws conflict—  
If Judges disagree;  
A pass in Constit. Law, I fear,  
Is *ultra vires* me.

When this my rhyme I'd closed  
I said "how's that for high?"  
A still voice sadly answered "Wait;  
"Exams are drawing nigh."

N. B. Constit. stands for Constitutional. I almost bu'st my constitution in trying to get the whole word in. Sales and poetry, unless it is Browning's, have little in common, yet I worked it in.

Query: Why is the fair bursar of the first year like a clock?

The "Tolerable Athlete's" rendition of "O dem Golden Slippers" has secured him a leading position in Robie St. Choir. What's the salary Ehjah?

Who are those culpable Freshmen, an account of whose misconduct appears in the *Evening Mail*? We would advise those young men to call in a Soph. to keep them in order.

An audible smack was heard as the merry little medical got off the train at Truro, the day after College closed.

Who presented the young lady with the box of candy and the spectacles?

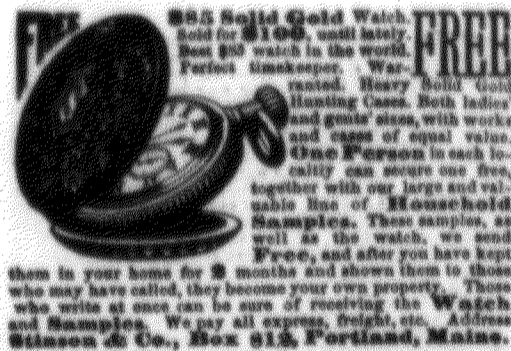
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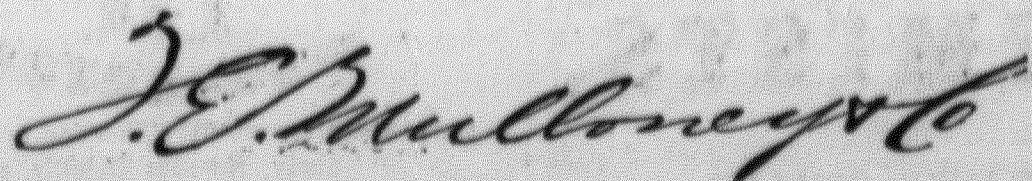
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