

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

ORA ET LABORA.

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## A BIT OF A TIME IN THE LIBRARY.

[The following ingenious and witty sketch, though in type for our last issue (when its references would best have been appreciated) was through an oversight omitted. Our readers, however, we are sure, will still enjoy its perusal.—EDS. GAZETTE.]

DAYLIGHT had faded into dusk, dusk had settled into dark, when the Table in the Library rolled up near the Stove and said:

"Our quiet days are over. This is the 5th, and to-morrow they all come trooping back. It is astonishing how the two weeks have gone by; I thought we should have so long a rest, but it has seemed no time at all though we have spent some pleasant days of freedom."

"I was wondering what we would do for a final entertainment," said the Professor's Chair wheeling down from the platform and tilting one leg up on the stove, "I thought of a conundrum that you might all guess at—Why is one of the Professors like our friend the Stove here?"

"Becausee he smokes," said the Table.

"But I *don't* smoke," said the Stove.

"You always have a pipe somewhere about you," said the Table.

"And you must acknowledge that you're much attached to it," said the Poker.

"But I smoke most when my pipe is taken away," said the Stove, "and herein I am not like a Professor."

"But the Professor doesn't smoke," said the Chair, leaning one arm against a Desk and resting another leg upon the Stove, "So that's not the answer."

"The Stove has had a good many flames," put in the Coal-box over by the window, "and

done not a little sparking too; it may be in those respects like the Professor."

"And I have two elbows," said the Stove, "and am considered by everyone to be very polished."

"You're very bright at times," said the Chair, "but you're out this time; for that's not the answer. Indeed none of you have guessed correctly, though the answer that I had is nowhere near as good as some you gave. I thought that as the Stove is no good unless it is heated, so the Professor is no good unless he be warmed up to the subject."

"That reminds me," said the Library Door swinging in the room at this moment, "of a notice put upon me several weeks since. I don't suppose any of you saw it, so I'll explain."

"Now don't be so stuck up because of a little notice," said the Blackboard. "I've had more than a few put upon me."

"That's neither here nor there," interrupted the Door, "I want to tell you about this particular notice. It read thus:

"Professor S. regrets that being unwell he will not be able to meet his Classes to-day."

"Anyone with half an eye could have read it; but when the young ladies came to their class as usual, they came up to me, and saw the notice. And there could not have been any *C*, for I heard them say "regrets that he can not meet us," how very nice, "so do we regret." A moment later, some of the young gentlemen of the class came up, and there could not have been a *C* or an *L*, for I heard *them* say, "Our ears are no longer than *his*; if he's going to call us such names he'll *not* meet us again."

"I did not know what to make of the two

versions, but when the next class came up in a body, they without hesitation cried, 'Oh! oh! so the Metaphysics has a holiday to-day,' and read it 'unable to meet his *Classes*.' Now I want to ask if any of you can explain this. You are all in the classes, and I being outside rarely ever catch a word. If it isn't a conundrum it certainly is a puzzle; who will solve it."

"I'm good at such things generally," said the Desk on the platform, "but I'm sure I can't say what this is; though I should think it was a bit of Empedocles' philosophy of perceiving like by like, you know; each of the elements in the three perceiving a like element in the notice."

"Or it might have been effected by means of Impact," said the Window. "You know how that is; I heard it all explained once and it was quite clear then, but now I can't remember it exactly. I think I must be getting old; my sight is very trying at times, often there is a sort of vapor over everything I try to see, and sometimes in the midst of an important explanation I am completely blinded. I know it must be age, for my once powerful frame is growing weak and I've yet to see the day when I'm free of pains."

"It was certainly very queer said the Desk on the platform, and I ought to be able to enlighten you if it is a Metaphysical puzzle, for I'm sure I have it pounded into me every day by the Professor. I'm in all his classes."

"Don't say a word," put in the Stove, "I'm sure I share your honors in that respect. You and I have to illustrate all the talks; it embarrasses me to be pointed at and referred to so often, and sometimes I have a burning desire to blaze out at him and dry him up. But though I'm in the classes I can't explain this. It is astonishing how rusty one will get when not used, though a few days' lectures will brighten one up again and wear it off. Yet I ought to be able to solve that problem, I know."

"Well," sneered the Blackboard, "if I had as much put into me as some folks have, I'd have something to show for it."

"If you mean me," said the Stove, "I'm ready for a brush with you. I hold all that is put in me; and don't have to be 'held up to the chalk' either."

"Oh, me!" sighed the Blackboard, "how many hard rubs I have to bear because of what is put upon me. Sometimes I pity the students, for they can't keep all that is put upon the tablets of their memories any more than I can what appears upon my face and is brushed off to make room for more."

"They don't hurt themselves," thundered a new voice. And Dr. Johnson, jumping up from the Tutor's Chair, went through his usual series of convulsions of whirling and twisting; his hands imitating the motion of a jockey riding at full speed, and his feet twisting in and out to make heels and toes touch alternately. "They don't hurt themselves, these Freshmen. They can't understand a word I've written; and they are impudent too. I heard one of the young ladies say she had read that I wrote the *Vanity of Human Wishes* as a recreation while compiling the Dictionary, and though the Dictionary was not much more interesting than the poem, she would prefer it to paraphrase; for the words in it *did* have some meaning. Why the very idea! Why I wrote that poem at a white heat and it is one of the most impressive of its kind in the language!"

"Your troubles are nothing," said Will Shakespere, who, unnoticed, had been sitting all this while on a desk near the Stove. "Your troubles are nothing compared to mine. I'm the one to be pitied. *No one* understands me, and yet they all pretend to: I've yet to see the person who will own I am too much for him. They construct meanings I never dreamed of, and I'm not going to stand it. Those Sophomores read with no spirit at all; if they put half as much into their reading as they do in their cheering, there would be some improvement; and I feel every day like saying, "Cursed be he who reads my words again."

"You've had your day," cried another voice, and Bacon in his Chancellor's robes strode up in front of the Bard of Avon, "you've had your day. I wrote these plays every one of them. And I am going to be owned as the author too!"

"People will not enjoy them any better for you writing them," said sweet Will, "for as I have written 'there's nothing in a name.'"

"I wrote that myself," cried Bacon.

"Prove it," said Will, "and then I'll doff my name and you can be Shakespere."

"I do not want your name," said Bacon, "and it will be proved. Why don't they set to work here and prove it in this University? Pah! it is as I said in my *Praise of Knowledge*; they learn nothing at these Universities but to believe. They are like a be-calmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal."

"Did not I say in my will, that I left my name and memory to foreign nations and to my own countrymen, after some time be passed over? Does not that shew what I meant? Is it not strangely significant, and strikingly prophetic? And there is a man in Minnesota going to prove it; he is working away on that cipher, and he'll find it out!"

"Oh! Oh!" said the Bard in nowise disconcerted, "his efforts amount to nothing; it will take more than a cipher to knock me off my pedestal."

"There whistles the train," exclaimed the Stove. "Now they are all coming back! What a night for them to arrive; wind and rain and icy streets!"

"There are some who will never come back;" said the Desks, "some of the Professors and some of the students. There are hundreds who will never come back. How we loved them! We can never forget them. Many of their names are graven deep into our hearts. They have leaned upon us at their most trying times, and we have never refused them our support. But now we shall never see them again!"

"Never again!" said the Chairs.

"Never more!" said the Table.

"Never forever!" said the Clock in the hall, "never forever!"

Then all at once they sang of other days. And as they sang they wept.

Down stairs they said it was the nightwind rushing round the College; or the clattering of the cabs on the paved streets; and when the dawn came and the Library door was opened, the great tears of sorrow on the desks and in the

chairs and on the Professor's table meant nothing more than that drops of rain leaked from the ceiling above. They did not see in the Tutor's chair the tall stalwart form of Dr. Johnson with his scarred and disfigured face. Nor Will Shakespere on the desk by the Stove, with his keen hazel eyes, his auburn beard, and his refined and powerful countenance. Nor the Viscount St. Albans in his Chancellor's robe with his long curling hair and small sharp eyes. To them they meant nought but that the last occupant of the Library with careless haste had left the books lying about on the chairs and desks.

'Tis ever the way. The sights and sounds that are wonderful on the earth we ever miss: they are "unheard, because our ears are dull unseen because our eyes are dim."

D. D.

#### OUR DEBT TO SHAKESPEARE.

(Read before the Dalhousie Literary Club by the Vice-President, J. C. Shaw, at the last meeting of that Society.)

That was a perfectly natural, if somewhat quaint, exclamation of the French wit on finding most of the choice "*bons-mots*" in his latest work traced by the pitiless reviewers to their musty originals: "A plague on those who have stolen my ideas centuries before I was born!"—natural because it voiced a feeling shared in, we can suppose, by most writers. Manifold are said to be the tribulations incident to literary life; but surely none of them is more annoying than the liability to fall into unintentional plagiarism. This liability increases in direct ratio with the popularity of the subject handled, reaching well nigh its *maximum* in the one we have before us—Shakespeare. For, if we except the Bible, perhaps no subject has been more frequently (and ably too) treated than this one, not only by English and American writers, but by some of the ablest thinkers among civilized foreigners. But sufficient of introduction if what I have said shall have, in the first place, acquitted me in your eyes of wilful plagiarism (for, while acknowledging my indebtedness to many sources for much that I have to say, I shall yet advance certain views, such as they are, that are, as far as I know, original) and, secondly, has shown by the united testimony of some of the world's greatest intellects, as evidenced by their choice of him as their subject, and their appreciative treatment of the subject

when chosen, that we *do* owe a debt to Shakespeare,—a debt the extent of which can be ascertained, relatively at least, by a comparison as to amount and literary worth of Shakesperian commentary with that on the others whom the world calls great. To discuss the general character of and the main items in the bill of indebtedness is the object of this paper.

And (1.) we are indebted to Shakespeare for *what* he has said, and (2.) for *how* he has said it. The latter being the less important I shall deal with first.

To speak at length of the merits of Shakespeare's style would occupy more time than you would allow me, even if I were competent to attempt the task. It will suffice to instance a few of his acknowledged master-pieces in the two main departments of style—Narration and Description. Of the former few better examples are to be found in our literature than where Hamlet relates to his friend Horatio the failure of the plot against his life, concocted between the King and his two courtiers Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, or of the latter than the description of Dover Cliff in *Lear* or the carousal scene in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

But excellent as are Shakespeare's Narrative and Descriptive powers it is not in these that the chief merit of his style consists. It is rather in the consistency of the words and actions of his characters to themselves and to the circumstances in which they are placed that he excels. Let me cite the well-known remark of Goldsmith to Dr. Johnson in explanation of my meaning. "If," says Goldsmith, "you were to write a fable about little fishes, Doctor, you would make them talk (and I may add—*act*) like whales!" Shakespeare never does this. A king, with him, always talks as a *king*; a clown as a *clown*. Further, the conversation is always in keeping with the circumstances in which the speaker is placed. Mercutio, for example, describes in *gay* and *fanciful* language the chariot of Queen Mab; in challenging Tybalt, however, he abandons *hyperbole*, and employs *sarcasm*; while with dying lips he tries to *cheer* his friends with *jesting*. Antony's language, too, is altogether different when pronouncing Caesar's funeral oration from the familiar tone of his love passages with Cleopatra.

Add to what has been said on this head the fact that Shakespeare's works form a part of the English course in all colleges, and that the study of them enabled a foreigner, Kossuth the Hungarian patriot, to become one of the foremost orators of his day in English, and you will admit that on the score of *style*, in the first place, a debt of gratitude is due to Shakespeare.

But if we have praise for the *outer form* what shall we say of the *inner thought*, the soul, as it were, embodied therein? We can say, at least, that they are quite in keeping. Before, however, examining his dramas internally I wish, for convenience, to divide them into Historical (by which I mean those that treat of *English* history only) and non-Historical, dealing first with the former.

"History," says Macaulay, "in its state of ideal perfection, is a compound of poetry and philosophy." If anywhere, this "ideal perfection" is, surely, to be found in Shakespeare's Historical dramas. In them that, without which History were (what Johnston insisted it should be) "a mere almanac," viz; *philosophy* is blended with the finest *poetry*. But to fully appreciate what Shakespeare has done for History we must examine his originals—the chronicles of Holinshed and others. As we read these we unconsciously exclaim (not irreverently): "Can these *dry bones* live?" Shakespeare's treatment of them is our answer. By his art he brings together (to borrow a figure from that weird old vision of the prophet) "bone to his bone;" his fancy supplies the glow of health and beauty; his philosophy animates the lifeless body; and what was but now a confused pile of bones, rises a fair living creature.

Thus much for his mode of treatment; what are the lessons to be learned from his Histories? Lessons most important to all—especially important to politicians and sovereigns. One of the critics has happily styled these Historical dramas, "Mirrors for Kings" (of which more presently); their importance to politicians is shown by the careful study most of the great English statesmen have given them. Marlborough, we know, derived most of his knowledge of English History from them; nor are we to suppose that his knowledge was by any means small. It is certain, at any rate, that, if some of the *chaff* is wanting, they contain in its entirety the *grain* of the period of History they cover. Charles I., too, we are told, was very fond of Shakespeare's plays and had frequent representations of them at St. James's and Whitehall; had he taken to heart, however, the lesson for him, contained in them (in *Richard II.* particularly) he would have perceived the futility of his theory of "Divine Right," and that dark tragedy which ended his career would never have been enacted.

But Shakespeare's genius is too broad to be confined to a class. Monarchs are but mortals. Henry V. is "but a man;" Cleopatra "no more but e'en a woman. The same heart beats beneath the rags of the

beggar as under the royal purple. And to sound that heart to its lowest depths becomes his object. In doing which he introduces us to and becomes our unerring instructor in a most interesting study, viz, that of *human nature*—one, too, of prime importance, for has not Pope truly said:—

"The proper study of Mankind is man?"

Yet the study is not without danger, for, pursued cursorily, it is apt to lead to pessimism. There are times when we all, young and inexperienced, looking around at humanity in general, are willing to admit the truth of what David said "in his haste," viz., "That all men are *liars*," aye, and to go even so far as to call them everything else that's *bad*. Indeed, even older persons do the same thing, as is shown by the opprobrious term, which even so good a man as General Gordon applies to them, when he designates them as "skunks." But here Shakespeare comes to our aid, for, while acknowledging that man is "desperately wicked," he yet strenuously maintains the existence of *good* as well as *evil*. Quite undogmatically, and therefore all the more convincingly, he establishes his point by picturing to us a Desdemona who can think no evil much less do it, alongside of an Iago whose thoughts and deeds are wholly evil "and that continually;" a Cordelia who, though ill-used by her father, has yet naught but tenderness and filial devotion for him, alongside of a Regan and a Goneril who have nothing but ingratitude for the undue partiality he has shown them.

But, granted the existence of good and evil side by side in the world, what shall be our attitude to, how shall we live in it? How especially (to put it more specifically) shall we act, when the proof of human depravity is brought strikingly and directly home to us, by finding those who have received the best treatment at our hands requite it with the worst? Shakespeare has several answers to this question.

Timon of Athens, in his palmy days had lavished his bounty with princely and universal munificence. He soon becomes bankrupt and applies for aid to those who had tasted of his generosity. It is denied and, naturally, he loses all faith in mankind. He becomes a misanthrope. Discarding everything that belongs to man, even his clothing, he betakes himself to a cave on the sea verge, and there lives after the manner of a wild beast. From that cave (to be to him his "everlasting mansion") Timon sends forth this advice:

"Tell Athens, from high to low throughout,  
That whose please to stop affliction,  
Let him take his haste, come hither,  
Ere my tree hath felt the axe, AND HANG HIMSELF!"

Such is Timon's advice. Shall we accept it? No, for Shakespeare has better to offer.

Coriolanus, again, had rendered incalculable service to his country in repelling the attacks of its determined foe, the Volscians. He sues for the consulship. His proud, patrician blood, however, disdains to flatter the base plebeians, without whose support he cannot secure his election. "Fair speech" to them he cannot give. Disgusted at his bearing towards them they banish him from Rome. He proceeds to the Volscian camp and offers his services, declaring that he "will fight against his cankered country with the spleen of all the under fiends." Here, then, is another position for those that have been wronged to assume—one, perhaps, superior to that of Timon in that *action* is implied in it, not mere *passive* threats. Coriolanus, however, fails, and his failure speaks Shakespeare's condemnation of the plan.

Lastly, Prospero had been treacherously deprived of his dukedom, and, with his infant daughter, sent to what seemed certain destruction, by his brother Antonio in whom he placed implicit confidence. Escaping miraculously, however, they reached in safety an enchanted island. Here Prospero employed his time, not like Timon in imprecating curses on his enemies, nor like Coriolanus in planning vengeance against them, but rather in *doing what good* lay in his power. He became the teacher of his daughter Miranda, and even attempted the improvement of that unpromising creature—Caliban. Chance, at length, brings his enemies into his power. Antonio and the other conspirators are driven by a storm to the enchanted isle. Supernatural forces are at the command of Prospero. He employs them not for their *destruction* but to bring them to *repentance*. Having given this last and best answer to the question, Shakespeare bids farewell to the stage.

But with the "farewell" there comes a warning. Having done what he could for *this* world, Shakespeare (for it is generally supposed that in Prospero he represents himself) has still to prepare for *another*. Hence in the Epilogue to the *Tempest* he declares:—

"My ending is despair,  
Unless I be relieved by PRAYER,"—

theology as orthodox as if promulgated by John Knox himself. Thus Shakespeare brings that most powerful agency, the "Stage" to the aid of the "Pulpit," in which if his successors had followed his example more than they have done, the theatre would be in higher and more general repute than it is.

To sum up briefly what has been said: In a style, model in its force and beauty (if at times somewhat involved) Shakespeare has expressed the profoundest thoughts on History and on human life in general, thoughts that form a complete guide for our life on earth, and suggest preparation for a life "beyond"; for all of which the world's gratitude is due to her greatest dramatist.

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

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TO muse on the uncertainty of human life, to feel the full force of the solemn words, "In the midst of life we are in death,"—this even the most thoughtless of us are compelled to do, as we see the remains of a fellow-mortal consigned to the tomb. It is our sad duty to-day to chronicle the deaths of three connected with this University, called away respectively at the very beginning of life, in its prime, and at its fixed limit.

A youth, one of our number, whose future promised much usefulness, ARTHUR C. GORHAM, after a brief illness, calmly breathed his last on Saturday morning. Though with us but a few months, and, therefore, personally unknown to some, he had yet by his amiable qualities endeared himself to many of the students. We shall miss our young friend, we lament his untimely removal (for he was but seventeen); but there should be consolation in the thought that he so resignedly and hopefully awaited his end.

In the death of REV. T. M. CHRISTIE the Foreign Mission field has lost a faithful and successful labourer. His works, however, speak for him better than any words of ours, and we need only, therefore, on this occasion, mention a few facts of his personal history. He was born at Shubenacadie, March 14, 1848, and was consequently, in the very prime of life when removed by death. In 1868 he received his B. A. from this University, and immediately began to prepare himself for his life work as a missionary. He passed a year in the study of medicine, after which he took the usual course in theology, and was licensed to preach, September, 1873. A few months after he removed to Trinidad, the scene of his future labours. But failing health compelled him to give up mission work after a few years, and he accepted the charge of a congregation in Southern California. His trouble—a throat disease—however, grew worse, till death at length came to his relief, Oct. 3, 1885.

And, lastly, one, well-known by reputation to most of our readers, personally to many, has passed away in the fulness of age—REV. DR. MACGREGOR, the father of our esteemed Professor. No name, we believe, is more generally known and revered in Presbyterian homes throughout the Maritime Provinces than that of the deceased. Among these his memory will long be "kept green." His services, however, have not been confined to that denomination, for all schemes that had for their object the moral and intellectual advancement of man found in him a hearty supporter. Dalhousians will long remember the kind interest he took in their prayer-meeting and other College Societies, and in their personal welfare, and share in the general regret felt for his death.

To the relatives of each of the deceased we extend, on behalf of the students, our sincere sympathy.

WE learn that the Senate's offer to take \$25,000 for the Dalhousie building and site has been accepted by a majority in the City Council. We have merely room, however, in this issue to mention the fact, deferring particulars till our next.

THE crowded state of our columns prevents any lengthy editorial comments on the Munro Celebration. We would, however, call attention to two points in connection with it—points which augur well for the speedy consummation of College Federation in the Maritime Provinces. We refer first to the presence on this occasion—for the first time in the history of these celebrations—of Representatives from the four leading Colleges of this Province and New Brunswick; and, secondly, to the fact that all these gentlemen expressed themselves as strongly in favor of union. Comment is unnecessary, for such an unanimous sentiment, voicing, as it no doubt did, the feelings on this subject of the students of their respective Universities, shows quite clearly "how the wind blows."

**THE MUNRO CELEBRATION (ARTS).**

It was Saturday evening, February 6th, the day after Munro Day. The reporter, whose duty it was to "do" for the GAZETTE the Munro festivities, sat alone in his room, a sad and seedy looking man. His face was swollen, his eyes red ("think not that they were red with wine!"); he had caught a desperate cold returning from Bedford in that (*Ice*) Palace Car. Writing materials lay in confusion on the table before him,—more materials, indeed, than writing, for the sole product of several hours' mental travail was the simile (which brought a smile of satisfaction to his countenance as he read it over and over again): "Even as the weary and thirsty traveller of the Sahara hails with joy the pleasant oasis, so does the Dalhousian, also weary, &c., gladly welcome George Munro's Day." He had just written the "as" of "another of the same," when the door-bell rang. His sad look deepened. Intuitively he felt that it was someone to see him. Who could it be? By a rapid mental process of elimination he decided that it must be one of two—the Minister or the "Nuisance," and, under the circumstances, he was about as anxious to see one as the other. Somewhat irregular attendance at his own, the result of counter attractions in other churches, made him dread an interview with the former; his supposed habits

one with the latter. What are these habits? What is the "Nuisance" any way? An "airy nothing," surely of the Reporter's feverish brain, to whom, however, he ascribed, as a main characteristic, a peculiar fondness for paying unseasonable visits of a patronizing nature to the students beneath him (for he is always a Junior or a Soph.) and of a fawning character to those above him. Unwelcome at any time, such a visit would now, when the report must be ready for the printer before 12 o'clock, be intolerable. The door opened and the landlady ushered in—the "Nuisance," smiling and looking quite at home, "Tell us all about the Munro Celebration!" was almost the first thing he said. "Why, weren't you at it?" asked the Reporter. "I should think not," replied the "Nuisance," "been in the doctor's hands for the last four days, but, thank goodness, he has pulled me through all right. Came out to-night for the first time on purpose to hear about yesterday's "time"—do give us a full account of it!" The Reporter's joy at his recovery was not over-powering, to judge from his countenance. Indeed, had that doctor seen his savage expression, he would have trembled. It was unobserved, however, by the "Nuisance," who wheeled an easy chair before the table, took up a pen and began scribbling. The Reporter, making a virtue of necessity, lit his pipe and began:—

"I needn't tell you about going to the station, for we went pretty much how and when we pleased. On the trip up the students conducted themselves just as they always do when they get together in the cars—shouting and singing the College songs. We had a little variety, however, this time in the shape of an old gentleman, who, besides telling us that we were "the finest crowd of young men he ever came across," gave us lots of good advice, and sang several patriotic songs in a most spirited manner. With hearty cheers for our entertainer we disembarked at Bedford, and made for Beech's hotel. The interval between our arrival and dinner each spent according to his taste. Some smoked and chatted, others played cards or checkers, and a few 'did' Bedford, especially the Salmon Nursery. At 6.30 dinner was announced and the Students, some sixty in number, sat down to a really excellent spread."

"I thought there would have been more than sixty," remarked the "Nuisance." "No," said the Reporter, "the Law Students finding yesterday unsuitable had their dinner the evening before, and only a few Medicals were present. We had,

however, what we never had before at a Munro Dinner—representatives from the four leading Colleges of the Maritime Provinces, 'boss' fellows every one of them who have made for themselves hosts of friends here."

"We sat down to dinner, then, Cahan, Chairman, and Victor Coffin, Vice. There was comparative silence for about half an hour, by which time our cravings had become somewhat appeased. Then jokes, orange-peel, nut-shells, &c., began to be thrown about. At last even the champion Freshie could eat no more, and like Irving's Dutchman, "brimful of wrath and cabbage," or rather of eloquence and turkey, we proceeded to the Toasts.

The recollection of yesterday's good things seemed to soften somewhat the feelings of the Reporter towards his visitor, for, before proceeding, he handed him a pipe, and, inwardly resolving that it should be one "of peace," if not of friendship, he resumed his account.

"I can only very briefly describe the speeches that were made. The were, as a whole, considerably above the average after-dinner oration. Nos. 1 and 2—"The Queen," and "Governor-General and Lieutenant-Governors"—were proposed by the Chairman and Vice-Chairman respectively, in patriotic speeches. In proposing No. 3—"Our Benefactors"—the Chairman briefly referred to the noble generosity towards Dalhousie of Geo. Munro, and the late Alex. McLeod. The toast was drunk with three rousing cheers. Eben. McKay proposed No. 4—"Our President, Professors and Governors." He referred to changes past and to come—the retirement of Dr. Ross, the appointment of his successor, Rev. John Forrest, and the approaching departure of Dr. Schurman to Cornell, speaking in high terms of their respective services to Dalhousie. He then briefly stated what the Governors had done for "Miss Dalhousie, that fastest institution in Halifax except the Dry Dock," concluding with a reference to the negotiations for the sale of the old college building to the Civic authorities, and the prospects for the erection of a new one. In proposing No. 5—"The Alumni"—the Vice-Chairman expressed the hope that ere long this toast and No. 4 would become *one*. Sooner or later our Alumni, in his opinion, would have a controlling influence in the affairs of the College, and the probabilities are—*sooner*. Tutor Murray responded in a witty speech which treated first of the aims of that Society, viz., the promotion of good feeling among graduates and students, and of the best interests of this University and of higher education generally. He then expressed the satisfaction they felt at the friendly relations existing

between Dalhousie and sister Universities, and concluded by urging the bounden duty of all to become members. No. 6—"Alma Mater"—was then proposed by Geo. McLeod, and responded to by Wm. MacDonald in speeches which had the right ring of loyalty about them; after which Macrae proposed No. 7—"Sister Colleges"—speaking in most eulogistic terms of them all, preparatory as well as degree-conferring institutions. Mr. Hughes of N. B. University was the first respondent. In an excellent speech he described the students of that institution as being themselves firmly united, and deeply desirous of a *wider union* of Colleges, referred to a contemplated annual meeting of M. P. College delegates; gave a description of the working of their "Mock Parliament," (a thing, by the way, worth trying at Dalhousie) and other College Societies, and concluded by expressing his entire confidence in the ultimate success of the "union" scheme. Mr. Ruggles of Mt. Allison followed. He also strongly favored College Federation, depicting in glowing terms its many advantages. He then described student life at Mt. Allison, and its *fair neighbour*, the Ladies' Academy, ending, naturally, with a *tender* allusion to school days. On behalf of the Senior Class of Acadia Mr. Knapp expressed the same sentiment of *union*. That class had it, he said, to a man, and if it wasn't yet the sentiment of the whole of the others it soon would be. He described the scenery around Wolfville, Minas Basin, Blomidon, Grand Pre, and the *orchards* around from which the students return, laden with the *fruits* of their labours. "We really have a love for Dalhousie," said he; "indeed, frequent contact on the foot-ball field has made us *blood-relations*." He concluded by extending to Dalhousians a hearty invitation to come down to Acadia for "a while, a year, or *four years*!" Mr. Pratt, of King's, was the fourth representative. He spoke in praise of the social advantages of a residence at Windsor, and of the game, sometimes bagged, *without gun*, by the students. Personally, he also was in favour of College union. If Dalhousie and King's were united the former would gain the advantage of *years*, the latter of *money*. Cheers were then given for the Representatives, after which Ed. Fulton proposed No. 8—"College Societies"—which was responded to by Clarke for Y. M. C. A., J. C. Shaw for the Literary Club, and Creighton for the Athletic Club, who strongly urged the merits of the Societies they respectively represented. The proposer of No. 9—"The Press"—was H. C. Shaw, who, in speaking of its mighty influence for evil as well as good, *pressed* the *pressing* necessity that only "good men, such as the GAZETTE Editors" should

control it. Both he and the Respondent, J. W. Mackenzie, spoke of a variety of *Presses*, dwelling specially, however, on one—"the tenderest of all presses." "The Ladies" had got their "darling," M. G. Allison, to *propose* (the toast) to them, which he did in a brilliant speech, eulogistic of the virtues of the "fair sex" from the "Caucasian woman whose subtle blush was calculated to deceive the innocent Freshie, to the African maiden who, says the poet, is born to *blush* unseen, etc." Philosophically considered, the greatest good and happiness of man, the consummation of his wishes is reached in woman. She is the true "elixir of life." Neil MacKay responded in terms equally eulogistic. He dwelt at length on the habits of women, young and old, or rather always *young*; for, "while *man* in passing through life is first young, then in the prime of life, then middle-aged, then old, *woman* is first young, then young, and then young." He concluded by advising all doubters as to the virtues and goodness of "The Ladies," to put them to a practical test and abide by the result. Voluntary toasts were then drunk to "The Committee," "The Graduating Class," and "The Law Students," and after a toast to "Our Host," (to which he briefly responded) and "Our Next Merry Meeting," preparations began to be made for home, which we reached, tired out but happy, about midnight.

The "Nuisance" heartily thanked the Reporter, and, after a friendly chat on a variety of topics, which extended far on into the night, at length took his leave. "What am I to do about this report!" sighed the Reporter as he returned from showing his visitor out. He picked up the paper on which he had been writing. An exclamation burst from his lips. Unconsciously, it seemed, and for the mere sake of scribbling, the "Nuisance," had *jotted down in short-hand the whole conversation*. "I'll send it, just as it is, to the Printer," said the Reporter to himself, and he did.

"Well, I have learned one or two things from the events of to-night," mused the Reporter, as he retired to his couch, much improved, physically as well as mentally,—"*Always be hospitable to visitors, for one may find, as I did, that he has been 'entertaining angels unawares,' and avoid figurative language in describing such things as Munro Celebrations!*"

#### NOTES.

IN the midst of the festivities the following telegram was despatched to our benefactor, George Munro, Esq., of New York:—

"The Dalhousie University Arts' Students, assembled at dinner in your honour, send greetings, and wish you long life and happiness."

DUGALD STEWART,  
Sec'y Com.

AFTER the toast to "The Press" had been drunk, three hearty cheers were given for Mr. S. D. Scott, late of the Halifax *Herald* and now of the St. John *Sun*,—a fitting tribute to one who has always had a good word for Dalhousie and higher education generally.

#### LAW STUDENTS AT DINNER.

The following report taken from the *Morning Herald* of Friday, the 5th, is a synopsis of the proceedings of the Law Students on the evening of the 4th:—

The students of the Dalhousie law school celebrated "George Munro Day" by a dinner in his honor last night. After the formalities of the menu were carried out in a very creditable and exhaustive manner, the toast list was taken up in the earnest and spirited way we expect our coming legal luminaries and political representatives to deal with such matters. A. G. Troop presided, and the vice-chair was occupied by A. A. McKay. The toast list was as follows:

Queen.  
Dominion Legislature—by A. A. McKay, responded to by H. Robertson and D. A. McKinnon.

Local Legislature—proposed by D. McLellan, responded to by E. M. Macdonald, and J. A. McDougall.

Our country—by H. W. Rogers, responded to by J. A. Chisholm, T. J. Carter, and A. Cluney.  
George Munro—by W. W. Walsh, responded to by A. E. Milliken and W. A. Lyons.

Alma Mater—by A. Morrison, responded to by F. A. McCully.

The graduating class of 1886—by E. M. McDonald, responded to by A. G. Troop, H. V. Jennison, and A. E. Milliken.

The faculty—by H. V. Jennison, responded to by S. R. Thompson, and J. A. Russell.

The learned professions—by C. A. McCready, responded to by J. R. Campbell and G. H. Turner.

The men not making for the bar—by A. A. McKay, responded to by C. H. Cahan (representative of the arts).

Sister colleges—by H. F. McLatchy, responded to by E. H. Armstrong.

Other toasts were responded to by Messrs. McEachern, Fraser, Magee, McInnis and McLellan. When the young apostles of Coke had got

nicely settled down to do the honors of the evening a congratulatory telegram was despatched to Geo. Munro as follows:

To GEORGE MUNRO, NEW YORK.

GREETING:—The students of Dalhousie law school assembled in honor of George Munro to-day, send congratulations.

H. V. JENNISON,  
Chairman of Committee.

The speeches given were unusually brilliant and entertaining, which is evidenced by the fact that when the last toast had been responded to considerable regret was shown that the end had been reached so soon, which by the way was along into the "wee sma' hours," and several endeavors were made to obtain another flow, of wit, wisdom, and legal philosophy. The honored guest of the evening was not only complimented and eulogised in a manner fitting his benevolent character by those on the regular toast, but was referred to in tones of deep esteem by many other speakers. His career as a literary man was ably dealt out to the admiring hearers by the proposer of the toast to the Press, and it may not be amiss to anticipate, that his success in his profession as well as his benevolent acts towards Dalhousie will act as a stimulus in shaping their destiny. The able manner in which the toast to the Faculty was proposed and responded to; and the enthusiasm with which, the respectful and glowing terms of regard in which they were held by the students was received, testifies to the fact that the Law Faculty have won their way into the hearts of those whose minds they have to guide. The Minister of Justice was spoken of in terms of deep regard and affection and the fact that he was a member of the Faculty a short time ago and is now Minister of Justice of the Dominion, was shown as an instance of the competent staff of instructors the law students have over them. At the close of this toast a telegram conveying the congratulations and kind regards of the students was transmitted to the Minister of Justice. When they had convinced themselves that Geo. Munro, and the Faculty, and the Press of the city had been justly and exhaustively dealt with, and the great legal and political questions of the day had been sufficiently ventilated, the sons of Blackstone concluded one of the most successful and enjoyable times of this nature that have ever been spent by them in this city. A noticeable feature was the friendliness and sociable feeling with which the young representatives of the Maritime Provinces regarded each other, and the New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island boys felt they were brothers of one family. Special thanks were tendered to the Press for the interest

it had taken in the law school and the law students generally.

The following is a copy of the telegram sent to the Minister of Justice:

HALIFAX, Feb. 4th, 1886.

To THE HON. MINISTER OF JUSTICE, OTTAWA:—

Greeting:—The students of Dalhousie law school, assembled in honor of George Munro, send congratulations.

H. V. JENNISON.

REPLY RECEIVED.

OTTAWA, Feb. 5th, 1886.

H. V. JENNISON, LAW SCHOOL:—

Your telegram received this morning. Am too late to wish you all a happy festival, but instead I wish you a speedy recovery. The school and all belonging to it have my hearty sympathy and good wishes.

J. S. D. THOMPSON.

#### LAW SCHOOL NOTES.

GREAT credit is due Mr. Morrison for the successful manner in which the Picture Gallery of "Great Men yet to be" has been inaugurated. The Law Editors do not pose for "Art Critics, and consequently any criticism must not be looked for from us, but if we were to give our opinion we should say, that considerable natural taste for the beautiful is displayed in the correct delineation, as well as in the selection of his victim. We will not say, as has been said of some knights of the brush, "may your crayon stick never grow less," but rather "may you long live to wield the pencil."

LAW SCHOOL DEBATING CLUB.—The debating club of the law school discussed on Saturday evening the question as to whether the Dominion Government were justified in their decision on the celebrated Robertson and McDonald election case which came before the house during the session of 1883, from King's Co., P. E. I. In their decision the house unseated Dr. Robertson, the Liberal candidate, who had the majority vote, and accepted in his stead Mr. McDonald, the Conservative candidate, on the ground that the former was disqualified, being at the time a member of the local legislature of his province. The debate was opened by Mr. McLatchy, in defence of the action of the government, who gave a concise and succinct review of the facts of the case, and mainly rested his defence on chapter 2 of the Statute of 1872. He was followed by Mr. E. M. Macdonald, who in an able and eloquent manner showed that Dr. Robertson was not a member of the local house at the time, and showed also the application of the several acts bearing on the case. He was followed by Messrs. T. J. Carter, A. E. Milliken, C. W. Lane, F. H.

Hanwright, C. A. McCready, J. A. Russell and J. A. Chisholm in defence of the government, and by Messrs. F. A. McCully, E. H. Armstrong, D. A. McKinnon, A. G. Troop and J. W. Fraser in condemnation. The debate, involving one of the most important constitutional questions ever before parliament, was keenly discussed. The attendance was large, quite a number of visitors being present, and the enthusiasm intense as point after point was scored by the combatants on either side. But although a decidedly political question, political recriminations were not indulged in by either party. The debate was brought to a close at a very late hour and the question was decided in approval of the action of the government by a majority of one.

#### COLLEGE NEWS.

At a meeting of the Athletic Club held in the Law school building on Friday last, it was resolved to accept the offer of the Gymnasium Committee, viz., to assume the entire management and responsibility of the proposed Assault-at-arms to take place in the Academy of Music towards the end of the present month. Messrs. A. A. McKay and J. A. Whitford of the Law department, and Sergeant-Major Bailey were added to the existing Managing Committee, composed entirely of Arts' Students'. Under the management of an organization which the students themselves direct and govern, greater zeal and energy will be displayed, and the actions of our representatives in Committee roles has to a considerable degree ensured the success of this enterprise.—Com.

#### DALLUSIENSIA.

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

FIRE in box 56.

"WHITH theeek Mithter O?"

JUNIOR wishes to know who threw that hot potato.

"How can I meet my father and say that I have drunk nothing stronger than soda water?"

THE question of the hour (11—12 A. M.) for the Juniors loafing in the reading-room:—"Where can we get a chew?"

ANXIOUSLY enquiring Soph: "Do they have Easter holidays at Truro Normal School?" We suggest that he send for a Calendar.

THE ladies have found a valiant *pro(tec)tor* in one of our Meds. Indeed, they like to come across any of them when they want an antic *lark*—even the *fletch(dge)ling*.

WE do not know *how* it was, but at the Munro dinner the P. E. Islander took the first place. We are proud to

say that "this *Kanada(y)* of ours" was a good second, although closely pressed by the Irishman. At the Junior's table, Jim, forgetful of the Greek maxim "*μηδὲν ἄγαν*," was determined that there should at last be "justice to Cape Breton."

OUR heavy-weight Junior is in training, not for the Assault-at-Arms, but for a slugging match. Be *calm*! Believe us you will succeed all the better, but don't allow yourself to be robbed of your girl.

DID you ever *ken a deed* to match that of the Freshie who took his lady-love to the Soiree, Tuesday night? It would be interesting to know also what *secret intention* the Philosophical Junior had in following his example. As if the Munro Dinner wasn't enough for one week!

#### LAW FACETIÆ.

THE *genus homo* through whom the name of the "hero of the lions den" is handed down to posterity, was said to have given utterance to his admiration, when he came for the first time, "Picture No. 2"; "Our coming Finance Minister," in the following words:—

"Is it President Cleveland I see before me?" or one of the many distinguished men of Cape Breton?" (*yet to be.*)

If our friend *John*, whose reputation as the king of verbosity stands unimpeached, and whose cutting remarks at the Club last Saturday night were felt as keenly as if a *razor* had been brought into requisition, will communicate with the *Facetivæ* editor, we will use our strongest influence to secure him the position of representative for Chizencook at the next general convention of the Lime Kiln Club.

#### PERSONALS.

Below we continue our account of *Quondam* Dalhousie students now at the University of Edinburgh:

H. G. Creelman, B. A. '81, who won second-class honours in Mathematics and Physics, is continuing his studies in Physics under Prof. Tait, the celebrated Edinburgh physicist. Mr. Creelman's course has been most distinguished. Having won the Governor-General's gold medal in Dalhousie he matriculated into the University of London at the June examinations, 1883. Defeating all competing Canadians he won the Gilchrist scholarship of the annual value of £100 and tenable for three years. Since then Mr. Creelman has won distinction at the various University examinations, and we were highly gratified to publish in the last number of the *GAZETTE* an epitome of a paper written by him, and setting forth facts which have won for it and its author high commendation from most excellent authorities.

Howard Murray, B. A., who spent three years in Dalhousie winning high distinction in Classics, is gaining a greater knowledge of his favourite subject at Edinburgh. Mr. Murray matriculated into the University of

London in 1880, winning the Gilchrist scholarship. After a most successful course at the London University, during which he won many classical scholarships and prizes, he graduated from that institution with first-class honours last year.

A. G. Reid, B. Sc. '83, who graduated from Dalhousie with first-class honours in Mathematics and Physics, is one of Edinburgh 'Medicos.' Mr. Reid, who was one of Dalhousie's most successful students, won laurels for himself in the London University examinations last spring. His course at Edinburgh has been most gratifying to all who are interested in his welfare.

A. E. Thomson, B. A. '80, a gentleman well known to many of our graduates, is continuing his medical studies in "modern Athens."

D. F. D. Turner, B. A. '84, who, after spending part of his Arts course at Oxford and part at King's College, London, graduated from Dalhousie, is one of Dalhousie's most capable representatives at Scotland's leading University.

H. M. Smith, B. Sc. '84, a well-known Dalhousie graduate, is steadily working away in Edinburgh. Mr. Smith studied last year at the Halifax Medical College, and from his past record we have no hesitation in predicting for him a successful career as a "disciple of Aesculapius."

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#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

GEO. MUNRO, Esq., \$5; Rev. John Murray, Rev. Wm. Stuart, Rev. Wm. P. Archibald, Rev. Principal Grant, \$2 each; Miss Creelman, D. Soloan, W. McLeod, A. S. Mackenzie, B. A., Rev. G. L. George, Rev. J. A. Cairns, W. G. Putnam, Hon. A. G. Archibald, Dr. Burns, Rev. James Gray, Prof. Pollock, A. W. Thomson, B. A., W. J. Stairs, Dr. Avery, A. H. Mackay, B. A., Sydenham Howe, Esq., S. R. Thomson, J. Campbell, Jr., \$1 each.

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