

The Dalhousie Gazette.

ORA ET LABORA.

VOL. XIX.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 15, 1887.

No. 9.

[The uncanny looking creature who handed this in, having extorted from us a promise to publish it, we comply most unwillingly with his request. Our subscribers will please note that we are not responsible for the opinions, etc., therein expressed.—EDS].

FISH.

(FOR THE WADDELL PRIZE).

Having mislaid my treatise on fishology, edited by the late Dean Swift, I am compelled to draw largely on my memory and imagination for the prehistoric and philosophical points hereinafter set forth.

Where found.—Fish are found in nearly all of the inhabitable waters of this mundane sphere. They are also found in many of the more civilized fish markets of the world, on breakfast and dinner tables, in small glass globes in drug stores, and even in the dwelling houses of the more peculiar of the human race. One of the many peculiar features which distinguish fish from men in general, and students in particular, and one which strikingly illustrates their utter imbecility, is their decided preference for water over all other beverages, it being a well established fact that fish cannot live without water. Sir John Harvey is said to have made this discovery, and his opinion is upheld by such able philosophers as Shakespeare, Bacon, Bill Nye, John Wilkes, Booth, Louis Riel, and others. I concur.

Historical.—From a historical point of view not much can be said of the various families, etc., now extant, nor of their forefathers. It is claimed by some authors that they originally

descended from the Ark shortly after the flood, and I am inclined to agree with them; for if fish existed before the flood doubtless they were all drowned in that great freshet. As to religious belief I am of opinion that they have not and never had any; though they are firm believers in the doctrine of Immersion, and though the aforementioned mislaid treatise states that some of them *prey*. They are cold-blooded creatures, and have never been heard discussing doctrinal points.

How caught.—Much depends upon the catcher. Halifax sportsmen who fish for pleasure ununsally recline on some mossy knoll within the gloomy depths of the "forest primeval," sporting with liquids somewhat antagonistic to the breathing organs of the finny tribes. They capture them on their return by the liberal use of silver bait. The transfer of said bait from pocket to pocket causes them to rise readily from their icy bed—in the fish market.

Those who fish for profit catch them in the ordinary way, though it is said that very large fish, even sharks, have been captured by the *Finns* in Northern Europe.

Their use.—They are used for many purposes. Persons fond of their flesh are in the habit of fasting thereon during the Lenten season. Their oil is used as a beverage for greasing boots, etc., etc., and it is recorded that a man named Jonah once used a whale as a dwelling house for some time.

It has been remarked that eating fish will cause the brain to grow. A committee of dudes, deputed by the Halifax Dude Society to make experiments and ascertain whether the statement was true or false, after careful research report it

to be a base fabrication. Evidently they have confounded creation with development, hence their mistake. No one has ever claimed that the use of fish would create brains in empty noddles; but I do claim that it develops the brain, and that non-use causes decrease, softening, etc., etc.

This latter statement is strikingly illustrated by contrasting the present condition of the Americans with their condition a few years ago, when they were plentifully supplied with piscatorial food by means of pilfering from Canadian waters. Since they have been wrongfully debarred by our authorities from stealing fish, there has been a great scarcity of that article in the United States, and the citizens of that great and glorious country have suffered so severely from softening of the brain that they seriously contemplate an attempt at coercing us into allowing them to steal *ad infinitum*.

They have in fact reached a state of such utter imbecility, that in the absence of fish to fry, they have been attempting to Frye the question, and so demonstrate to Canadians that they are not dependent on us.

The following, to be considered as a part of this article, is also entered for the McNaughton competition:—

THE EAGLE'S SOAR (THE EAGLE'S SORE).

A bird goes soaring into space
With vaunting cries and boastful mien,
As king of all the winged race
That is, or was, or might have been.

It shrieks and shrieking stoops to see
All living creatures quake with fear;
It says, "The world was made for me
Though I opine that fish are dear."

Then calls its fledgelings from their perch
And says, "Go hence upon your way,
Go to the land of spruce and birch
And bring ye all their fish away."

For I would dine, and fish are few
In this dear land of liberty"—
Then forth the screaming fledgeling flew
From that great country of the free.

They flew, but even as they flew
Their wings grew weary with their flight,
So nearer to the land they drew
And straight descended to alight.

But on the beach the beavers sat
A shining army of defense;
And in each tree a forest cat
That gazed with yearning look intense,

That much bespoke an appetite
That one small bird would ill appease—
The fledgelings wheeled in rapid flight
And fled across the summer seas.

All wearied with their rapid flight
They could not carry any load:
But reached their home in sorry plight
Where their paternal bird abode.

The tale was told, the parent's rage
Was neither human nor divine—
Not even reason could assuage
That wrath. He cried, "I'll not resign

These favors I have long enjoyed
We will go back, the wild cats spy
And beavers all shall be destroyed,
And we will fish the ocean dry."

And should they come—they'll be deceived
Though all to them seems bright and fair;
I doubt not they'll be well received
They'll find the "British Lion" there.

A STUDY IN TELEPATHY.

The generation that has read "She" with such evident enjoyment has certainly a taste for the marvellous. Chance having thrown into my hands "A narrative of the Life, Trial, and Execution of Neil McFadyen," which contains food for thought for persons in search of the wonderful, I have thought it well to make the columns of the GAZETTE a medium for giving to the public the more interesting parts. The compiler of the narrative was a worthy old man, a Justice of the Peace and a Coroner for the County of Pictou, and every statement made can be relied on. The story of McFadyen is generally known in this Province; but for clearness' sake I repeat it briefly. He was by occupation a farmer, living in Moose River, one of the most remote districts of Pictou County. In the Spring of 1847 he was obliged to leave his country for his country's good, and went to Northern New Brunswick, where for a year he worked in a lumbering camp. Here his companion was a young man named John Kerr, whom he induced to come with him to Pictou. The two set out from Miramachi on the 20th

June, 1848, and were within the limits of Pictou County two days later. About six o'clock in the evening of the 30th June, they had travelled to within six miles of McFadyen's former place of residence. The Moose River road branches off from the main road to St. Mary's, near the Blue Mountain Church, and, after passing by two or three farms, crosses the Moose River, and then leads down the stream on the left hand side till it comes to a farm then occupied by Alexander McLaren, where it may be said to terminate. Hence to McFadyen's, a distance of a mile and one half, there is merely a path "through dark and solitary woods." About daylight on the morning of the 1st July, McLaren's wife saw two men—one of them she knew to be McFadyen—come out of the barn, and take the path leading to McFadyen's house. When about half the distance had been covered, McFadyen led his unsuspecting comrade across the river, and there in a little clearing on the right bank foully murdered him. Pictou might then have said:—

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of."

The evidence subsequently showed that the chief instrument employed was a handspike. Before eight o'clock of the same day (July 1st), McFadyen arrived home, bringing with him several articles of clothing and a sum of money. After some months, the father of the murdered man became anxious, and wrote to the Rev. Alexander McGillivray, of McLennan's Mountain (in whose parish Moose River was) asking him to make enquiries regarding his missing son. This letter was handed to the writer of the narrative from which I am gleaning this information. Strict enquiry was immediately instituted, and enough was discovered to lead to the issuing of a warrant for McFadyen's apprehension. He was taken and confined to gaol. A search, that soon proved successful, was made for Kerr's body. The body, or what remained of it, was found lying face downward along side of a birch windfall, partially covered over with earth and leaves. The clothes had been left on the body, except the coat and hat, and these were afterwards found in McFadyen's house.

The above facts it was necessary to give in order to obtain a clear understanding of what follows. I shall now quote verbatim from the narrative. Let the unbeliever in telepathy read:

"There is another singular fact connected with this murder, which is worthy of record on account of its very curiousness. When Daniel Kerr's letter to Rev. A. McGillivray was put into the hands of the Magistrate, it was deemed necessary to have some of the relatives of the missing lad at hand, so as to identify the articles should any be found on McFadyen. For this purpose the Magistrate wrote Daniel Kerr, Daniel, and his son Alexander, left their home for Pictou immediately on receipt of said letter. The journey took them about eight days in the performance, and the body was found and McFadyen committed for trial before their arrival; but of this fact they had no intelligence until they got to Pictou town. In the interval, the Magistrate received a letter by mail from Daniel Kerr, Jr., another brother of the missing lad, dated at Dalhousie, N. B., two days after his father and brother left there. It enclosed a letter to his father, and on opening it after the father arrived at Pictou, it was found to contain *directions for the search of John Kerr's body*. These directions were founded on a dream, and would certainly have led to the discovery of the body had it not previously been found. The dreamer was an old and respectable inhabitant of Dalhousie, who was well acquainted with John Kerr, but never saw McFadyen. This dreamer not only describes Alex. McLaren's barn from which he says he saw Kerr and McFadyen leaving on the morning of the murder—the path that led to McFadyen's house—the Moose River flowing on the right hand—the crossing of the River—the locality in which the crime was committed—the handspike—the dragging of the body—the birch windfall—the partial covering of the body with marvellous accuracy; but he also describes another scene in the tragedy which is probably equally correct, although it is now utterly impossible to prove it. It had had been ascertained by the Coroner and Doctor at the time, from the part of the skull that was fractured, and from the direction in which the

blows must have been given, that the handspike found at the place, and by which the skull was fractured, was used by the murderer *after* he felled his victim, and when the body was lying on its face on the ground. How Kerr came to fall could not be ascertained; for the flesh was all gone before the body was found. The dreamer here tells a sad story which, from the accuracy of his description of things known to be correct, and from a corroborative circumstance which shall be hereafter noticed, is likely to be true. The dreamer says that he saw McFadyen and Kerr crossing the river to the right hand, McFadyen directing the way, but always keeping behind; that they went on in this fashion, keeping not far from the river for about half a mile, until they came to where trees had been felled; that Kerr often hesitated to proceed, but his companion urged him on, until they came to where the ground was gently inclining downwards towards McFadyen's clearing; that here McFadyen, being behind, drew a long sharp knife with a rough handle and stabbed Kerr with it under the small ribs, by the effect of which stab he fell on his face in a little hollow or cradle hill, and then McFadyen took the handspike and battered Kerr's head. The writer of this narrative had an opportunity shortly after reading the dream of conversing with McFadyen's wife. She then had heard nothing of the dream, nor did any one else know of it but myself and Daniel Kerr. She was asked if her husband brought any knives home with him from New Brunswick. The answer was, 'Yes. Three.' She was then requested to describe them. 'One,' she said, 'was a small double-bladed knife; one was a clasp knife, with a broad point like a gardener's knife; and the third was a long-bladed sharp-pointed knife like a dirk, and had a rough buckhorn handle.'

Such is in substance the narrative I mentioned in beginning. I have occupied too much space already to warrant me in making any comments. If what I have written should come to the notice of any reader of Abercrombie's "Mental Powers," let him place the example of telepathy here given along side of the many to be found in that book. While it may not be as

interesting, it is certainly as authentic as any of Dr. Abercrombie's collection, and perhaps its local character may lend it a charm. Let any who have not been students of Abercrombie read the dreams narrated and visions described in that rare old book, and they will find themselves in a dilemma. Common sense would lead them to one conclusion; the substantiated instances of telepathy there given will bring them to another; and they will rise from their perusal not surprised that poets and philosophers are divided among themselves on the subject. A Shakespeare believes that,

"Dreams are but children of an idle brain
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy;"

while a Byron writes—

"The wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real."

GEO. PATTERSON, JR.

TWO LUCKY MISTAKES.

(WADDELL COMPETITION.)

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

The truth of Gay's couplet has always been denied by those—who delight to be known as seekers after truth,—who shout with Bryant,

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, bruised, writhes with pain,
And dies among her worshippers;

or with Milton, "Truth is strong,—next to the Almighty;" or with the old proverb, "Magna est veritas, et praevalerebit." Though generally these are right, there are, I believe, some cases where error seems not likely to die, and we are glad that it does not. For example, the famous saying attributed to Nelson—"England expects every man to do his duty"—is a myth, yet how often it has stirred British hearts "to do noble deeds, not dream them all day long?" As we read accounts of Waterloo, how we thrill with emotion when, at the culminating point of the battle, we hear the cry, "Up! Guards! and at them!" and though the Iron Duke protests that he never uttered such nonsense, will we not still quote the words? The Brutus of Shakespeare

and of history are not by any means identical; but who would willingly lose the poet's estimate of "the noblest Roman of them all?" Instances innumerable might be given, but these are surely sufficient to prove that error does not always die—that fortunate mistakes may be made—that sometimes it would have been folly to be wise.

It does not often occur that an author will fall into two grievous errors, and withal have the works he bases on them exceeding popular. One such case at least we have in our literature. Of all the longer poems of that prince of American poets, Longfellow, none is better known and loved than "Evangeline" or "Hiawatha." Yet historical error lies at the bottom of each. This statement may be a trifle too sweeping in regard to the former of the two poems—it certainly is not of the latter. Most of us will confess that the music of the softly flowing hexameters in which Evangeline is written would have sounded less sweet and been less appreciated, had we known that we read in them untruths, calculated to give us and the world a wrong impression of the expulsion of the Acadians. We rise from the reading of Evangeline feeling that never people were wronged as were the Acadians. We read there too,

"Thus dwelt together in love the simple Acadian farmers,
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they
free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of
republics;
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their
windows;
But their dwellings were open as day, and the hearts of
their owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in
abundance."

What does history tell us of the people so described? Many things, among them that they were a quarrelsome, litigious race, forever disputing among themselves, not "in honor preferring one another," but the reverse; that they were grasping but, yet because of their indolence, poor; that they were treacherous, faithless, and ungrateful; that, in short, they richly deserved their severe fate. Mr. Longfellow, however, cannot be blamed for the mistake he has made. Our early historians were similarly deceived. That they were is lucky; for about such a people as the Acadians actually were, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to construct a readable "tale of love."

With those

"Who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,"

—in fact with all lovers of poetry "The Song

of Hiawatha" has always been a favorite. So much so that it seems like sacrilege to say that it is conceived in error. The Hiawatha of history was an Onondaga chief, through whose instrumentality the famous Iroquois league was formed. He had learned that in union is strength, and wished to unite under one federal government a number of petty tribes. Failing to convince the Onondagas of the importance of union, he went to a neighbouring tribe, to whom his name and good deeds were not unknown. This he persuaded to take the initiative. One tribe after another joined it, until the great league was founded, and a mutual benefit alliance, destined to be of immense service both to their own race and ours, was formed. Had Mr. Longfellow confined himself to telling us how Hiawatha

"prayed, and how he fasted,
How he loved, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people;"

or to showing us

"That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,"

his story would have been strictly correct. Instead, however, of depicting a grave, humane and peace-loving Iroquois law-giver, the poet has given us an account of a fabled hero of the Ojibeways. Here again Mr. Longfellow is not to blame. He trusted to supposed authorities. A Mr. Schoolcraft published some years ago a book which he was pleased to entitle "The Hiawatha Legends," composed for the most part of wild Ojibeway stories of one of their demigods. On these fanciful tales Mr. Longfellow based his poem. If at the time when MacAulay's New Zealander will stand on the remains of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, some antiquarian of those days were to confound King Alfred with Odin, Chinese Gordon with El Madi, or Washington with Riel, he could hardly make a more egregious mistake than Mr. Schoolcraft, followed by Mr. Longfellow, has done.

We return now to our starting point. In two familiar poems we find grave errors, but we are glad these errors have been made. Had Longfellow known the character of the Acadians and the circumstances leading to their expulsion, Evangeline, in all probability, would never have been written. Had he been well versed in Indian lore, "The Song of Hiawatha" might have been sung, but there would have been wanting from it much that now makes it interesting. Here then was not ignorance preferable to wisdom? Were not the mistakes lucky?

The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 15, 1887.

EDITORS:

W. R. CAMPBELL, '87. R. J. McDONALD, '89.
 Wm. McDONALD, '88. T. J. CARTER, Law, '87.
 J. S. SUTHERLAND, '88. HECTOR McINNIS, Law, '88.
 A. M. MORRISON, '88.
 E. H. ARMSTRONG, Law, '88. } *Financial Editors.*

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

TERMS:

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

Payment to be made to E. H. ARMSTRONG, Box 422, Halifax, N. S. Other business communications to be made to A. M. MORRISON, Box 338, Halifax, N. S. All literary communications to be addressed to Editors "Dalhousie Gazette," Halifax, N. S. Anonymous communications will receive no attention.

We respectfully ask the Students to patronize our advertisers.

CONTENTS:

| | |
|--|-----|
| Fish.—(For the Waddell Prize)..... | 109 |
| A study in Telepathy..... | 110 |
| Two Lucky Mistakes.—(Waddell Competition)..... | 112 |
| Editorial..... | 114 |
| The Lessons of Poetry..... | 115 |
| Reception..... | 117 |
| College News..... | 118 |
| Exchanges..... | 118 |
| Dalhousiensia..... | 118 |
| Personals..... | 119 |
| Acknowledgments..... | 120 |

THE Sessional examinations are approaching; and in ratio as they approach our interest in other matters seems to diminish; and it is only natural that it should, yet there are some matters in connection with the College which merit a continuance of our interest even through the examinations.

We refer to the various College Societies, Literary and otherwise, more especially the former.

Our purpose in attending College is not, or certainly should not be, to cram as much Latin, Greek, Law, &c., &c., into our heads as we possibly can, to beat our fellow-students at the examinations, or even to make remarkably high marks on the various subjects. As we understand it, the true aim of the student is to obtain such knowledge as may be of practical use to him in his future profession, whatever that may

be, without endangering his health in the pursuit.

Such being the case, we submit that some attempts at practical application of the knowledge we obtain cannot but inure to our benefit. A doctor may have learned a cure for every ill beneath the sun, and yet if he cannot, when called to attend a patient, make a diagnosis, how can he employ his remedy? A lawyer may know the law of contracts and torts as fully as it is established by precedent and statute, yet if he cannot tell a client whether a wrong done him is a breach of contract or a tort, he is more ridiculously ignorant than the man who never saw a law book.

What we, students of Dalhousie, need is practice in applying what we learn to every day life. We have enough of theory, but too little practical application of theories to every day events.

The establishment of a Moot Court in connection with the Law School obviates this difficulty to a certain extent as far as Law Students are concerned; and the course pursued by the first year in law in having separate Moot Courts of their own is a further step in the right direction; but when the Art Students allow their Literary Societies to collapse they give up their one opportunity of obtaining that experience, which makes the comparatively unlearned appear even more intelligent than the College graduate.

We study Logic. Do we speak logically? We study Literature; is our language more refined?

We study all the branches requisite to enable us to express our ideas clearly, logically, and grammatically, but too often when we rise to address an audience we go stammering through a series of unintelligible phrases, and sit down in the midst of a sentence we cannot straighten out, wishing the earth would open and swallow us.

Why is this? Simply because we neglect the opportunity College Societies afford us of accustoming ourselves to speak to an audience, and of applying the rules we learn to our remarks on such occasions; because we fear the

criticism of our fellow-students, and learn too late, after having been criticised by more relentless critics, that we have made a mistake; because we prefer cramming these rules into our heads immediately before the examinations, and will not exert ourselves enough to learn their application and apply them. The art of public speaking is more than an accomplishment, it is in many cases a necessity; and to no one is it more necessary than to the lawyer.

He rises to address a judge or jury—he should be able to present his facts in such a way as will make them most conclusive in his client's favor. Is it not better to learn lessons of this sort now than when practising at the Bar, when a slight mistake may involve a client in heavy loss?

The students by abandoning the Mock Parliament have decided to wait until the future; or perchance they imagine they are *au fait* now in that regard. "Twas ever thus."

THE LESSONS OF POETRY.

It has been pointed out that in treating of Poetry we ought, in strictness, rather to contrast it with science than with prose. And certainly, while it may be difficult to define Poetry at once fully and precisely, we can readily enough recognize the general disparity between its aims and methods and those of science. We know that science deals with the investigation of natural phenomena, and of the laws to which they are subject. It opens up to our view the wonders of the universe around us, or analyzes forces the structure of that not less marvellous world which each man possesses in himself. As to what its lessons are there can be no doubt. It bestows on us knowledge, and this gift we value at its own worth irrespective of any charm of literary style in which it may be presented to us. Evidently our gain from a study of poetry is something essentially different from this. It is not so much that we obtain a certain amount of information that we did not possess before, as that we learn to regard the thing we *do* know in a different way so that

they are seen in a new relation to us. We ourselves have been brought in some degree under an influence otherwise unknown, and we have gained from it not knowledge but insight. The facts we may have acquired, whether by the aid of science or by the experience of daily life, are transfigured in this new light,—a reflex of that light which indeed "never was on sea or land," yet which has illuminated for us the highest and deepest truths. If, then, we can find out what objects the poets imagination brightens for us, and what new power of discernment it bestows upon us, it may help us to appreciate justly the value of the lessons of poetry.

Perhaps no kind of poetry has had in the present century a more wide-spread influence than that which has natural scenery for its objects, and which, while it shews beauty as itself dependent on our state of feeling, also traces the effect of its reaction upon our own minds.

From the time of Wordsworth especially we have had no lack of poets, who, with every degree of genius and the most diverse orders of talent, have pictured for us the loveliness of land, and sea, and sky. Now we are all probably in some measure influenced by the appearance of visible objects around us, but this influence is often largely of an unconscious nature; or if we are conscious of much pleasure in the presence of a beautiful scene it is generally when there is also something in it new or uncommon which seems to excite our curiosity and to fix our attention. Many a man will admire a landscape in a foreign country through which he passes in the course of his travels who actually does not "see" beauties quite equal which have surrounded him from boyhood. Yet it is just on these familiar scenes that most of us have to depend for whatever of happiness or helpfulness the aspect of nature can give. And it is here that the true poet can come to our aid. He can express for us, as we never could do for ourselves, the sense of beauty, of which we are so vaguely and dimly conscious, and, as is well known, the expression of any emotion tends to raise and strengthen it. Then the harmony of

his language may so blend in our thoughts with the visible beauty it suggests that the scene before us becomes associated in our mind with this new pleasure felt in the music of his verse. But above all he shews us, not only what we *do* feel, but what we *may* feel, in the presence of beauty, and how a new loveliness and a more impressive grandeur will unfold themselves before us, if not content with promoting our material prosperity, nor even with cultivating our reason, we give to the imagination and æsthetic powers their full scope; and by their aid strive to read what Goethe calls the "open secret" of the universe.

Nor are we to suppose that influence of this sort is limited to the highest kinds of poetry, and to the most cultured audiences. I think there is to be found in this Province a good example of the power of the poet to awaken appreciation of familiar scenery, and that in the work of a writer who appeals, not so much to the select few, as to the people at large. There are probably in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton other places quite as lovely, certainly some scenery far more grand than we find in the Annapolis Valley; but as far as I am aware there is no other part of this Province where the people take so much pleasure in the beauty of their country. And I think there can be no doubt that this feeling is very largely due to Longfellow's description of the valley in the opening stanzas of "Evangeline,"—a description not remarkably assured nor exhibiting any high degree of poetic genius, yet serving to point out the more salient points of a tract of country whose calm and peaceful beauty, when once we have felt its charm, becomes more and more delightful.

But the influence of poetical description is fortunately not limited to the portrayal of the scenes with which we are acquainted. In fact, it is to English writers who describe landscapes, differing in character very widely from those on which we look, that we, in this new world, owe the most. For however much the objects viewed may differ, the spirit that can recognize beauty in nature is everywhere the same; and as Shakespeare was "not for an age, but for all

time," so Wordsworth and Shelly are not for one country but for the world.

But art has a higher mission than that of pointing out to us visible beauty. She can unravel the innermost workings of the human heart, and shew us its loves and its hatreds, its strength and its weakness, its beauty and its deformity, and it is in such subjects that the noblest poetry finds its themes. And here we are reminded of the close union of the Real with the Ideal. We do not find ourselves surrounded in daily life by Hamlets and Falstaffs, Juliets and Hermiodes, but could the acutest observation that *we* might give to the men and women we meet ever afford us such deep and clear insight into the mysterious depths of human nature as we can gain in the light of the genius of Shakespeare? His characters are indeed true to nature in the fullest sense, for they are so instinct with life that they are more real to us than any of the heroes of whom we read in the pages of history. Nor do we reap from such poetry only an intellectual pleasure, the art which "holds the mirror up to nature" can never be other than truly moral, and the lessons of such art are lessons of trust, and hope, and love.

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held."

But there is, moreover, another class of subjects which poetry makes peculiarly its own, and in which its guidance is especially helpful to us. I refer to those last and apparently insoluble problems to which, whether under their theological or philosophical aspects, the mind of man is continually turning problems which perhaps in some sense every man must solve for himself. The meaning and value of life, the existence of evil, the ultimate destiny of the human race, who shall satisfy us as to these? Revelation—can and does tell us enough to show us our duty in life. Philosophy may help us to a right comprehension of the questions involved. Yet there remains always an undiscovered country which can only be traversed by the imagination. But the imagination strengthened by faith, and controlled by reason, may reach some intuition of the truth.

RECEPTION.

Y. M. C. A. SHOW A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN
KINDNESS TO THE STUDENTS.

Last week an invitation was posted up on the boards in the respective buildings asking the students to attend a reception at the Y. M. C. A. Room, Friday evening, March 11th. All attended, and though the night was stormy many of the members came to welcome their guests. Nearly every one of the clergy of the city were present, and for one night lived their college days over again. Prof. Russell, Dr. Allison, G. P. Mitchell, Prof. Penny, and many other leading citizens also came, and assisted in making the boys feel at home.

Mr. Silver's opening remarks were what might have been expected from a gentleman of his wide experience and knowledge of the world. Everything that a successful business man and a good citizen says is worth listening to, and Mr. Silver's words of advice did not fall on stony ground. Prof. Weldon, M. P., received a grand ovation when he rose to speak. He only echoed the feelings of the students when he thanked in warmest terms, the kindness that the Y. M. C. A. had shown the strangers attending the several faculties by throwing open their well-furnished reading rooms. And every student wished to thank the Dr. for saying so gracefully for all what each one felt he ought individually to say. Our President spoke more than half a truth when he said that people often regarded students as a different class from ordinary young men; but they were just the same as the young men met in every home.

All the speeches were well received, but no taffy was allowed to be given, and when "the fine intelligent body of young men," "cream of our country" phrases were tried on cries of "Oh!" "Take that back!" rather disconcerted the flatterer. It was a social success in every way for the lads felt so much at home that their animal spirits found full vent and the Freshmen stood open-mouthed when they saw their popular tutor bounced by some limbs of the law who quietly led him out in the hall and sent him up in a way that would have delighted a Montreal

Emmerson tells how two Arabians, the one a Philosopher, the other a Mystic, once conferred together, and when they parted the Philosopher said: "All he sees I know;" but the Mystic said, "All he knows I see." And it is just this same "seeing" power of the Mystic, conjoined with the gift of harmonious expression, which has enabled the greatest poets at every stage of the world's history to guide as well as to delight their fellow men. The answers they have given to the problems of life have differed at different times, to each it may be, but one side of the truth has been revealed, and that but partially and imperfectly, yet each, in so far as he has been a true poet, has been an enlightener as well as a pleasure giver. Far back in the world's history we find the Hebrew writer of the book of Job with the noblest poetic imagination striving to pierce the obscurity that shrouds the workings of the Divine government. The Greek poets have written in immortal verse of the mysteries of Fate and and retribution that follows evil. Dante and Milton each, in the manner most natural to his own genius, and applying himself to the problems most in harmony with the thought of his time, treated of the highest themes of ethics and religion. While in our own century Goethe has taught men to strive resolutely "in the Whole, the Good, and the True," and Browning has shewn that,

"The world's no blot for us
Nor blank, it means intensely, and means good."

If then, poetry can make more real to us the beauty that surrounds us, and thus open up to us a means of pure and wholesome enjoyment; if it enables us to know our fellowmen more fully and sympathetically; above all if it helps us to think more truly and wisely, and hopefully, then certainly the study of Poetry is not to be regarded as merely a pleasant and refined way of spending a few idle hours, but must occupy a prominent place in any complete scheme of self culture, and as our study grows more earnest and appreciative we shall feel more and more how great is the debt we owe to those who, by their immortal genius,

"Make undying music on the earth."

snow-shoer. From the remarks made by the members of the Association this social meeting will be in the future a recognized institution, and will be held earlier in the session. The Dalhousie Glee Club did good service and their fellow-classmates felt more pride than they, when deserved praise was given them.

When the programme had been completed Dr. Burns was loudly called for and responded in a characteristic speech, replete with wit and wisdom. At the close a vote of thanks was tendered the Association by the students, and after Prof. Forrest had put the motion the President, Mr. J. S. McLean, responded on behalf of the Association. The following is the programme:—

- Address Vice-President, W. C. Silver.
 - Part Song Dalhousie College Glee Club.
 - Address Dr. R. C. Weldon, M.P.
 - Vocal Solo J. Godfrey Smith.
 - Address Mr. Wright, Pine Hill.
 - Intermission Refreshments.
 - Vocal Trio Messrs. Crawford, Hebb, and Temple.
 - Address His Worship the Mayor.
 - Address Rev. President Forrest.
 - Part Song Dalhousie College Glee Club.
 - Address J. C. P. Frazee, Business College.
 - Address Mr. McLeod.
 - Vocal Quartette "The Christian's Good-night," Messrs. Crawford, Hebb, Temple and McCardy.
- GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THERE is a project on foot to wine and dine the graduating classes.

W. H. ROGERS has joined the LL. B. class, and will remain until examinations are over.

PROF. MACDONALD was confined to his house for a week with a serious attack of bronchitis. We are glad to see him back again.

THE gymnasium classes have had their annual competition, and the judges, Prof. Leitchi and W. J. Stewart, awarded 1st place to J. J. Buchanan, Frazee was 2nd, and Grierson 3rd.

THE second year law class are under obligations to Mr. Sedgewick, Q. C. Though too ill to attend to his professional business, he gave his usual lectures so that he might complete the assigned course.

LECTURES in the Arts faculty close the 25th inst., as the Governors have then to give up the old building to the City. This is a fortnight earlier than the time in the Calendar. Old-time students can imagine the uproarious applause with which the announcement was greeted.

THE executive of the Alumni have had several important meetings lately. A committee consisting of President, 1st Vice-President, and Secretary, were appointed to confer with a committee from the Board of Governors in regard to securing a fuller representation of the Alumni on the board. The committees appointed to prepare lists of names of persons qualified to become members have reported, and a vigorous canvass to swell the roll of membership is under way. Members in arrears will, it is hoped, pay up.

EXCHANGES.

We regret that, through pressure of work, we are unable to give that attention, in this issue, to our exchanges which we would like. We are pleased, however, to welcome them all to our sanctum. All of them maintain their usual creditable appearance, while some are even more attractive than ever. Among them we are pleased to note *The Oberlin Review, Unity, Queen's College Journal, The Pennsylvanian, The University Mirror, The Bates Student, Chironian, Portfolio, The Academician, Brunonian, Acte Victoriane, The Varsity, Knox College Monthly, Latin School Register,* and others.

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.

ON Monday morning one of the Pine Hill students discovered a *Camel's* tracks on Tower Road.

THE "Freshman's Friend" had his right ear frozen coming from the Rink the other evening. He could not protect it from the frost, for on one arm hung two pair of skates, and on the other,—well, we'll never tell.

OUR tall Senior, who recently declared himself "free as the air that kisses all it meets," is beginning to lose his appetite, and his eyes are

filled with a far-away look, and he continually sings snatches of love songs.

ASK Schurman and McLean

Oh where! oh where is our Freshie gone?
Oh where? oh where can he be?
Across the common way out the road,
The Freshie has gone to tea.

THE President of the Misogenests *Make* of Loud complaints against some of the members of the fraternity, who have also broken their vows. Their names will appear shortly.

THE Freshman's friend, despite the kindly warnings which he gave the Freshmen at the Christmas entertainment, generally grows uneasy on Wednesday evenings at 8.30 p. m., puts on his overcoat and takes a "constitutional."

Oh it is pitiful
In a whole city full,
Girl he has none;
He's a Senior,
Four years he's been here,
All, all alone.
Yet was his faithful heart
Ne'er touched by Beauty's dart,
Here by the sea;
For he's been heard to say,
"Down there by the Bay
Lives a maiden fair to see,
She is good enough for me!"

LAW SCHOOL FACETIÆ.

RINKLETS and ringlets are synonymous with certain students now. *Names next issue.*

THE student who read four pages of the judgment in an important case on Constitutional Law before he discovered that it was in French, is going up for examination all the same.

THE Freshman who got tossed the other day said he believed the whole thing was a put up job, and that he intends to come down heavy on the conspirators at the first opportunity.

THE ghosts of Brackton and Blackstone would rise from their tenements if they were to hear the first year students discuss easements immediately after lecture.

FATHER TIME, the destroyer of all things, is at work even upon the youthful Freshies. The latest article mowed down by him was D—n's beard.

The New Brunswicker came down like a wolf on the fold,
And o'erwhelmed Daniel, yea Daniel the bold;
And Aulay was left to fight his way back
Through hosts of Freshmen whom none dared attack.

WHERE, oh where has his pretty beard gone,
With its one side short and the other side long;
Oh a part grew up,
And a part grew down,
And the most of it
Grew not at all he found,
So he cut it off.

THE latest instance "of the most unkindest cut of all!"

Prof.—"Do you understand me, Mr. T—?"
Mr. T—,—"No, sir."

Prof.—"Have you been paying as close attention as you usually do?"

PERSONALS.

AMONG the new representatives in the Local Legislature we are pleased to notice Dr. Bethune, a graduate of '75.

WE extend our heartiest congratulations to the principals in a little transaction that occurred on the evening of the 1st inst. Before it was over, C. H. Cahan, B.A. '86, had renounced his freedom and become a Benedict. To Mr. Cahan and his bride we give our best blessing, and hope they may have more than the allotted share of conjugal happiness.

WM. CAMERON, B.A. '73, of Merigomish, Pictou, has been elected to fill the seat in the Local Legislature vacated by the resignation of the Hon. A. C. Bell. We are pleased to congratulate Mr. Cameron on this honour bestowed upon him, and trust that in his new sphere of usefulness he will not forget his Alma Mater.

DALHUSIANS IN POLITICS.—Our College has only been granting degrees since 1867, and our graduates are all of them young men. Each year they are rising into prominence, and every election sees more and more of them playing a conspicuous part in public affairs. DR. BETHUNE, the newly elected member for Victoria, obtained the degree of M. D., C. M., from Dalhousie in '75. Immediately after he began the practice of his profession in Baddeck, and attained such popularity among the good Highlanders of Victoria, that though running as an independent, he was placed with a handsome majority at the head of the poll. We extend to him our congratulations. We do not know that it has ever been noticed in these columns that DR. BETHUNE took unto himself a wife chosen from among the "fair ladies" of Baddeck. One of his opponents in the contest of last June was JOHN J. McCABE, Barrister, a student of Dalhousie for some years. MR. McCABE was defeated, but we trust better luck may attend him next time. MR. CAMERON, who was elected by acclamation for Pictou on the 8th inst., graduated from Dalhousie in '73. To him, and one of his class-mates, Principal McKay, of Pictou Academy, the students of Practical Chemistry in Dalhousie to-day are indebted more than they realize; for it was they who first began the work in the laboratory that

has now become so important a part in the course. HON. MR. FIELDING, the Provincial Secretary, attended classes in Dalhousie for several years, and is now one of her honored alumni. In the Dominion elections recently held a number of Dalhousians were in the front of the battle. DR. MCLEOD, of Cape Breton, was a student in Dalhousie during the years '79-'81. C. H. TUPPEP, M. P. for Pictou, studied here for several sessions. So did Messrs. STAIRS and BULMER. Others too there may have been, and doubtless were of whom we do not know. We might mention many Dalhousians who, though not in the thick of the fight, yet played no mean part. In Pictou the wordy warfare carried on so vigorously for a few weeks was conducted almost exclusively by former students of Dalhousie. The MCGILLIVRAYS, JENNISONS, and MCLEANS, among the Conservatives found Rolands for their Olivers in the FRASERS, McDONALDS, and SINCLAIRS, of the Liberals. Nor should we forget MR. CAHAN, B. A., '86, editor of the *Evening Mail*, who, from the moment when he made his debut as a speaker at the Lyceum, was a marked man, whose services were afterwards frequently required where the danger was greatest.

"Bailiff," said an Arkansas judge one day last week, to the officer in charge of the jury, "will please inform the jury that there will be a horse-race in Merrick's pasture at three o'clock?" The jury had been out for forty-eight hours, but in less than thirty minutes they came into court with a verdict.

"No, George," she said, "I cannot marry you. I shall always esteem you as a friend, but I cannot be your wife."

George hesitated. "Clara," he said, brokenly, "will you grant me one favor before I go away for ever?"

"Yes, George," she replied kindly. "What is it?"

"Please put your refusal down on paper. I'll feel safer."—*Harper's Bazar*.

HE PUT IT UP.—A gentleman received a note from his lawyer which he was unable to decipher. On his way to the office he met a friend at the door of a drug store. The friend, after vainly attempting to read the note, suggested that they step inside and hand it to the druggist without comment. The druggist, after studying it in silence for a few minutes, stepped behind the prescription case, and in a short time returned with a bottle of medicine, duly labelled and bearing directions. When the gentleman saw his lawyer he was informed that the note was a notice for him to call at his office between 3 and 4 o'clock, p. m. of the following day.

IN the United States there are 41 Presbyterian, 46 Baptist, 52 Methodist, 28 Congregational, and 12 Episcopal Colleges.

HIRAM SIBLEY, of Rochester, has promised \$250,000 more for improving and enlarging the Sibley College of Mechanic Arts at Cornell.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Geo. Munro, \$5.00; Jas. M. Stewart, \$2.00; H. Brown, W. Fulton, R. Landells, J. W. Fisher, J. McKinnon, R. S. Murray, Sir A. G. Archibald, Mrs. C. Anderson, J. F. McCurdy, Jas. McLean, N. F. Murray, \$1.00 each.

WM. GOSSIP,

United Service Book and Stationery Warehouse,
103 GRANVILLE STREET.

Imports and sells all the College and School Books used in Nova Scotia. Writing and Exercise Books, Blank Books, Copy Books, and Drawing Books of every description. Books handsomely bound for Presents at Xmas. Season, Teachers Bibles, Hymn Books, Prayer Books, &c., &c. Writing Cases and Writing Desks, Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS FOR 1886-7—entirely new. Winsor & Newton's Oil Colors, hard and soft, in handsome boxes and single cakes, Brushes, Drawing Papers, Bristol Boards, Canvasses in frames and per yard, Card Board, &c. All kinds of STATIONERY, Faber's Drawing Pencils, French Ink, Stevens Ink, Walkden's Ink, Carter's Ink, Photograph Glasses. All kinds of Stationery for Civil and Mechanical Engineers, Architects, &c. Orders for Magazines, Newspapers, and every description of Periodicals. FALL, 1886. Look for WM. GOSSIP, 103 Granville St.

Printed by the NOVA SCOTIA PRINTING COMPANY, Corner Sackville and Granville Sts., Halifax, N. S.

NEWCOMBE & BAIRD,

Photographes Artistes,

Offrent aux étudiants des avantages spéciaux pendant la saison d'hiver garantissant le plus artistique arrangement de lumière et pose aux que l'achèvement le plus beau dans la ville
Avant d'aller ailleurs, venez au nouvel atelier.

237 RUE BARRINGTON, au coin de le RUE BUCKINGHAM.