

1777 Medford

# THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EDITORIALS .....	137-141
George Norris Mackenzie .....	141
A Camisard Capture .....	142
The Bard of Erin .....	146
E. B. B. (Poem) .....	148
A Few Rogues .....	149
O Tempora, O Mores .....	155
Mock Parliament .....	156
Library Notes .....	157
College Notes .....	158
College Societies .....	160
Exchanges .....	162
Personals .....	163
Lines to "The Postman" (Poem).....	164
Business Items .....	165
Dallusiensia .....	165

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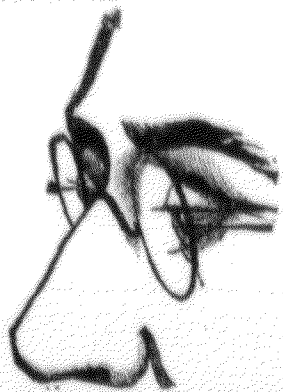
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"ORA ET LABORA."

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YEARS ago, in the old Dalhousie building on the Grand Parade the wearing of gowns was compulsory. At the request of the students this law was abolished, and soon gowns became a thing of the past. In the years that followed it began to be doubted whether the repealing of the old regulation and the consequent disuse of the gown were beneficial, until in the session of '96-'97 an active campaign was begun to revive the old custom. Lively meetings were held, and though there was of course some opposition, a large majority of the students decided in favor of the gowns.

A committee was appointed to wait upon the Senate and present to them the prayer of the students that the wearing of caps and gowns in college, should be made compulsory. The Senate answered this petition by placing in the college calendar the following regulation:—  
"Undergraduates and general students attending more than one class, are entitled to wear caps and gowns."

For some reason, whether because no one wished to be ahead of his fellow, or from the suspicion which got abroad that the Senate was not very enthusiastically in favour of the innovation, the students, after at least partially obtaining their request, let the whole matter drop, and the regulation has remained a dead letter ever since.

We are of the number of those who would like to see Dalhousians go back to the old custom, and therefore, we wish to bring the matter before the students, and give a few reasons, which in our judgment justify the wearing of caps and gowns.

In the first place caps and gowns are the time-honoured garb of students in all lands, and thus are the mark of the student the world over. By our not wearing them we cut ourselves off from the great body of students. Just as we wear our ribbon or university pin to show our loyalty to, and our identity with our own college, so should we wear the mark of the great brotherhood of students. The feeling that would be strengthened by this means, would give us a more worthy idea of our own exalted position, and would incite us to live up to all that the gown, as the insignia of the student, stands for.

Besides the wider loyalty to the student body as a whole, the gown would foster loyalty to our own university and fellowship among our students.

Then by adapting the gown as the college costume, we would do away with the annoyance that the members of the graduating classes now experience, in getting gowns for convocation. We know of one recent case, where a graduate was forced to borrow a gown without the knowledge of the owner, and had to manipulate the borrowed article very skilfully, that the slits might not be too conspicuous.

For these and other reasons we think that the gown should again be worn in our college. As, however, we suppose there are others who think differently, and others who have no very definite opinion, we invite correspondence on the subject from our readers, that this matter may receive the attention its importance deserves.

---

FOOTBALL is not in vogue just at present, but now that we have mentioned the subject, it may be well to remark that there is good authority for the statement that the inter-class shield is to be on hand without fail next autumn. Even this last season although the trophy was not present in the metal—it had its influence, and gave a zest to the games.

OUR college papers do not fail frequently to remind the student of his duties towards himself and his classmates,—that he should, in order to secure the best results in the development of mind and growth of character, devote his time not only to his studies but to the cultivation of college fellowships and to athletic sports.

Now there is a further duty incumbent upon the already over burdened medical student, and one which would seem worthy of the consideration of any person looking forward to the professional life of an M. D. This is a duty with regard to the culture of our minds. The time to consider the relation of our life work to our character is now, while we are commencing our course, and we should strive to offset any evil effects which the course of study and work of our profession may tend to impress upon us. There is no doubt that every occupation shows itself in certain distinctive traits of character, good as well as bad, and an examination of the life of the Dr. shows that he is no exception, and is possessed of certain qualities undoubtedly the product of his trade and education, which can scarcely be called desirable.

Let us consider what qualities the medical student should seek to prevent from growing into his life. He comes to college, it may be, fresh from his arts course, or as a general student of classics, mathematics and literature. He immediately drops all this work, as a rule, for the rest of his life, and plunges into the study of anatomy, histology, zoology, etc. From a study of the body and minute structure of the tissues he passes to a consideration of the theory of evolution, the study of embryology, etc. Reverence and mystery are apt to go hand in hand. This probably accounts for the fact, that, in the dissecting room, the student loses a certain becoming respect for much that is sacred, because it is reduced to the realm of the common place. In short, the general effect of all this work upon the student, who as a rule, does not over-burden himself with thinking, is to give his mind a tendency towards materialism even though he may not realise the fact himself. Four years at college under these conditions cannot fail to leave their mark even upon the most thoughtful and conscientious student, and he will

leave the school at the end of his course minus some worthy ideals which he had when he entered, and which his after occupation will not tend to restore.

Now it is evident that there is nothing debasing in any of the conclusions of science which come under his work, that his is one of the noblest of the professions, and that, though further knowledge may compel him to discard some of his earlier ideas of life, he may replace them, if he will, by larger and nobler conceptions of the laws which govern the Universe. Yet there is without doubt a tendency to a careless disregard of much which is considered sacred by society in general, and a failure to cultivate those higher ideals, which we find among cultured classical scholars.

It should then be our duty to seek to offset this tendency by keepiog up our connection with the best literary thought of the day, and, if we cannot always conform to the popular idea, we may at least stimulate our minds and consciences by keeping them in touch with the noble conceptions and ideals of such men as Emerson, whose writings serve to remind us of our constant duty towards ourselves in the preservation of those principles, the triumph of which can alone give success to any life.

---

AT last the plugger has begun his daily work of grinding out material for the "exams." He will never rest now until the last sheet has been written on examination day, and even after that he will have his cares. His mind will then be absorbed in the thought as to "whether I passed or not."

Did he pass? To this there is only one reply. Did he work diligently all the term through? Is he a faithful "plugger;" does he study by spells and spasms? If the first, he has passed with flying colors; but if the latter, he may have "dragged through," or perhaps have been swamped under.

We in the Law School know our session is a small one; we know it is a busy one. Short but *not* sweet is characteristic of our session, and in fact it is so short with such an immense amount of work to be done, that the loafer meets

his doom, when he crosses the threshold of the examination hall.

We have had Equity already and more are to follow. Let us prepare to meet them fearlessly and successfully!

WE call the attention of the students to the following extract from the "Prologus" of the first GAZETTE after the transfer to the general students:—

"The GAZETTE is to represent the views of the students, to advocate their interests, and strive in all things to cultivate that love and intensify that sympathy that should exist between Alumni. *The editors are to be little more than judicious censors, to select wisely what shall be published.*"

---

GEORGE NORRIS MACKENZIE.

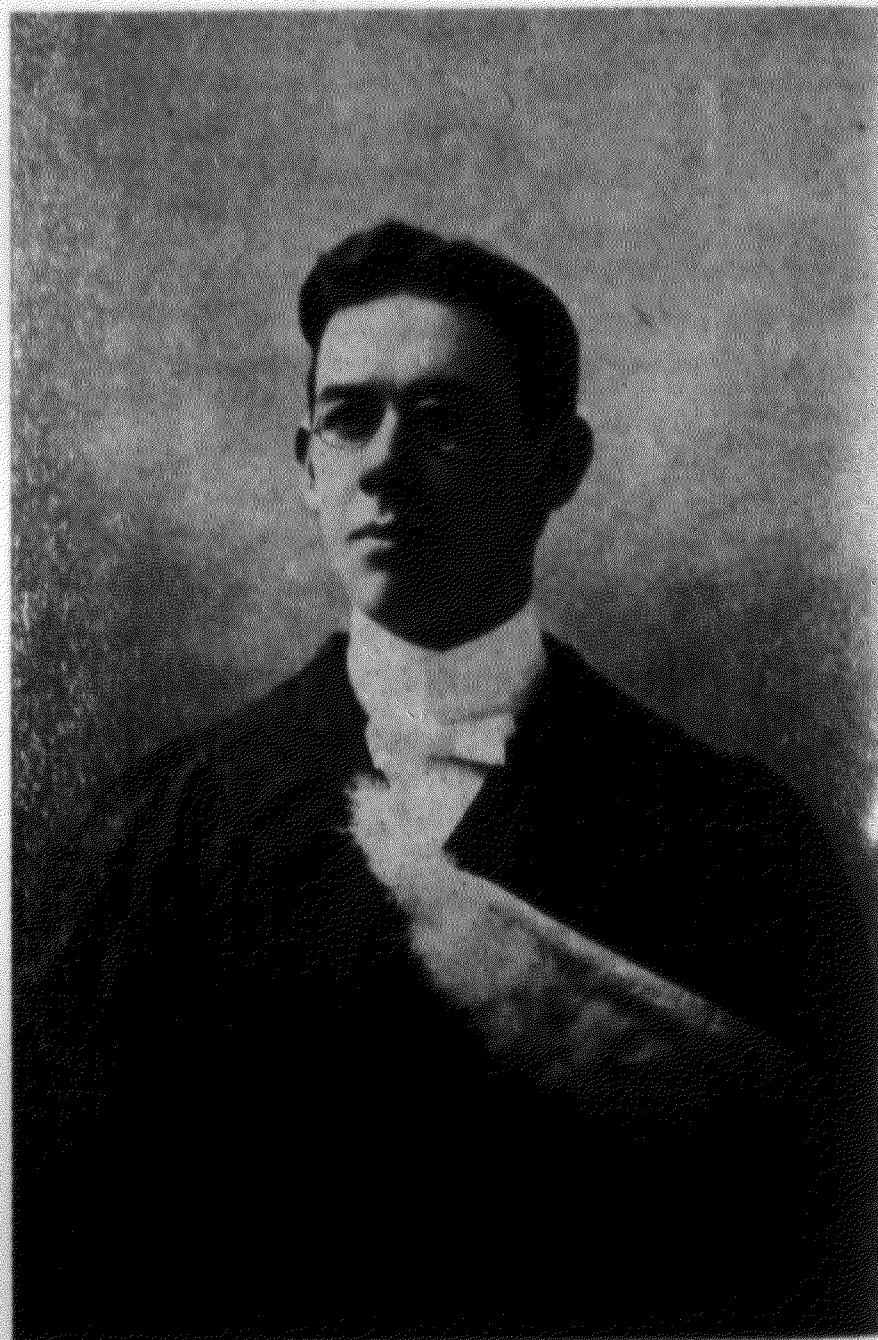
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The news of the death of G. N. MacKenzie came as a great shock to his college friends. We had heard of the serious turn his illness had taken, but we hoped that the disease would be at least checked.

When he came before us last April to receive the Honours and Medal that he had won so worthily, we thought him the strongest of the strong. The hearty applause, that greeted him then, revealed the place which he held in the affections of his fellow students. He had entered fully into the joy of college life and had contributed not a little to the enjoyment of others. Nothing pleased him more than to sit before the fire with a few congenial spirits and, amidst a wreath of smoke, to discuss things in general, from philosophy to football. He never liked argument for argument's sake. He preferred to look all around a subject and if possible to get at the truth of it. He was a philosopher by temperament.

Though he shared to the full in the social life of the college, taking part in the work of its societies and in the management of the GAZETTE, his interest in his studies steadily increased. In the last year of his course he did splendid work in his chosen subject, philosophy.

He cared less about the easier part of the course; but a difficult passage in Kant or Hegel seemed to put on his mettle. Then he put forth his strength and surprised his teacher and classmates by the clearness and grasp of his



GEORGE NORRIS MACKENZIE.



thinking. No one, who knew him at all well, could help seeing that his abilities were of the highest order.

He was born at Parrsboro, May 10th, 1878. Ten years later his parents moved to California. There he attended the Los Angeles High School. After leaving school he studied law for one year. Then in September '96, he entered the second year of the arts course of Dalhousie. It was his intention, even after he had taken his degree with high honours in philosophy, to enter the legal profession, though he hoped to spend two or three years in higher studies at one of the larger universities in the United States.

During the last month of his course, a severe cold seized him and left behind a hacking cough. He seemed so strong and so indifferent to hard work that little attention was given to it. In June he became editor of the Parrsboro *Leader*; but within two months consumption took such a severe hold upon him that he had to hand over his paper to his great friend, Mr. P. F. Lawson, and seek health in California.

Shortly after reaching Los Angeles he seemed to be getting worse rapidly. His mother was sent for. She reached him two or three months ago. Though everything was done that could be done, the disease developed rapidly. Until the end he struggled courageously for life.

Our deepest sympathy is with his mother in the loss of one who was so much to her and whose life gave promise of great things.

---

#### A CAMISARD CAPTURE.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

When M. le Comte de Montrevel was sent for by Louis XIV. and commissioned to proceed with all possible speed to Nismes, taking with him a strong force of artillery and infantry, he twisted his long moustache, and puffed out his chest in a way that said as plainly as if he had spoken it:—

“The King has made no mistake this time. He has chosen the right man for this work. I will soon teach those rascals that they have played their mad pranks long enough, and that it is now full time to put an end to them.”

Yet it was no trifling task with which le Grand Monarque had entrusted the complacent Count, who, to do him justice, was quite as brave as he was consequential and conceited.

The Camisards under the intrepid leadership of Jean Cavalier had been giving the Government a world of trouble. Despite the absurd disparity of their numbers, and the still

more absurd deficiency of martial equipment, they had by the sheer impetuosity and sustained vigour of their assaults aided of course by the mountainous character of their country, put the royal troops to ignominious rout, compelled M. de Broglè to withdraw, and, what gave them even more satisfaction, had killed the redoubtable Captain Poul, one of the most persistent and merciless of their persecutors—a man of great personal courage, who had shrunk from committing no atrocity against them.

Verily these Camisards were antagonists to be seriously reckoned with, and le Comte de Montrevel would have shown more discretion had he suppressed his boasting until his mission or conquest, and if need be of extermination, was at least in a fair way of being successfully effected.

But that was not his way. Such confidence had he in his own powers that he regarded anything he undertook as practically accomplished, and it had long been a matter of profound surprise, not to say regret, to him that his rare abilities were allowed to rust unused, or were employed upon such trifling concerns.

However, his opportunity had come at last, and, swelling with its importance, he led the way to Nismes, where he installed himself in the castle of Servas.

The castle was rightly considered one of the most impregnable of the royal strongholds. It occupied a commanding position upon the summit of a rocky hill that required little artifice to be rendered practically inaccessible. Its battlements bristled with cannon so disposed as to sweep every possible path of approach; in its capacious vaults were stored provisions sufficient to last a large garrison for full two years, while a deep well in the centre of the court yard afforded a never-failing supply of excellent water.

Montrevel, therefore, had good cause for feeling very secure and comfortable, and his boast that he would not leave Servas until those persistent Camisards were thoroughly taught the lesson of submission, might be understood in the sense that he had no objection to a lengthened stay in his new quarters.

Curiously enough the coming of the Count was followed by a suspension of overt hostilities on the part of the Camisards that greatly puzzled those who had been operating against them in the past.

But Montrevel was at no loss to account for it.

“Ah ha!” he exclaimed one evening at dinner after the wine had been circulating freely, sitting back in his chair and smiting his breast with his right hand as he pursed up his

lips proudly. "Those Camisards! They already know me—that I am not one to be trifled with, and they are so soon learning sense."

The situation certainly was more peaceful than it had been for a good while previous, and the Government began to hope that the troublesome rebellion was really subsiding, when they were rudely awakened from this delusion by an event more startling than anything which had preceded it.

Not far from the castle of Servas the village of Plans spread itself upon the meadows beside the river-bank. It was a quiet little place whose peaceful life had been sorely disturbed by the Camisard uprising, and the interval of repose for which Montrevel so promptly claimed credit was being greatly appreciated by its inhabitants.

One fine afternoon there entered the village street a party of men whose appearance could not fail to command attention, and fully excused the unanimity with which men, women and children alike deserted their tasks to throng around them.

It was a detachment of royalists soldiers whose uniform and accoutrements bore every mark of hard service, but this was not what riveted upon them the eyes of the gaping villagers.

In their midst, gyved and manacled as carefully as if they were veritable Samsons, walked six of the fiercest and most disreputable looking men the good people of Plans had ever seen.

They were all sturdy ruffians with hair and beards matted through long neglect, and clothing so ragged as to be hardly worth the name.

Coming to halt in the little square before the church, the officer in command disposed his men so as to encircle his prisoners; and then inquired for the chief man of the village.

At once a plump, important-looking personage came forward and introduced himself as the sous-prefet, whereupon the officer, with a dignified bow, said:—

"I have the honour Monsieur, to report to you my good fortune in having taken prisoner these Camisard ruffians, whom I am desirous of placing in the castle of Servas for safe-keeping until such time as due preparation for their torture or execution may be completed."

The prisoners would have been credentials enough under the circumstances, but as if to ensure compliance with his request the officer went on to say that he was a captain in the King's army, and a nephew of M. de Broglè.

Of course one so well connected and able to show such

convincing proof of prowess and loyal zeal did not fail to receive the respectful attention he evidently counted upon.

The commandant of castle Servas was promptly communicated with, and as promptly replied, expressing his willingness to receive the nephew of M. de Broglè and his men as his guests, and to put his prisoners in safe hold until they should again be required.

Accordingly the whole detachment marched up to the castle where the prisoners were committed to the dungeons, and the soldiers escorted to the hall of entertainment.

While a supper worthy of the occasion was being prepared, Montrevel, full of the pride of his position, led the officer over the castle, descanting eloquently upon the strength of its defences.

"I will wager my life," he said, as standing together on the topmost tower they looked down from the ramparts into the depths of the fosse, "that no Camisard can ever get within these walls, or, if he should accomplish it, get out again alive."

At supper the officer, who was a handsome fellow with the keen eye of a hawk, sinewy strength of a panther, and the genial grace of a courtier, quite won the hearts of the commandant and his subordinates, who vied with each other in paying deference and attention to one who was so fortunate as to enjoy the confidence of such great men as M. de Broglè, and de Banville, for the officer had at a fitting time exhibited letters from these influential noblemen.

Of course the wine flowed freely, yet if Montrevel and his officers had been sufficiently wide awake they would hardly have failed to notice that, while they filled their glasses to the brim, and drained them to the dregs, the visitors neither filled nor emptied theirs, but drank in great moderation.

In the court-yard below the common soldiers were being no less bountifully, if somewhat less elegantly, entertained by the garrison, and although they too observed the same moderation as their chief, they managed to conceal the fact with equal skill.

The evening shadows were gathering about the castle and suggesting to the befuddled Montrevel the need of lights, when suddenly his guest rose from the table, and gave a shrill blast upon a silver whistle that hung at his belt. Then making a bow to the commandant, who was regarding him with astonishment bordering upon stupification, he said in high clear tones:—

"Monsieur, you did me the honour during our conversation on the ramparts of declaring that no Camisard could

either effect an entry into this castle, or, once within its walls escape alive. With all due respect to your judgment permit me to say that my presence here proves the contrary, for in me you behold Jean Cavalier, the Camisard chief, and these," he continued, pointing to his men now swarming into the room in response to his whistled summons, "are my faithful followers, soon to be masters of this castle."

Whereupon he drew his sword, and at once the banquetting room became the scene of a furious struggle which did not end until the Camisards, having despatched most of the garrison, not without some loss to themselves, had complete possession of the castle.

Cavalier saw to it that Montrevel's life was spared. The unfortunate Count after all had done nothing save boast of what he was going to do, and moreover he would be of great value as a hostage.

Having helped themselves to everything in the castle that took their fancy, the Camisards then committed the fortress to the flames, and retreated to the mountain fastness which served them as their strongholds, where they held high carnival over the success which had crowned the audacity and astuteness of their heroic leader.

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#### THE BARD OF ERIN.

In "a good old Scottish university like Dalhousie" there is probably no room for Tom Moore, the "bard of Erin," even had he ranked among the great poets of our literature. Such a place has, however, never been claimed for him by his most fervent admirers, and there is therefore double reason for excluding him from our curriculum. That Moore is dear to Irish hearts, and to many English ones as well, is, nevertheless, a fact which stares his most sweeping critics sternly in the face. Doubtless theirs is a misplaced affection, yet it exists,—the notion seems to have gone abroad that Moore, although not a great poet, is essentially a true one,—and our present inquiry is concerning the cause of this regard.

Moore, both in his character and writings, is a true Irishman. It has been said that in early manhood he deserted his country for England. It would be much more true to say that he took his country *to* England, for his melodies, his chief monument, endeared Irish sentiment and Irish music to the English heart.

Of his character little need be said. He was a typical Irishman, impulsive, thoughtful, hot-tempered, good-

natured, jocular, grave,—a bundle of contradictions. His chief fault seems to have been his worshipping of titles. Said Byron, "Little Tommy dearly loves a lord." The truth of this statement Moore himself was ever ready to affirm. He endeavoured to maintain his reputation as a gentleman and entertainer in order that the homes of polite society might remain open to him. His toadyism in this respect doubtless appears in a very sorry light beside the "man o' independent mind" who turned his back upon those lords and ladies, that desired to add to the lustre of their homes the glory of the rising poetical star; and chose his companions among the stable-boys and chamber-maids of the ale-house. Perhaps the most apparent trait in Moore's character was his love for his country, his mother and his wife. The first rings through all his writings, it is that higher patriotism which mourns the spirit of faction in the land and looks forward to the time when it can no more be said that Ireland is her own worst enemy; but his love for his mother and wife is held sacred from the vulgar gaze, shining forth chiefly in a life of honest devotion.

By what standard shall we judge Moore's poetry? If we take that of Coleridge, "a poet is a man with music in his soul," we find Moore's verses pre-eminent. Not only are the Irish melodies exquisitely melodious, but such a work as *Lalla Rookh* can perhaps best be described as 'tunefully soulful.' It is to be acknowledged that the Irish singer lacks the strength of the Scottish poets, but in pure music he glides far in advance of them. Indeed in this particular we find some Scottish writers strangely deficient. In Scott there is little of a higher musical type than the clickity-clock of a horse's hoofs, pattering or thundering through his verse. Of Burns it is less easy to judge. I have no doubt that to the Scottish ear his dialect is almost as musical as the skirl of the bag-pipes,—and probably many an Englishman also ranks them together. But to return to Moore:—as a musician he stands nearer Milton and Coleridge than many a greater poet.

Moore was, however, distinctly an Irish poet, and it is from the Irish point of view that we must regard his work. Its characteristics are decidedly Irish. Even *Lalla Rookh*, a supposed Eastern romance, is in its rich colour, musical expression, gentle raillery and underlying melancholy, a truly Irish production. The spirit of pleasing melancholy is indeed a prime feature of all Moore's writings, as also of the true Irish nature. It is this very substratum which lends

much of the sparkle to Irish fun, robbing it of the harshness and elephantine gambols characterizing the wit of some other nations, and making it tickle rather than sting. This sweet melancholy is evident in all the tales of Lalla Rookh. Thus in the first tale we learn that precious as are the heart's blood of the hero-patriot, or the sigh of life long devotion, in the sight of heaven there is a thing still more precious, the tear of penitence. The lack of power to appreciate this lower depth of the Irish nature characterizes a large class of people. They look for the funny, the superficial, and are wholly incapable of seeing the serious, the fundamental. It is to this lack that many of Moore's most sweeping critics are indebted for their ground of criticism. It seems to be the ground upon which a man who could read even so simple an ode as the "minstrel boy," and then say—as a great authority has recently said,—“about the only good thing Moore ever did was to inspire Byron's ode,” must stand. Such a man is, however, rather a subject of pity than blame; his loss is greater than Moore's.

I have attempted, in the above rambling thoughts, rather to direct your minds to the Irish minstrel by suggestions, than by logical processes, to establish an opinion. My only desire is that he be judged as an Irishman; for to judge an Irish poet by Scottish standards (not to say prejudice) seems much like selling building lots by the quart.

LARRY O'MOORE.

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E. B. B.

O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,  
 And all a wonder and a wild desire,—  
 Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,  
 Took sanctuary within the holier blue,  
 And sang a kindred soul out to his face,—  
 Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—  
 When the first summons from the darkling earth  
 Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched their blue.  
 And bared them of the glory—to drop down,  
 To toil for man, to suffer or to die,—  
 This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?  
 Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help!

*The Ring and the Book.*

### A FEW ROGUES.

“With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe.”

Throughout all literature a prominent part is played by humor. Mayhap our dark-skinned Indian cousins carried with them across the Indus sly Sanscrit jests on goatskin. Homer, even, does not disdain a stately pun. We do not yet know what humor there may be in

“The secret hid  
 Under Cheops' pyramid.”

In the Dark Ages unlearned monks defaced much of the best wit of Athens and Rome to make space for their foul jokes. To-day, many hundred men, both great and small, live by making amusement for the world of readers. Of all this humor a great part must needs be the offspring of Falsehood, but much is also descended from Truth. The Spectator sweeps his pen across many a page that before was considered the progeny of Wit and Mirth; this Greek-lettered poem he throws aside, that Latin satire; scene after scene of French drama is condemned. Nor is our own tongue by any means spared. Even the great Shakespeare suffers, and that heavily.

But the blame for all this false wit does not lie entirely with the writers, since they must write to suit their readers, or their audiences. Shakespeare wrote his plays to please the frequenters of the Globe. He had to draw applause from the pit as well as from the galleries. The groundlings, and indeed the others too, soon tired of serious, carefully written, well-rounded speeches and craved something to make them laugh. To bring about this result several devices were employed, especially in the earlier plays; the chief actors, even at critical moments, jested and quibbled over words; clowns and fools were brought into the principal scenes, or others were made particularly for them. Gratiano makes a pun on the word “soul” at Antonio's trial. The speeches of the grave-diggers before Ophelia's funeral begin a tragic scene in Hamlet. But the most extensive, and at the same time the most apt and most successful attempt to arouse mirth is the introduction of the rogues into the History of Henry the Fourth. And this is my subject.

The Falstaffian part of Henry Fourth has been justly styled a comedy within an historical tragedy. It served the dual purpose of raising a laugh and showing the character of the Prince, and on neither side does it fall short of what was desired. The “wild-oats” stage in the development of Henry Fifth is most vividly pictured, and, as to its humor,

it is sufficient to say that without this comedy we should have no Falstaff. Certainly, much of it does not follow Addison's rules, but since Shakespeare does it, it is so well done that no one can suppress a continual smile, and an occasional laugh. Rogues are as common in literature as heroes, and usually as different from ordinary men. These, though, are but humans; where others are very brave, they are, like most men, somewhat cowardly; where others are great villains, they are but every-day knaves; where others have often been forced into wickedness against their will, or have undertaken such a career with a set purpose, they have but drifted into it in a natural, easy, careless way. Others are fearless of the law, these men are in terror of it. They are not distinguished for fine feelings and sentiments, they have no end in view, but simply "snatch a purse most resolutely on Monday night to spend it more dissolutely on Tuesday morning." Physical prowess does not mark them out, except it be Sir John's lack of it. But let me to them separately, and the least first.

Undoubtedly the least among the rogues is Gadshill. His part in the band was to find out men to be plundered and to arrange for the robberies, so that his appearances in the play are few, and little can be learned about him. He planned the waylaying of the travellers, took part in it, ran away when the others did, and put a word or two into Sir John's story of the affray. That is all. There is but a single previous reference to him, and not one afterwards. This slight part shows him not at all remarkable, simply a bragging, cowardly highwayman. But he differs from the others in that, not being so closely connected with Sir John as the others, he is less dissipated, and seems rather mercenary. He is also willing to betray Sir John, if he himself is taken by the officers, and I have always had an idea that he "headed the retreat" at Gadshill. Shakespeare borrowed "Gadshill" from the "Famous Victories of Henry V.," but he had no historical existence as far as it is known. Gadshill's character is then, that of a boastful, somewhat treacherous knave, of low rank, with no great courage, ambitious to get on in the world, and possessing some fair ability.

Next to Gadshill, Peto is of least note. His whole part consists in about seventy lines in Part I., and ten in Part II. He was present at Gadshill, and afterwards told how Sir John's sword came to be hacked, and assisted the Prince in filching the papers from Falstaff's pocket while he slept.

He went to Shrewsbury as Falstaff's lieutenant, but no mention is made of him there. Later he appeared as a messenger from the palace to Prince Henry. He was a minor member of the gang previous to the breaking out of the war, attached as a follower to the Prince rather than to Falstaff. His last appearance seems to mark him as an inferior officer in the army, or attached to the King's household. Peto is not an historical actuality. In accordance with his position, but in striking contrast to the rest, he is modest, mild-tempered, respectful, loyal and quiet; but he shows little ability, and simply goes where the others lead, a typical servant rather than knave.

After Peto comes Bardolph, of whom a great deal more can be learned. He was a half-servant, half-companion of Sir John, with whom he had been for thirty-two years before the time of the play; and he continued with Falstaff till his death. It was Bardolph on whose behalf the Prince struck the chief justice, shortly before the time of the play. His first appearance in the action was at Gadshill. Bardolph seldom appears in Henry IV. without Falstaff. He was present at all the tavern scenes, went to Shrewsbury with Sir John and returned with him to London. Again he was with Sir John at Justice Shallow's house on his way to Gaultree, though he is not mentioned in either battle. Falstaff took Bardolph with him on his second visit to Shallow, and on their hasty ride to London at the death of the King. When the knight was banished, Bardolph went with him. Falstaff does not appear in Henry V., but Bardolph stayed with him until the end and was present at his bedside when he died. After that he went with the army to France, where he held some minor office. His old habit of stealing still clung to him however, and finally he was caught stealing a pax from a church, and sentenced by the Duke of Exeter to be hanged. The king refused to pardon him so the sentence was carried out. Bardolph also appears in the "Merry Wives," where Sir John, being too poor to keep him, got him a post as a drawer at the Garten Inn. But of course this incident cannot be connected with the other plays. The historical foundation for Bardolph is the much-doubted story of the Prince's striking the judge, and the fact that a soldier was put to death under the above-mentioned circumstances.

Bardolph's character is an interesting study. Brought into the play as he is, the butt for Sir John's wit, still his best quality, in fact almost his only good quality, is his love

for the knight and his loyalty to him. Our hearts, hard enough before, soften towards him when he wishes he were with his dead master "wheresome'er he is," and we look on him afterwards with a kindlier eye. Cowardly as he appears before that, he seems to act bravely when before Harfleur, and we could wish he were not hanged, though he certainly deserved it. The chief source of mirth in Bardolph is his face, which indeed was as much his misfortune as his fault. He was very sensitive about it, and at its merest mention showed a temper which would have been dangerous if backed up by deeds. In striking contrast to Poins, Bardolph was impudent, obtrusive, intemperate and hasty-tempered. Highway robbery seems to have been too bold for him, and his usual employment was sneaking purses and petty larceny. Even in this he was not very skillful, and finally his incompetency caused his death. Bardolph is a splendid picture of a low-class rogue.

An entirely different character from any of these is Poins. He was born to that, in those days, so unenviable position, the second son of a gentleman-commoner or lesser noble, and was educated as a gentleman. He was skilled at quoits, and an ardent tennis-player, a game which at that time was confined chiefly to the nobility. But having no property he turned highwayman, and robbed with Falstaff. The greatest rivalry existed between these two. Poins was more intimate with the Prince than was Falstaff, and the two were always scheming to get amusement out of Sir John, which he did not enjoy, though he always came out ahead. Poins was younger than Falstaff, though probably older than the Prince. He had been a member of Falstaff's band for some time before the beginning of the play. Falstaff says that he had been forswearing the villain's company for twenty-two years, which may perhaps mean five or six years. Poins first appears in the play planning the robbery of the robbers, which he and the Prince performed so successfully. He is one of the chief actors in the great tavern scene, but takes a place secondary to the Prince. Poins is not mentioned in the account of Shrewsbury, but he seems to have been in Wales with the Prince between that time and the battle of Gaultree Forest, and to have gone there with him. We hear nothing of him afterwards, but he was probably banished with Falstaff. He is a courageous self-reliant, take-things-as-they-come man, who might have been a great success if he had used his talents aright. Shakespeare got him from the "Famous Victories."

Among the actual, historical companions of Madcap Hal was one Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham. While leading his wild life with the Prince, Cobham, who was a student, took up the study of Lollardism as a matter of philosophical inquiry, was converted, and speedily became the avowed champion of the Wycliffites. After the accession of the young King, Oldcastle became bolder, and at last entered on open rebellion. He was imprisoned, escaped to Wales, and, after he had led several small risings, was finally captured and died a martyr. Oldcastle was not like the Sir John of the play in any respect, except his friendship for the Prince. He was not much given to excess, especially in his later life, and was a brave, conscientious Lollard, and a true martyr, standing by his faith to the end.

His association with the Prince made him the subject of many ballads and traditions, until he was finally made one of the notorious characters in the "Famous Victories." From this rude draft Shakespeare painted him. Sir John Oldcastle had many admirers and defenders among the Elizabethan Puritans, and some of his descendants still existed. So in deference to these, the name was changed before the first quarto was printed, although "Oldcastle" was still retained in some measure on the stage.

When Shakespeare was seeking a new name he hit upon Sir John Fastolfe. This knight, who in reality deserved the characterization no more than Oldcastle, since he was almost as worthy a man, and had never been a companion of the Prince; had appeared in Henry VI, Part I. Here he had been quite wrongly represented as a coward, and this, together with the fact that he was vaguely suspected of being a Lollard, probably decided Shakespeare's choice. However, fearing to offend again, he altered the name to "Falstaff," and so we have it in the play. Fastolfe had also been owner of the "Boar's Head" tavern, and his name was still associated with it.

There are references to both men in the play. One is the well-known quibble "my old lad of the castle," which was left when the name was changed. There is also another reference to Oldcastle which has escaped notice. When Harry refused to join the others in their robbery Falstaff exclaimed, "By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king." This seems to be an unmistakable reference to Oldcastle's rebellion, perhaps a "motive" to a play which Shakespeare was planning. Shallow refers to Falstaff as page to the Duke of Norfolk, an office held by Fastolfe when a boy.

Shakespeare's history of Falstaff extends over about five months and the short time between the end of Henry IV., Part II., and the beginning of Henry V. We have five pictures of Falstaff in the first three months, or the First Part of Henry IV. The first is that inimitable combination of remorse and mirth when Sir John threatens to reform, and enters so eagerly into the planning of the robbery. The following night come the "match" at Gadshill, and the subsequent meeting at the tavern. The robbery is very droll, and the scene which follows is indisputably the finest ever written in the comic vein. Falstaff is the life of it all, there is scarce a jest but he is its author or its butt. Here he reaches his highest place. His next appearance is less interesting and amusing, though still exceedingly clever. Then he receives his appointment as captain of a company of foot-soldiers. Some time after we encounter him on the road to Shrewsbury, richer by one hundred and fifty pounds through his misuse of the King's press, but poor in the quality of his soldiers, and not in the least eager for the battle. But, once there, he does not fare badly. His company is all killed, while he himself escapes, and in the thick of the battle he still has his jest, his trickery and his bottle with him. His ready wit saves him from death at the hand of Douglas, and almost steals from the Prince his honor in killing Hotspur.

After the battle Sir John appears again in London, dignified by having a page. Here he worsts the chief-justice in a pitched battle of words, and puts him to flight. Soon after his persuasive tongue changes the hostess of the Boar's Head from an angry mistress egging the officers to arrest him, into a fawning servant willing to pawn her last dish to get him a little money. The tavern scene in Part II., which follows this, pictures the dark side of Sir John, which had heretofore been hidden, and though afterwards he again turns it half away from us, still our opinion of Sir John never rises as high again. After this he sets out under Prince John, against the Archbishop of York, collecting a company as he goes, and again profiting by the press. Here, as he goes through Gloucestershire, two new characters are brought in as targets for Sir John's witty shots, Justices Shallow and Silence. At the battle, Falstaff conducts himself well, and is praised by the leaders. Returning, he stops to feast with Shallow, and this drinking scene closes the comedy of Falstaff. His end is tragedy. The arrival of the news that the old King is dead, sends him quickly to London, seeking the honor which he has been led to expect. But the new-

crowned King rejects his old friend, and so he leaves us still hoping against hope that his friend has not deserted him. Falstaff does not appear again, and we hear nothing more of him but an account of his death. The Falstaff of the Merry Wives is only in name the Falstaff of Henry IV., and has no part in his story.

There is nothing new under the sun to be said about Falstaff's character, and no better authority can be quoted than his creator. Let Sir John describe himself, "Squire of the Knight's body . . . as melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe . . . Now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. . . . I am a villain. . . . Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, but yet no coward. . . . There live not three good men in England and one of them is fat and grows old. . . . A true face and a good conscience, both of which I had, but their date is out. . . . How subject we old men are to this vice of lying," and so on. Or as others name him "Monsieur Remorse, Sir John sack and sugar—all hallow summer, later spring—this same fat rogue—sweet creature of bombast—the strangest fellow." But whatever Falstaff may have been, thief, rogue, coward, drunkard, libertine, he has not been "already killed with our hard opinions" when we hear of his death. For he was but a simple erring mortal, whom we love in spite of his faults, nay even for his faults. And surely he was not altogether evil whom his servant loved so, and of whose death it could be said

"A' went away an it had been any christom child. . . . even at the turning of the tide. For after that I saw him play . . . with flowers . . . I knew that there was only one way : for . . . a' babbled of green fields."

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#### O TEMPORA, O MORES!

Dalhousie has gone to pieces. Let her requiem be sung to the tune of muffled bell, for the college by the sea is no more. The pile of brick and freestone on Carleton Street, about whose architectural beauties essays will continue to be written, is not what it was. It used to be a college; it is now a Plugging Institution.

O, the heavy change! No more is heard the sound of merry life in and about the classic halls. The element of joyfulness has been annihilated, and instead of the old time mirth is a dead, soul-cramping, back-bending, jaw-breaking system of plugging, an everlasting digging into books.

The truth is, there has been nothing so marvellous since the commencement of the present century as the change that has this year come over Dalhousie. There is no fun, no spirit, no anything but study. There hasn't been a genuine scrim yet; "One, two, three, U-pi-dee," has been forgotten, and scarce a laugh is heard within reach of the Exchequer office. The class of '01 has dropped its booming yell, and it went with such a vim last year! There were signs of promise about the class of '02. Indeed in one or two cases the transformation this year from Freshman to Sophomore was as fascinating as anything in the Arabian Nights, and it looked as if there would be fun. But the new crop was a big one, and the exuberance of the Sophs. was checked. The Freshmen, unfortunately, remain unmolested; they gather *en bloc* in the library, and talk out loud.

At night, when the students venture in the building they find the place but dimly lighted. The spirits of Cicero and Plato are said to wander about in the corridors, wagging their heads, and rolling their disembodied eyes, filling the air with a flavour of classic dust. Cosines and triangles tumble around on a tangent, and impress the bewildered student with a sense of stupendous ignorance. Everywhere is the influence of the pedagogue. The only sign of life has been manifested by the girls, and the Delta Gamma is the one bit of enterprise that has shown itself this year.

Dalhousie has degenerated. To plug is not the aim of life, but it has been the end of life at Dalhousie. A change is in order. Already three Juniors and one Soph. are getting bald with over-study. AMAZING AUDACITY.

#### MOCK PARLIAMENT.

The Dalhousie Mock Parliament met on Saturday evening, with deputy speaker Mr. Regan in the chair.

The cabinet of the evening sitting as a federal house was composed as follows:

<i>Premier</i> .....	W. J. O'HEARN.
<i>Minister of Interior</i> .....	J. N. MADDEN.
<i>Minister of Finance</i> .....	D. F. MATHESON.
<i>Minister of Justice</i> .....	M. G. MCNEIL.
<i>Minister of Militia</i> .....	G. F. PEARSON.

The following resolution was introduced by the Premier:

*Whereas*, by a plebiscite vote taken the 29th day of September, A. D. 1898, the people of Canada declared for a prohibitory law, prohibiting the

sale, importation or manufacture of any alcoholic, spirituous, or fermented liquors within Canada:

*Be it resolved*, that this government be empowered to pass such a prohibitory law.

The Hon. Premier dealt with the matter at length, going into the details of the question, and closed with an eloquent appeal to the members of the house, asking them to preserve the moral status of Canada by passing such a measure. He was supported by the Hon. Minister of Finance in a short but effective speech.

The leader of the opposition, Hon. A. L. Davidson, opposed the measure in a most effective manner. He was followed by the Hon. S. H. Blenkhorn, (N. 13), A. W. Routledge, (Inverness) and H. Moseley, (Victoria).

The measure being put to a vote was lost 8 to 5.

The Premier, after making several minor appointments, tendered his resignation.

#### LIBRARY NOTES.

"Books are the Legacies that a great Genius leaves to mankind."—ADDISON, *spec. 166.*

"*Ecce quam bonum et quam jocundum habitare LIBRAS in unum!*"—FRIAR Bacon, *sc. ii.*

GROWTH.—Even without regular funds, books continue to come in, and the shelves are filling up. The following is a table of the accessions since September of this year:—

Estate late John Doull.....	137	volumes.
Robins' Memorial Collection.....	73	"
Dominion Government.....	28	"
MacMillan & Co.....	24	"
Class of '98.....	17	"
\$300 Fund.....	12	"
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N. S. Hist. Soc., E. R. Fairbanks, C. E., Dr. Neilson, Dr. P. M. Morrison, R. M. Hattie, B. A., Min. Education, C. F. Lindsay, B. A., The Misses MacKay, Read and Forrest, W. H. Waddell, Prof. Perry, 1 each.

Calendars, Reports, etc., 49. Without donor's name, 8. Total, 440.



WELL DONE, '99.—No class has beaten the record of our latest batch of graduates. With great generosity, as well as wisdom, they placed their fund entirely in the hands of the Librarian to be spent as the Senate should determine. The benefit of the fund is at once apparent. By having cash on hand, we have been able to acquire the famous Oxford dictionary at a very great reduction in price. This will be the greatest English dictionary ever published, and it can never become obsolete. Besides acquiring this treasure, there is a handsome balance for the purchase of other needed works. It is doubtful if there is another college in Canada in which the students support the college library so generously. Dalhousians feel that small as the collection of books is, it belongs to them, and they show their interest in the most practical way, by putting their hands in their pockets.

#### COLLEGE NOTES.

SERGT.-MAJ. LONG has not yet got his gymnasium classes into full swing, but we hope to be able to note some good work in this direction in the next issue.

Now that football is a thing of the past—and the future—hockey is taking up the attention of our athletes. The seniors have already been doing some challenging, but no teams seem ready to take up the gauntlet.

CHEERFULLY, hopefully, yet without making any undue noise about it, the yellow-and-black man has again taken up his burden after spending, the GAZETTE hopes, a pleasant holiday season.

WE are pleased to see on the official bulletin board a neat and tastefully gotten-up pamphlet, giving the M. A. courses and the regulation in the calendar governing the conferring of that degree. This, we are sure, will have a good effect in directing the attention of the students to this subject.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for Dalhousie's return debate with Acadia, and probably the event will have taken place before the next GAZETTE is out. Last year the Acadians came down here in force, and it now rests with us to return the compliment. Better begin to practice the yell now, boys.

SOME of the more juvenile students may possibly presume that those beautiful strips of ice that occasionally cover the college approaches are intended for sliding purposes; but it is improbable that there was ever any such design on the part of the authorities. Some fine day, when Dalhousie gets

rich, the walk-way will be built up a few inches higher, then the rest of the grounds, and future freshmen will have to look elsewhere for skating. Then there are those gutters or ditches at the entrances from the main streets; every time it rains they are flooded and have to be jumped over or forded according to the agility of the pedestrian. Pontoons, ferries, and suspension bridges have been jokingly suggested by the students, but the matter is evidently one for civic powers to deal with, and they should be invoked, convoked, or provoked until they place some sort of a crossing at those places.

THE usual festivities attending the closing for the Christmas vacation, came off on the evening of Thursday, December 21st. The concert, which has come to be a recognized part of the "break-up," was, despite the fact that arrangements had to be made during the busy examination season, an excellent one, and quite up to the standard of former years. The programme was as follows:—

Violin Solo .....	MISS FARQUHAR.
Vocal Solo .....	" S. MURRAY.
Recitation .....	MR. KING.
Mandolin and Guitar Quartette .....	MISSSES HARRINGTON and MOTT.
Vocal Solo .....	MISS LEHIGH.
Oration .....	MR. SANFORD.
Vocal Solo .....	" CHUTE.
Parody .....	" KING.

#### GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

As Mr. Sanford was not present, Mr. Watson, at the earnest and united request of the students, took his place and *delighted* the students with his rendering of "Coming Through the Dye." Miss Murray's solo, "The Soldiers of the Queen," being particularly appropriate to the time, was well received, the boys joining in the chorus. The Mandolin and Guitar Quartette was somewhat of a novelty and was a very popular number. We all hope to hear more of Mr. King's recitations as they were a feature of the evening.

As the "clerk of the weather" had denied the necessary snow for a sleigh-drive, the students, headed by the 66th fife and drum band, marched round to the houses of the members of the different faculties. Stirring patriotic speeches were the order of the evening. After marching through town, the procession broke up, and the students dispersed, to meet again in 1900.

DALHOUSIE was well to the front on Saturday, the 21st inst., in wishing God-speed to the troops who sailed on the steamer "Laurentian." Of course the students were well represented among the spectators of the parade in the morning, but it was in the afternoon that they massed to show

distinctly and emphatically how they appreciated the spirit of the volunteers.

The little steamer "Pastime" was secured, which served the purpose admirably. The lady students graced the upper deck, and it was pleasing to see how their patriotism lifted them out of the gloom cast by the weather. The steamer was headed for the Dockyard with the red, white and blue, and yellow and black floating in the breeze, whilst expressions of patriotism and college spirit burst from every heart, the steam whistle playing a staccato accompaniment to that oft-repeated new-fangled yell with the feminine ending, and "Soldiers of the Queen," inducing forgetfulness of the gloom and fog round about.

When the Dockyard was reached, the "Laurentian" was saluted from almost every possible point, and right lustily did our soldiers respond from deck and rigging, cheer answering cheer. The little steamer hovered round till the transport cast off and then accompanied her a distance down the harbour, whilst a constant fire of cheers and well wishes assured the brave Canadians that their self-sacrifice was admired and even envied.

On the way back, Dr. Forrest at the request of all on board, gave an address from the upper deck, short but appropriate. Then, with heads uncovered, "God Save the Queen" was sung as a fitting close to a pleasant and dutiful attempt to express the loyalty of the little college by the sea.

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### College Societies.

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At the last meeting of the Medical Society held before the Christmas vacation, in the absence of the President and Vice-President, Mr. Salter took the chair. The lecturer of the evening, Dr. Cunningham, on being introduced, announced the subject of his paper, "Germs as friends." The Doctor's paper was appreciated by all present. After a vote of thanks was extended, the meeting adjourned.

Y. M. C. A.—The annual business meeting for the election of officers for the next year was held on Saturday, January 20th. The following officers were elected: *President*, W. T. Hallam; *Vice-President*, D. J. McLeod; *Recording Secretary*, G. H. Sedgwick; *Corresponding Secretary*, A. J. W. Myers; *Treasurer*, M. J. McPherson. We venture to predict that under the guidance of these men the Y. M. C. A. will have another successful year in its noble work of holding up Jesus Christ before the students of the University.

The members of the Delta Gamma spent a very enjoyable evening at Mrs. Stairs' on Kent Street, on the evening of Nov. 30th. After a short business meeting, the subject for the debate was announced. Resolved "That women should not enter the higher professions." Miss Simpson and Miss Jean Forrest, spoke for, Miss Austen and Miss Gordon against the resolution. The supporters of the resolution both dealt very largely on woman's true mission in the world, while Miss Austen and Miss Gordon pointed out the very urgent need for women in many of the higher professions, and particularly the need for them as medical missionaries among the women and children. The resolution was defeated, and Miss Hobrecker was then called on for her critique, which was both suggestive and worthy. The meeting then adjourned.

The regular meeting of the Student's Medical Society was held on Friday evening, December 15th, in the new Laboratory which was cleared out and seated for the occasion. As it was the final meeting for 1899 the custom of former years was followed, and the entertainment committee provided a programme which was more lengthy and brilliant than usual. Unfortunately the weather was not all that could be desired, but the room was well filled with the members and their friends from the other Faculties and from the city.

Miss Archibald opened the programme with a piano solo which was followed by vocal numbers by Messrs. Diamond, Zwicker, and Shute, interspersed with recitations by Miss Read, and Miss Philps. Miss Harrington's violin selection and Miss Murray's vocal solo were both encored, and Mr. King, 2nd year Med., had to respond twice to the demands of the audience for his well known comic recitations. Mr. Geo. Wood sang "Soldiers of the Queen," and Mr. Chute's last number was also of the much-talked-of "Tommy," and the applauses with which they were received showed that Dalhousie would not be the least fruitful recruiting-ground in the event of a 3rd contingent.

Too many thanks cannot be given to the city talent who so kindly assisted in making the concert the decided success which it was.

On the afternoon of Sunday, January 21st, Rev. R. G. Strathie lectured before the students in the Munro Room. His theme was "The Understanding to Know God," a theme which has been the central debating ground and the end of speculation of all philosophies and of all who are seeking after truth. Socrates, and Plato, and Kant, and

Hegel have sought by all the resources of their wondrous intellects to know God; and why have they not "found out the Almighty?" Because the natural man perceiveth Him not, and only to those who believe on the Son is given the understanding to know the Father. The unbelieving astronomer may sweep the heavens with his telescope and say, "I find no God there"; but the sweet singer of Israel, looking up at the twinkling stars, exclaimed, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." There is the same God, Lord over all, but the eyes of the one man are holden by reason of his unbelief, that he should not know Him; while the other's eyes, from which the scales have fallen, have caught a glimpse of the Majesty of the Almighty. The lecturer concluded with an appeal to his hearers to go to the source of all knowledge of God, to "the Son of God who is come and hath given us an understanding that we may know Him that is true." The lecture was heard with great attention and interest throughout, and our hearty thanks are due Mr. Strathie for his message of truth to us.

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### Exchanges.

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WE have a word of encouragement for the Sydney Academy *Record*. The "Art of Debating" is a good article.

THE fourth number of the Halifax *Academy Annual* has appeared and has its usual bright assortment of articles, short stories, poems and illustrations. In poetry the *Annual* is up to its usual high standard. "The Idler" by Miss Huestis is genuine poetry, and other particular creditable pieces are "Winter" by "M.", "Sons of Britain," and "Morality," by Miss Pennington.

We are glad that the Academy students are able to run their paper with such a large balance in their favour, and we hope that it may live and improve from year to year with the growth of the Academy.

THE university's spirit in "Queens" is strong, taking that shown in the "Journals" columns as an expression of the same spirit in her halls. There is a discussion on several points of the college's larger interests. The backbone of the issue is the university sermon by Prof. Dyde. The lecturer, speaking of Daniel, said "He has a strong sense of the unity of his race and of the value of the past. The mark which a preceding age has made is a mark which we cannot afford to fall below. Our fathers rule us from their urns. He

who feels the force of his connection with the past of his people never thinks merely his own thoughts, never strikes single-handed. Whatever our vocation, we fail to be worthy links in the chain of the past and future if we separate ourselves from the spirit of the race. Uninfluenced by it, we may complain that circumstances prevent us from sharing in the world's work. It is the main thing that every one may bear about in his mind the hopes and fears that make us men; and if he does not he is false to himself. And each must see the God of Heaven behind all times and seasons. For our standard as individuals is in how far we have understood the divine mind and sought to bring it to pass. To believe that in some measure one's work is needed in order to accomplish the scheme of things is to live; and to be convinced that one has not wholly failed to answer the need is to have the fulness of joy forever."

THE leading contribution of the *McGill Outlook* is on Thackeray's Henry Esmond." The following is a brief summary. The historical novel supplies the subjective side of the facts of which history gives the objective. It brings us into touch with the spirit of the age in revealing, with poetry, the inner workings of man's mind and soul. After an outline of the story with a delineation of the various characters and comments on Thackeray's style, it concludes by saying, "the book is a typical work of its great author. It is of lasting historical value as a picture of our ancestors in the days of good Queen Ann and the great Marlborough, and bids well for the position of the best historical novel."

Such notice of the work of the "old Masters" is commendable in these times when the majority of readers think only of the "latest," forgetting that literature has perhaps a few other tests than the date of publication.

We congratulate the *Outlook* on the general high tone of its numbers, so difficult to maintain in a weekly organ.

WE are pleased to acknowledge other exchanges. *Argosy*, *Mt. Allison*, *Kings College Record*, *Williamette Collegian*, *Presbyterian College Journal*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *McMaster's Monthly*, *South Western Collegian*.

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### Personals.

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S. C. MACLEAN, B. A. '97, has been appointed to a position on the New Glasgow High School.

THEODORE ROSS, B. A. '99, is taking a course in the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ontario.

AT a meeting of the N. S. Institute of Science, on Monday, Jan. 15th the two papers read were by Jas. BARNES, B. A. '99.

WORD comes from Johns Hopkins University that H. T. Archibald, B.A. '99, has been awarded a scholarship in Greek worth \$200.

REV. P. M. MACDONALD, B. A., '94, and wife leave in a few weeks for Scotland, where Mr. Macdonald will continue his theological studies.

W. J. LEAHY LL. B. '98, has opened an office in the Roy Building, Barrington St. The GAZETTE wishes Mr. Leahy every success in his profession.

THE GAZETTE desires to express the sympathy of the Editors and of all the students with Professor Mackay, whose brother died at Plainfield, Pictou county, January 5th.

E. H. ARCHIBALD'S paper: "On a test, by the Freezing-Point method, of the Ionization coefficients determined by the conductivity method for solutions containing potassium and sodium sulphates," has been republished by the *Chemical News*, London, G. B. It contained an account of the results of a series of experiments made in the Laboratories of this College and was read before the Institute of Science last winter. We congratulate Archibald on this recognition of the value of his work.

#### LINES TO "THE POSTMAN."

Thou speedy messenger of state,  
(He's almost thirty minutes late)  
What new decree of my poor fate  
Dost thou bring now, or love or hate?  
But let me mark his eye, his gait,  
And I will tell you my poor fate.  
By sad experience I mate  
My message with his pate, his rate.

I remember well the day he brought  
A message from my Kate. I caught  
Him sniffing the letter perfume-fraught.  
He waddled the waddle the ducks are taught  
(Explaining the letter perhaps he thought).  
With his roguish eye a wink he wrought  
And tossing the letter, whispered "caught."

And once he came with solemn face  
Crunching the gravel with stately pace.  
—A Baronet's seal? ah: that's the case  
Or why would he strut adown the place.  
Perhaps a commission from his grace—  
"Debtor to tailor, John Maclace,  
July the sixth, to suit of mace"  
(To ———: I mean the other place.)

Only a week ago, I believe  
His monstrous shambling feet did leave  
Dainty footprints.—Did he deceive?  
A blacked-edged letter me to receive?  
My Lover dead? my heart 'twould cleave.  
A pitying smile his face did wreath.  
"And to my nephew at my death  
All wordly good I here bequeath."

But here's the knight of Government blue.  
Probosis extended. Listen "O P——"  
A letter, I wonder from Liz or Lou.  
(The short sighted cad I think he knew.  
"Sharp, Solicitor," on envelope too)  
"Hereby take notice for rent three months due  
John Skinflint, the landlord intends to sue"  
The——take you and the landlord too.

#### Business Items.

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#### Dallustensia.

THE authorities at the Poor House have declared their intention of stopping Hawbolt and friend from skating on the adjoining pond.

LADY STUDENT (on Sackville St., on a densely foggy evening, seeing signal light on citadel)—"My, how bright the north star is to-night!"

CUM-ING should leave his asinine tendencies at home when he intends to move or second a vote of thanks to a volunteer lecturer.

DR. GOODWIN—This drug, gentleman, is '*facile princeps*' of its class."  
M-I-r (who has been attentively watching a green-market woman)—  
"What did he say the dose of '*facile princeps*' was?"

RUT.—"Hello, Dav-son, what's making you look so pleasant?"  
Dav-son—"Oh, nothing." (Aside), "I can get ahead of the Pork Magnate every time. She won't look at him now."

PROF. HIST.—"If any Christian man was passing through the country, the Saracens were always ready to give him a night's lodging or a good meal of victuals." (Vigorous applause). "Why are you applauding, Mr. MacD—g-ll? Is it the meal of victuals that so excites you?"

A SUBSCRIPTION has been started to purchase a high chair, a bib and a rattle for Dav-son. He will be seated at the desk of the librarian, as it is thought his infantine gambols will effectually soothe the moroseness of the lordly Begg.

MOSE-LEE wishes the fact to be recorded that a kind but near-sighted lady mistook him last week for his four year old brother, and gave him a five cent piece.

"Ask and you shall receive."

FLEMISH SOPH.—"Character sketches are exceedingly troublesome."

Senior—"Yes. I remember writing one on 'Ancient Pistol.'"

F. S.—"Oh! by the way, I had to write on 'Old Weapons' in Shakespeare and forgot all about the pistol."

LEAVES from the diary of one *Riverend John* :—

*December 23rd.*—Miss X— is visiting at the minister's, nice girl, would like to call but am afraid of the parson. Am not having much of a time.

*January 3rd.*—Down to see Miss X— this morning, fifth time this week, took her for a drive in the afternoon, stayed to tea and spent the evening there. Am enjoying the vacation very much. Have not written to the Freshette yet.

It is not to be denied that—

"Riverend" John's Xmas GAZETTES are still unclaimed.

Thompson (4th year) has been greatly benefited by a *freshier* environment than last year.

One of the Seniors sometimes gets "myred" in an argument.

Marlborough Road would be so much like home to Mr. D—k-y if it only had a couple of lights and a bench.

"Love" to "Girls" joins merely one great game of "Bluff"—so C—d-r says,—and he ought to know.

"Gird up your loins and do not rest on your oars," is a good example of a figure of speech generally to be avoided.

"Anything from old boots upwards" is rather dry fare for even a History class.

#### FOOTBALL JOKES.

"Do you enjoy football?" he asked of the quiet man at the game.

"Yes, sir, I *am* interested."

"Are you a player?"

"No, I'm a surgeon."

FRESHMAN—"I have often heard how those football games are terrible, but I never thought that they killed people in them."

Sophomore—"Kill people, what do you mean?"

Freshman—"Well, I read the other day that nearly all the players on one side lost their heads in the first half. You know that would be fatal. It's getting worse every year."

WHY is a football team never completely hard up? Because it always has *two quarters*.

Why is it not a temperance organization? Because one of its members is always *full*.

Why cannot the members lay claim to bashfulness? Because a majority of them are *forward*.

Why are the members bound to disagree? Because they practise *kicking*.

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