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DO THY BEST.

THE following paragraph from a college paper suggested the subject of the present effort. Says the writer, "In College life a failure means in nine cases out of ten, not a lack of ability, but the failure to *use* the ability; not a lack of opportunities, but a failure to make use of the opportunities." We are often led to inquire how it happens that some students greatly excel, and bear away the prize before their fellows who occupied the same bench, listened to the same lectures, and perused the same class-books. Both were the same at the entrance examination, but at the close of the year, one stands in his class first rank, another sees cherished hopes blighted, fond ambition perish, and more torturing still, his plumes "plucked" bare. What causes this difference? Some one answers, "Brains sir," while another will say, "Genius."

We are not disposed to maintain that the difference in students consists in mental excellence alone, nor shall we attribute to genius what is in reality the result of patient industry or unwearied perseverance. But there are circumstances which give rise to the excellence of one student over another. He must be impenetrably stupid, who, after having gone through a three or four years drill at the Academy, enters first year classes at college, and cannot pass a more creditable examination than that "Freshie" who perchance left off swinging the sledge-hammer, handling the yard stick, or following the plough, with but a few weeks or months preparation for his classes,—or the "Freshie" is indeed clever. Have we not known young men to spend years at the High School, proceed afterwards to College, well prepared to bear off the prizes of the first, if not the second year. How unfair to exalt such a one as possessing greater ability than that industrious student who toils to make up for his lack of early opportunities! One student is enabled to return home and spend the long summer vacation with his friends, and make prepar-

ation for the work of next session. Certainly he has an advantage over another who finds it necessary to teach or do something else to get the wherewith to support him in his studies another year. Again, some students have a bias of mind enabling them to excel in one department of study, hence there should be in a college curriculum several optional studies, so as to afford a choice.

We shall upbraid none with sloth or supineness. Grant that every student is diligent; yet, there may be one whose energies are not directed in that manner which will make his college course intelligible and profitable to himself. Some of us have learned that success requires concentration of thought and energy. There is truth in the hoary maxim: "If you have too many irons in the fire, some are apt to burn." Grasping at everything we may lose all. One thing at a time, and do that as well as we can before proceeding to another. "Stick to your brewery" said Rothschild to young Buxton, "and you will be the greatest brewer of London. Be brewer, and banker, and merchant, and manufacturer, and you will soon be in the *Gazette* bankrupt." The essence of success consists in a wise improvement of the ability and opportunities we possess. The royal road to learning? There is none. Says Sydney Smith, "There is but one method, and that is hard labor; and the man who will not pay that price for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox." Turner, the distinguished painter, on being asked by a lady, "What is your secret of success," replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work."

Newton disclaimed extraordinary powers of mind, and attributed his success to "patient and continued thinking." When the question was put to him—"How have you been able to achieve your discoveries?" His reply was, "By always intending my mind." If men who have distinguished themselves in their various vocations, by plodding and perseverance were taken from

the world, few geniuses so called would remain. Said Alexander Hamilton, "Men give me credit for genius; but I assure you what they are pleased to call the fruits of genius, is the fruit of labor and thought, day and night." Dr. Carey, the eminent missionary, said, "Whoever gives me the credit for anything besides being a plodder, will do too much. I can plod, I can persevere in any difficult pursuit, and to that I owe everything. No man should count his abilities as the beggar his aims on yon street corner, and give as his verdict—'I cannot.'" Says a late writer, "I can, rightly and truly said, and then clinched and riveted by the manly and heroic deed is the real secret, the true philosophy of all great men's lives." Trade well and the talents will increase. Take the advice the aged artist gave the desponding pupil, but who afterwards became the distinguished Leonardo da Vinci. "I commission thee, my son, to do thy best upon this work. *Do thy best.*" If students in general would *do their best upon their text-books*, better results would follow. A wise improvement of the time is necessary to success in student life.

On the dial of All Saints, Oxford, is the solemn and startling admonition, "*Pereunt, et impunitantur.*"—"The hours perish and are laid to our charge." We cannot over-estimate the value of our time. Any unnecessary intrusion should not be allowed in the study or class room. Some unsettled youth having no definite aim, and no greater exertion for his cash than to break the seal and take what "Papa" sends, often proves detrimental to those devoted to study. Fortunately we are not so troubled here.

What can we expect of that student having "an endless round of ladyships (the ladies will pardon me) frequent in Park," or, as the case may be, spending his sunny afternoons on glittering acmes, and then the evening in idle gossip, to the neglect of his study. Josh Billings pictures a big bearded boy of about forty summers stretched out beside a frog-pond with his hands under his chin watching the tadpoles. Pity is excited with the amusement it creates over such a "conservation of energy." Not less pitiful is the case of a young man of brilliant talents, spending his golden hours, and bartering away the grand opportunities of the present on things of inferior moment "*nec praeteritum tempus unquam revertitur.*"

Gibbon was in his study at six o'clock every morning, both winter and summer. It was by "early rising and late taking rest, avoiding all

visits of ceremonies and journeys of mere pleasure, and not allowing unnecessary intrusions upon his time," that Dr. Clarke, the commentator, was enabled to accomplish so much. His advice is, "Have always some essay or dissertation upon the anvil." Dr. Doddridge was accustomed to begin his studies at four o'clock every morning; and so of many others we could name. Dr. Scott, the commentator, for forty-six years, studied about ten hours daily, and at the age of seventy-two with greater application than at any other period of his life.

It is said of John Wesley, that on a certain occasion, being obliged to wait at the door for his chaise, he was heard to exclaim, "I have lost ten minutes forever." It was on his death-bed, and in reply to the request that he should desist from study that Calvin said—"Forbid that my Lord should find me unoccupied." They knew their time was brief, and right highly did they value the fleeting moments. It was by *doing the best* with their abilities and opportunities that many names are so radiant on the historic page.

It is pleasant to think of those who with unwearied efforts searched for knowledge as for "hidden treasures." Think of the efforts of Demosthenes to perfect himself in oratory; of Plutarch when past seventy commencing the study of Latin, and Cato at the age of eighty years the study of Greek; Prof. Moore, through poverty, borrowing Newton's Principia, and transcribing it with his own hand. Dr. John Brown, of Haddington, when a boy, walked a long journey to procure a Greek Testament, that he might study it in the field whilst herding the flock. Think of Kitto commencing his education on "money saved at the rate of a penny per week," and Heyne a distinguished scholar of Germany, who in his early years "slept many a night upon a barn floor with a book for his pillow."

We would not forget the weaver lad of Blantyre spreading his Latin book upon the jenny, that he might glance at the page he wished to learn, and who afterwards became the intrepid traveller and missionary, Dr. Livingstone. Can we pass that "Prince of men," Lincoln, without receiving a lesson that will profit,—earning his first dollar by ferrying passengers from the shore to the passing steamer in a skiff built by himself, and splitting two thousand rails for a suit of clothes. But this rail-splitter by doing his best was at last raised to the President's chair of the

United States. These and many others whose names are as household words, and will be affectionately treasured in memory for ages to come, as the world's philanthropists and benefactors, toiled on doing their best, encountering difficulties of which we know little, until the reward came, not only in the fruit of their labor, but in that which will ever follow a life spent to the good of our fellow men and the glory of God.

C. D. McL.

"LOCKSLEY HALL."

THERE is a class of poems which may be best described as popular. They are not so much favorites with critics and reviewers as with the people. "Maud Muller" is one of them, and "Locksley Hall" is another. Some poems win the notice of the critics first and through them reach the people. This would seem to be the natural way. But the class of which I speak seems to go the other way. The critics treat them as "padding," and they get into the heart and life of the people of themselves. They are rather nature than art, for the critic loves art, and the people do not. Nature speaks to them. To appreciate art requires training, and training is very liable to draw away the soul from the appreciation of nature. This is partly good and partly bad, inasmuch as nature is partly good and partly bad. That a poem is natural, however, affords a strong presumption in favor of its excellence, for "the perfection of art is the concealment of all art." It is probably more truly artistic than that whose art is manifest. To be natural is the highest art.

Tried in this way the two poems I have named stand high in respect of art. But there is another standard by which to judge poetry. It is the expression of feeling. According as it is truly artistic or not, will it succeed in expressing that feeling. But it may express feeling which were better not expressed. The expression of feeling strengthens it. Every song that breathes a true and pure manly or womanly spirit is doing a good work, is helping not a little to make the world better and happier. But some songs cultivate a spirit of mean whining egotism, of discontent and repining. Such songs every true man and woman treats with contempt, and it is his and her duty to do so. I think "Locksley Hall" is not perfectly free from this taint. "Locksley Hall" is the delight of weak-minded

women. The hero raves divinely, and his transcendent egotism, his

"Nature gave thee shallower notions bounded in a shallower brain,"

and
"Is it well to wish thee happy, having known ME to decline
On a rage of lower feelings and narrower heart than mine."

all this they sympathise with. It might have occurred to a very moderately rational man, I think, that if she was so generally contemptible, and he so generally estimable, he might be as well without her, or *vice versa*, that if his existence was so bound up in her as he represents, his judgment as to the comparative value of the two in the present order of things must have been somewhat warped. I do not object to the representation of an egotistic character. I believe in representing every sort of character. But there is too much sympathy with the egotism even on the part of the poet himself. He asks for more of our sympathy than we care to give. We are with him in the story of his love, while the current runs smooth, but when in the sublimity of his ineffable conceit, he tells how all that was good in the world save only his sweet self has been changed and corrupted, we are disposed to think that a different mode of treatment would be beneficial. Thousands of men have suffered the same pain that he did, and thousands of men have borne it too without flinching, without disgracing their manhood by disgusting querulousness, with a calm and steady strength which is the grandest and noblest of all earthly triumphs.

But "Locksley Hall" is full of those "mighty thoughts" which "suggest life's endless toil and endeavour." Tennyson is a great thinker. Longfellow most beautifully distinguishes between the grand old masters, the

"Bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time."

and the

"Humble poet
Whose songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds in summer,
And tears from the eyelids start,"

and with a true insight he allots to the former "mighty thoughts" "like strains of martial music," and to the latter songs that

"Have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

The songs that come from the heart are as truly poetical as the others. The distinction is

not in the poetical genius of the man, but in the underlying intellectual power. In this respect Tennyson is, by universal consent, great. Whittier and Longfellow himself belong, I think, to the humbler class. I am inclined to think that both, and especially Longfellow, when not misled by ambition, are truer poets than Tennyson. But there is nothing to suggest strength in either of them. In Tennyson we feel the grasp of a hand mightier than our own. We are swayed and drawn, albeit with a certain wildness and fury which mark effort, and show that the strength is limited.

The love and the egotism are the "popular" part of the poem, but the

"Thoughts that make them eagle wings
To pierce the unborn years,"

are in his best style, and well worthy of study.
McD.

"MAUD MULLER."

LIKE the school master in the "Deserted Village," though vanquished, I shall argue still.

McD. in a late issue of the GAZETTE, takes exception to the style of criticism generally prevalent, and to my views of "Maud Muller" in particular. He says: "I do not like that style of criticism which says that an event is improbable, or a character unnatural. Shakspeare never did so." We must all admit, with Hazlitt, that Shakspeare's characters are generally so much nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her; and yet has McD. full faith in the "Weird Sisters?" does he consider them perfectly natural? According to his style of criticism, we must not make use of the word *unnatural*, for that would be "to assume to ourselves a pretty wide sweep of knowledge." With him witches, ghosts and hobgoblins exist, because it is impossible to have a sufficiently wide sweep of knowledge to prove their non-existence.

When McD. appealed to Shakspeare he must have forgotten Hamlet's instruction to the player: "There be players that have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably." Here is positive authority from Shakspeare for the style of criticism now prevalent. Fortified by the evidence of McD.'s own witness, I trust

I may be permitted to make use of the term "unnatural," without "assuming to myself any wide sweep of knowledge."

"I can easily conceive that Whittier should himself dislike "Maud Muller." It seems to me natural, though I cannot tell why." Is this to be taken as a specimen of McD.'s new style of criticism? He asserts that the poem is perfectly life-like—that it is nature without a flaw—and yet he contends that it is *natural for Whittier to dislike it*. This leads us to infer that the more closely an intellectual creation approaches our ideal, the less pleasure is to be derived from it. This must ever be a source of sweet consolation to the great herd of mankind, who are incapable of attaining excellency in any department of life; but what a pity Hogarth and Reynolds hadn't known of this innate principle of humanity! Instead of those glorious creations of genius, which on account of their very perfection must have been grievous eyesores to the renowned artists, we should have had pleasure-distilling daubs. In the light of this new doctrine it seems somewhat perplexing that God should view His perfect creation with so much satisfaction.

That "poets are notoriously bad judges of their own works," I am seriously inclined to doubt. There have been those who, like the musical Shelley, have too lightly esteemed an inferior poem; but from my limited reading, I can not recall a single instance in which a poet with a reputation established, depreciated a work which, from its perfect execution, deserved universal praise. If any such has existed, his life must present an intensely interesting study.

There is no reason why the Judge's opinion of Maud should be taken *cum grano salis*. The critic of the new school says that His Lordship was not infallible. Why not? Because McD. has not met an infallible being is no reason for supposing that such a one does not exist. "The range of probability is wide and the range of naturalness is large." Again, we are told that the Judge's knowledge of her was limited. Was it necessary that they should form a mutual inspection committee, and after months of investigation present reports as to their respective characters? This is the process that McD. would have young men and maidens pass before coming to the conclusion to fall in love. Although poor simple King Duncan, when deceived by the Thane of Cawdor, came to the conclusion that there was no art by which to find the mind's

construction in the face, lovers are said to be vastly more discerning. It has been repeatedly demonstrated that Jessica was mistaken when she told Lorenzo about the blindness of lovers.

The Maud Muller, who falls in love with the Judge, is a noble character. How her soul fills with joy as she listens to the silvery tones of the Judge while

"He speaks of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
And singing birds, and humming bees."

The sublime music of two hearts beating in unison renders the modest maiden forgetful of her brier-torn gown. Maud's grand aim in living was to infuse happiness into the lives of others.

"I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

McD. would have us infer that such characters are of "every day growth;" but a little reflection teaches us, as a great man has said of Napoleon, that nature is not so prodigal as to place many such on earth during one generation.

With these facts before us how can we deny the unnaturalness of the poem, in causing Maud to marry an ignorant churl for whom she had neither love nor respect? Weak minds are subject to a species of silly, sentimentalism which causes them to be no sooner "off with the old love than on with the new," but Maud was not one of them. When Dickens "holds the mirror up to nature" and gives us a view of Little Dorrit, heroically concealing her love for Arthur, and as heroically resisting all other suitors, how different the effect produced by noble Maud Muller as the wife of a grumbling sot! What gives a peculiar charm to Tennyson's "Dora?" The closing strokes perfect the picture: "But Dora lived unmarried till her death."

The Quaker Poet, full of experience, glances at his work of long-ago, and sadly says,—It is not what it might have been. A. W. M.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE March number of the *Bates' Student* is excellent. It opens with an article on "The Study of English Literature." The writer recommends the teaching of poetry to children as soon as they can comprehend ideas "expressed consecutively." One of the editorials laments the fact that the average American graduate cannot read Classics with any degree of fluency. It says:

"No fact confronts the average graduate from American Colleges more forcibly than that, of all the studies pursued,

he is least fitted to understand or to teach Latin and Greek—the very studies upon which he has spent the most time. He finds himself unable to read the classic authors with any approach towards ease, and much less able to appreciate them."

It cannot be otherwise so long as colleges attempt to teach so much in the short period covered by their curricula. Were students allowed to concentrate the time and energy on three or four subjects, which they disperse over a dozen, the result would be very different from that attained by the present system. We are fast degenerating into a race of smatterers, and the colleges are to blame. The need of a reform in higher education in America is everywhere felt, and it must come.

Of all our exchanges the *Brunonian* comes nearest to our ideal of a college paper.

The *Wabash* is a college newspaper. It contains no tiresomely long articles. Its most distinctive feature is the large number of paragraphs that it contains on matters of local or passing interest. The best thing in the issue before us (March) is a Prize Oration, delivered at the Indiana Inter-collegiate Oratorical Contest. The subject is "A State University." The speaker showed in an unanswerable way the advantages of one united institution supported by the State. The condition of higher education in Indiana he describes as follows:

"There are seventeen colleges in Indiana whose courses are almost identical. They have within their halls thirteen hundred students; not one of whom does not turn wistful eyes toward Ann Arbor and the great Universities of the East. They have an aggregate endowment of two and a quarter millions. Such an amount of capital would erect palatial buildings, would equip observatories and laboratories, museums and libraries, and would establish the widest range of professorships. But it is divided and subdivided into petty endowments until we have insufficient buildings, no observatories, scarcely a gymnasium, scanty libraries, and our professors pinch themselves on slender salaries. To satisfy a denominational pride a magnificent power is broken into pieces and each of the fragments is attempting to do the work of the symmetrical whole. There are seventeen small chapels, partially filled, where with less cost, we might have one grand auditory, pillared and galleried, filled to the utmost. Public appropriation and private charity accumulate ample means, but they are frittered away in so many channels, that there is scarcely a college which is ever spoken of beyond the State lines, and a home-bred poet, jurist, or scientist is unheard of. Such policy is wretched, and cries to public intelligence for redress. As a commonwealth we want education so thorough that it will answer the demands of our age of specialists. We want no conflicting systems. We want our means undiminished by rivalry—conserved by union."

We in Nova Scotia know by experience what it is to have a magnificent power broken into pieces, and each of the fragments trying to do the work of the whole. The fable of the old man and the bundle of sticks, teaches a lesson that we have yet to learn.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 5, 1878.

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ONE of the most pleasing features of this session in Dalhousie is the perfect harmony that exists between the different years. There may be concord in a pernicious course; oneness of desire, and as a result sympathy of headache and self-disgust. We have no reference to such, but to manly frankness that well becomes a student. It is of infinite value to be sincere. This stamps a man. A dreamy theoretic feeling is not enough. Any one may by a spurt seem great, but it is a fire of thorns. Would you appear kind, honest in its fullest sense, really noble? Then be such by continued practice. The young man who feels conscious of integrity of purpose is fortified for anything—yes for anything except a sessional exam.

Perhaps we do not gain all we might in College, or that our Professors wish; but the young man who passes through his Freshman experiences, and still prizes rectitude of character more than parasitism in any form, is fairly on the highway to success. There is a temptation to ape the follies of those farther up the ladder; a tendency to extravagant conduct to secure applause. Take this as a gauge, and it will give a tolerably correct idea of the size of some souls.

It's well to have models, provided we exercise common sense in the choice; its of value to watch others at smooth and difficult work. But the man whose eye is always on his neighbour's plough, is not likely to draw a straight furrow himself. It is of some importance to examine our own planting and weeding. Stinted plants and rank weeds show the folly of neglect.

We don't fancy the fellow who wishes everybody to use his eye-glass; but more detestable is he, who without exercising any thought, or having any definite idea of his individuality, is swayed by every breath of air. There is room in college for a great variety of opinions, and the strongest at least will survive. But the platform of common interest is wide enough for all, except those who have bad livers. Such have no right to enter a class-room any more than lepers.

SOME of our exchanges occasionally devote themselves to the discussion of the question of self-made men *vs.* college made. Are self-made men superior to the college made? Perhaps those who claim pre-eminent superiority for either class are wrong, but we think those who take the affirmative side of this question are more unfair than their opponents. They deify self-made men, while to the college-made they apply Burns' verse—

"They gang in stirks and come out asses."

Their line of argument is this. On the one hand they refer you to celebrities such as Shakespeare, Miller, Agassiz, Elihu Burrit, Huxley, Tyndall, and scores of others, who by their own unaided exertions raised themselves up to the very highest rank among men of letters, science and learning; on the other they point to college graduates, who, after a brilliant career as students have sunk into insignificance. We hold that this argument proves nothing. It only shows that a man can be an able "crammer" and yet have no intellect; also that true genius will evince its power and existence in spite of the most adverse circumstances. Genius requires very little extraneous aid for its development. Were all men

possessed of genius, perhaps it would be no great loss to the country if our colleges were pulled down. But the great majority of mortals have no such divine gift. What would the decriers of college education do with men who can boast nothing more than ordinary abilities? Would they have the owner of the one talent hide even that in the earth and leave the whole game in the hands of his more fortunate neighbor?

Nor do we admit what is so boldly claimed that self-made men are in general superior to college-made. The fact that they are "self-made" causes us to admire them more than they really deserve. We compare their abilities with those of the men who have been through the college mill, not absolutely, but with that fact in our mind—we make an allowance on the one side which we do not on the other. We cannot put the case better than O. W. Holmes does in his "Autocrat." We offer no apology for making a long quotation from him.

"Self-made men?—Well, yes. Of course everybody likes self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all. Are any of you younger people old enough to remember that Irishman's house on the marsh at Cambridgeport, which house he built from drain to chimney-top with his own hands? It took him a good many years to build it, and one could see that it was a little out of plumb, and a little wavy in outline, and a little queer and uncertain in general aspect. A regular hand could certainly have built a better house; but it was a very good house for a "self-made" carpenter's house, and people praised it, and said how remarkably well the Irishman had succeeded. They never thought of praising the fine block of houses a little farther on.

Your self-made man, whittled into shape with his own jack-knife, deserves more credit, if that is all, than the regular engine-turned article, shaped by the most approved pattern, and French polished by society and travel. But as to saying that one is every way the equal of the other, that is another matter."

We all have seen men of the same stamp as the Irishman, and have not witholden our praise. Not unfrequently, too, men are called self-made or self-educated when, really they have no right to the title. For instance, among others, we have seen J. S. Mill mentioned as a self-made man. It is true Mill never took a college course, but from infancy his father—superior in every way to the average professor—was his tutor. Many

who are reckoned in that category are in fact not more self-made than college graduates. If the whole truth were known, we are convinced that the number of self-educated men would amount to but a very small figure, that while very few acquire greatness, many have it heaped upon them.

THE present issue of the GAZETTE is the last but one for this session. Before our next appears examinations will be over, and the fate of many a trembling student decided. This is the season for regrets, sorrow for past laziness—and cramming. In view of the coming fiery trial we have no advice to give but this, "keep cool." Many a student has plucked himself by getting excited over an examination paper. We might add, too, "avoid cribbing." We know that in past years, in spite of the vigilance of examiners, this dishonest practice was indulged in to a considerable extent. We hope professors will keep their eyes open at the coming examinations, and nip such small games in the bud. There are cases when a little cribbing would be pardonable in a student; but when it is done, as we have seen it done, for the sole object of gaining a prize, then it becomes execrably mean.

WE clip the following from the *Presbyterian Witness*:

"At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Prof. Tait of the University read a paper on the "Thermoelectric Properties of Charcoal and Alloys," by C. G. Knott, B. Sc., and J. G. MacGregor, D. Sc. This paper, the result of careful experiment, was very highly commended by Prof. Tait, D. Milne Home, Chairman, and several other members of the R. S."

REV. JOHN STEADYMAN, B. A., B. D.,
AT THE CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES'
ASSOCIATION.

THE following short notice is taken from the *Montreal Witness* of October 3rd, 1882. In accordance with the announcement which appeared in our columns a few weeks ago, many of our Canadian University men arrived in this city on the 28th ult. The object of this Convention was the formation of a Society for the promotion

of University reform, the assimilation of the various courses of study, and the increase of friendly intercourse between graduates of the different colleges. Toronto University, Dalhousie College, MacGill, Trinity, Queen's, University of New Brunswick, King's, Manitoba University, helped to swell the aggregate of delegates. 115 names were enrolled. The following are the officers:—Rev. J. Steadyman, B. A., B. D., Dalhousie, Pres.; W. H. A. Aristocratus, B. A., Trinity, V. P.; S. H. Goodboy, L. L. B., Toronto, Sec.; G. W. Slowbutsure, B. Sc., Queen's, Treas.; Committee, H. H. Fastman, B. Sc., MacGill; N. C. Highflyer, B. A., King's; W. W. Backwoods, M. B., Manitoba.

Topics of great interest were handled by the various essayists and orators. We publish a very characteristic address on "Female Education" by the President of the Association. Our reporter secured the following outline.

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentleman:

I desire to approach this important question, deeply feeling the necessity of manly, common-sense utterances. It has been said that the great want of our age is men. This we do not deny. But we are inclined to look at the other side of the question. *Women* are sadly needed. The principle, by which Chivalry held together in the midst of a faithless and perverse generation, was devotion to God and the ladies. What loftier idea than that of purity, fidelity, and love, is attainable? A great English painter, with grateful love acknowledged his indebtedness to his wife for the high position he occupied, in the following terms, "My wife made me." These were the identical words of one of the acutest of Scottish thinkers. Women has been extolled in hexameters, pentameters, and tetrameters, from time immemorial. Various have been the estimates formed of her. Sir W. Scott says,

"O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made."

Mark Twain has referred to the thrill of agony that passed through us when we heard that Joan of Arc had gallantly fallen while repelling the assaults of the French at Waterloo. (When Mark gets into the historical vein he succeeds in electrifying us most mightily.) He makes the remark, that the virtues of Lucretia Borgia will not pass into nothingness or an equivalent. Prof. Blackie has joined to immortal verse the vagaries of one Jenny Geddes, "who flung the three-legged stool." Who has not, with wonder

and amazement, perused the superfine "saws" of Mrs. Partington, or the dicta of the not less enchanting Mrs. Malaprop. I am reminded of that charming young personage, Miss Edith Bellenden, the contemplation of whose character has afforded delight to the many readers of "Old Mortality." The consenting voice of humanity with loud acclaim, approves the encomiums so abundantly poured upon the defenceless head of fickle womanhood. The *varium et mutabile semper femina* of the Latin poet need not here be enlarged upon. It is one of those generalizations which savour so strongly of truism, as to be passed over without proper consideration of their meaning. Unless a "change come o'er the spirit of the dreams" of Canadian girlhood, the future will see Canada, so highly favoured in natural resources and everything that goes towards the making up of a great nation, sink into utter insignificance. The evil in "Female Education," as it is, cannot be called imaginary. The charge of uttering feeble platitudes I can bear; for I am aware that wholesome truths plainly put, are passed by contemptuously. When Society affects to despise the higher education of women, it overlooks one great element in the onward march of progress. The Spartans, "in the brave days of old," developed the physical power of woman to an extent which, in our time, would be frowned upon. However, the State benefited in many ways by this seeming hard-heartedness. The Germans, according to Tacitus, set great store by the social well-being of their women. Alas! they have degenerated; and an instinctive dread of "blue-stockings" on their part has lowered the German *Fräulein* in the eyes of all travellers. Woman was not intended to be a mere drudge, a slave to wash man's dirty linen. I do not believe in the doctrine of "woman's rights," as advanced by some of the sex; but I have still less faith in those who go to the opposite extreme. We fail to see the rationale of the ground held by the Germans and not a few orthodox people among ourselves. Owing to wretched conventionalities, woman's high calling, as the comforter and helper of man, is disregarded, and there is a return to the state of Roman society, when marriage was a mere matter of convenience. According to the present state of affairs,

"'Tis, oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this be Christian work."

ON. SOLITUDE.

THE better kind of man is fond of the country. There is a witchery about clumps of alder bushes—there is a charm hovering round hay-rakes and turnip-cutters, that chains these objects to our hearts with chains of adamant. My uncle Enos used often to say that it gave him a high opinion of the ancients, that Cincinnatus, after he had saved Rome from her Ægæan foe, went back quietly to his little farm, and again planted potatoes by Tiber's banks. Benign rusticity, from these great men arise, thou art the vessel from which great lights burn, thou art the resource to which earth's kings and conquerors, after they have done their work, return.

But there is a deeper solitude than the solitude of ordinary rustic life. There is a more profound quiet than the quiet of the farm. Have you never struck off from some country road, and penetrated the woods till you lost sight of all the works of man, till the rumbling of the occasional milk-cart, and the whistling of the unfrequent schoolboy grew indistinct in the distance? The farm-yard is not so good a contrast to the hubbub of a city pavement, as is the untrodden moss that grows beside a mountain rill. I have at this moment in my mind a place that seems to me the very embodiment of solitude. It is a barren region at the end of a lake, the lake degenerating into a mere swamp as it approaches the shore. I once wandered there by a path hard to trace, and trodden, I think, by few but Indians. The solitude of the place, indeed, is the only thing that takes one's notice. In summer there might be beauty, something to catch the eye, but I have been there only in winter. A few melancholy pines rise near the water's edge, and one of those loving insects every now and then obtrudes its startling sound upon the ear. This grub, and the genius of desolation seem to divide the sovereignty of the place.

Sweet patient grub! I love to think of thee as left alone in midnight stillness, the distant factory whistles penetrating not, the woodsman's axe having ceased—of thy note, rising among the pines, and stealing over the ice among the withered rushes, and then of thy cessation, more startling still, making the whole region prick up its ears and listen. Thou contendest only with the intermittent wind, and thy music with the music of the rustling leaves. The sound of the water plashing in the canal comes

Turkish harems are deservedly mentioned with scorn; but let our boasted civilization beware lest we sink to the low level of that woman-degrading nation. What led men to risk limb and life in the tournament, if it was not the desire of woman's approbation? Nobly does Milton say

"Ladies whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize."

Woman's sphere is *home*. Those of us who can look back to childhood's happy days, know the advantages of associations of culture. Someone has remarked

"If ladies be but young and fair
They have the gift to know it."

Sad is it "to be dowered with the fatal gift of beauty." The scarcity of intellectual furniture is, then, too clearly noticeable. The *Scottish American*, that high-toned expositor of the truest style of man, the Scotchman, says that the reason why women are frivolous, is that they are too weak to be occupied with work the whole time. Exactly so. This is capital philosophy. Let woman's hours of leisure be occupied in something more elevated than gossip, the toilet and fashion-book. There is a plea—the strongest possible—for thoroughly educated women. Let her amusements—for I would not demand all her leisure moments for literature and science—be rational. Let French, German, and English, with the many odds and ends necessary to assist her through this vale of tears, be as unflinchingly taught to her, as the more abstruse subjects are forced upon young men.

We hope that all "Reformers" will come to the front and aid in this good work. The Provincial Governments should provide institutions, Local Examinations should be planned and established, money helps should be given to deserving females—to sum up a class long enslaved and down-trodden, in an educational point of view, should be brought into the glorious light of the sun of knowledge. Some may argue that woman would cease to exhibit that feminine grace which makes her the flower of society, but we contend that the intellectual training would serve to make her the helper and equal of man, as she really ought to be. I close these seemingly unpractical remarks with a quotation from Tennyson:

"And, doubtless unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit,
In such great offices that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven."

WITNESS.

over the hill as a mouse might come, and ceases, and comes back, and dies slowly away. Then thou swellest out, and conquerest, and reignest.

But perhaps thou dost not work by night. Perhaps at nightfall thou layest down thy gimlet, and having had thy sway during the day, ceasest, and lettest silence pitch his tent in thy domain.
S. J. M.

THE HORSE VERSUS MAN.

No apology, we imagine, will be necessary for introducing this subject to the readers of the GAZETTE. It is not our intention to enter into the history or development of these well known animals. As to development, some have held that the former is the offspring of the wind, while the latter boasts of "High descent from the ancient *monkey tribe*."

The former theory we consider a very *light* one and as for the latter the *entail* bequeathed has evidently not been preserved by posterity. Without further discussion of this matter we will allow each of these classes or each individual of these classes, to adopt the motto of Des Cartes "*Cogito ergo sum*." We may state in this connection that the *cogito* is specially applicable to the former class, while the *sum* better suits the latter. Now for a comparison. "The horse is a noble and useful animal." Was such a compliment ever paid to man as a class? Can such a eulogy with any degree of truthfulness be bestowed upon him? We admit that a great poet said "Man's the noblest &c., &c., and that many persons are loud in their proclamations of the greatness and nobility of man, but we strongly suspect that the persons who indulge in this kind of sentiment are themselves men and the world declares that "self praise is no recommendation." This opinion therefore of man about himself does not amount to much. But suppose we grant (for sake of perspicuity) that he is a *noble* animal, still we come boldly to the front and declare that no one has yet been found audacious enough to affirm that man is *useful*. Indeed if this were the proper place we could very easily prove that the contrary is true.

We admit that in very many respects man resembles the horse, both in his nature and disposition, in fact he is more like him than any other known animal. These statements are rather general, let us go into detail.

1st. How do they compare physically? Here the horse has a decided advantage. In proof of

this we can "trot out" evidence from very many sources. Hear what Buffon says about the horse. "He possesses along with grandeur of stature, the greatest elegance and proportion of parts, &c." Compare with this Macaulay's description of Cromwell or Frederic the Great. As to height they are about equal, but then the horse is far the larger, he is fifteen times stronger, and can run twice as fast. He has this further advantage, that he looks well if he be only fat, whether "A Tartar of the Ukraine breed" or a Cape Breton pony. We have a distinct remembrance of two or three fat men who are not very good looking.

2nd. Let us now compare them *morally*. Here we may remark that, being a man, we feel rather confused in the face. No one before or since the time of Dean Swift has had a just notion of the lofty and *stable* integrity of the horse. With the exception of stealing and killing, the horse's character is untarnished, while man continually violates the whole moral code. Who ever heard of a horse "coveting his neighbour's wife" or smuggling? Then think how many filthy habits man is guilty of that never enter the mind of a horse. I suppose some will attribute this to his want of intellect, but who does not know that the horse is *longer-headed* than man? Imagine a horse chewing tobacco, drinking rum, scratching another horse's face, laughing in church, dying his moustache, and so forth! Of course they are not always to be depended upon, as Shakspeare says:

"Hollow men like horses not at hand
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur
They fall their crest, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial."

3rd. We will admit that *intellectually* man is better than a horse, but when we remember that physically and morally the latter has the advantage, it becomes us not to say too much about the intellectual. Alexander conquered the world, but it is a question how much of the honor is due to Bucephalus. Who has not heard of the fame of Flying Childers, of old Crab, Eclipse, or King Herod?

In conclusion we would just ask, does it not become man to show more respect for a being who is in many respects his superior, and in praise of which the chisel of the sculptor, the pencil of the artist, and the pen of the writer have displayed their highest powers?

THEOLOGAN.

Correspondence.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Dr. Bayne, in his lecture on "Berlin and Paris," delivered before St. Andrew's Church Association, very clearly brought to my mind the fact that we students, as a class, do not take out of life the enjoyment it contains. Our Professors cannot accuse us of being poor workers. In fact, it is wonderful that we do not turn out complete rowdies when we get together. Now I would suggest that we augur in the "good time coming," by some substantial corporeal refreshment immediately after the Examinations. The Fourth Year men, at least should take the initiative. What is needed is "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together." I do not intend to make ninety-five propositions in defence of my position as a reformer. A syllogistic process is not requisite. I speak to sympathizing men. Let a meeting of the Students' Society be held, and an energetic committee be appointed to "rush things" prudently. Any efforts in this direction will receive the hearty moral and material support of your faithful ally and auxiliary in heart and hand.
PAULUS.

P. S.—"Substantial corporeal refreshment" means bread and butter, lemonade, raspberry vinegar, cake, pies, meat, and other articles, invaluable and valueless in a digestive point of view. I mean what I say.
P.

OUR SOCIETIES.

THERE was another literary entertainment on the evening of the 8th ult. The different years were fully represented. J. H. Cameron took the chair, and read the programme which certainly was formidable. We dare not attempt to enumerate contributions, but shall group them.

1. Readings. Some were good; others a great deal better. It is not necessary to mention the great importance of distinct articulation in amusing readings. We can supply lost words in conversation, in a lecture, or sermon even; but who cares to attempt the like at the risk of spoiling a joke? But no man can do himself justice in a class-room where gas burners are limited and all before him.

2. Original papers. Of these the characteristic quality was length (certainly this is of the first importance); a few possessed breadth (a glorious thing when you want to soar); still

fewer had trinal dimensions. Of course the best thing for such a meeting is something easily followed, something that coaxes the imagination into play. So dreamers came and portrayed their dreams quite vividly, hallucinations that had a terrible nearness to truth—in fact turned out to be such.

3. Songs. The songs most appreciated by students are those truest to life. Nothing in this direction could be said against the ones rendered. Among the lessons taught, take one at random: A warm heart strengthens the retributive hand when mother can lay her hand on truant Tommy.

4. Instrumental music. We were in the act of lavishing a quantity of ink in exclamations, but shall subside, for greater wonders will certainly follow. Musicians with their instruments have forced their way in; ladies will certainly follow. It is inevitable. Let them come.

On the whole, this the last union meeting of the session was quite a success. Nothing remains for the Committee of Management but to thank the gentlemen who came forward promptly, and assisted in making the meetings what they were.

Notes.

HARVARD has 1344 students.

HARVARD has a Chinese course, and Yale is to follow.

THERE are fourteen hundred American students attending German Universities.

THE new library of Brown University, Providence, is to contain 150,000 volumes.

THE use of tobacco, in whatever form, is prohibited at Wesleyan College, Ohio. Good.

FORTY-TWO of the graduates of Princeton are, or have been, Presidents of other Colleges.

THE late graduating class in the Medical Department of the University of New York numbered 154.

IN both Houses of Congress of the United States there are 375 members; of these, 191 are college men.

THE University of Oxford is one thousand years old, has an income of one million dollars a year, and has in its library five hundred and twenty thousand volumes.

A ROW between the Sophomores and Freshmen of Princeton College, N. J., excited by the "hazing" of one of the latter, resulted in the expulsion of eight Sophs and twelve Freshmen, and the suspension of thirty Sophs.

Dallusiensia.

SENIOR to fellow venerable. Mr. G. How are you up for examination. Mr. G. I am not up at all. I'm going up.

Scene—Returning from Church. *Persons*—Demosthenes (The Freshie) and a lady. Evidently the first attempt of the kind. On reaching the house of the lady, Demosthenes, with piteous tone and awkward gesture says, "Ca-ca-can I see you again?" And the dear little creature answered, "Oh, why, most certainly, I was always very fond of the ancients for company." A biit Freshie beaming.

THE beloved Junior was out calling, not very long ago, when a button came off his overcoat. Moved by his loss a young lady sitting near made proposals to sew it on, which we are free to say were accepted. He left the house in an enviable state of contentment, and feeling very grateful for the timely mishap. We hope our friend will never have to say,

I once could get a button on
But now I never can,
My buttons then were bachelor's,
I'm not a single man.

Where does he hail from? A lady returning from church observed somebody's curly-haired little boy walking near her, and fell back out of line, but was astounded to hear the precocious child say "excuse me, but you were at Fort ——— Church, and the way we do in the country, where I came from, is to be sociable, whether we are acquainted or not." There was silence still as death, but "the boy" left her not till home was reached. It grieves our heart to say that the hero of this belongs to Dalhousie, but he hasn't been here long, and "shall learn better manners" as he goes along. *Reed, read this and weep.*

JUVENAL allows that Philosophy can give great comfort, but "Le Sage" found it utterly useless under the following circumstances: He was basking in the sun, leaning against a pillar enveloped in an overcoat which was the pride of his heart, and evidently at peace with all the world, when a hen that might have been the "mither of the cock that crawled for Peter," impelled by the hand of a son of Gael, literally covered him with feathers—and worse. The smile fled from his lips and—well he's not a moral man.

"TAKE down that *blawsted* fence." *Famous military saying.* A Senior returning from a business (?) engagement at the South end about 10.15 p. m., was suddenly brought to a halt by some unlooked for object. Lo, and behold there was an obstacle in the way! What could it be? Verily it was two "little youthful maidens" returning home with an empty clothes basket. The gas-lamp "dimly burning," had not revealed the wicker form to the optics of the man of mind, but his sense of touch, combined with that gentle, humorous, sarcastic, and fearful remark of the little maid convinced him that some one had blundered "Mister," you'd better see where you're going," piped the shrill voice. Our reporter begs to state that the basket was *between* the young ladies in question.

AND still another is added to the list of failures. A school girl, bright, pretty, and as it seems just a "leetle" too smart for young Collegians, caught the artistic eyes of two Freshmen. They, acting on the principle that two heads are better than one, even if one is, &c., determined to use their united efforts to bring about an acquaintance with this "fleeting tairy Lilian." Following out this quest, one morning they were wanting at College, and 'twas afterwards found that for the time being they had deserted the faith of their fathers for "a strange woman," and that the nature of the edifice had not been sufficient to stop conversation, the subject of which we need not mention. But if the Church was powerless to produce silence, a few scathing remarks from the young lady was not, and our heroes sank back in their seats, while for a few moments the cushions looked pale. This episode acted as a damper, and a few days later an extinguisher was put on in a way that was thoroughly understood by the victims. We hear that these enterprizing youths are now making *another* young lady's life miserable, but they'd better be ware of the awful wrath of big brothers. We talk hard of those who learn only by experience, but what of those to whom even that is a useless teacher.

FEW are so fortunate as one of the Editors of the GAZETTE. When others are looking in vain for Mayflower buds, handsome boquets are sent to him. Of course one must not be jealous of another, yet the beauty of what is present suggests what may be absent.

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