DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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TRISTITIA.

SHOULD you ask me whence this gloom comes,
Whence this sad subdued demeanour,
With the odors of the class-room,
With the dews and damps of study,
With the grinding toil of cramming?
Whence this change is, this commotion;
With its muttered premonitions,
As of dire impending evil?

I shall answer, I shall tell you,
"That the 'horrid ides' of April
Days of portent fast approach us."
I should whisper, I should tell you,
"From the 'powers that be' above us,
"From the heads of learned Professors,
"From the session almost past now,
"And the trials which it brings us."

Soon our trials will be ended,
Soon our work will be accomplished.
Persevere a little longer,
Hope and work a little longer,
Hope till our suspense is ended.

SILENUS.

A SPRINGY GRIEVANCE.

REJOICE, for the spring has come at last,
And the prospect for winter is sad,
As the sun looks down with a genial smile,
But thunder! the walking's bad.

The brook newly freed from its icy bands,
With a laugh rushes down to the plain,
And gladdens the hillside with songs of spring,
Oh for good walking again!

The grass peeps out from its snowy bed,
And the leaf from each tiny bud
Comes forth, for the spring is here at last,
But the walking's lost in mud!

The echoing winds bear the robin's note,
And the song of creation is glad,
For the sunbeams dance on the harp of spring,
Shooks! but the walking's bad.

All nature comes forth in her fairest robe,
To welcome, the beautiful spring,
And the anthem swells of a joyous world,
The walking's the one sad thing.

J. F. D.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

THIS subject is neither new nor unimportant. What amusements are moral and what are immoral, what are proper and what are improper, are questions often asked. It is impossible to give an answer that will satisfy everyone. This is a question toward which every man and woman takes a different attitude, it is a sphere in which everyone does what is right in his own eyes. As every man has a "little way of his own" for reckoning his private accounts, so every man, woman and child has a theory of his, her or its own with regard to amusements.

1. Our first remark is that amusement is beneficial to the health of the man, if not necessary to his existence. Healthful amusement operates upon the system very much in the same way as showers upon parched vegetation. Examine a garden after a long drought. Everything looks languid and withered, and you are puzzled in some instances to distinguish the living plants from the dead. Look around again after a refreshing shower. The drooping plants hold up their heads, or if they are bowed for a few minutes it is only in devout thankfulness for the benefit received. Similar to this is effect of amusement on the physical system. Yonder is a man weighed down with the cares of business, or perhaps he is dyspeptic, and is thinking seriously of making his will. Accidentally he joins in a game of croquet, or bagatelle, or base-ball, or other amusement by which his mind is diverted from himself. In a short time he forgets his ailment, and you scarcely know him to be the same man.

We may continue the analogy. If the plants receive too much rain, the effect is to weaken it. Some people are forever fooling, and are never contented unless in the midst of a frolic, or planning one. Such, like the over watered plants, are weak and unstable, and we do not expect much from them. The people from whom we expect the most are not those whose chief end is fun, nor those who never smile. The men who

have moved the world for good, and who will yet move it, are those who, on proper occasions, in a proper manner, indulge in innocent amusements.

The truth above stated finds expression in the well known saying, "laugh and live," or "laugh and grow fat." We don't often meet with cross fat people. Fat is not always a synonym for health, but as a general rule good natured lively people are healthful. Those who go singing through life, and who can believe that the sun is shining, although betimes hid by clouds and darkness, will probably live longer and enjoy life more than those who are constantly worrying about some trouble, real or imaginary, and who can never see "the bright light that is in the cloud."

2. Another argument which proves that man should indulge in amusement, is that it is natural to him. Hence a young child can appreciate a smile long before it can understand anything else. If the Darwinian theory be true, we have an additional illustration in the case of the monkey. This desire for amusement was very early developed in the race. Nimrod was a mighty hunter. Call him a sportsman if you will. Then we have Jubal, the son of Lamech, who is styled the "father of all such as handle the harp and organ." A pretty noisy family we think. No doubt these instruments were intended to afford amusement. From this time onward we see a gradual development in the art of music, until we come up to Nebuchadnezzar's time, (about 600 B. C.) when we find that brilliant array mentioned by Daniel. There was the "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltry, dulcimer, and all kinds of music." Alas, these instruments were often put to a wrong use, just as we often put our instruments, violin or piano, to very ignoble purposes.

Leaving sacred history we have profane coming in to corroborate the statement regarding this ancient desire for amusement. Homer lived about two hundred years before Nebuchadnezzar's time. He composed poems which were chanted, recited or acted at that early stage. It was with the Greeks that the drama arose, and it is upon Grecian models that our modern theatre is formed, modified to suit modern tastes and fashions. Then we have the Olympic, and other Grecian games which gave birth to a national spirit never before known of any nation or people. We cannot here speak of the tournament of the middle ages, so productive of gallantry, chivalry and patriotism. These were all giant's games, to which the trifling amusements of our day bear about the same ratio as Tom Thumb to Goliath, or the chirping of a criket to the roaring of a cannon on the battle-field.

Having noticed the origin of the theatre, we may discuss it briefly as a place of amusement. "Many good men have thought that the theatre might be turned to good account, and so it *might have been*, but never was." History affords no record of good done by means of the theatre, but the catalogue of crime and evil deeds connected with the stage is long and closely written. The theatre belongs to that class of amusements which *per se* contain both good and evil. But in it these are inseparable. Have not theatrical managers declared once and again that good moral plays do not pay working expenses. Hence it is that Shakspere's best plays are seldom acted in our theatres.

Theatre-going creates an undue thirst for excitement. Ask the opinion of two men respecting a moderately sensational drama. One has just been at the theatre for the first time. He pronounces the play *very* sensational. The other, an old theatre-goer, considers it decidedly flat. His feelings have become so blunted that nothing but a blood-and-thunder scene can quicken his pulse, or afford his morbid desires the smallest gratification.

By this means a man's enjoyment of the calmer and more instructive scenes in nature and art, are somewhat destroyed. Good milk is very insipid to the taste after wine. If the histrionic art is to be cultivated, and if people are too lazy to read and think for themselves, let the young people of our towns and communities who have a taste in this direction, learn good moral pieces, and recite them for the benefit of their friends. They will thus improve their own minds, and afford amusement and entertainment for others.

In the same category with theatre-going, we may class *dancing* and *card playing*. These belong to a class which may be denominated *questionable amusements*. Probably more than two-thirds of the members of the Christian Church are opposed to these from principle. There can therefore be nothing wrong in naming them *questionable*.

We cannot now discuss these separately, but in few words give our reasons for their proscription.

(1.) It is injurious to manhood to indulge in that which conscience pronounces questionable. Everyone acquainted with the state of society knows that these are questionable amusements, therefore to indulge in them degrades true manhood.

(2.) In all these forms of amusement there is much that is positively immoral, and more which directly or indirectly leads to immortality.

(3.) Society does not require them. There are without them too many ways of gratifying the popular desire for entertainment and recreation. We need not enumerate the various amusements which are not branded with the unfortunate "questionable," as croquet, bagatelle, checkers, cricket, foot-ball, boating, and other games equally innocent and enjoyable.

It does not, however, become us to dogmatize. We only venture an opinion. If the tree is known by its fruit, then the best way that we can say of the fruit of such amusements, is that it is bitter-sweet,—sweet perhaps for the present, but bitter in the end. R. L.

DIARIES.

GEORGE MACDONALD'S "Vicar's Daughter" said when asked if she kept a diary, "I would rather keep a rag and bottle shop!" And really most diaries are not more pleasant or profitable to their owners than such an accumulation of rubbish. Somebody, Adelaide Proctor I think, says that an autobiography is an impossibility, and I agree with her. It is so hard to describe a scene where we play the disagreeable part without glossing it over, and still harder to describe our better acts and impulses without feeling excessively mean and egotistical. Even if we do not warp the truth, we appear to place ourselves foremost and in the best light. This probably happens because no one is supposed to see our diary during our life. We air our opinions, and keep the interesting chronicle for the convenience of our memorists, in case we become missionaries.

People whose biographies are written always keep diaries from their earliest years; this is one reason why memoirs are not pleasanter reading. They usually contain many pious soliloquies and accounts of battles between "Bona, Mala and I," in which "Bona and I" always win, and of such dire misdeeds as the theft of a piece of sugar in childhood, or an act of deception, such as playing truant from Sunday-school in riper years. These are introduced, it would seem, for the purpose of describing the agonies of remorse and humble confession. We have no account of a diarist who "sassed" his father, made pictures on the book-board on Sunday for his sister's amusement, or teased his little brother. These light and frivolous youths begin as they mean to go on, and so of course never become missionaries.

This only relates to diaries in which the thoughts and feelings are enlarged upon; those which treat of events are usually scrappy, like the following, by a small boy:—

Jan. 1st.—Got up in the morning, washed, had breakfast, went to school, came home, had supper and went to bed.

Jan. 2nd.—Got up, went to school, came home and went to bed.

Jan. 3rd.—Got up and went to bed.
4th. Ditto Ditto.
5th. Ditto Ditto.

Or else they degenerate into weather almanacks, like those of the man and his wife who compared diaries. The man basely betrayed the confidence by telling a friend in his wife's hearing that she could just describe the weather in two ways, "heavenly" and "horrid." She turned the tables by remarking that he had command of three adjectives for the same purpose: "decent," "deuced" and "devilish." A diary of events is a very unpleasant thing to have in a house, being usually kept by the methodical member of the family, to be produced in cases of dispute, to prove one, and often both, of the disputants wrong. It seems strange but it is beyond the shadow of a doubt true, that people don't like being set right, and the chances are ten to one that the methodical one is voted a nuisance; yet this opinion or the expression of it will not stop him, and he will continue to keep his little book as a weapon against positivism.

C.

MR. McKAY intends presenting a silver medal to the most proficient member of his College class at the Gymnasium. A scale of points have been prepared, and the prize will be competed for as soon as the students can think of such light matters.

DISCONTENTMENT.

It is a curious fact, that in this world where there are so many individuals under every species, and such a number of species, under every genus, no object can be found alike. Each blade of grass, each leaf, each snow-flake, differs from its fellow. Among men this fact is very striking. In their features, disposition and ideas, there is a constant diversity and originality. But, if not in degree, at least in kind, some traits in the character of our race are one. We purpose discussing a peculiarity which, with greater or less intensity, pervades the whole human family, and influences in large measure all our actions. We refer to discontentment. Man may disagree on many points, but here all will shake hands. We find this sect questioning the existence of a God, and yet longing for developements which only Divinity can unfold. We see another sect doubting the souls immortality, and still clinging to the hope of an indefinable something beyond what earth can furnish. A third while denying that virtue can be practiced from mercenary motives, yet repudiates the assertion that a good man deserves no reward. Differing as men may in other respects, one grand characteristic at least marks the race: an unquenchable desire for what each has not got.

There is, we think, a doubt as to how this quality may be viewed. In the first place we may look upon it as an evil consequent upon the fall. In the second place as a longing of our nature, for that perfection in estate and surroundings which it has lost. Judging discontentment in its workings, we would incline to the former opinion. Weighing it by results we would class it among the virtues. This may strike some as an outrageous statement. Let us look at it for a few moments. There are two distinct sides to this question. On the one hand we see discontentment as the great alloy to all our pleasures. Hardly is the race over, and we seize the prize, but this enemy begins to whisper its insignificance. One flower after another is plucked, and thrown aside for a brighter. We are like men climbing a ladder, each rung reached, this tormentor whispers, "excelsior!" and at length when we gain the topmost it soars into the air, and laughs derisively at our attempts to follow. Many a happy heart is made sad by its insinuations. It seems to send a discord through every harmony; to find a flaw in every masterpiece, a cloud in every sky.

But there is another side to this picture. Man perfectly contented is a scene too ridiculous for imagination. If such had been the case in Eden, man theoretically would never have sinned, but that is not our business. If such had been the case since the fall, the mud hut and apron period would still be smiling around us. Every modern improvement, from a sixty ton gun to a pull-back, may thank discontentment for its existence. It has taught man by means of electricity to find out one flaw in the great fallacy of distance and time. It has led him from a cabin hollowed in the hillside, up to temples and palaces of chiselled marble. But more than all this, cannot we trace the same feeling in those longings which point us from the narrow dreams of earth up to the hidden realities of eternity.

From the position we have now reached, do we claim too much when we ask that discontentment may be classed among the virtues? We think not. And yet in making this statement, we would not be misunderstood as meaning that a peevish chronic discontent is a blessing. A man with tooth-ache is preferable. It is possible to be happy in circumstances from which one is willing at the earliest opportunity to escape. The old stage coach was a delightful mode of travelling before railways were constructed, and news was welcome from abroad after being a year on the way, until it was known that steam and electricity are more rapid messengers. We are not contending for chronic grumbling, it is for the great principle of discontentment. As such, we hold that it is a prop in that lofty platform which raises man above the lower creation, a link in the chain which binds him to the Perfect and Eternal.

J. F. D.

MACLEOD OF DARE.

A SERIAL story was seldom looked for more eagerly than "Macleod of Dare," which is called William Black's most powerful novel. Though we recognize its power, we cannot explain what arouses our sympathy for the hero, who is only a chivalrous, not a brave man; or our indignation at the heroine who seems heartless, but is quite honest.

Mr. Black interests us in Gertrude and Macleod almost as much as in Sheila and Lavender, whose misunderstandings were more serious.

We think Gertrude had quite as many good qualities as Lavender, and would have shown them had time for repentence been given, and a season of deprivation might have caused her to value what she had lost. She might never have loved Macleod, but even such bad taste as a preference for Mr. Lemuel would show, was hardly deserving of such a punishment as hers. Keith Macleod would have left as pleasant an impression as Shiela did, if he had kept his wits until he had no farther need of them.

Most women condemn Gertrude and pity Macleod, which condemnation is rather unjust. It was impossible to help liking the handsome Highlander, who evidently admired her, yet he would risk offending her by disapproving of the theatre. Why shouldn't she sing Scotch songs, and talk Scotch stories to him, when he evidently liked both? And small wonder that she should express a wish to visit Scotland after listening to his description of a summer day or summer sunset on the western coast. And bye-and-bye when she began to think she loved this man whose devotion to her was so evident, Papa White's anxiety lest she should forsake the stage and bury herself in Scotland, and Carry's abuse of "that barbarian, with his fish and wild beasts' skins," aroused all a woman's contradictoriness. The stage became a weariness. Acting in London was only a little less disagreeable than the Provincial tour. She looked forward to a visit to Scotland as to the most beautiful place in the world, and the barbarian seemed a prince among men.

But even opposition loses its spice when one's opponents are only an indulgent father and a little sister, and Gertrude began to awaken to the fact that this man's love was becoming too exacting. Then she went to Scotland, and Keith's vehemence frightened her. These Scotchmen were almost barbarous, as Carrie said, and the country which had such lovely sunsets had also terrific storms, in one of which she was nearly lost. If London was sometimes dreary, it seemed all bright beside this grim old Castle Dare, where she expected to find such splendor, and where they seemed to have as little idea of luxury, or even comfort, as English laborers. The stage gossip might be tiresome sometimes, but it was not quite so trying as "John Maclean's boat," and "Sandy Maclean's taxes," in which everyone was supposed to be deeply interested at Dare. If London servants studied their own comfort more than their master's convenience, one did not need to produce the whisky flask every half hour, as appeared to be the custom of masters in Scotland. If one must depend for music upon that creature with the pipes, or be amused with that ancient piano, musical taste must suffer. Displaying such an unappreciative spirit, was it any wonder that Hamish thought, "Fool would he be that would burn his harp to warm her." From this time until the end Gertrude's conduct seems cruel in the extreme, her only desire is to make Macleod see that her feeling towards him was not love, and we are apt to forget that this display of her worst side must have been hard for her. She is certainly not a fine character, but we must remember her trouble, while we pity Macleod, who, by the way, would have had a stronger claim upon us if he had not died so cowardly a death.

Sprung from a race of soldiers, Keith would entered the army, had not his responsibility as the last Macleod of Dare, and his mother's only child, kept him. He would have been as brave a soldier as his five brothers, but it requires more fortitude than such men as he possess, to live down a sorrow. Joanna Baillie says:—

> "The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
> For that were stupid and unnatural,
> But he whose spirit triumphs o'er his fear,
> And boldly dares the danger nature shrinks from."

However the characters may have disappointed us, we have still a delightful recollection of the book, and in reading it again we can forget the end, and hope that Gertrude may yet make her lover happy, as in the first days of his coming to London, and when she further displays what we call her worst side, we expect Keith to act as becomes the son of Lady Macleod, a mother who having lost five sons, could boast that she was the mother of three Earls. Even in the last sad chapters, we have Colin and Hamish, whose rivalries are so laughable, and Hamish's pleasant plan of reducing the obdurate fair one to submission. Again we come to the end, and close the book with the half-expressed wish that Macleod had proved, "Trustie to the end."

> "Man cannot make, but may ennoble fate
> By nobly bearing it."

C.

LECTURES closed for the season on Thursday last. Examinations begin next Wednesday, and of course no student who has any regard for marks can give a thought to anything beyond the delights of cram. May we all have a happy issue out of our troubles.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 5, 1879.

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CONTENTS.

WE notice from the *Herald* of the 29th ult., that the City Fathers have once more discussed the Grand Parade question. On reading the report of the Committee, which, after some introductory remarks, recommends—"that the Mayor communicate with the Attorney of Dr. Cogswell, informing him that the Council is prepared to undertake the construction of *an iron railing, and otherwise putting the grounds in order, in order so far as possible to carry out the views of the generous donor*"—we saw some grounds for hope that at last something would be done to the Grand Parade. But such hopes it seems were without foundationn. The report was rejected *in toto*, the reasons given, being (1) that there is no money in the City treasury, and that (2) if there were "it would be folly to spend any money on the Parade, till the question of ownership has been decided." It was therefore merely resolved to ask a further extension of time for one year before the bequest be withdrawn. With regard to the first of the reasons given, we would merely say, that money seems attainable for other purposes, then why not for this? As to the second, if the City Council bestir themselves, it need be no longer a reason, for in their hands it rests, when, and how soon, the dispute is to be settled. The Governors of the College have handed in their case; let the City do thy same, and there need be no further delay. But even supposing that there is to be a delay, that is surely no reason why they should hesitate to begin the much needed improvement. Whether the Parade belongs to Dalhousie College, or the City of Halifax, it *must* be in the interest of the citizens, that it should no longer remain a "howling wilderness." Let us suppose, as the Council seems to dread, that the Parade belongs to the College. Is that a reason why they should hold back? The city, with the exception of a few citizens, who again last year came nobly to our help, has not hitherto done so much for the College, that it need be afraid of becoming too generous. And at present we have an additional claim to its generosity, if such a quality can be said to exist in a City Council, for Dalhousie has thrown open its doors to the Technological Institute, belonging essentially to the citizens, which holds nearly all its classes there. If our City Fathers could but see the fair citizenesses, who are members of the Institute, trudging through the mud of the Parade, they would no longer hesitate to get rid of as much of that at least, as would give them an opportunity of picking their steps, which is useless trouble at present.

IF we remember aright, the dominant party in the last Provincial Parliament strongly favored the abolition of the Legislative Council, and many members cried out loudly against the unpatriotic conduct of the senators who declined to give up their honorable seats and the contingent pay.

A few months ago several members of the some party were invited to "come up higher," to forget defeat in the calm dignity of the Councillor's chair, and comfort themselves by spending their latest days in fatherly oversight of the impetuous and inexperienced Commoners. The call was no doubt reluctantly heard; but like the troopers at Balaclava, the newly appointed M. L. C.'s knew their duty. They felt that it was

> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,

theirs but to take the hated seats and wait an opportunity to do away with the useless machine. That opportunity was soon given them, but strange to say, it was not utilized. Every one of the Councillors who received their seats in the last hours of Mr. Hill's administration voted against Mr. Creelman's resolution. What subtle influence has been at work to change their opinions so completely in so short a time? Surely something more than an empty title and four hundred a year! Perhaps it was J. F. D's article on consistency. However this be, the affair should teach Nova Scotians to choose very carefully the men to whom they entrust public business. The electors of this Province are prevented from accomplishing what they wish by a baker's dozen of individuals, not one of whom can lay claim to the title of statesman.

We write this not because we sympathize with Government or Opposition, but because we are disgusted with the shuffling that some people call party politics.

THERE exists in Halifax a Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor. We have often thought that an Association for Improving the Condition of Students might be profitable. Young men coming to the city to attend the various educational institutions are not generally millionaries, nor the sons of millionaires. Indeed we are as a tribe rather impecunious. This in many respects is not to be regarded as an evil. Rather the reverse. The student who has plenty of money is frequently poor in the goods of College life—marks and prizes. But this is by the way.

The first important affair of each session is to secure a place wherein to dwell. The success attending our own attempts in this line has been various. We have suffered several degrees of misery and have enjoyed a measure of comfort—that is to say such comfort as one may expect in a middle-class boarding-house. Others have fared perhaps a little better, often much worse. The average student's den is a most uninviting place. The locality is often not very desirable; the rooms are frequently small, inconvenient, and sparingly furnished. One apartment generally contrives to pay the double (triple?) debt of study and bedroom for two students. We need say nothing about the unpleasantness and ill-effects of such an arrangement. Everyone knows that it is almost a necessity that sleeping apartments be abandoned during the greater part of the day. For such accommodation we are of course very thankful. We do not need to be reminded of the way great scholars lived in the olden time at Oxford. We do not want to be furnished with some luxurious apartments as we hear of in some of the grand boarding-colleges in America at the present day. But we want to air an idea which we think is sensible—which others may brand absurd. Our object is to save the purses and add to the comfort of posterity.

We think that it would be a profitable investment for some energetic Haligonian to build or buy or get a suitable house and fit it up with the special object of accommodating the non-resident students of the various schools and colleges in the city. Dalhousie, the Medical and Commercial colleges and other institutions could supply quite a number. The establishment should be placed in some convenient and otherwise desirable locality. The internal arrangements should combine comfort and economy—between which there is no incongruity. The table ought to be simple and satisfying.

Of course we expect a great many people to ask how such a house is to be filled during the vacation months. Why not import a number of dyspeptic Americans or Ontarians, who, we are told, are panting for the sea breeze and cheap lodgings for the summer?

If Halifax has any regard for the welfare of the disciples at her fanes of learning, or any desire to speculate in boarding-houses, let our suggestion have her careful consideration.

UNDERGRADUATES have still to complain of the regulation respecting prizes introduced in last year's Calendar. Though it is necessary for them to share their attention equally among the several subjects of the course, they are asked to compete with men, who may be devoting all their energy to the work of a single class. This is unfair. We know that many general students take quite as many classes as undergraduates, and we hope no one will suppose that we think them unworthy of honorable distinction. Our only complaint is that men who are bound by the many restrictions of the curriculum are forced to enter the lists against those who, otherwise their equals, are quite untrammelled. All that the undergraduates ask is that they be pitted against men who carry the same weight that they do themselves. It is right that general students who stand well in their classes should receive prizes, and be placed in the honor list, but it is wrong to set them down side by side with undergraduates. We therefore respectfully suggest that, when the class lists are published, a distinction be made between regular and partial students. It is perhaps to be regretted that the Senate has done away with the regulation requiring prizemen to attain a fair standing. It is just possible that some prizes may be taken by students who have not been remarkable for industry or ability—and are but the best of a bad class.

AT this late hour in the Session it seems scarcely worth while to mention our present grievance, but we do so hoping that our succesors at least will benefit by it. Under the present *régime*, our Ex. Ed. is about the last to see the Exchanges, and there is sometimes a question whether he sees them at all. When the mail comes in, all GAZETTE matter is apparently regarded as common property, and is opened accordingly. The consequence is that a good many of our exchanges get mislaid, and some of them destroyed. Now when they have been reviewed, we are quite willing that they should become the students' property, and accordingly put them in the reading room, when the public may do as it likes with them. But until then we must beg of the students to remember that they are private property. As the subject of this growl doubtless arises from thoughtlessness, now that it has been mentioned, we hope there will be no necessity in the future of recurring to it.

OF PROPHET-SLAYING AND SEPULCHRE-GARNISHING.

I REMEMBER being sorely puzzled in my youthful days, over these words of the Great Teacher, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sephulchres of the righteous, and say, if we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of your fathers." It struck me as a piece of argumentation, unworthy even a great human teacher. That because building the tombs of the prophets naturally followed after the killing of the same, and they were in certain sense connected as parts of one whole, the doing of the second therefore implied an approval of the first—or, as it is more clearly expressed in the parallel passage, "Truly ye bear witness that ye allow the deeds of your fathers; for they indeed killed them, and ye build their sepulchres,"—such an argument, seemed to my young ideas, painfully like a shallow sophism. I was firmly convinced, however, that all was right if I but understood it, and I discreetly refrained from pushing these considerations too far just then. I waited for more light. And while it does not appear to me indubitably certain even yet that the validity of the syllogism can be satisfactorily demonstrated to the mere logician, I am sure that the passage contains a truth deeper than any logic—a most profound observation on human nature. There

are prophets secular as well as prophets sacred; or, in other phrase, the remark is as applicable to men divinely gifted as to men divinely commissioned and inspired. In a broad, general way, it is applicable to that class of men whom Carlyle denominates heroes. There are heroes such as Cæsar, Mirabeau, or Napoleon, who compel respect out of pure selfishness, and to these it is less applicable. It has reference mainly to those whose heroism has only the influence of moral suasion.

To illustrate. Is there not a large class of people who garnish the sepulchres of the poets (for instance) of bygone ages, loudly celebrating their great deservings, and bitterly complaining of their small receivings, and of that plentiful lack of homage and consideration, and even the injustice and contumely which their own age bestowed upon them, and saying: "If we had lived in those days we would have treated those noble souls differently," thereby testifying that they are the true children of their fathers, chips of the same block? And just at their hand some youthful Milton is tuning his lyre for a song musical as "a sevenfold chorus of halleluiahs and harping symphonies," but disheartened by their sneers at his prefatory attempts, he desists and sinks to his rest "mute, inglorious." You, indeed, an ordinary gluttonous and wine-imbibing youth of these degenerate days, to think of being ranked in the same category with the glorious bards of the elder time! "We know that God spake unto Moses, but as for this fellow, we know not whence he is." They seem to forget that even in the elder time, bards ate and drank like other people, that indeed too many of them seemed to their contemporaries little else than "poluphagous, poluposous, pot-bellied scribblers"—as Sydney Smith said of a certain journalistic opponent—scarcely, if at all, distinguishable from the common herd around them. We may thank an overruling Providence, all the Miltons are not sneered into mute inglorious oblivion. Not seldom one of them persists, in spite of sneering, and sings his song, and the world is compelled to listen, as Shelley listened to the skylark. Then a new generation takes up the dirge and the pæon for him, and tells of his trials and triumphs, and they too are the children of their fathers.

An incident illustrative occurs to me. In an introductory notice to a volume of Shakspeare's gems, I have seen quoted some gossip of his time—whether Fuller, or Aubrey, or Ben Jonson, I forget, but I think Fuller, to the effect that he (Shakspeare) overflowed with conceits and images "to that abundance that sometimes, as was said of Haterius, *sufflaminandus erat*, he had to be stopped." Whereupon the writer of the said notice shrieks, on paper of course, and in exclamation points "Stopped! Shakespeare stopped!! Shakspeare had to be stopped!!! and proceeds to remark upon the idiotic state of mind evinced by the auditors. Now, with all due deference to the writer, I fancy that may have been often a very advisable procedure. Ordinary minds could carry away only a limited quantity of such talk, and if he were not stopped betimes, the whole would become confused, and "turn to a wild of nothing." A common piece of dull garrulity might be allowed to go on forever, doing no good and but little harm. But with Shakspeare it would be different. It would require an effort of understanding to keep up with him. Lamb beautifully describes the labor of keeping up with the strides of an intellect much greater than his own, meaning Coleridge's, and if the straight-away pace of Coleridge's talk was exhausting to follow, how much more the endless curvetting and gambolling of Shakspeare's. You cannot cease listening at will, therefore there was only one way out of the torture, viz., the one taken. I am confident that if the writer had known Shakspeare only as a talker, he would, if he could, have stopped him not only occasionally, but altogether, accounting his frolicsome discursiveness utterly useless and nonsensical, many sober and respectable people, who have not sufficiently learned the respect due to the judgments of critical world, actually do. The fact of his saying that if he had been there he would have acted otherwise, is proof that he would have been no better, but rather worse, than those whom he condemned.

We have all seen, in college and other journals, articles headed "Genius Unappreciated," or the like, and containing long and doleful lamentations over the sufferings of Burns, Byron and Tasso, and the cold neglect and persecutions they endured. I would not say at all that these complaints are altogether unreasonable. I have, I confess, a suspicion that Burns and Byron at least would have contrived to make themselves miserable under any circumstances, yet it is not to be denied that the behaviour of their fellow-countrymen towards them was not all that it

should have been, and Tasso undoubtedly suffered unjustly. I am, I hope, far from justifying those who killed the prophets. But it behoves us to consider carefully before we begin to garnish their sepulchres. Readers of Daniel Deronda will remember the Tasso-worship of Mrs. Arrowpoint, and the awkwardness of her position when her cool and clear-headed daughter Catherine began to apply her principles to an actual living and breathing genius, viz., Herr Klesmer the music teacher, and also the author's own remarks on the same matter about the difficulty of "living up to our own eloquence."

But it is doubtful if the proper method of removing the discrepancy between our lives and our eloquence, be by restraining our eloquence. True, it is easy, and much practised. It often happens that young clergymen who zealously plead for reform in family discipline during the days of their bachelorhood, find other subjects press so much as to exclude this altogether when they come to have six or seven branches on their own olive-tree. It is a commonplace of cynicism that an ardent, impulsive and generous youth is liable to be followed by a narrow, mean and sordid old age. But it may also be doubted if we should always conform our lives to our eloquence. I suppose that here as in other cases, there is a golden mean, the finding of which is a part of the problem of life which every man must solve for himself, and wherein none can help his neighbour, for it is "the travail given to the sons of men to be exercised withal." As concerning the case of poets and prophets, the only general principles one can lay down are that we rant little and sneer less, use the best judgement we have, and leave the result to time. It is, perhaps, impossible that any truly great poet should have full justice done him by his own age. But in these days of universal reading, genius *suffers* very little indeed from lack of appreciation. I cannot say that I would wish rising poets to be more flattered or encouraged than they are. But I would have all poets and prophets know that as the rant of those who sneer is small honor to the dead, so the sneers of those who rant are really no dishonor to the living, and that those who make the greatest profession of sympathy with the neglected and deserving of other ages, will infallibly neglect most heartlessly those similarly situated in their own.

McD.

AN ANOMALY.

"MAN is a social being" "So we have been told, and we have no reason to doubt it." Only once in a long time do we find a specimen of humanity so foolish as to shut himself out from the world. Such curiosities are as wonderful as the toads that miners sometimes release from little cells in the hard rock, where for centuries they have been wasting their time and talents, and missing the thousand pleasures of free toad life. Every human institution exemplifies the desire of man for society. Nations and cities, laws and customs, are the products of our tendency to live in company. Were we otherwise constituted, all the finer emotions would be impossible. We would be perhaps a little more intellectual than the brutes, but none less savage. And, awful thought, there would be no "grave and reverend Seniors," no "sad and moody Sophs.," no churches to go to on rainy Sunday evenings, no lectures at which to display junioric gallantry, nothing indeed that could make life worth the trouble of living.

Yet in the face of all these things we find some men who are bold enough to wish that they could live alone and forget the faces of those who had been their fellows. That the muse has often favoured such insane desires is a strong evidence of the adage that "poets are mad." We may quote Cowper's familiar apostrophe :—

> "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade,
> Where rumours of oppression and deceit,
> Of unsuccessful and successful war,
> Might never reach me more."

We would not cite the much hackneyed extract from Byron's address to the ocean but for the fact that we know that its author was discontented with the world and hated every man in it, himself not excepted. His weariness of human society finds frequent expression in passages which carry much more conviction than his disclaimer:

> "I love not Man the less but Nature more."

David, the sweet singer, had his moments of melancholy, and in one of them he produced the Psalm in which he exclaims:

> "Oh that I had wings like a dove!
> For then would I fly away and be at rest.
> Lo then would I wander afar off
> And remain in the wilderness."

Izaak Walton was a great lover of retirement, and recommended the solitary sport, saying that, "All that are lovers of virtue be quiet and go a-angling."

Wordsworth, wandering lonely, speaks of

> "* * * the bliss of solitude."

Yet examining a little closer we find that all these men were human, and had in them the principle that gives to man his desire for society. Cowper speaks for himself,

> "How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
> But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
> Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet."

He, like all others of his nature, would retire, not from living among his fellow-creatures, but to some place where their faults might not trouble him.

David and Byron were, not by any means in the same way, deceived by those in whom they had trusted. In the pangs of betrayed trust they cried out against the whole race of which the false ones were but individuals.

Walton and Wordsworth could love their fellows and enjoy them better in solitude, because they were contemplative and silent naturally.

EXCHANGES.

THE first thing that strikes us on opening the *College Courier*, is the small amount of space which is devoted to contributions. In several of our exchanges lately we have seen a tendency to neglect the literary department, and perhaps a certain amount of fault-finding with others who cultivate this branch to any extent. Now, while we think that within certain limits these views are correct,—for a College paper should not consist merely of a list of essays,—yet we are inclined to believe that there is an undue importance given them. A journal should not be merely a summary of College news. One of its chief objects, if not *the* chief, is to give students an opening for writing, and let them benefit by the criticisms of exchanges. Independently of this, as merely a budget of news, a College publication can only give a limited amount of interest to its outside subscribers, while on the contrary, by reading the contributed articles, they may arrive at a fair idea of the benefit obtained at college, in widening the field of thought, and in training the mind to take an exhaustive view of the subject under discussion.

This absence of a literary department, is, we consider, the only blemish in the *Courier*. In other respects, it is all that it should be. We particularly admired the short, incisive editorials.

JUDGING from the March number, the *Alabama University Monthly* holds views similar to our own, but carries them somewhat farther. The *Monthly* is essentially a literary magazine, and in the present number has no editorials proper, the department consisting merely of Locals and Exchanges. This, we must say, is rather an error on the right side. On first opening the *Monthly*, we were met with the article "The Insanity of Hamlet," which proved as interesting as its title. From the very first sentence, the attention of the reader is grasped, and firmly held all through. When we had finished, we felt with regard to to our mental appetite, in the frame of mind of little Oliver, "asking for more." It is seldom that we find an article in our exchanges too short, but this is an exception. And now for our criticisms. In the first place we consider the introduction, though perhaps the most interesting part, too long *in proportion*. This might be remedied by adding to the whole length of the piece, which would be beneficial, as such a subject requires a good deal of space to do it justice. Perhaps the only other criticism we have to make is with regard to the interlude, if we may so call it, which is hardly in accordance with the dignity of the theme. "The Mad Composer," we also found pleasant reading, but have not space to give it a more extended notice. "Civil Reform" is rather too extravagant to be very attractive.

A PERMANENT and interesting feature of the *Niagara Index*, is its "Glimpses from History," which is always worth reading. In the present number of the *Index*, we see the fifth article on Classics, which by this time ought to be nearly exhausted. The condemnations of Classics are rather too sweeping in the opinion of an unprejudiced reader. The exchange column is about the same as usual, written, as one of our exchanges says, "with the evident intention of attracting the attention of others."

IF we are not mistaken, this is the first appearance of the *Trinity Tablet* to the present "We." The editorial department is well conducted, and the editorials are not too long. The column "Squibs" is also good, but with rather too many clippings, which, however, are duly credited. We enjoyed "Camping Out," but there is a want of freshness in the "Difficulty of Remembering," and "When to Act."

THE March number of the *Beacon* is as interesting as usual. The literary department is well

sustained, by such pieces as "Lost in the Woods," and "A Gentleman." The present number sparkles here and there with such little gems as the following :—

ECCENTRICITY.

Go mould into a steadfast shape
A billow of the sea,
Go prune and trim a mounting flame,
But lay no laws on me.

By law the sea-waves foam and flow,
And upward tends the flame ;
By laws I grow ; but not, good friends,
By any you can frame.

PERSONALS.

REV. J. J. CAMERON, M. A., one of the triumvirate which instituted the GAZETTE, and at present in charge of a Presbyterian congregation at Shakspere, Ontario, has received a call from Point Edward, Ont.

J. W. STERNS, formerly a student here, and more recently on the editorial staff of the *Citizen*, is, we understand, the manager of the *Despatch*, a bi-weekly, independent newspaper, lately started in Moncton, N. B. His efforts seem to meet with general approval.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

CRAM.

ALL FOOL'S day.

THERE are no loiterers about the halls now.

QUOTH the Seniors :—

"When we first came in the Campus,
We were freshies green as grass,
Soon we'll all be happy graduates,
That is—*if we only pass.*"

Hear! Hear!

How all-absorbing that Senior must find Latin to be when he goes *roman* about after dark of a Sunday evening, regardless of mud and observing eyes.

SOPH. (reciting in Mathematics) : "The distances from A, to B and C are respectfully, &c." Prof. and Class smile audibly and doubtfully. Soph., (in happy ignorance of his *faute*) : "That's the way it is, anyhow." Oh Andrew!

How awfully "sat on" that inattentive student must have felt the other day when the Professor observed ominously: "Those laugh best who laugh last. Perhaps, gentlemen, *some one* will not laugh at the final day." And now he goes about ejaculating pathetically, "*Quirites ova nobis!*"

WE know a good deal about principles of action, and all that sort of thing. At least so we flatter ourselves. But we want some of our friends to rise up and explain to us the following. A college celebrity, living, *not* in Halifax, is seen in a part of the city, far from the *ferry wharf*, on a certain Sunday evening after church, notwithstanding the rain, mud, and general inclemency of the weather on that particular evening. Why! oh why! this desertion of the church of his fathers, &c., &c. Please tell us, some one.

PROF., (criticising the thesis of a four foot Soph.) : "Mr. C——s, essay exhibits marked ability and research. With a due regard also to the eternal fitness of things it is distinguished as is its author—by extreme brevity." *Verum est.*

THAT seemingly quiet Soph. hailing from across the water is not so *very quiet* after all. Such is the *on dit*. And verily, we are inclined to give credence to this rumour when we find that he is in the habit of going to parties which last up till 4 o'clock in the morning, &c. Surely people are not always what they seem. Are they now?

PROF. of Mod. Languages :—"Will Monsieur D—— please name the principal figures of Syntax." Mr. D——, (prompted by his class mate on the left) :—"Ellipse, hyper-baton, anallage, *protoplasm*." Professor subsides, likewise (after a time) the applause of the class. N. B.—He meant to say pleonasm.

THE Seniors are sedulously cultivating the favor of the most stalwart and well-gowned freshmen. You know a toga, that for four years has braved the battle and the breeze in a College hall, does not look quite as well as one that has been carefully guarded through one winter—And a tattered gown beneath a bachelor's hood! *Horribile visu!*

PROFESSOR'S criticism :—"Brevity is the soul of wit." This essay may be set down as the exception by which the rule is proved. It is brief but it contains no wit. Neither does it indicate that the writer has much wisdom—"Or words to that effect." *Eheu! Eheu!*

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