

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

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NO. 1.

## CONVOCATION.

THE formal opening of the present session of Dalhousie College took place on Tuesday, the 31st of October. As three o'clock approached groups of students composed of members of the various classes, from the "grave and reverend" senior down to the giddy and expectant "freshman," were to be seen gathering in the vicinity of the Province Building. By the hour appointed the students had taken their seats, and all the available space beyond that occupied by them was filled with what may justly be called the *elite* of the city. Among others there were present the Faculty, (Dr. Honeyman excepted), His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, His Worship the Mayor, Sir Wm. Young, Hon. Dr. Parker, Judge Johnston, Hon. S. L. Shannon, Rev. Drs. Bennet, Burns, MacGregor, McKnight, Pollok, Patterson, Pryor, and Clay; Dr. Allison, Revs. J. H. Chase, E. A. McCurdy, A. McL. Sinclair, T. Sedgewick, S. A. Cairns, A. Simpson, R. Laing, T. W. Smith, J. J. Teasdale, J. J. Avery, J. MacMillan, D. McKinnon, J. D. McGillivray, and H. H. McPherson, and several of the prominent lawyers and merchants of the city. The ladies were present in large numbers.

After the opening prayer, and a few introductory remarks by Principal Ross, Professor MacDonald read the list of Bursars, which is as follows:

### SENIOR EXHIBITIONS.

These are offered for competition to undergraduates entering the third year of the Arts course. Candidates must have completed two and only two years of their course in Arts either at this or some other University. They are tenable for two years and are of the annual value of \$200.

- District 1. Not awarded.  
 " 2. No candidate.  
 " 3. D. A. Murray Truro.

- District 4. H. S. Adams, Halifax.  
 " 5. F. Jones, Digby.  
 " 6. No candidate.  
 " 7. J. P. McLeod, Valleyfield, P. E. I.

### Order of merit:

- (1) McLeod. (3) Adams.  
 (2) Murray. (4) Jones.

### JUNIOR EXHIBITIONS AND BURSARIES.

The Exhibitions are worth \$200 annually for two years, and the Bursaries are \$150 for the same.

### Exhibitions:

- (1) McKay, E., Pictou Academy.  
 (2) Cahan, C. H., Yarmouth Seminary.  
 (3) Calder, John, West Bay, C. B. (private study)  
 (4) Mackay, N. F., Pictou Academy.  
 (5) Robinson, A., Sussex, N. B.

### Bursaries:

- District I.—(1) McDonald, E. M., Pictou Academy.  
 (2) Stewart, D., " "  
 (3) Lewis, G. W., Normal School, Truro.  
 (4) McKenzie, D. H., Pictou Academy.  
 " II.—(1) Morton, S. A., Liverpool Academy.  
 (2) Reid, R. S., Kentville, (private study.)  
 " III.—Not awarded.  
 " IV.—(1) Nicholson, A., Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown.  
 (2) Coffin, V. E., do. do.  
 " V.—Macrae, A. W., St. John, N. B., (private study).

The Professor also read the order of merit of winners. It is as follows:

- (1) McKay, E. (8) McDonald.  
 (2) Cahan. (9) Stewart.  
 (3) Calder. (10) Lewis.  
 (4) MacKay. (11) Coffin.  
 (5) Robinson. (12) MacRae.  
 (6) Nicholson. (13) McKenzie.  
 (7) Morton. (14) Reid.

Professor Schurman was then called upon to deliver the inaugural address. This we publish in full elsewhere.

At the close Sir William Young was asked to say a few words to the students. That gentleman expressed regret that his health would not permit him to do that which under other circum-

stances would afford him the utmost pleasure, and he retired with the suggestion that some of the others, well able to address the gathering, should volunteer.

Dr. Bennet, of St. John, responded, and spoke briefly to the following effect: He expressed the great satisfaction with which he had listened to Professor Schurman's splendid thoughts upon Shakespeare. He had well portrayed two sides of his character—the business side and the poetic genius. The speaker then addressed a few words of advice to the students. In everybody there was some particular calling they were especially fitted to follow. They were gathered in the University to cultivate in the fields of science the talents they were endowed with, but, having received that education, the question to be considered would be: What particular walk of life are we most fitted for? Having ascertained this, let us especially cultivate our minds and bodies for that calling. He apologized for making no further remarks, as he had made no preparation, not having expected to be called upon.

The meeting was then dismissed with the benediction, and thus closed one of the most interesting Convocations ever held in connection with the College.

### SHAKESPEARIAN MANHOOD.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS DELIVERED AT DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, OCTOBER 31, 1882.

BY J. G. SCHURMAN, M. A., D. Sc., MUNRO PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AND METAPHYSICS.

IN entering upon the duties of the chair of English Literature in this University, one might not unnaturally be tempted to pronounce a eulogium on the generosity of the munificent benefactor\* from whom this endowment is the latest gift. Nor could the speaker, in such case, be charged with indulging in the commonplace adulation of a formal panegyric, inasmuch as Mr. Munro's fostering care of literature in this University, in which alone the speaker is personally interested, would form but a starting

\* The chair of English Literature is the third chair endowed by George Munro, Esq., of New York, in Dalhousie College and University.

point for a judicial estimate of his influence upon the literary world, in which the great and successful work of his life has made him a recognized power. But attractive though the subject as thus conceived would certainly be, the well-known modesty of Mr. Munro forbids us to do more than state it. And perhaps in our saner moments, when we give head to the highest dictates within us, we *all* feel that the best and only worthy reward of a good deed is the silent consciousness of having done it,—a consciousness which is disturbed, if not desecrated, by the brazen-throated voice of unblushing praise.

Another subject, however, lay at hand,—a subject to which, in accordance with a usage not confined to the French Academy, I might have devoted this Inaugural Address. I refer, of course, to my predecessor, the late Professor DeMille. But as that accomplished scholar was known to me only by reputation, while most of you knew him personally, I felt that any account I could give of his life and work, would not only in itself be imperfect, but, delivered before such an audience, it would seem little less than impertinent. What a fund of modest, genial, scholarly, refined, Christian manhood was lost in him to our University and our country you all know full well.

But if I speak neither of my predecessor in office nor of the founder of the chair which I have the honour to fill, there is a subject still more general, which in very real, though different respects they have to a large extent both illustrated in their lives,—I mean the Shakespearian type of manhood. And as this theme stood on the threshold of much of my own work for the coming session, I could not resist the temptation of introducing it here. Nor indeed can I now think of any topic at once more suitable to the occasion and compatible with my own endeavours, than a delineation of that ideal of manhood which the highest genius of our literature, if not of *all* literature, set before himself, and, amid baffling discomfitures, succeeded in realizing in his own personality. Such a study is admirably adapted to exhibit the relation between literature and the concrete facts of human experience, the sense of which is never

wanting in our great classical authors, and least of all in Shakespeare; while again a clear insight into this relation between art and life will explain, and should make us all acknowledge, the potency of literature as a factor in the cultivation and refinement of taste, the purifying of feelings and the upbuilding of strong, tempered, self-reliant manhood.

The life of every individual, however, is only a part of the larger life which pulses in all his contemporaries. And if we are to know the guiding principles of Shakespeare's life we must discover the characteristics of that social medium through which that life became what it was. It is not, indeed, easy to find a formula that will give adequate expression to any great movement of the human spirit, but I believe that the Shakesperian epoch is marked by a profound respect for, and loving loyalty to, the concrete facts of the actual world. There was a noble positivism about the age of Bacon and Hooker, of Raleigh and Burleigh. It is this healthy mundane consciousness, with its strong hold on present reality and its entire devotion to every activity or enjoyment which enhanced the intensity of living, that constitutes the main point of contrast between the age of Elizabeth and the centuries which preceded it. The mediæval gaze is ever fixed on something, remote from the sphere of our present life, something not *here* but *there*, something not *now* but *yet to be*. The highest manhood, in the middle ages, was realized by renunciation of this world, by giving oneself up to a life of retirement in preparation for the world to come. In contrast with this other-worldliness, (to use the happy phrase of George Eliot), which characterized the Mediæval Age, stands the sober worldliness of the men of Shakespeare's generation. Approach them where you will—on the side of their literature or art, of their science or theology, of their politics or common everyday affairs,—and you will always light upon a resolute fidelity to the fact, a devotion to what is actually now and here. In the Shakesperian drama, accordingly, you find nothing of the mediæval attempt to fathom the mystery of heaven, purgatory or hell, but very much more of this world and man's doings and

sufferings therein. Not soaring into regions beyond the ken of human experience, Shakespeare portrays all the more powerfully the reality of earthly joy and sorrow; the depths of hatred, friendship, and love; the canker of ambition, jealousy, envy, and lust; the sweetness of mercy, devotion, and charity; the fascination of beauty, pomp, and splendour—in a word, the inmost essence and the outward effect of everything that adds to the sweetness or bitterness of the cup of life.

If the dramas of Shakespeare reflect the spirit of his age, the record of his life shows that the same spirit animated the man himself. Sternly true to fact of every kind, he had first of all to grapple with one of the hardest of all facts—poverty, poverty at twenty-one years of age, with a wife and three children dependent upon him. But the practical man does the work that lies nearest to hand. Shakespeare became a player and playwright. So easily did he master the material circumstances of the time, that he was able, while yet in the vigour of manhood, to retire to his native Stratford as a gentleman of independent means. And what Shakespeare had acquired by his own energy and prudence he thought worth while to husband for his own enjoyment. So that while engaged with the most sublimely awful tragedy of Teutonic literature he could pause to bring an action against Mr. Philip Rogers for a debt of £1 15s. 10d. on malt. Think of Lear in that ghastly night of thunder and tempest, disowned by his inhuman daughters, and then think of Philip Rogers' debt of £1 15s. 10d.—and you have a measure for the sweep of Shakespeare's genius—a genius that moves as readily in the material and practical as in the spiritual and ideal realms of the life of man.

In fact, it is this comprehensiveness of view, this sense of a full-rounded totality, that characterizes Shakespeare's conception of manhood. He felt with Hamlet what a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason, in apprehension how like a god, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals; and yet he saw with Falstaff that man is also "for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a

knife." With his devotion to actual fact, Shakespeare ignores neither of these antipodal aspects in his ideal of human life. And his earliest work, if the critics are right in assigning that place to *Love's Labours Lost*, is a protest against schemes of self-culture that involved the suppression of any of the elements of man's nature. For the King of Navarre, in that play, aims at culture by means of an unnatural asceticism; but the poet declares, as distinctly as the circumstances permit, that a learning not grafted on the genuine stock of real life is worthless, and that the King, who like Tennyson's Princess fails in his object, yet really in failing succeeds. The central idea of the whole is that

" . . . every man with his affects is born  
Not by might mastered but by special grace."

Heaven forbid that we should become subject to the world, the flesh, and the devil; but Heaven also give us common sense to understand that we escape their power, not by ignoring them, but by the fullest recognition of their functions in subserving the higher life of the soul. You cannot reach the Infinite by ascetically negating the finite; you cannot grasp the Eternal by giving up your hold on the temporal; you cannot be "likest God" when you have made yourself most unlike a man. "To thine own self be true" is Shakespeare's precept for every system of self-culture as for every ideal of manhood.

This impartial justice to all the elements of our many-sided nature must not, however, be taken to imply that we should blindly surrender ourselves to that impulse or appetite which happens for the time being to be strongest, and still less, that we have not within ourselves the power of determining our conduct, as though man were a natural automaton, conscious of his doings, yet powerless to alter or prevent them. Not thus will Shakespeare allow his men and women to shift the responsibility of their deeds from their own heads. Even the arch-villain Edmund confesses it is only "the excellent foppery of the world, that we make guilty of our disasters the sun, moon and stars, as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting-on." And the keen-glancing Cassius,

who sees quite through the thoughts of men, recognizes that the fault is not in our stars but in ourselves. The divinity that shapes our ends is within our own bosoms. There is, in Shakespeare's system, no extraneous power operating upon the will of man and constraining him to issues foreign to his own nature. The only fatality is the fatality of disposition,—and here even, it is not such as to exclude the free agency of the human will. Neither one's original endowments nor the medium, social and physical, in which they are developed, are, it is true, conditioned by the will of any individual; but then these things are not manhood, but merely the stuff out of which manhood is made,—the materials from which the individual builds up his own character.

In a general way we may now understand the kind of life Shakespeare would endeavour to realize in himself. With a keen enjoyment of mere existence for its own sake, he would not, like an ascetic dreamer, attempt to root out or forcibly suppress any of the elements of his nature. And, on the other hand, holding strongly to a belief in man's freedom or power of self-control, he could not give himself up to be the fatalistic plaything of his own appetites and desires. He acknowledges with the sensualist that pleasure is good and desirable; yet he couples with this acknowledgment the stoical qualification that in no pleasure must the individual lose his power of self-command, which constitutes indeed the very essence of manhood. This ideal, accordingly, embraces what is sound both in the extreme of fanaticism and in the extreme of indifference. It is so sober, so practical, so provokingly real, that it has sometimes been branded as low, if not sensualistic. Properly understood, however, it is noble and lofty. For while Shakespeare so fully recognizes all the constituents of human nature, you will find in no other body of literature of equal compass—the Bible alone excepted—such a grand vindication of the right of the higher over the lower,—of reason and will over passions and appetites and desires. In the lives of Shakespeare's men and women there is a tangible demonstration of the absolute prerogative of spirit over nature.

Clearly, however, as Shakespeare conceived his ideal of manhood, he was not able to realize it without strenuous effort. Of his outer life scarcely any facts have come down to us, but of the inner life of his soul his dramas are an imperishable record. They were for the poet himself a series of studies in the attainment of complete, symmetrical manhood. And if we find, as in fact we do find, that the subjects which interested Shakespeare at different periods of his life fall naturally into groups, each of which is characterized by one common prevailing theme that distinguishes it from other groups, we cannot be wrong in associating this change in the nature of his subjects with phases in the poet's own spiritual development. His plays are therefore an authentic transcript of the growth of his mind and character. At the end he has entered into a serene, indefeasible possession of himself and of the world; but the opening reveals him in a life-and-death encounter with gigantic passions within and adverse circumstances without. To succeed in this conflict was undoubtedly the greatest problem of his life. The sense of it is scarcely ever absent from him, so that in one form or another it appears in most of the plays. Even the philosophic Hamlet knows no higher praise for his friend Horatio than that he is a man

"Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,  
That he is not a pipe for fortune's finger,  
To play what stop she pleases."

Now this conflict between "blood" and "judgment," in the springtime of life, generally issues in the vanquishing of "judgment." How can blossoming youth forego for a moment the delicious aroma of its own emotions, however foolish or unreasonable they appear to riper age? Will the frantic lover be less mad than he is, when your sober Theseus assures him

"The lunatic, the lover and the poet  
Are of imagination all compact!"

Was not Cupid painted blind? And is not love at all times unreasoning? Such was Shakespeare's experience. None the less, however, will he hide from himself or others that the mighty passion to which youth so blindly gives itself up may be just as potent in debasing as in ennobling and exalting the life of man. And in

the first group of dramas we find the poet representing it, not only in reference to itself, but in its manifold relation with other passions and circumstances, as if resolutely determined to penetrate to its inmost essence, to make clear to himself and others its twofold bearings on human nature. Yet *Romeo and Juliet* remains as evidence of his abiding devotion to the lofty passion whose dual character he has distinctly comprehended. Who does not know the story of the two Italian lovers, children of hostile houses embittered by constant feuds, whose hearts, touched by the divine afflatus, respond with one ecstatic throb of mutual bliss that shatters the tenement of frail, mortal life but makes their love immortal? And who has not felt, on closing the volume, that it might be better to die in the energy of an emotion that quickens and exalts the whole being than mope out a life of soulless languor and indifference? After rapture such as theirs, what can love-devouring death avail? And yet—and yet, in the tomb of the Capulets there they lie. Their tragic career had a peculiar fascination for Shakespeare, who, according to the most recent criticism, meditated more profoundly on it than on any other subject except *Hamlet*. And with good reason, too; for the malady of Romeo was also the malady of Shakespeare himself. His whole nature steeped in passion, Romeo lives and moves and has his being in a world of mere emotions. Whatever he touched melted before him into a haze of delicious feeling. He lived, not in communion with reality but with his own feelings about reality. He does not recognize facts; and his will is so paralyzed that he could maintain no fruitful relation with them. He must needs fall, therefore, when he is blown on by the rude breath of the actual world. And Shakespeare's rich emotional nature would have proved fatal too, but for his resolute fidelity to *all* the facts of life, which fidelity, as we saw, Romeo did not possess. Shakespeare knew the strength of titanic passion: he could accordingly make a diagnosis of Romeo's malady. But Shakespeare was not blind to the fact that life was more than a rapturous dream of passion and emotion. He must, therefore, while fully recognizing the relative nobility of Romeo's life, regard it as the

development of a one-sided ideal. Romeo loses himself in feeling; Shakespeare, with emotions equally intense, runs the same danger, yet averts it by his hearty recognition of all the elements of human nature. While every new experience is to the one a source of additional feeling, it is to the other a step in the attainment of self-control.

There were, however, further hindrances to Shakespeare's realization of his ideal of symmetrical manhood. Scarcely had he asserted himself against the tyranny of passion than he fell a prey to the tyranny of meditation and reflection. In both cases there was a paralysis of the will—a sapping of the vital strength of manhood. And in both cases the malady arose from the same cause—from want of fidelity to fact. It was Shakespeare's aim, as I have already shown, to be true to himself and true to the actual world, retaining at the same time the mastery of both. The danger of losing himself in his own emotions he had, with the writing of *Romeo and Juliet*, already overcome. But the danger of losing the world of objective fact in thoughts and ideas about it, is yet before him, at least in its acutest stage. It is the youthful struggle between Idealism and Realism; and Shakespeare does not escape the youthful temptation of setting up his own notions about things for things themselves. "It takes a long time," as Cardinal Newman observes, "really to feel and understand things as they are; we learn to do so only gradually." And until we have given up our own individual phantasies, and entered into hearty relation with things as they are, we cannot acquire command either of ourselves or of the objective world. Our thoughts may be prolific and far-reaching, yet if they have no relation with reality, we remain dreamers without power of action. With all his devotion to what is actual, Shakespeare could scarcely keep himself from this dream of Idealism. And the play of *Hamlet* is the best illustration of this phase of his spiritual development. It is the history of a man whose power of action has been paralyzed by excess of meditation. As the will of Romeo vanishes in the intensity of his emotions, so the will of Hamlet is dissipated in the multiplicity and variety of his reflexions. He is

constantly purposing to act; yet he as constantly finds reasons why he should not act. Now finite beings like ourselves in deliberating upon any action must be satisfied with a partial and finite view of the circumstances and issues to be affected by it, because in a universe which is infinite everything has an infinite number of relations with other things, which it would require an eternity to discover and adequately to appreciate. The cricket-player, for instance, does not need to reflect and demonstrate that with every blow he gives the ball he is changing the centre of gravity of the astronomical world; it is enough for his purpose if he take account of the velocity and direction of the ball, and meet it with a force that secures the most available runs. True, we must not act unadvisedly; neither, however, must we by ceaseless reflexion annihilate the possibility of any kind of action. First consider, then act, should be our rule. "It is good," as Bacon says, "to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands." But this is precisely what Hamlet cannot do. He has eyes but not hands: he can think, but he is not capable of realizing his thoughts in action. The task laid upon him by destiny was one sanctioned both by heaven and earth. It was enjoined upon him by his own moral judgment as well as by messengers from the spirit-world. Eternal justice demanded the death of the uncle who had slain Hamlet's father and possessed Hamlet's mother and the throne. Yet Hamlet, who talks grandly of sweeping to revenge on wings as swift as thoughts of love, draws,—not his sword but his note-book. Lost in a maze of thoughts and images, he has no power to resolve on anything except to make a note of his uncle's villiany. As he continues unpacking his heart with words, all the time doing nothing, his very belief in the reality of what he has seen and heard slips away from him. Awakened from this torpor by the most convincing proofs, and yet hesitating to execute the deed of justice, he would escape the burden laid upon him by suicide. No sooner, however, does he think of this quietus than he loses the strength of will requisite for bringing it about by a series of reflections on life and death. "To be or not to be; that is the question"

—the indefinite, insoluble question, into which Hamlet has transmuted the definite and practical command to avenge his father's death. In fact, Hamlet's fatal habit of exhausting in thought all the possible relations of an action, keeps him in the end from doing anything at all. The mighty force of his nature is spent in speculation and reflection, and there is nothing left for volition and action. His will is paralysed by the subtlety and abounding vigour of his intellect

The native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment  
With this regard their currents turn away,  
And lose the name of action.

Thus Hamlet fails. Given up to the power of ideas, in love with images that have no answering reality and that form, dissolve, combine again, and again melt away with the caprice of floating clouds in a summer sky, he loses his hold on the finite world of positive, concrete fact, and falls a predestined victim to his own unfruitful, yet beautiful Idealism. This was the reef on which Shakespeare too, was in constant danger of shipwreck. Indeed the play of *Hamlet*, as is well known, is a kind of spiritual autobiography, revealing to us the soul of Shakespeare, as in a later century Goethe revealed himself in *Faust*. And on this play Shakespeare meditated long and earnestly, because in it more than in any other he was fathoming the depths and unbaring the secret springs of weakness and of strength in his own many-sided nature. But for his long-continued and profoundly sympathetic study of the idealistic Prince of Denmark, the whole man might have been carried away by that speculative bent of mind, which retained, even as it was, a threatening predominance. Shakespeare was a potential Hamlet as well as a potential Romeo; but by his insight into the nature and the causes of their respective maladies, and his vivid delineation of their tragic careers, he evidences that he is more than either of them, or than both together. His ideal of manhood is completer than theirs,—centring in a power of self-control which was wanting both in Romeo and in Hamlet. Add, therefore, to the passion of the one and to the intellectual keenness and agility of the other, that volitional element which they both lacked—a strength of

will that keeps the man in constant and fruitful relation with actual fact—and you advance another step in the comprehension of Shakespearean manhood.

It was for the cultivation and discipline of this active or volitional side of his nature that Shakespeare was led to the writing of his English historical plays. He recognized in the intellect and emotions in which lay his titanic strength at the same time the source of his greatest weakness. For the infinitude, or potential infinitude, both of thought and feeling, is a hindrance to definite action; and definite action is required of the man who will enter into a realisation of the positive facts of the world. Now Shakespeare strove, above all things, to be true to fact; and yet he was aware of a tendency in himself to ignore it, and surrender himself to the harm of those ideal vistas projected by the mind along the endless lines of its own thoughts and emotions. Like Romeo he could labour after the infinite of passion, or like Hamlet labour after the infinite of meditation; but the ideal manhood he was endeavouring to realize in himself embraced another element which it was not easy to combine with these infinitudes, and that was the finite element of positive, definite action. A true man, he felt, must not be a dreaming Romeo or Hamlet: he must be a master of the actual world in which he lives, moving easily in it as if at home, shaping it to his issues, instead of succumbing to it at the first collision. Now, for attainment of such practical mastery of the world, what better guidance can be imagined than a careful survey of those sources of strength or of weakness that make or mar a man's career in the world? To Shakespeare himself such were his English historical plays. They are his studies of failure or success, on a grand scale, in dealing with the practical problems of life. Their burden is the crime of incapacity. "To be weak is miserable doing or suffering," is as true of Shakespeare's kings as of Milton's fallen cherubs. The great dramatist shows that incapacity, even when crowned and anointed, must, in the natural order of things, give place to the uncrowned greatness of nature's own stamp and superscription. There is Henry VI., the timid saint who passes a life-time in

doing nothing but humouring his irritable conscience with the barren platitude that God will do all things well; while he, for his part, the God-ordained King of England, is ruining the country by his weakness. Upon him Shakespeare pronounces the decree of the divine nemesis in the words of his great opponent:

King, did I call thee? Nay, thou art no king,  
Give place; by heaven thou shalt rule no more  
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Equally severe, and equally impartial, is Shakespeare's judgment of Richard II., whom we may call the royal diletante. Richard has a fine feeling for appearances, but no faculty for appreciating realities. He always knows how to put himself in the most effective or sensational attitude. In that æsthetic atmosphere of modern England, of which we have lately had a whiff, Richard would have breathed with easeful luxury. He has a sincere interest in situations, but in nothing else. He has no real patriotism, yet he knows how to assume a sentimentally patriotic attitude on returning to England after a few weeks' absence. He has no genuine religion, yet, when the might of Bolingbroke gathers ominously round him, he proclaims that

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay,  
A glorious angel.

Yes, but the God-paid angels fight not; and the Welsh have gone over to Bolingbroke. Thus of this graceful phantom of a king, the bitter irony of history speaks Shakespeare's condemnation.

I have not time to follow, or even to enumerate Shakespeare's studies of regal successes and failures in dealing with the positive facts of life. I can only mention that his ideal of manhood in this practical sphere is King Henry V. As those who fail, fail from want of fidelity to fact, Henry succeeds by his thorough realisation of fact, which is indeed the central element of his character. Unable to endure the artificial atmosphere of his father's court, charged as it is with craft and caution, he escapes, as a mere boy, to the roaring life of Eastcheap, to the fun, and frolic, and mad pranks of the famous tavern where Falstaff reigns as veritable king. But when circumstances call for earnest activity, Prince Hal is equal to the occasion. The gallant Hotspur falls beneath his stroke; but the Prince does not expose the lie by which Falstaff appro-

priated to himself the credit of that splendid victory. It is enough for him in the unconscious greatness of his nature simply to have done the deed. What he covets is the achievement of noble things, not the buzz of fame which surrounds them. He did, too, for himself and his country much more than was possible to his close, calculating father. For his nature being deep, and open, and sincere, the facts of the world, and especially the nobler facts hidden from the cunning Bolingbroke, were revealed to him in their natural relations,—in a coherence and consistency that made dissimulation superfluous. As a warrior, statesman and king; in manners, in morals, in religion; at the court, on the field, or at the Eastcheap tavern, he is always the same plain, unvarnished hero, the natural ally of truth and fact, the natural enemy of sham and unreality. He had, therefore, a real joy in life; and still more, he could laugh. Himself, one of the world's vital forces, he knew that a hearty laugh would not disturb the solid relations of things. Thus Shakespeare has not omitted the humorous side in his ideal practical man. He knew too well the deep, inexpressible significance of laughter. "If the man that hath no music in him is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils," what shall we say of the man who cannot laugh, or who at least attains but a barren simper? Anyway it was a man who laughed, not with the face and diaphragm only, but with the whole body, from head to foot, whom Shakespeare made his greatest hero, and also his model, in grappling successfully with the facts of the world. For I need scarcely repeat, I suppose, that along with the emotional life of Romeo, and the intellectual life of Hamlet, Shakespeare aims at realizing in himself the practical, active life of Henry V.

There is, however, a more exalted success and a more awful failure than success or failure in one's wordly career, and that is the building up or breaking down of character, the restoration or the ruin of the soul itself. And in the last period of his spiritual development it was this problem that seemed to Shakespeare of supreme importance. He had already mastered the world from a practical standpoint. He had passed from poverty to wealth, and honor, and prosperity. His material difficulties being resolved, his mind

was all the more open to the deeper spiritual problems of life. And in some way or other a relation became established between his mind and the darker powers of the world. The mysteries of evil encompassed him. The positive, incurious faith of a practical Henry V. could be no stay to a man who was facing the struggle of good and evil in the world. Launched on this investigation of evil, Shakespeare, with unflinching energy, made no pause till he reached its ultimate limit. *Othello* is followed by *Macbeth*, and *Macbeth* is pursued by *Lear*. After these come *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*, and through them the poet passes to *Timon*, in which he depicts absolute despair of all human virtue. In his prosperity *Timon* had known no evil, but when his wealth is gone and the men he called his brothers prove false and ungrateful, he cannot repress a fierce rage against all mankind, from whom he escapes by the oblivion of a self-imposed death. In that silent grave on the outmost marge of the sea, where the waves wash away by day and by night the print of human foot, *Timon* attains that everlasting peace which the living world denied him. This is one way of bearing one's self towards the world which wrongs us. Nor is it devoid of a certain nobleness. For it is the very loftiness of *Timon's* nature that makes him feel the incongruity of living in a world which he regarded as wholly base and selfish. *Iago*, on the other hand, finds it natural enough to live, though he believes all men knaves or fools, and all women that which *Desdemona* cannot name. Compared with this Mephistophelean indifference, the misanthropy of *Timon* is indeed sublimely noble; yet it is not the noblest, and not the Shakespearian solution of the dark problems of our spiritual life. For with every discovery of evil, Shakespeare also made discovery of a virtue which more than redeems the evil. He does not deny that *Regan* and *Goneril* exist, but he sets over against them *Cordelia* and *Kent*. *Macbeth* is; so also, however, is *Macduff*. Even if the wicked succeed in their assaults on goodness, still goodness actually exists. Virtue has no need of plush and prunella to sustain it. Shakespeare discerned that the moral world stands in sovereign independence of the world of the senses, anticipating by two centuries the

profound thought of the great German philosopher. What satisfies our hearts, what gives us strength and consolation is, not that goodness prospers in the world, but simply that goodness exists. There lies the pure, loyal *Desdemona*, done to death by the loving jealousy of the misguided *Othello*. There lies the noble husband, dying undeceived,—who could not endure life after losing faith in the purity and goodness of his wife. Beside the tragic loading of that bed is the triumphant *Iago*, who has wrought all the ruin. Yet Shakespeare makes us feel, even here, that goodness is justified of her children, and that it is really evil which suffers defeat. Who would not rather die with *Desdemona* or *Cordelia* than live the earthly life in—death of such a soul as *Iago*—a soul incapable, not only of a martyr's death, but even of a noble pain? Such is the view that Shakespeare opposes to *Timon's*. And in *The Tempest* it finds its best and fullest expression. *Prospero*, like *Timon*, suffers grievous wrongs. Yet *Prospero* has reached the highest summits of moral attainment; and for his enemies, whom fortune delivers into his hands, he has nothing but forgiveness. Between him and them there is absolute reconciliation. On his side there is pardon; on theirs repentance and the turning to a better life. Thus with divine forgiveness, the central element of Christianity, Shakespeare completes his conception of perfect manhood. *Prospero* is his realized ideal of man. With *Romeo's* emotions, with *Hamlet's* intellect, with *Henry V.'s* practicalness, *Prospero* has also a deep sense of the infinite significance of the moral and religious facts of life. He is a fully developed, symmetrical man, all whose faculties are subject to will, while his will again acts in accordance with the precepts of morality and the sentiments of religion. After Shakespeare had realized in himself such a character, the writing of dramas could afford him no further discipline. For three years he was silent, and then, at the early age of fifty-two, he died.

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

Yet in that brief life Shakespeare achieved a manhood the richest and the fullest, the best developed, and the most harmonious, recorded in the annals of our Teutonic race.

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., NOVEMBER 11, 1882.

## EDITORS.

J. A. BELL, '83. A. G. REID, '83.  
J. A. McDONALD, '83. D. A. MURRAY, '84.  
R. M. LANGILLE, '85. W. CROWE.  
H. DICKIE, '83, *Financial Secretary.*

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THE GAZETTE, after imitating the ursine habit of a six months' snooze, (reversing, however, Bruin's periods of dormancy and activity), again wakes up and takes a survey of the situation. Progress is on all sides apparent; so much so indeed, that the GAZETTE feels very much as did a certain old Dutchman after his long sleep on the Kaatskill mountain. While it has been slumbering, the world has been moving and Dame Fortune's wheel brought another turn of luck to the old College. Six months is not a very long period, yet what a variety of events, good, bad and indifferent, can be encompassed by that space of time. And as far as Dalhousie is concerned the good have predominated, and the thought of them makes glad the GAZETTE.

A new face has appeared among the Dons, thanks to our great patron; and this face has induced the appearance of divers other faces, which the average Dalhousian is in nowise loath to see. The new Don is evidently in high favour with the sex, to judge from their large and daily increasing attendance. "I would I were a Freshie" laments the Senior or Junior as the door at the end of the hall closes and shuts him out in the cold. Pshaw! we are a pack of ungrateful dogs: we should be delighted to see the fair faces in the College at all.

The GAZETTE, which has a fine eye for the beautiful, and easily recognizes the effort of genius, is delighted with the appearance of the halls. It at once feels that Os, the æsthete, or some distinguished disciple of his, must have been at work in Dalhousie. None but a master hand could have produced the symphony in color that now adorns this abode of the Muses. The gorgeousness of the coloring, from the rich brown of mother earth to the most delicate azure of the firmament above, the exquisite alternation of light and shade, the consummate art displayed in the selection and blending of colors, etc., etc., are without doubt the emanations of a genius of the most exalted and æsthetic type. When an Art School has been founded in connection with Dalhousie, we would recommend the hall as the painters' studio.

The physical department in our College is now most complete. Lectures are given on the properties of heavy bodies, stresses and strains of the same, and on other equally interesting topics, all which can be practically put to the test in an apartment in the basement. The GAZETTE would advise all desirous of thoroughly mastering the practical application of the theory of stresses and strains to visit this apartment where they will find a great variety of machines capable of illustrating the theory in a most efficient and convincing manner.

There is in connection with this College an institution we all take much pride in. This institution we call a library, though we are grieved to say that certain ill-natured folk would deny us even the satisfaction of a name. The GAZETTE has it from good authority that an effort is being made to catalogue the library—a stupendous task, as we learn the catalogue (a new invention, by the way,) can contain hundreds of thousands of books. This is a good move, as it will both be a convenience to students and a relief to strangers visiting our library—they can conceive of the size of our library by a mere inspection of the catalogue.

And now, having taken in the innovations, the GAZETTE looks about in the hall for the old familiar faces. Ah! they are almost as conspicuous by their absence as by their presence.

We trust that wherever they be they will maintain the credit of the old College. Since the close of last Session the Maritime Provinces have won laurels in the Collegiate world abroad, of which, though the greater share falls to a sister College, Dalhousie obtains no mean portion.

With this brief survey of men and things the GAZETTE, like a polite actor, makes its bow and prepares to act its part in the forthcoming play.

ON behalf of the students, we welcome to the College the new Professor, Dr. Schurman. All who heard the Doctor's able and interesting address, delivered to the students last winter, will join with us in saying that Dalhousie has been most fortunate in securing his services. The following facts in reference to his life are taken from a communication which appeared in one of the city papers last year, and which, we understand, was from the pen of Mr. Coldwell, Teacher in Horton Academy:

"Dr. Schurman is a native of Prince Edward Island. He won the Government scholarship on that island in 1870, worth £20 a year for two years at Prince of Wales College. For two years he studied at Acadia College, (1873-5). In 1875 he won the Gilchrist Scholarship, tenable for three years, and of the annual value of £100 sterling. He studied at London, Paris and Edinburgh, but took his B. A. at London in 1877, standing first on the list. Out of 160 who went up at that time for the B. A. degree only 50 passed, and of these Dr. Schurman was the *dux*. At this time he won a scholarship of \$50 a year for three years and also the Hume Scholarship in Political Economy of £20 annually, for the same time. In 1878 he received his M. A. at London, and, out of five applicants, he was the only successful one. In that year he won the Hibbert Travelling Fellowship for Great Britain and Ireland, worth £200 stg. for two years; these years he spent in Germany and Italy. In 1880 he was appointed Professor at Acadia."

MR. MUNRO has again placed Dalhousie under the greatest obligations to him. During the past summer he has provided another chair for the College,—this time a professorship being founded of Metaphysics and English Literature. We can do no better than to use the words of the Governors:

"We trust that his countrymen may be influenced by an example so grandly set; and that although few may be able to compete with him so far as the magnitude of the gift is concerned, many may be animated by his spirit. We

heartily thank him for coming to our help in the work of building up a great Educational Centre in Nova Scotia; for seeking the good of his native land by so generously providing for the quickening of its intellectual life; and for the free, unsolicited, and unostentatious manner in which he has made his contribution to what must be regarded by all as an institution essential to the true and permanent welfare of the Maritime Provinces."

DURING the past vacation, when we were endeavoring to forget about College and all its attributes, a peculiarly interesting and happy event occurred in Halifax, which pleasantly led our thoughts from other employments and centred them for some time at least upon one of the strongest props of our University.

We refer to the marriage of one of our Professors. Unfortunately the ceremony took place at a season when we could not all mingle our good-wishes with those of his nearer but not more loving friends. Our desires, however, have *always* been for our Professor's happiness: and although it is gratifying to us to know that our wishes have been partly fulfilled, it still remains to hope that his peace and prosperity may approach day by day more nearly to completion.

It may not be *de trop* here to state that the sentiments of all the Students under his control towards Professor MacDonald are those of perfect love and esteem, winning our hearts as he does by his kindness to us all beyond the College halls; yet commanding our respect by the skill and patience with which he leads us along one of the thorniest paths to knowledge.

We sincerely pray that Providence may bestow upon Professor and Mrs. MacDonald every blessing which His watchful eye may deem suitable.

IT is a pleasure to the GAZETTE at this time to compliment Mr. J. P. McLeod on winning such a good place in the recent competition for the Gilchrist Scholarship.

Sometimes the first place among those trying for this Bursary has been won by gentlemen not because their papers were good, but because,

fortunately for them, none better were sent in. Mr. McLeod, however, though unsuccessful in obtaining the Scholarship, has the satisfaction of knowing that he has done better than some who have obtained it in former years. We understand that Mr. McLeod did all his studying for this exam. during the interval between the latter end of April, when our Session came to a close, and the middle of June when the competition took place.

It is remarkable that Dalhousie men almost invariably make a good show at these examinations, and we heartily congratulate Mr. McLeod on his making as good an examination as any previous Dalhousian. It is our hope to see one more of our men winning the prize next year.

AS the event mentioned in another column would indicate, it may be seen that Prof. MacDonald has entirely recovered from the very severe illness which necessitated his absence from class towards the close of last session. We hope that many years of usefulness may yet remain to our respected Professor.

#### OUR EXCHANGES.

It is not our intention to write up elaborate articles on our exchanges. We have not the taste for it, and our exchanges, no doubt, do not wish it. But when we see anything to applaud we shall give praise; and our condemnation shall be ready for that which deserves it. The duties of an exchange editor are year by year growing more onerous. At present there lie on our table over twenty college papers. To wade through these is too much of a "heavy grind" for us. In this number we shall confine our remarks to those journals which appear most to deserve notice, although nearly all are on a par as to worth.

From the University of New Brunswick comes the *University Monthly*, a bright, newsy paper. Its article on the College Library strikes us as singularly happy, and with slight change would apply to Dalhousie. The *Monthly* laments the decline of that time-honored institution—the Freshman. These were his former character-

istics: "The sly shrinking gaze, the gregarious habits, the quiet and noiseless manner in which they moved about the halls, and, above all, the new and immaculate gown betokened the genus Freshman." But, alas! "Vanished art thou, oh Freshman; fled like a beautiful dream; but thy qualities are imperishable; thy fame shall never die; thy memory shall ever be green." For the information of the Personals Editor we may state that there is no "Theological Hall" of Dalhousie University.

The *Queen's College Journal* has arrived, and as is usual, well filled with college news. We anticipate much pleasure from our intercourse with the *Journal*.

The *Argosy* has a most plain-speaking biographer who devotes five pages to the class of '82. It was cruel of the Sackvilliana man to publish the poor Freshman's diary. We congratulate Mount Allison on the success which her distinguished son, Mr. Tweedie, has attained at the late Gilchrist examination.

We welcome to the journalistic field the *Delaware College Review*. It is very neatly printed.

We must handle the *Presbyterian College Journal* very carefully, since it is wholly the production of Theologues. It is capital Sunday reading.

We are pleased to welcome our old friend the *Portfolio*. "Should truth always be spoken?" betrays the feminine pen.

The *Varsity* works away on a line all its own. It publishes the prize poem of '82, "Quebec," of which the closing stanza is:

"A flag waves from thy lofty battle-crag,  
The flag of England—floating o'er the free.  
The day may come when floats another flag—  
Flag of the nation that is yet to be."

We are inclined to agree with the *Niagara Index* in its remarks on College Tendencies. There has been a great deterioration of late years in the value of the various degrees. May this not be ascribed to the undue extent to which the many petty colleges grant them?

What does the *University Mirror* mean by its article on Pseudology? Its local and personal columns are well filled.

The *Acadia Athenæum* is at hand, and in its new dress presents a very creditable appearance. In noticing the departure of Dr. Schurman, it congratulates its "Presbyterian" friends on this new addition to their faculty. We need hardly remind our contemporary that while "Presbyterian" is by no means a term of reproach, it is yet no epithet to apply to Dalhousie.

We are in receipt of the November *Century*. To praise this excellent magazine is but to "paint the lily." We cannot forbear from noticing a characteristic article on Henry James by Mr. Howells. Have we a new school of novelists this side the water? "Venice," by Mr. James, is delightful; and C. D. Warner gives us his ideas of England in that graphic way which he has made so familiar to us. The estimate appears on the whole to be a very fair one.

We have received the following: *Philosophian Review, Index and Chronicle, The Wheel, Central Collegian, Wilford's Microcosm, and The Adelphean*.

#### BOOKS.

THE Calendar of *King's College* (1882-83) is at hand. It affords us no information as to the number of students who attended during the last session. It informs us that during the year 1881-82 there were added 181 volumes and 120 pamphlets to the Library. Might not Dalhousie take pattern here?

From this year's catalogue of *Mount Allison* we learn that in 1881-2 there were 23 undergraduates and 25 special students in attendance, and, of the 48, 14 were ladies. The Alumni Association have resolved to establish an Alumni Reference Library,—an excellent idea.

We have received a copy of the Catalogue of *Acadia College* for the current year. 44 regulars and 14 generals make up the total of students. The number of graduates is now upwards of 200, and 15 A. M. degrees, *causa honoris*, have been granted.

There has been laid on our table a pamphlet written by Prof. MacGregor, entitled "Technical Education Abroad and at Home." It has been

published by the Association for promoting University Consolidation. After pointing out what has been done on the continent of Europe, in Great Britain, in the United States, and in the Upper Provinces, he shows that the Maritime Provinces are "almost entirely 'unspotted from the world' so far as technical education is concerned." The Professor finds a remedy for this very undesirable state of affairs in consolidation, which, by the union of our smaller colleges, would make the work of establishing a school of Technology much easier than at present. He considers that the question, "Are we to have Technical Schools?" depends upon a prior question, "Are we to have Consolidation?" And, in this connection, he observes: "We ought certainly to consolidate our Universities, unless it can be shewn that consolidation would bring with it evils so great as to outweigh the benefits I have indicated. But that cannot be shewn. On the contrary, it has been clearly demonstrated that the efficiency of our higher education in all its departments, whether literary, philosophical, scientific, or theological, would be greatly increased by consolidation. In view of these conclusions, which, I think, may be considered firmly established, the opponents of consolidation take upon themselves a serious responsibility. They follow a course which the world's experience shows is likely to be disastrous for the Province, for the sake of maintaining a number of colleges for which the most they seem to be able to say is that they exist, that they have done good work, and that their supporters are attached to them. This attachment we all both understand and share. It has been born of sacrifices made in the cause of education and religious equality. But since in the matter of our educational policy, reason and sentiment point in opposite directions, it behoves us to consider carefully, whether we are to allow ourselves to be carried away by feeling on a course which leads to stagnation, or guided by intelligence towards progress and prosperity."

A GENTLEMAN who was asked for his marriage certificate quietly took off his hat and pointed to a bald spot. The evidence was conclusive.

## ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

## GENERAL STUDENTS' MEETING.

Pursuant to notice, the above meeting was held on Thursday evening, the 2nd inst., in the usual place, Class-room number 2. After much howling and such-like warbling, Mr. McLennan, who was appointed to the chair, called the meeting to order. The Secretary, Mr. Dickie, then read the minutes of the last meeting, which were approved.

The first business was to elect the officers of the General Students' meeting. Mr. McLennan was appointed President, Mr. Gammell, Vice-President, and Mr. McColl, Secretary-Treasurer. The President suitably responded for the honor which he considered had been conferred on him, and the Secretary was heard at intervals all through the evening.

The reports of the various committees were then received.

Mr. Crowe, for the Gymnasium Committee, reported that the money he had in his hands, \$12.43, had been given to the Secretary of the Alumni Association. A great discussion now ensued as to the course to be pursued in the management of the Gymnasium. Bell explained that the students had the power to appoint instructors, but McColl failed to see how this could be so, since the Calendar was silent on the subject. The matter was at last settled by appointing Messrs. Bell, Reid, Rogers and Martin a Committee of Management.

The Library Committee reported that the sum of money left with them (\$25) had been, or was about to be expended according to the directions of Prof. Forrest.

A warm debate now occurred over the report received from the Lecture Committee. It was announced that not much had been done during the summer months for the furtherance of a course of lectures for the winter. It was urged by some that the course had better be done away with. On the other hand it was pointed out that not only had much good accrued to students from last winter's course, but that the public had been led to take a deeper interest in the College through its agency. At length it was resolved that Messrs. McColl, Bell, and McLennan take

such steps in the matter as may be considered necessary.

The GAZETTE was the next matter for discussion. Unfortunately the report of the late Financial Editor had not been received in time for its presentation at the meeting; but it was understood that the GAZETTE was free from liability and had assets to a considerable amount; whether anything can ever be realized from these can best be determined by our delinquent subscribers.

It was resolved that the voting for editors be done by ballot; and as seven were nominated, from which six were to be selected, it can be seen that the election was most exciting. Considerable trouble here arose owing to a misconception on the part of the Freshmen as to the attitude of the other years. We do not wish to be invidious in our remarks, but cannot forbear from censuring those on both sides whose ill-advised utterances gave occasion to the unseemly disturbance. The balloting resulted in the selection of the following: Bell, Reid, J. A. MacDonald, Murray, Langille and Crowe. Dickie was elected to the arduous post of Financial Editor. The Financial Committee is to consist of McColl, H. McLean, Taylor and Tufts.

The Reading-room is to be entrusted to Messrs. MacGregor, Jones, Kempton, and Cahan.

Foot-ball was the next subject for discussion. Crowe made a few remarks upon this subject, observing that it was to be hoped that every student would do all he could to make the team as efficient as possible; so that if occasion arose the club might be equal to it. The following are the names of the officers:—*Captain*, James A. MacDonald; *Second Captain*, A. G. Reid; *Sec'y.-Treasurer*, W. B. Taylor; *Committee*, J. A. Bell, D. A. Murray, K. J. Martin.

**SODALES.**—Immediately after the General Students' meeting had adjourned, Sodales was organized. Mr. Jones was appointed President, Mr. Cahan, Vice-President, and the following were named as a Committee of Management: E. M. McDonald, Stewart and D. H. McKenzie.

After all this business had been transacted, and every one was weary of debate, that plaintive melody, "Landlord fill the flowing bowl" was sung and thus enlivened the Students, Freshmen, canes and all started for—home.

## AMONG THE COLLEGES.

MOUNT ALLISON has granted 26 M. A.'s; 86 A. B.'s; 6 B. Sc's; and one Ph. B.—all since 1863.

IN 1881-2 \$996 was given to the library of Queen's College, Kingston; also 159 volumes and 54 pamphlets. The total of books is over 11,000 volumes.

IN 1881 there were 3,160 matriculated students at Edinburgh, of which in Arts there were 1,037; 433 graduated in Arts and 305 in Medicine and Surgery.

No less than 758 students matriculated at Oxford in 1880, and 805 graduated—483 with the degree of B. A., and 322 with M. A.

COLUMBIA'S aggregate endowment is now \$5,300,000, of which \$500,000 was received from the late Stephen Phoenix. The income is \$281,000, and the number of students 208.

HARVARD has a total of 161 teachers. In 1881 there were in attendance 861 students in Arts, 186 in Law, and 243 in Medicine, making, with the number at the smaller institutions, a total of 1,397.

THE whole income from the permanent endowment of the University of Toronto is \$64,000. Dalhousie cannot have much over \$16,000 at her command.

MR. MCGOWAN, the new Prof. of Chemistry at Queen's College, is an F. R. S. E. and a Fellow of the Chemical Societies of London and Berlin. He studied under Prof. Kolbe at Leipsic, and in the Laboratory of Prof. Fresenius at Weisbaden.

TUITION fees of various colleges are as follows:—Syracuse, \$60; Cornell, \$75; Bowdoin, \$75; Rochester, \$75; Brown, \$85; Williams, \$90; Dartmouth, \$80; Amherst, \$100; Yale, \$150; Harvard, \$150; Pennsylvania University, \$150 to \$170; Ann Arbor, \$20; Pennsylvania College, \$50; Rutgers, \$75; Thiel, \$40.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY has just established sixty-four scholarships of one hundred dollars each in the College of Liberal Arts, to be awarded to meritorious students. These scholarships are to be divided equally between the young women and the young men, and reduce a student's expenses, including board, to \$200 or \$250.—*Ex.*

APROPOS of the 'Marmion' embroglio: William Shakespeare is running for Secretary of State in Michigan, and several old farmers are not going to vote for him, because they've read some things in a book he wrote that they consider immoral.

## CLIPPINGS.

A MOTTO for young lovers: So-fa and no father.

SCENE:—Lecture Room. Prof. (lifting one foot on his knee), "Here, gentlemen, is another prominent feature." (Applause drowns the last syllable).

IT was a Vassar girl that gave a little fluttering sigh and exclaimed, as she sprang from the boat to the shore: "Thank heaven, I'm once more on *vice versa*."—*Ex.*

THIS is an examination. See how sad these boys look! Look at that boy in the corner. He will pass. He has studied hard. He has all his knowledge at his finger ends. See, he puts his knowledge in his pocket because the tutor is looking. Come away children!—*Record.*

## DALLUSIENSIA.

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

THE Bursary man hath many friends.

WHERE, O where is the "irrepressible"?

"I WANT you to know that I am a SENIOR."

SPITTOONS will not be required this year.

WE have some big men in the foot-ball line.

"No Fresh. shall take the bread out of my mouth."

STRANGE that so many Freshmen board where beauty reigns.

WHO is to keep up the honor of the Sophomore year?

THE little Senior is a great arithmetician, as the cigarette bargain shows.

THE second year men are determined to follow in the footsteps of Oscar Wilde.

THE "ladies' man" addressed the Students as Ladies and Gentlemen. What did he mean?

THE Sophs. expect to be extended courses before the spring, owing to that "extended course."

THE parents and guardians of the Freshmen caned them before permitting them to come to town.

THE Graduating Class of '82 all intend to take a post-graduate course in English Literature. Why?



WE are all wondering why Neil has not come back to put in a post-graduate course.

AN undergraduate says that he will not board with "medicals" as his morals would be *teetotally* ruined.

THE Freshmen are to keep their bamboos under cover until 6.30 P. M. By order of the Vigilance Committee.

ONE of the Seniors registered at the Albion with his wife and two children. See city papers of a late date.

THE Reading Room Committee would prefer to write out their regulations in Latin, in order to obviate criticism on the part of the Freshmen.

A SENIOR of the Physics class says that whenever he sees a bottle the "spirit" wants a drink.

ONE of the English Literature class says, "Chaucer may have written good poetry, but he was a very poor speller."

THE dignified Junior finding his purse inadequate to obtain an ivory card for his fair one, contented himself with getting a twenty-seven center.

ONE of the Pictonians, true to the national character, was heard anxiously enquiring if good Scotch whiskey was to be had in Halifax. Although he himself was fresh he preferred his "licour" old.

N. B.—The editor of this column, for the information of all Students, and more particularly the Freshmen, gives notice that he is most expert in the use of firearms, and an accomplished disciple of "Tug" Wilson.

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### PERSONALS.

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H. MELLISH, B. A., '82, is in the city.

R. LANDELLS, B. A., '82, is teaching at Digby.

J. E. TOREY, B. A., '82, is studying law at Guysboro.

J. S. TRUEMAN, B. A., '82, is Principal of the High School at Portland, N. B.

G. S. CARSON, B. A., '82, has gone to prosecute his studies at Princeton Theological Seminary.

G. G. PATTERSON, B. A., '82, is enlightening the youth at Baddeck, Victoria Co.

T. STEWART, B. A., '82, may be found in the school of the prophets at Pine Hill.

J. F. DAVIDSON, B. A., '82, is studying law in the office of Sedgewick, Stewart, and O'Brien, in this city.

A. G. CAMERON, B. Sc., '82, wields the rod at Maitland.

G. M. CAMPBELL, B. A., '82, is at present studying law in Truro.

J. H. KNOWLES, B. A., '82, has become a disciple of Æsculapius and is attending the Halifax Medical College.

J. M. MCKENZIE, B. A., '82, has become a disciple of Hodge, and may be found at the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

W. R. FRASER, B. A., '82, teaches the junior department of Pictou Academy *vice* Rod. McKay, B. A., gone to Kingston.

THE fourth year have been weakened by the loss of W. P. Taylor and J. McLeod, the former being at present in Charlottetown; the latter at the Halifax Medical College.

OF the third year: G. H. Blair remains at home in Truro; G. Hamilton teaches in Carleton, N. B.; J. Pitblado has gone "West," and is a clerk in a Bank in Winnipeg.

OF the second year F. A. Doane, J. A. Johnson, W. K. McMillan and I. Pitblado are missing.

THE following Dalhousians have successfully passed their preliminary or "Little Go" exam. in law: G. M. Campbell, J. F. Davidson, J. A. McDonald, H. McInnis, H. Mellish and G. G. Patterson.

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### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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C. S. CAMERON, B. A., \$3; Robert Landells, B. A., \$1; James T. Blair, \$1.

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## MUNRO EXHIBITIONS AND BURSARIES.

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Through the liberality of GEORGE MUNRO, Esq., of New York, the following Exhibitions and Bursaries will be offered for competition at the commencement of the Winter's Session of this College, 1883, 1884, and 1885.

Full information concerning Exhibitions and Bursaries will be given in the next issue of the GAZETTE.

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