

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. }
OLD SERIES—VOL. XI. }

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 23, 1879.

{ NEW No. 11.
{ WHOLE No. 117.

A HYMN OF WORK.

Tell me not in lying rhythm,
Work is but an empty dream,
For the man is plucked who sleepeth,
Cramming cannot all redeem.

Work is real, work is earnest,
And exams are not the goal,
More than what you learned at College
Is demanded of the soul.

So much Greek, and so much Euclid,
Is the question of to-day,
But the solemn fight to-morrow
Must be won some other way.

Glorious records, deeply chiseled,
On the cragged cliffs of time,
Through the years like voices whisper
Let thy steps be thus sublime.

And perchance some weary brother,
Fallen, neath life's load to die,
May arise to strive and conquer,
As thy record meets his eye.

Time is short and men are falling,
Days are hastening to the tomb,
Night with sable wings is flying,
In its hand the roll of doom.

Let us then be up and doing,
Girt in earnest for the fight,
To the grateful winds of action,
Shake our banner of the right.

J. F. D.

BOSWELL.

Was Boswell a genius or a jackass, a prophet or an idiot, a simpleton or a seer? Are we, with Carlyle, to esteem him after his own manner and in his own measure, a hero, or shall we with Macaulay, regard him as a fool, absolute, unmitigated? Before giving my opinion I would like to make a remark which the question itself suggests, namely, that students of human nature may be divided into two general classes, of which the one is chiefly guided in its examina-

tion of character by general effects, while the other studies it introspectively by sympathetic insight. The proper method is of course a combination and fusion of the two, and it is this that constitutes the perfection of Shakspeare's method. But men of ordinary powers are almost certain to fall unto the error of relying too exclusively upon one. The first is the method of beginners, and there is a certain order of intellects whereof Macaulay with all his genius was one, who scarcely ever get beyond it. They constitute what R. H. Hutton calls the "Hard Church." They deal with hard facts, "chiels that winna ding." The "type," as botanists and naturalists say, of the genus is Mr. Gradgrind. And truly they are a large and respectable body, by no means to be trodden upon with impunity. But the youth of the other class early begins to suspect that there are further sources of information open to whoso will make use of them, and in the first flush of joy in his discovery he fancies that by using this new key to human character he may lay aside the old entirely. Further experience and the humiliation of divers blunders generally modify this opinion somewhat. For it is undeniable that more blunders are made by this method than by the other. It is, in its early crudity, as if one should for the sake of accuracy, push his investigation into some few of the particulars, and thereby miss the main result. Hence the men of this school are apt to differ, *toto caelo*, from those of the other, and, with here and there a gleam of wisdom which compels acknowledgement, they are liable to have many strange and curious, or even heretical and dangerous opinions.

The first method, as per Macaulay, makes Boswell a fool. (I know that that is a strong word, but I do not think it is too strong. I am willing to change it if five good and sufficient persons shall, after reading the essay carefully, come and tell me that they think it too strong. He was, according to this prince of reviewers, a fool of the first water, a bore of the highest

calibre. Beauclerk used his name as a synonym for bore. He was the butt of the brilliant society to which he belonged. The tumult of his spirits prevented him from knowing when others turned him into ridicule, or when he made himself still more ridiculous. He was one of those who say to everyone that meeteth them that they are fools. Nay more, he wrote it in a book. And such a book! Other men have had great defects and written great books, but they were successful in spite of defects; he, by means of his defects. He was a dunce, a pedant and coxcomb, almost everything that is mean and contemptible, and "because he was all this he has immeasurably surpassed in an important branch of literature all the great writers of ancient and modern times, Xenophon, Tacitus, Machiavelli, and his own idol, Johnson." There is some truth in this. Had it not been for his toadyism and eavesdropping, his hanging to the skirts of the "great, dusty, irascible Pedagogue," as no man with any soul worth mentioning of his own would or could have done, he could never have amassed the vast fund of interesting information which his book contains. Those inimitable conversations without which it would be "flat as champagne in decanters, or Herodotus in Beloe's version," would have been wanting, and the place of "Eclipse" among biographers would have been reserved for Macaulay's own. So far, doubtless, his success was owing to his defects. This, however, is no exceptional phenomenon. Meanness often brings success. But when Macaulay goes on to give credit to the author's pedantry and coxcombry and stupidity for making the book interesting, when he tells us that many parts which have no other interest have a delightful interest as revealing that they are good dramatically, like the misplaced nonsense of Justice Shallow, or the clipped English of Fluellen, I confess that he is beyond my depth. I cannot say with Touchstone that "'tis meat and drink to me to see a clown." I had rather not see them. They remind me too much of—but perhaps I had better not say what they remind me of. Besides there is all the difference in the world between a natural clown and an artificial clown. Behind the latter you can see the artist who created him, and it is the wonderful art to be seen there which delights you. But the natural clown is—well, I fancy Boswell's other books would be found most "weary, stale and unprofitable" reading by anyone who had courage enough to attempt them. The "author's

character" would lose its interest. Folly can make no one great.

With Carlyle on the other hand, "Bozzy" is a sincere and earnest Hero-Worshipper, one who knows a Hero when he sees him, and "it requires a kind of Hero to do that." There is truth in this also. Yet I think he was primarily a celebrity-hunter, and only secondarily a hero-worshipper, and celebrity-hunting is a much less laudable pursuit than the other. But it seems to me that he had a great and rare gift of his own, to which the attraction of his book is chiefly attributable. He had to perfection the art of narrating a conversation. Perhaps the reader will smile and think this a very simple art, but it is not so. It is anything but a simple art. Carlyle compares the dramatic writer to a mirror, and says that Shakspeare was a perfectly level mirror, giving back the outline of nature in shapes perfectly true. Similarly we compare the biographical writer to a pane of transparent glass, and Boswell is a perfectly true glass, without crook or scar or air-bubble to blurr and distort the rays of light as they pass through, but transmitting them unchanged. Conceited he may have been, but his conceit never dulls his ear for the harmonies of Johnson's talk, or anybody else's. He must have had a keen appreciation of the balances of thought in common talk, an ear for conversations, so that he could retrace and repeat them instinctively, as Mozart could tunes. Vain he may have been, as we are told he was, but he could not have been thinking of himself when he heard what he has recorded. He must have listened, as Emerson says Goethe saw, with every pore of his body. He must have had "a heart at leisure from itself," as the hymn has it. Boswell had also the art of describing an event simply as it was. George Borrow, author of "The Bible in Spain," has some remarks upon this subject in his *Levengro*—the full title is "Lavengro, the Scholar, the Gypsie and the Priest," and there is a continuation called "Romany Rye," the whole forming a sort of autobiography with embellishments—which remarks, like everything he says, are most admirable. Few people, he observes, are able to tell a straight story. To say just what you think seems ridiculous or childish, especially when put down on paper. The temptation is to hum and haw, to beat around and to try to talk respectably, instead of simply going straightforward with the story. The sentence from the "Newgate Lives and Trials," which he gives as model

of the narrative style, is not perhaps one which Chesterfield or Sir William Temple would approve, yet it certainly has what he claims for it, directness, simplicity and force. Borrow himself has the gift of simplicity and directness in no slight measure, and has also Boswell's gift of narrating a conversation without spoiling it. Like Boswell, too, he had opinions of his own, and sometimes uttered them, but most unlike Boswell, he is more admirable giving his own opinions than in retailing anothers. How delightful are his moralisings upon David the playmate of his childhood, who many years after did murder and was hanged therefor; upon his honored father's fight in Hyde Park with Big Ben Brain, afterwards champion of England—it was a drawn battle, so that you see our author had bruising blood in his veins; upon pugilism in general, though here his orthodoxy is, to say the least, very doubtful, *maxime suspecta*; upon those words of "the wise king of Jerusalem, who sat in his shady arbors, beside his sunny fishpools, saying so many fine things," concerning fame! Finer still is his apostrophe to his brother, an artist, who is just setting out for Rome to study, and finest of all is that glorious critical apostrophe to Ab Gwilym, a Welsh bard, whose odes he has translated. For easy, masterly and triumphant eloquence they are unique and unapproachable. I know of nothing at all like them in the language. Nor are they more remarkable for their eloquence than for the abundance and justness of their sentiment. They are a study, as was the man himself. Standing six feet two, with an athletic frame and sinews of iron, skilled in fence and proud of it, they were few who might face him, worthy son of his sire; a scholar knowing almost all the languages of Europe, not omitting the Basque, and some that are not of Europe; a Gypsie living for a time a Gypsie life, versed in all Gypsie arts and sciences, and the Gypsie-Latin of London thieves, and last but not least, a priest, a clergyman of the Church of England, a missionary or Bible-agent in Spain, selling Bibles and undergoing imprisonments and all manner of adventures, that he might sell Bibles—here was a life to teach a man wisdom! No wonder his works are a study! But I bethink me that I have sinned the sin of digression. I have been led astray by the desire of having my readers make the acquaintance of this curious genius, which if they ever do, they will, I am sure, forgive me the fault.

It is unnecessary to return to Boswell. The reader can unite the two views of his character for himself if he thinks it worth while.

I am sorry that I have had none of the works from which I have made quotations beside me, so that I have been compelled to quote often imperfectly. MCD.

LETTER-READING.

FROM our earliest childhood we have been accustomed to see articles—nay volumes—on the subject of letter-writing. Grown-up sisters have diligently, though sometimes secretly, perused them, and we have often seen our big brother take one from his breast-pocket and consult it rather awkwardly at his private writing-table. Now that we have come to years of discretion, and can soberly call up the past, we think that with that young man it must then have been the spring-time referred to by Tennyson, when he says,

"In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy, &c., &c."

More especially from the knowledge which maturer years has brought us of the fact that such books generally contain a large number of sample letters, teeming with a variety of endearing expressions adequate to meet the necessities of even the most hopelessly enamoured. While from "Chesterfield's Complete Letter-Writer," down to the most recent publication of the kind, such books are numbered by hundreds, we have never been fortunate enough to meet with one solitary page on the subject of letter-reading,—a subject, we think, of sufficient importance to entitle it to some consideration. Everybody has heard of the story of the monkey, who, rather than that the gun should not be fired, determined to fire it himself. With a somewhat similar resolve, we take up our subject. So much for a kindred spirit,—the spirit of our ancestors! Bravo Darwin!

To begin, we do not mean that there are many ways of reading the same letter, except occasionally when the spelling is very original, or the penmanship such that we are thrust back on the stores of our own imagination. In such cases two or three different renderings are frequently admissible, and not unfrequently quite in keeping with the intention of the writer. But these faults are not chargeable to the person who reads, and we will confine ourselves entirely

to his province; as he under ordinary circumstances has only to do with the time and place of the reading, we will hold him responsible for these alone. Now what is the prevailing custom in regard to these? When and where do most people read their letters? Time: whenever they get them in their own hands. Place: wherever they happen to be at that time. We know that there are many exceptions, but this answers the question in the case of a very large proportion. It is clear that a little thought on the part of an intelligent person who gets a letter would prevent him from tearing it open on the spot. The impelling motive to such an act is commonly curiosity; but curiosity is neither so grand nor refined a principle of our nature that it ought to be allowed to govern our actions arbitrarily, or display itself on all presenting occasions. But aside from the fact that curiosity ought to be kept in check to a certain extent, there are other considerations which ought to be of some consequence in determining where and when we would read our letters. One of these would be a proper respect for others. A friend meets you in the club-room for instance, and hands you a letter. Owing to your curiosity and thoughtlessness you immediately turn your back upon him and become absorbed in your letter until you possess yourself of any information it contains. Now is this polite? Or it may be that you are sitting in your room with a friend or fellow-student when a letter is brought you, and at once you become oblivious of the presence of your less fortunate companion who is possibly himself expecting something of the same kind, and who feels all the more keenly his disappointment as he sees you ignoring his presence and his conversation, and smiling complacently over some agreeable news, or the pleasantry of your absent acquaintance. Does such a course properly respect his feelings, or does the arrival of your letter viewed in relation to its consequences increase or diminish his happiness for the time being? Would we consider it polite to take a sealed parcel bearing our address, open and examine it in the presence of others without allowing them to see it? We think not, and neither can it be polite to do so in the case of a letter. True politeness has its seat in the heart, and the man who is not willing to consult the feelings of others even in the smallest matter, is not truly polite. We never could find it in our heart to commiserate very deeply that young man, who, with a triumphant air, opens in the presence of

his friends what he supposes to be a *billet doux* from his lady-love, and finds it a *bill that's due* from his tailor. But we think that a proper regard for the writer of the letter, if it is permitted to speak, would prevent the unceremonious opening and hurried reading in very indifferent surroundings which we frequently witness. If your correspondent has anything important or interesting to say, why not honor him with a private and patient audience. His letter is his representative, and if you treat that with indifference, he can feel assured that however you speak or act in his presence, in your heart he is not one whom you delight to honour.

The last argument which we would urge against the style of letter-reading above referred to is one which, from its character, must have some weight with everybody. It is this, that we do not thereby gain one half the pleasure from the letter which it is calculated to give us, or that it is possible to derive from it. In order thoroughly to enjoy a letter, it is indispensable that we should read it leisurly, and—in the case of most letters—alone. Then we can give ourselves up to musing, and hold pleasant converse with our absent friend, without having our conscience reminding us that we are neglecting a companion, or of being in our abstraction an object of silent ridicule to those present. Even if you are alone when a letter is given you, the sum total of happiness to be derived from it can generally be increased by postponing its perusal for a short time. Say for instance it is from a *very* dear friend (you know!) and that its reception is with you the event of the week, and that at the time when it is laid on your table you are engaged in some difficult or unpleasant work, can you not keep up your spirits in your task by putting the missive gently into your pocket, and promising yourself the pleasure of reading it after an hour or so? For this hour you are happy in the *prospect* of enjoying it, and the contents are sure to keep. Then you have the pleasure that arises from knowing that you did not weakly yield to your first impulse, and that you have given yourself one small lesson in the noble school of self-denial,

"To do—to suffer—may be nobly great,
But nature's grandest effort is—to wait."

And true it is that a great many people find it easier either to labour or suffer than to wait. Is there not something to be admired in the character of the boy who can carry sugar plums in his

pocket all day and not eat them till six o'clock? How much more he commends himself to us than the boy who cannot stop eating sweetmeats until the last is devoured.

All that we would suggest then, is that in reading a letter we should have a due regard for the writer, for any person or persons present, and for ourselves, in reference to the maximum of happiness which it is possible to derive from it. In other words, read it in a proper place, and read it at a proper time.

K.

"CRAM."

THE above is the title of an admirable article in "Mind," for April, 1877, by W. Stanley Jevons, and though it is two years old, I suppose it is not out of date on that account, any more than a valentine would be under the same circumstances, or a dissertation on the best method of hoeing potatoes. The "cram" season is the "horrid Ides," for "examination leads to 'cram.'"

I would that I could "cram" all the good sense of Prof. Jevons' large magazine article into my little GAZETTE article. He is decidedly in favor of cramming. That is, he is decidedly opposed to those who consider it the great evil of the examination system. "The word," he observes prettily, "has all the attributes of a perfect *question-begging epithet*. It is short, emphatic, and happily derived from a disagreeable, physical metaphor." And hence those respectable people who hold the opinions of the public, always duped by such word-jugglery, have it in becoming abhorrence.

He distinguishes between "bad" and "good" cram. The mark of what he calls "good cram" is that it "involves exclusive devotion to the answering of certain examination-papers." "Bad cram," on the other hand, "consists in temporarily impressing upon the candidate's mind a collection of facts, dates and formulæ in a wholly undigested state, ready to be disgorged in the examination room by an act of mere memory.

* * * Thorough blockheads may be driven to this kind of 'cram,' simply because they can do nothing better. Nor do the blockheads suffer harm." Even such contemptible study as this is in every way better than no study. Nor does anyone else suffer harm. These "blockheads" never get the honors that belong of right to clever men. "Good examiners always judge

answers by their general style as well as by their contents. It is really impossible that a stupid slovenly candidate can by any art of 'cramming' be enabled to produce the neat, brief, pertinent essay a page or two long, which wins marks from admiring examiners." (Students, take a hint.) It is manifest that such cramming must be confined to a few, because to a student of even average understanding it will always be far more laborious than getting up a subject thoroughly. Upon this point Prof. Jevons makes a remark which is interesting, namely, that the great "coaches" of Oxford and Cambridge select their men almost as carefully as if they were making up the University eight, ruthlessly rejecting all inferior material, so that is not the blockheads, but the really clever men, who do the hardest cramming. Then on through several pages abounding with wit and sense he shows that "cram" is often the best devised and best conducted system of training the faculties of mind, so that the experiences of after life may be observed and reasoned upon to the best effect, and that the thorough education which is popularly advocated, and which would make the student acquire knowledge so perfectly that he would never forget it, is the true "cram,"—for all which I must refer my readers to the article itself.

ENDURING MONUMENTS.—Would that there were a few like them in Nova Scotia! The late Deacon Asa Otis, of New London, Conn., whose bequests for charitable and educational objects amounted to nearly a million of dollars, left to Yale and Amherst Colleges, each \$25,000.

Rev. James De Koven, D. D., the late President of Racine College, Wisconsin, who died suddenly on the 19th inst., left by his will to the College, \$40,000 and his valuable library.

There are few means of securing a claim to the grateful remembrance of posterity more effectual than that of endowing some useful public institution.

ACADIA COLLEGE.—The opening services of the new College at Wolfville will take place on Wednesday morning, 4th June, and the closing of the term of the Horton Collegiate Academy in the afternoon and evening, in the large Assembly Hall. The College Anniversary will be held the next day, Thursday, 5th.—Reporter.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 23, 1879.

EDITORS.

C. S. CAMERON, '79. A. E. THOMSON, '80.
R. R. J. EMMERSON, '79. J. F. DUSTAN.
E. CROWELL, '80, *Fi. Secretary.*

CONTENTS.

Poetry—A Hymn of Work	121
Boswell	121
Letter-Reading	123
"Cram"	125
Editorial	126
Obituary	127
Convocation	128
Presbyterian College, Pine Hill	130
Correspondence	130
Personals	132
Inner Dalhousie	132
Acknowledgments	132

AS we reach the end of any journey, there is a feeling which prompts us to look back over the road we have come, and as the session of 1878-79 is almost closing, let us indulge this proclivity for a few moments. In the first place there rise up the Ghosts of departed hours of study. We have in our remembrance too, seasons of amusement and idleness, and perchance many would now exclaim, Oh that these had been fewer! We have received much kindness during the past winter from friends and in recollection of such, tender to them sincere thanks. To the different city Churches, the Y. M. C. A., the Citizen's Library, and other institutions we owe a debt of gratitude.

Within the precincts of Dalhousie we have had our trials to bear. Never shall any who had the pleasure and advantage of listening to his lectures, cease to regret the death of Dr. MacKenzie from our roll of professors. In the Board of Governors too a vacancy has been created by the decease of the late Hon. J. Northup, one whom this College prized as a true friend and benefactor. From various causes we have missed from our halls many faces which

were wont to be with us in other sessions. May most of them be with us when we meet again for the battle of another winter. In many respects the different laboratories of the College have been rendered more efficient by the introduction of new and improved apparatus. The Chemistry department has been largely added to, while the Physics class-room has been increased in size, and in a large measure refurnished with appliances for experiments and work. We might here suggest that more modern and less carved desks would be advantageous in some of the other class-rooms. The reading-room has, it is true, not been all that might be desired during the past session, a little less tobacco and a little more literature would not injure any one, and yet we have spent some pleasant hours in that humble and unpretending apartment. For many of its advantages we must thank the Janitor, for most of its drawbacks we must blame ourselves. The GAZETTE not being of an egotistical disposition, will say very little respecting itself. Our subscribers we hope, have, during this session, found some things of interest or instruction in our columns. It is always to be borne in mind that some excuse must be made for a College Journal, as the editors and contributors have so much else to attend to in their regular work. May we add, in concluding this article, that through the past winter we have found our professors, as in years past, as near perfection as professors can come. Thus we pass, one by one, the landmarks which, standing as silent sentinels all along the journey of life, ever remind us to be earnest while the day lasts, for time is stealing onward to the great undiscovered hereafter.

THINGS round the old institution looked rather gloomy a week ago. The reading-room was completely deserted, all the fellows being in the hands of Dr. Cram, in prospect of an epidemic called examination, which is sweeping with terrible malignance through the College. To watch the symptoms of this disease on some of

the students was very interesting. The *phunny editor* was *phunny* no more. We don't like to make any rash statements, but it strikes us that we even saw his *shmoke pipe* lying unlit the other day. He was ever, and anon, heard to groan some lines in which we catch the words—waters of Lethe, far away, &c., &c.!! In consequence of this state of affairs there was noticeable a reckless freedom in the action of the *African Hope*, the *Irrepressible*, and other celebrities over whom Inner Dalhousie has, on ordinary occasions, a restraining influence. Just wait, however, our *Ebon friend* has recovered! If there is not some reining in with a double turn we are wrong, rather!

This state of subduedness, in fact, seemed to pervade all the victims, if we except one Senior, whose feelings of self-approbation were so calmly seated far above the rude jar of external circumstances, that the blast which bends all around him was breasted with majestic serenity by the bulwarks of his irrepressible soul. How sad we all feel certainly! There is an old proverb which says that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and judging by the happy smile which, all through this season of torture, played round the corners of the physicians' mouths who were ministering in this distemper, we would not be inclined to question its truth—one venerable doctor looked particularly jolly. There is one good characteristic of this plague, the crisis is soon reached and the patient is either well or dead. Let us end in the words of sermons and ask: Fellow-sinner how is it with you?

DR. COGSWELL'S offer of \$4,000 for improving the Parade has been withdrawn—the city did not comply with his request.

The above from a late *Witness* speaks eloquently of the energy and enterprise of the City Council.

We can afford to despise the Halifax 'Fathers.' We are going to step down and out in a few days, and turn our faces from their city and its Grand Parade. We feel like saying that we

do not pity the City Council, that we hope they may never have the opportunity of neglecting so liberal an offer again. It is a pity to waste paper over such people. We will do so no more.

EXAMINATIONS are over. Some of us have passed the last of those useful exercises. We have felt very keenly the truth of the proverb "much study is a weariness to the flesh," and—though we were never taught so—have been tempted to think that Solomon must have been inspired by the effects of a ten-days cram.

Results are posted, and speculation is at an end. Particulars will be found in another column.

The arrangements this year have been very satisfactory, and we think that the most fastidious must have been pleased with the tests employed and the conduct of the students in the Examination Hall. We have not seen or heard of the slightest evidence of the vile practice of cribbing. Everything has been above-board and honorable.

AT the closing of the Presbyterian College at Montreal on the 2nd inst., Mr. Munro (referred to in Personals column) received high encomiums from the Rev. Prof. Scrimger and the Chairman, Rev. Dr. Jenkins, Moderator of the General Assembly. The medal which Mr. Munro won was awarded for the highest average in regular and honor work. He also received half the McKay Scholarship, for which he was bracketed with M. H. Scott, B. A., a Gold Medallist, from McGill. His record since he left Dalhousie has been highly creditable.

OBITUARY.—A vacancy in the Governing Board of the College has occurred through the death of Hon. Senator Northup. On account of the funeral, which was attended by the Professors, no Examinations were held on Saturday afternoon, 12th inst. We quote from the *Reporter*:

"His presence will be missed at the Bank Board, at the Insurance Board, and at the Board of Governors of Dalhousie College, as well as at the directorate of several of our charitable institutions. Everywhere throughout the city he will be very much missed; few men more so."

CONVOCAATION.

THE proceedings of the term were brought to a close this afternoon by the semi-annual Convocation, which was held in the Legislative Assembly Room. Besides Governors, Professors, Students, and Alumni, there were present Judge Marshall, Rev. Drs. Burns and McGregor, Rev. Messrs. Pitblado, Simpson, Lowden, Forrest, Duncan, T. Sedgewick and Saunders, Hon. W. Ross, Commissary General Murray, Dr. Allison and a large number of ladies and gentlemen.

The Very Rev. the Principal opened the proceedings with prayer, after which he delivered a brief address on the events and results of the Session. He alluded to the death of Dr. McKenzie and mentioned that the late Professor's valuable library had been presented to the College.

Prof. McDonald then read the results of the recent examinations, as follows:

FACULTY OF ARTS.

Fourth Year—Chas. S. Cameron, Alfred Dickie, Fred B. Chambers, Robt R. J. Emmerson, Isaac M. Maclean.

Third Year—Edwin Crowell, Fred. S. Kinsman, Albert E. Thomson.

Second Year—Chas. W. Blanchard, Graham Creelman, Henry S. Creighton, Andrew G. Downey, Henry H. McIntosh, Howard Murray, James A. Sedgewick, William H. Spencer, James S. Trueman.

First Year—George M. Campbell, G. S. Carson, G. A. Downey, John Wm. McLennan, Chas. H. Martin, Geo. G. Patterson, James Ross.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE.

Second Year—Wm. M. Fraser.

First Year—James Mitchell.

The Professors' Scholarships, offered for competition to Students entering as Undergraduates of the First year, were won by:

George M. Campbell (private study.)
James T. Wyllie (Halifax High School.)

Class distinctions obtained by undergraduates at the examinations of the session:

IN THE FACULTY OF ARTS:

Fourth Year—C. S. Cameron, 1st class in Ethics and French; 2nd class in Latin and Modern History.

F. B. Chambers, 2nd class in Modern History.

Alfred Dickie, 1st Class in Ethics and Modern History; 2nd class in Mathematical Physics.

R. R. J. Emmerson, 1st class in Latin; 2nd class in Ethics, History, and French.

Isaac M. McLean, 1st class in Latin, Greek, Ethics, and French.

Third Year—Edwin Crowell, 1st class in Metaphysics and Grecian History; 2nd class in Latin and French.

Fred. S. Kinsman, 2nd class in Grecian History.

Albert E. Thomson, 1st class in Metaphysics and Grecian History; 2nd class in Latin, Greek, and French.

Second Year—C. W. Blanchard, 1st class in Roman History; 2nd class in Mathematics, Chemistry and Logic.

Alfred Costley, 2nd class in Chemistry and Logic.

Graham Creelman, 1st class in Mathematics; 2nd class in Latin, Greek, Chemistry and Logic.

Henry S. Creighton, 1st class in Logic; 2nd class in Chemistry and Roman History.

Andrew G. Downey, 2nd class in Mathematics and Chemistry.

Wallace M. McDonald, 2nd class in Roman History.

H. H. McIntosh, 1st class in Roman History; 2nd class Latin and Chemistry.

Howard H. Murray, 1st class in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Chemistry, Logic and Roman History.

James A. Sedgewick, 2nd class in Chemistry and Logic.

James S. Trueman, 1st class in Latin and Greek; 2nd class in Mathematics, Chemistry, Logic and Roman History.

First Year—George M. Campbell, 1st class in Latin, Greek and Mathematics; 2nd class in Rhetoric.

George S. Carson, 1st class in Mathematics and Rhetoric; 2nd class in Latin and Greek.

G. A. Downey, 2nd class in Mathematics.

John McKenzie, 1st class in Mathematics.

John W. McLennan, 2nd class in Latin, Greek, Mathematics and Rhetoric.

Charles H. Martin, 1st class in Latin; 2nd class in Greek.

George G. Patterson, 2nd class in Latin and Rhetoric.

James Ross, 2nd class in Rhetoric.

James T. Wyllie, 2nd class in Mathematics and Rhetoric.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE.

Second Year—Wm. M. Fraser, 1st class in French and German; 2nd class in Zoology.

First Year—James Mitchell, 2nd class in Chemical Laboratory Practice.

The following general students have obtained class distinctions at the sessional examinations:

Alex. W. Mahon, 1st class in Modern History, Metaphysics and French.

John P. McPhie, 2nd class in Chemistry.

George W. Fowler, 1st class in Rhetoric.

UNIVERSITY PRIZES.

Isaac M. McLean, Classics, (4th year.)

Chas. S. Cameron, Ethics and French, (4th year.)

Alfred Dickie, Mathematical Physics and History.

Alb. Thomson, Classics, (3rd year.)

Edwin Crowell, Metaphysics.

Alex. W. Mahon, History (special), Metaphysics, French. Howard Murray, Classics and Mathematics (2nd year), Chemistry, Logic.

James S. Trueman, 2nd prize in Classics, (2nd year.)

G. M. Campbell, Classics and Mathematics, (1st year.)

G. S. Carson, 2nd prize in Mathematics, (2nd year.)

G. A. Fowler, Rhetoric.

Certificates of merit of the First Class:—Isaac M. McLean, Chas. S. Cameron, Howard Murray, George M. Campbell, George S. Carson.

Of the Second Class:—Robt. R. J. Emmerson, Edwin Crowell, Albert E. Thomson, Graham Creelman, James S. Trueman, John W. McLellan.

St. Andrew's Prize—For the best answering in the Classics of the second year: Howard H. Murray.

Sir Wm. Young's Prizes for Elocution—1st Class, D. McLaren; 2nd, Edwin Crowell; 3rd, W. F. Fraser.

The Waverly Bursary, for the best answering in all the subjects of the second year:—Howard H. Murray.

The Alumni Association Prizes were awarded to the two best students of the first year:—1st, George M. Campbell, 2nd, George S. Carson.

Dr. Avery's Prize—To be awarded to the best student of the fourth year, not studying for honours, was won by R. R. J. Emmerson.

B. A. Honors Second Rank in Classics—Isaac M. McLean.

Second rank in History and English Language:—C. S. Cameron.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on the gentlemen who had passed the examinations of the fourth year.

The winners of the first and second Elocution prizes were called up and gave recitations.

The Valedictory was pronounced by Mr. R. R. J. Emmerson of the Graduating Class and will be published in our next issue.

Dr. Avery, Hon. Sir. W. Young, and Dr. Allison briefly addressed the Convocation. At five o'clock the benediction was pronounced by the Principal, and the meeting dispersed.

CLASS LISTS.

GREEK. *Fourth Year, Class I*—I. M. McLean. *Third Year, Class II*—A. Thomson. *Second Year, Class I*—H. H. Murray, Jas. Trueman; *Class II*—H. G. Creelman. *Pass*—C. W. Blanchard, W. McDonald, H. S. Creighton, H. H. Mackintosh, Jas. A. Sedgewick, Alf. Costley, W. H. Spencer, A. G. Downey. *First Year, Class I*—Campbell; *Class II*—Carson, Martin, McLennan. *Pass*—Patterson, McLeod, Downey, Knowles, Ross.

LATIN. *Fourth Year, Class I*—McLean, Emmerson; *Class II*—Cameron. *Pass*—Chambers, Dickie. *Third Year, Class I*—None; *Class II*—Thomson, Crowell. *Pass*—Kinsman. *Second Year, Class I*—Murray, Trueman; *Class II*—Mackintosh, Creelman. *Pass*—Creighton, Blanchard, MacDonald, Spencer, Sedgewick, Costley, Downey. *First Year, Class I*—Campbell, Martin; *Class II*—Patterson, Carson, McLellan. *Pass*—McLeod, Wyllie, Downey, Knowles, Ross, McKenzie.

MATHEMATICS. MATHEMATICAL PHYSICS. *Fourth Year, Class I*—None; *Class II*—Dickie. *Pass*—Emmerson, Chambers. *Second Year, Class I*—Murray, Creelman; *Class II*—Downey, Trueman, Blanchard. *Pass*—Creighton, Mackintosh, Fraser, Spencer, Sedgewick, McClure, Stewart. McDonald passed in Geometry; Costley passed in Trigonometry and Algebra. *First Year, Class I*—Campbell, Carson, McKenzie; *Class II*—McLennan, Downey (G. A.), Wyllie. *Pass*—Patterson, Martin, Mitchell, Ross, Fowler.

CHEMISTRY. *Class I*—Murray. *Class II*—Trueman, Costley, Creighton, Mackintosh, Downey, MacPhee, Creelman, Blanchard, Sedgewick. *Pass*—McClure, Landells, McDonald, Spencer.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE. CHEMISTRY. *Class II*—Mitchell. ZOOLOGY. *Class II*—Fraser.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY PRACTICE. *Class II*—Mitchell.

MODERN LANGUAGES. FRENCH. *Fourth Year, Class I*—Cameron, McLean; *Class II*—Emmerson. *Pass*—Dickie, Chambers. *Third Year, Class I*—Mahon, Fraser; *Class II*—Crowell, Thomson.

GERMAN. *Fourth Year, Class I*—Fraser. *Third and First Year, Pass*—Kinsman, Mitchell.

METAPHYSICS and ESTHETICS. *Class I*—Mahon, Crowell, Thomson. *Pass*—Kinsman, McLaren, McLeod, Dustan.

LOGIC and PSYCHOLOGY. *Class I*—Murray, Creighton. *Class II*—Blanchard, Costley, Sedgewick, Trueman, Creelman. *Pass*—Mackintosh, Downey, Spencer, MacDonald, McClure, Landells, McPhee, Stewart.

ETHICS and POLITICAL ECONOMY. *Class I*—Cameron, McLean, Dickie, McLaren. *Class II*—Emmerson, McLeod. *Pass*—Chambers.

HISTORY. *Class I*—Dickie, Mahon. *Class II*—Cameron, Emerson, Chambers.

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY. *Class I*—Mahon.

RHETORIC. *Class I*—Fowler, Carson. *Class II*—Wyllie, McLennan, Campbell, Ross, Patterson. *Pass*—Knowles, Mackenzie, Martin, McLeod, Downey (G. A.), Mitchell.

REV. S. McNAUGHTON, M. A., has our thanks for a marked copy of the *Preston*, (*Eng.*) *Guardian*, containing an interesting account of a social gathering of his congregation. A prominent feature of the programme was the presentation of several Books and an Address to the pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, PINE HILL.

THE first session in the new Hall which will close on the 23rd inst., has been very successful. Convocation will be held in St. Matthew's Church on the following evening at half-past seven.

The graduating class is six in number, viz:—C. W. Bryden, B. A., G. L. Gordon, Andrew Grey, T. C. Jack, B. A., Alexander McDougall, J. A. McLean, B. A. With the exception of Mr. Jack, a graduate of the University of New Brunswick, all these studied at Dalhousie.

Middle Year men and Juniors are also employed by the Home Mission Board during the summer months. They are distributed as follows:—

St. John Presbytery:—E. P. Thorpe, 2nd year; W. S. Whittier, 2nd year; A. Rogers, B. A., 1st year.

Halifax Presbytery:—Richmond Logan, B. A., 2nd year.

Wallace Presbytery:—W. A. Mason, B. A., 2nd year; J. H. Cameron, B. A., 1st year.

P. E. Island Presbytery:—Ewan Gillies, 2nd year; Malcolm Campbell, 1st year.

Lunenburg and Yarmouth Presbytery:—M. McGregor, 2nd year.

Sydney Presbytery:—Angus McMillan, 1st year.

Truro Presbytery:—J. R. Fitzpatrick, 1st year.

Victoria and Richmond Presbytery:—James A. Forbes, 1st year.

Miramichi Presbytery:—Angus Sillars, B. A., 1st year, (graduate University N. B.)

Messrs. Archibald, Cairns and George, graduates of Dalhousie, who have been studying at Princeton Seminary, will labour in the Truro, Halifax and Miramichi Presbyteries respectively.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GAZETTE,—Is it so? Macaulay says, "Perhaps no person can be a poet, or even enjoy poetry without a certain unsoundness of mind." A writer who discusses "Paradise Lost," and such high themes, reproduced this sentence, tho' in a different form, in an article on Milton which appeared in the GAZETTE some time ago. He added also by way of exposition the following

sentences of his own. "Neither can it be denied that poets, as a whole, are men gifted with remarkable eccentricities of mind, and in the majority of cases have proved unfit to occupy positions to which their popularity as writers seemed to warrant their appointment. Again it is granted by all critics that the writing of poetry is an art which declines before the advancement of learning and enquiry." With all due deference to the authority of Macaulay and the rhetoric of his disciple, we feel compelled to enter our dissent. The logic of sentence No. 1 is this. The man who can neither write nor enjoy poetry *may be* a sane man. He who is so unfortunate as to have been born with a poetical nature must be content to be considered insane. The poor poet is the one who has only been blessed with a slight mental derangement. Our best poets will be found in Mount Hope Asylum or some similar institution. Both Macaulay and Mr. Dustan, from whom we have quoted, can evidently appreciate poetry; both have favoured the world with verses. If their reasoning is conclusive, we fear it will prove a little more than they wish. While destroying the Philistines are they not bringing down the house upon themselves too? The assertion in sentence No. 2, that poets, as a whole, are beings gifted with remarkable eccentricities of mind may or may not be true, according to the colour of the writer's spectacles, and the nature of his definitions of eccentricity. We think, however, that any honest student of biography will admit that eccentricity is not more characteristic of poets than of some other classes of men, preachers for instance. By the latter half of the sentence, as we would judge from the context, Mr. D. means that poets as a class are men who have some defect in their mental apparatus, and who outside of poetry never amount to much, men who can neither fill a post of prominence well, nor perform the duties of citizens in a creditable manner. We are of the opinion that it is quite otherwise. Mr. D. makes the exception his rule. In making so wide an assertion he seems to have had in his mind's eye the Grub Street poets and the poetasters of that ilk, and arguing from that particular premise made a sweeping general conclusion, involving all—himself and his master, Macaulay included—in the universal crash. There have been men who could write verses—genuine poetry—who appear to have been capable of doing very little else. But the number of such who have risen to celebrity is very small. Among

the eminent poets, men of the Cowper-Goldsmith type are an insignificant minority. Take the best poets of modern times for instance, and you will find that the rule is that they have been men of sound judgment and vigorous minds, whose lives have been spent in active practical work, in literature, journalism, science, law, politics and the various departments of human endeavour. Such have been all our first-class American poets. Even in E. A. Poe, whom according to Mr. D., the Haligonian "rag-gatherer" will not delight to honour, there was no lack of business ability or activity. Such has been the character of Germany's greatest poets, Schiller and Goethe, the latter of whom was not less noted as a business man and statesman than as an author. Such also has been the great majority of English poets, as statesmen, clergymen, professors, historians, novelists, editors, doctors, bankers, stone-masons, shepherds, ploughmen, proving their ability to fill posts of distinction and perform the duties of the ordinary avocations of life efficiently and honourably. There have been exceptions, we admit, but not so many as Mr. D. would have us suppose. The fact that many poets, like Pope, Wordsworth, and our present Laureate, have devoted their lives solely to poetry, does not prove that they were incapable of engaging successfully in more active labours. If so, how many of our literary men will escape the charge of incapacity. The truth is that they preferred poetry to every other profession. It was not that they could do nothing else but write poetry; they would do nothing else.

Poets as a class are not moping, weak-minded, melancholy, eccentric beings, but men of strong and regularly developed intellects, fitted to gain for themselves a prominent place in whatever calling they may choose to follow. Prof. Stewart says of Burns, "All the faculties of his mind were, as far as I could judge, equally vigorous. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities." Carlyle adds, "But this, if we mistake not, is at all times the very essence of a truly political endowment. * * * * Shakspeare, in the planning and completing of his tragedies, has shown an understanding which might have governed states, or indited a *Novum Organum*." On the third sentence that we have quoted we need not dwell long. Mr. D. cites "all critics" as witnesses to his assertion, that the art of writing poetry declines as learning and enquiry advances.

Macaulay is the only writer whom we can recall, that insists upon this theory. The idea is so palpably absurd and erroneous that we wonder how anyone in our day could be induced to reiterate it, even by the example of a Macaulay. How is it that Germany did not produce her greatest dramatist till the beginning of the 19th century? How is it that the art of writing poetry is not declining among Anglo Saxon races? The stream of English poetry instead of diminishing is growing broader and deeper, becoming clearer and purer year by year. There has been as much genuine English poetry written during the present century as during any former period of equal length. So long as learning and enquiry does not change the constitution of our nature, as long as men will love, hate, sympathize, speak noble words and perform noble deeds, so long will there be poets and poetry. It is not necessary for the man who would be a great poet that he should have been born two or three hundred years ago. It makes no difference at what time the man who has the true poetic spirit appears on the world's stage, he will speak true poetic words, and the state of learning and enquiry will have no more influence upon him than the moon upon the state of the weather. Let but the Shakespeare come, no matter when or whence, the Hamlet, the Macbeth, the Othello will be forthcoming.

Yours truly,

BACCA.

(For the Gazette.)

MESSRS. EDITORS,—As the annual Spring Convocation of *Alma Mater* draws near, the meeting of the Alumni Association should interest graduates far away and those near at home. I do not wish to be a fault-finder, yet a gentle rebuke is not amiss. Why is there not more interest displayed in this matter by those who have benefitted from the College? Selfish reasons are not the best; yet an occasional assertion of the *ego* is not objectionable. We ought to have some love for, and pride in the institution where we have received our education. Such a feeling would be "a noble passion, misnamed pride." In the second place, we should do good for the sake of doing good. I know the circumstances in which many of our "grads" are. They are students, and are building themselves up, if you will allow the expression. They have not much money to spare.

Let them remember, however, that the eyes of all are upon them; and that if they do not set the example of putting a shoulder to the wheel, the waggon will not go ahead. Dalhousie has not been troubled with superfluous money, to put matters very mildly. If each of our graduates contributed only the small membership fee of the Alumni Association, a great assistance would be rendered. Many have contributed, and many are willing to contribute more. If all did what they could, no complaint could be made. "Let us then be up and doing." Agitate! agitate! Shew the public that Dalhousie has a set of loyal sons. Thus says

PAULUS.

Subscribers in arrears will please forward the amounts due to EDWIN CROWELL at Barrington, N. S.

PERSONALS.

COLIN PITBLADO, B. A., '77, was in town a few days ago. He will probably leave the Province in a few weeks and "go West," in company with his brother, who has contracted to build a section of the Canada Pacific Railway.

MURDOCH CHISHOLM has graduated at McGill Medical College, Montreal, as a Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery. Dr. Chisholm will probably practise in his native county.

JOHN MUNRO, B. A., '76, Valleyfield, P. E. Island, has completed his course in the Theological College, Montreal, and won the Gold Medal in Theology.

JOHN WADDELL, B. A., '77, has resigned his position in the Dartmouth schools.

HERBERT WHITTIER has temporarily taken charge of the school at St. Croix, but will return to Windsor to enjoy Blackstone *et al* in a few weeks.

SEVERAL General Students, who are not required to present themselves for examination, left town soon after Lectures closed. We missed Messrs. McMillan, of the third year, Lord and McPhee of the second year, Thompson, McKay, McMillan, and Fisher of the first year, and others. These gentlemen have probably consulted their own interests, but we cannot help thinking that they have denied themselves a very useful part of our College exercises.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

XAMS. are over.

INTERMITTENT fever is also over.

THE five *greats* have been employed during the past few days in trying the effects of hoods and chokers. *Vive les braves!*

DISTINGUISHED Junior (waxing Latin paper). "*Barbam et crinem submittere*,"—"They shaved off their beard and hair!" And now he shuns the Prof. And it's no wonder.

WE see that a certain Senior, upon the strength of a prize, has invested in a new hat! Please don't block it for a little while.

WHEN a little medical yclept *Sam* drives about three miles out of his way to get to the depôt, and orders cabby to pass a certain house *slowly* and *majestically*, we can surely whistle for him "the girl *he* left behind him." This, too, accounts for this seductively handsome Med's love for Halifax and all that sort of thing, during the past winter, and his great reluctance to leave our favoured city. Music.

A PROP of the church (?) has gone, or rather fallen. Perhaps we are wrong, but we assume that he has, from seeing him in one of the haunts of iniquity which are ever yawning for the young and inexperienced. But he wasn't young, nor inexperienced, (at least in Gaelic), and this makes the matter worse. Alas, we fear that it is too true, and weep that so much beauty, and grace, and youthfulness should succumb to the wiles of the wicked. *Johannes requiescas in pace.*

A HORRIBLE story has reached us from Musquodoboit, about another of those irrepressible Sophomores. Something about a drive, and young ladies, and all that sort of thing. The details are too harrowing for publication, else we would hold this Soph. forth to the world as a terrible example of evil courses. *Jacobus cave puellas.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

JAS. SEDGWICK, \$1; Rev. T. Sedgwick, \$1; R. H. Crawford, \$1; Hon. S. Creelman, \$1; Rev. Dr. Burns, \$2; Rev. J. K. Bearisto, \$1; Prof. Johnson, \$4; Jas. Mitchell, \$1; Jas. A. McKenzie, \$1; Dr. Currie, \$1; Rev. Jas. Byers, \$1; A. McKinnon, \$1; J. McKenzie, \$1; H. McKintosh, \$1; Hon. D. C. Fraser, 2; Dr. Honeyman, \$1; A. J. Trueman, M. A., \$4; Rev. Mr. McRae, \$1; Robinson Cox, M.D., \$1; E. W. McLellan, \$2; Thos. A. LePage, \$1; Howard Murray, \$1; Jas. McLean, Pictou, \$1; A. J. Patterson, \$1; Rev. J. McMillan, \$2; John Waddell, B. A., \$1; Charles Robson, jr., \$1; James Knowles, \$1; John Munro, Montreal, \$1; I. M. McLean, \$1; Prof. Pollok, \$1; — Landells, \$1.—Total, \$42.

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

TERMS:

One Collegiate year (IN ADVANCE).....\$ 1.00
Single Copies (each)..... 10

Payments to be made to E. Crowell, Financial Secretary, and all communications to be addressed to "Editors DALHOUSIE GAZETTE, Halifax, Nova Scotia." Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

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