

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V.
OLD SERIES—VOL. XII.

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HORACE. ODE I. BOOK I.

TO MOECENAS.

Moecenas scion of a kingly race,
Thy friends' defence and source of honor sweet—
Some in Olympic chariot-stirred dust,
The whirling wheels which scarce avoid the goal,
And the ennobling palm find sweet delight.
The triple honors that the fickle crowd
Strive to impose upon him please this one,
While this gloats in his own well-filled barns
Replete with sweepings of the Sybian floors,
The wealth of Uttulu could ne'er impel
The cultivator of ancestral soil
To leave his goodly acres and to plough
A woeful sailor—the rude myrtoan sea
In a frail Cyprian bark. The Icarian billows
Heaving beneath the whistling south-west gale
Inspired the timid trafficker with dread,
And now he lauds the ease and rural quiet
Of his own village. But cease the storm,
And loth to endure the pauper's many ills,
He straight refits his sea-belabored ships.
Stretched at his ease beneath a leafy roof,
Or near the sources of some sacred font,
One gives himself to pleasures soft embrace,
And sips the ruddy cups of Massic wine.
The tented field in many a heart holds sway
The thrilling clarion, the stirring trump,
And was the terror of a mother's soul.
The eager huntsman in the chilly night
Remains unmindful of his tender spouse,
While bark his hounds at some fear-stricken stag,
Or Marsyan boar caught in his meshy toils,
The Ivy leaf the crown of learned fronts
Raises among the gods. The grateful cool
Of some sequestered grove, the lissome dance
Of Nymphic revellers, and the Satyrs' throng
Preserve me sacred from the thronged resorts;
If but Euterpe tunes her melting pipe,
Or Polyhymnia strikes the Sisbyian lyre.
But if thy favor grants to me a place
Amidst the lyric songsters of thy court,
Then shall my glory reach e'en to the skies,
And bind my temples with a starry wreath.

SILENUS.

MORNING.

Wake harp! and sing to the dawning light,
A hymn of the opening day,
As the coming sun from the eastern hills
Lifts the curtains of night away.

A vigour of youth, from the fountain of morn,
Courses onward through nature's vein,
And the pulse which lagged through the shades of night
Beats quick to the light again.

The dew beads lie scattered o'er meadow and hill,
From the mountain the brook is heard,
As it mingles its voice in the chorus of day
With the note of the morning bird.

Soft breezes steal in from the ocean beyond,
To fan with their freshness the land,
And the wavelets low ripple is echoed beneath,
Rolling on o'er the snowy sand.

'Tis the music of morning, and nature is glad,
For night with its fear steals away,
A wandering echo of anthems which swell
Through the regions of endless day.

J. F. D.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT is commonly known to the world as a prose writer, by the Waverly Novels, and as a poet by a series of compositions of which Marmion, the Lady of the Lake, and the Lay of the Last Minstrel, are most important. Whether the world might not reverse this order, and recognize him as a poet by the Waverly novels, and as a good story-teller through his so called poems, we are not at present inclined to discuss; but taking the ordinary classification of his works will attempt a few remarks on their author. His novels are good, but they are to be esteemed more by that style of valuation, which we set on mummies, and ichthyolites, than on pleasant companions, and well fried fish. They tell us in an entertaining manner of men and women, but it is of men and women who lived

too long ago to enlist much active sympathy, and we are struck more by features of dissimilarity to present customs and ideas, than by points of resemblance. We listen with pleased attention to the conversation of knights and ladies who lived in the eleventh century. We wish to learn how they talked, and what they talked upon. Their dress, their manner, their food, are all subjects of interest, but it is an interest which they share with every ruined castle and deserted moat. We cannot join in their pleasures, grow indignant at their wrongs, and weep for their sorrows, as we do when an appeal is made to our immediate appreciation and sympathy.

One of Scott's great powers is that of showing us real people. We would be inclined to place him in this particular next to Shakespeare, though at such a distance behind him, that were an equal interval to occur between Sir Walter and the next best, Lord Byron would take that place leaving no room behind for further classification. His characters are not heterogeneous mixtures of qualities which no mortal ever saw together before. They are not words. They are not monstrosities resembling nothing in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. They are simply men and women. We can see them standing before us, and although they are arrayed in ancient garbs, and speak languages of the days gone by, yet we feel ourselves drawn towards, and to some extent interested in them as fellow beings. We find too that blending of qualities which makes up reality. His people hate, and love, and enjoy, and fear, just as other people. We do not find in them as the heroes or heroines of Byron, any one quality developed to such an extent that all the others are wanting. Some of his characters are avaricious, but they are not avarice; some are passionate, but they are not anger. They do not resemble Lilliputians surmounted by heads that would seem gigantic even in Brobdignag. There is in all a due and natural proportion.

It might be a matter of some difficulty to decide which of these romances was the best, much in a selection of this kind being dependent on the disposition of the reader. But there is one general fact respecting them which is plainly noticeable, namely, that those works in which he treats of Scottish life bring out in fullest measure the author's power. Born and Educated among Scotchmen, he understood their peculiarities

better than those of any other nation, and he possessed that keen appreciation which enabled him to perceive qualities beyond the notice of most observers. He displays, no doubt, a clear insight into human nature in his descriptions of the nobles of the French court, but his greatest portrayals shine forth from the cot of the Southern burgher, or the Highland shieling. The characters of Burgundy, of Dunois, of the Saracen, of Conrade, of the leech, are well drawn, but they are delineations far inferior to the lowly Conachar rising to the proud Jan Eachin MacJan, to Ramony to Rob Roy. When he speaks of foreigners it is as a traveler by the guidance of charts, perhaps very correct charts, making his way through an unknown country; when Scotchmen are the subject of his theme, he is as one walking in the land of his childhood, every lane and roadside of which is familiar.

It is commonly known that these romances were written largely for the purpose of advancing Sir W. Scott's financial circumstances. In consequence of this fact they were given to the public as rapidly as their author could produce them, and we see traces of this hasty preparation in almost every volume. Not that the language is in great need of revision, although even this is in some the case; neither that the arrangement of scenes and figures is perceptibly faulty, but there is noticeable a want of completeness, and thought, both in the plot and in the characters of many of these novels. We might mention Waverly, Ivanhoe, The Talisman, Old Mortality, and a few other of his earlier productions as the most free from faults. If Scott had written only half the amount, it is more than probable that his works would, in the present day, occupy a higher place among the British classics. And further, it is certain that the number of his readers would be much greater, both from the fact that they would have something more perfect to take up their attention, and less to tax their time. Concerning the many excellencies of these works, it is needless for us to write, they are known and appreciated wherever the English language is spoken. They stand in the front rank of the literature of fiction. Like some mighty tree firmly rooted in the river bank, which has watched the drift of years float past to the ocean, they have witnessed a hundred creations of novels flourish and die, and with an untiring interest they speak to that faculty in man's nature which loves and reverences the memories of a glorious past.

The metrical writings of Sir Walter Scott remain to be considered. These are chiefly tales of early-scottish life, and might be termed epic ballads. They are written in a kind of seasaw stanza, which would infallibly banish them from a place among good poetry, were it not for the numerous soul stirring passages which occur throughout, and for their value as narrations of ancient characteristics. It is the best of the worst kind of poetry we have ever read, and we might humbly submit as our opinion that it belongs to a style of writing which can lay but little just claim to this name at all. The last words of every two consecutive lines rhyme it is true, and the measure is carefully observed throughout, but these facts although they may be accidents of, do not constitute poetry. Most of these works are interesting, many passages in them are noble and inspiring, the same can be said of "the Innocents Abroad," or Macaulay's Essays. We look almost in vain for those inspired creations, which shine out from the works of every true artist. But while this is our conviction, we believe that there are few poets whose writings the world could so ill afford to lose, as those of this celebrated man. His muse has done for Scotland, what Macaulay has attempted and failed to accomplish for Rome, and what most nations of the world have neglected until too late. There is a time in the early existence of almost every people, before the dawn of their authentic history, when the great events of past years are transmitted from generation to generation, through the medium of ballad poetry. It was so in the early days of Rome and Greece, of England and Scotland. No distinct record was kept of the men who had lived, or of the changes through which the nation had passed. But although reliable history was wanting, there was a kind of history which shed at least a glimmering light through an opaque past. At the death of each hero, or mighty king, minstrels were appointed to recount his deeds in verse, these verses were learned, and recited and sung by persons deputed for that purpose, on state and other occasions. Thus a rough and partial record was handed down from the days of legend and fable, to the days of history. But as the art of poetical composition advances, the natural fate of these old ballads is neglect, and ultimately oblivion. This was the fortune of Rome's early minstrelsy. The same fact is in large measure to be lamented respecting that of England and Spain. In

the former country there was eighty years ago but one copy of Childe Waters, and Sir Cauline, in the latter the noble poem of the Cid was narrowly rescued from annihilation. The lay of Nibelungs the nobles relique of Germany's misty days was long forgotten, and only restored to modern appreciation by a mere accident. And we can only surmise the number which suffered the fate with which these were so imminently threatened. In two lands the case was different. Greece from the days of her untaught simplicity, to that period when she stood the unchallenged mistress of literature and cultivation, loved her old ballad poetry. It lingered long among the mountains of Arcadia and Laconia, it was the evening song of the shepherd, and the war cry of the Spartan, nor amid the refinement of the classic city of Attica was any palace deemed too stately to resound with its echoes, or any temple too sacred for the measures of the bard of Greece. In Scotland likewise, the same fact is noticeable. Long after the southern kingdom had assumed the robes of an advanced civilization, the hills of the highlands sheltered amid their fastnesses, customs and ideas, hundreds of years antiquated elsewhere. And here after the memory of his English brother was forgotten, the Scottish minstrel roamed from hamlet to hamlet, recounting the exploits and chanting the glories of bygone days. But even in Scotland the love of ballad poetry was waning, and the songs of the past seemed doomed. But a champion was at hand. Sir Walter Scott, whose early training and natural tastes fitted him peculiarly for the office, stirred the dying embers and wakened into a new flame, the pride of the old border minstrelsy. It is a curious and interesting study to note the points of similarity between Scottish and Grecian history. In the size, physical features and natural divisions of their respective countries, they are almost one. In the dispositions, tastes, temperament, and tribal distinctions of the former people, we trace a strange resemblance to the latter. Both are naturally brave, selfopinionated and selfish. Both, during at least their early days, were decidedly a religious people, with sincere respect for the memory of their fathers, and a profound but somewhat superstitious piety toward their duties. There is much of oneness too in the character of their active history. Living in close proximity to nations much their superiors in extent of country and natural resources, both were compelled at times to struggle for life against overwhelm-

ing odds, and once in the experience of each its whole political individuality depended on the success of a single engagement. Marathon and Bannockburn stand out among the battle fields of the world with a character peculiarly their own. In each a nation's existence depended on victory. In both all the emotions of patriotism, of honor, of chivalry, we marshalled on the one side, and on the other every sentiment of tyranny, of oppression, and of wrong. England may look back with pride to the defeat of the Invincible Armada. France may remember with gratitude the victories of the Maid of Orleans. The memory of Roseback may stir anew the patriotism of the fatherland. But Scotland and Greece alone can point back to the second cradles of their being, won amid the triumphs of Bannockburn and their blood purchased glories of Marathon.

Although we believe that the writings of Sir Walter Scott cannot claim a place among the works of the great masters of English poetry, we are not inclined to dispute that their author possessed in large measure the true creative power of the poet. In his novels, we find much to urge the conclusion that had he devoted his attention to the Drama, his efforts would have gained for him a high place in that department of literature. His place is in the first rank of the benefactors of humanity. Few men have given so much instruction combined with so much pleasure. But high though his position as a writer, as an antiquary, as a man, it is as a patriot that he demands our highest admiration. Often unfair to himself, he was ever true to his country, and he has done for Scotland what she can only repay by a grateful, forgiving affection.

J. F. D.

ECCE.

A LOVER of the antique in architecture could fairly revel in our halls. But amidst all the luxuriance of column, arch, and arabesque in which they abound, there is one feature, one characteristic, which though of Spartan simplicity has, notwithstanding, had more influence on the hearts of Dalhousie students in the past than has any other of the many magnificent features of the building. To wit, the blackboard. Methinks it has been the harbinger of joy or terror, exultation or despair, to the soul of every mortal who has frequented our class-rooms for

however short a period. Its influence is felt alike over every one, Freshie, Soph., junior or senior, grave or gay, studious or careless, and this influence it will hold while exam's are exam's and pass lists are pass lists.

At certain annually returning periods, however, the old board declares a truce, as it were, with its natural enemies, and relapses into a state of harmlessness. For a week or two before and after the Matriculation, it can hardly be seen for the notices of adventurous and enterprising boarding mistresses, second-hand gown holders, booksellers, and the thousand and one vampyres of a student's purse. *Memiseram* often have these glowing proclamations done for "yours truly!" Anon, the Matric's pass lists come out, the advertisements fall off one by one, and the old board resumes its erewhile influence.

But let us, meantime, look at a few of those above mentioned seductive placards. In the many announcements which meet the readers eye can be found food for fun and "Inner Dalhousie" for weeks to come, food of which collegiate ways partake with gusto. Strange that in a centre of learning, the illiterateness of the outer world should be shown up in such glaring colours. But it is true as strange. Let us read and ponder *interim* on the advantages of education for the masses.

Besides an accurately worded and grammatical announcement, anent the commencement of certain classes, read thusly:

"NOTICE."

"Three students wanted to board for the winter, by applying to Mrs. ———, Brunswick St."

What Fresh. could resist such a prospect. Near by a grimy card holds forth the following:

"LOOK HERE!!!"

"A fresh supply of well thumbed books to be sold cheap. Also a gown used once or twice, and good as new."

Now here we have at once a delightful liberty taken with the rules of grammar, and a refreshing, —oh, how refreshing—ignorance of the *accidentia* of a student's life. Fancy the fallacy of trying to impose a "gown used once or twice, and as good as new," upon a Soph. or junior who had occasionally met another class on the stairs. "Once or twice" is enough for the average gown, and the owner might with the Irish tenant of the present day howl "my rents are all in my clothes."

Here is another at which we were reasonably surprised in that the author thereof has been

attending our Alma Mater for the last ten years or so.

"Students who *wants* washing done apply down stairs to the Janitor."

This may possibly account for the rags innumerable which have lately adorned at intervals the front railing of the college, giving to the old place a look of juvenile dash which is certainly incongruous with our objects within her walls.

Some of these holding-forths are correct *in se*, but the college ways have found in almost every one some projection whereon to hang a witticism or joke. Thus:

"Six students can be accommodated with board and lodging at — Prince St.

And a *nota bene* underneath in lead pencil says that

"Freshie's who have not yet become sophisticated are preferred, as the furniture is not insured."

There is a perhaps unintentional tribute to the average student's powers of destructive analysis of furniture and "fixias." Many a landlady we wot of could feelingly corroborate the insinuation.

Another short and sweet proclaims that

"Two students can be accommodated at — West St."

And subscript, "with chair, table and haybag." Now this tells of a boarding mistress who has gone through the fiery ordeal, and has come out of it wiser. For seem they not like the words of one that knoweth, of one who has been victimized, which declare beneath the qualifications of the house. "Haybag" of course meaning bed.

But it would be an endless task to reproduce all the spoiled syntax and accident which floats and flutters on the board. Indeed our old blackboard is not alone in being the tilling ground of college wit as witness the following example from Glasgow. It is not new, having appeared in the GAZETTE of 1870, which, however, puts it beyond the time of all who are at Dalhousie now, so we will reproduce it. When Lord Palmerston was installed as Lord Rector of the University the common hall was found to be too small. The authorities accordingly obtained from the Kirk Session the use of St. John's Parish Church. On this, as on every other like occasion, the laws of the college were posted up conspicuously, to warn the students against any breach of order or decorum. Side by side with

the fulminations of the Senate appeared the following production of some modern Horace:

"ECCE."

In churcho Johannis dum speakit Palmerston
Si quis studens clamabit aut utteret gronas
Aut catchabitur peasas, aut aliquid throwando
Aut benchos aut floorum uproarum kickando
Aut creating annoyance ad alias students.
Senatus O Jerusha! nunc bringabit ad senses
Per Jouem him kickabunt et hic erit datus
Sonitrundo, fulgurendo, fulmando up flatus
Et si non liquabit pardonam sub knezas.
Senatum ad eum pitchabitur the peasas
Et eum expellabit being omnis in flamma
Et eum flentem mittent domum ad mamma.

Signatur,

DIDYMUS B. CLAY, D.D.,
Primarius.

This signature requires explanation. The principal's name was Thomas Barclay, and Thomas is as everyone knows called Didymus, and B. Clay cannot be mistaken.

Our old board during its existence has met with moments in which it has temporarily lost its influence over the undergrad. Nay, on one occasion it passed through the fire.

"Ah! distinctly I remember

It was in the chill November,"

when seven ruthless juniors tore it down from its resting place and built therewith a fire, which was intended to become the janitor's funeral pyre. Dismembered benches, gowns, overcoats, groves, umbrellas, class-books, all went to smell the flames, and all that was wanting was the victim. The fates propitious, however, saved the jan.; but not the board which went *ad flammam*, and its contents *ad senatum*. Many a talk could the old board spin, but time and space are short and we will not coax it.

SILENUS.

WE regret the omission, in our previous issue, of any notice of Dr. Bayne's departure from Halifax. The mixed up state of our Editorial machinery was the real cause. His acceptance of the Mathematical Professorship in the Military College at Kingston has deprived Dalhousie of an earnest and most efficient member of her Faculty of Science. Our Physical Laboratory is a standing witness of his zeal for us. Regret for his absence is somewhat mitigated, however, by the fact that our country is not deprived of his services. To the son of Dalhousie we wish prosperity in his new undertaking.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

EDITORS.

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AT the prelude to the *Series of Entertainments* given by the Y. M. C. A., a statement was made which might be construed into a complaint, first, that there was lack of provision for the purpose of educating the young men of Halifax, and secondly and in consequence, that young Halifax is not so much interested in this line as it should be. Of the reasonableness of the latter complaint there is no matter of doubt, but the former we regard as rather unwarrantable. We would like to be able to convince every young man that it would be for his best interest to use all the educational advantages which his position allows him, but our present object is rather to vindicate our statement in reference to the first complaint. If the mountains were levelled and the valleys filled, and the highways so cast up that learning was attainable without application, affairs would assume a different form. The student from the country sees many novelties during a Winter in town, but if he is thoughtful, nothing is more remarkable than that so many young men altogether ignore the advantages of their situation and forego opportunities which, if properly used, would be simply inestimable. One fault is with the parents who remove their chil-

dren from the city schools before they have acquired any taste for study or realized its importance. For an immediate gain, future prospects are sacrificed. In a hurry to raise a high structure, they lay a deficient foundation like that of old Eddystone, and the penny-wise pound-foolish system afterwards causes deep regret and loss.

To those who have been hasty, however, the Technological Institute has much to offer; but where the above objection has no force, there is no candid person but will admit that since the establishment of the High School, as complete a round of instruction can be obtained in Halifax as is possible to or necessary for a city of its kind. When to the Colleges where direct and exclusively educational facilities are given, we add the Public Libraries, Institutes, Reading Rooms and Debating Societies, we must acknowledge that the fault lies not so much in the scarcity of means as in not making use of such as do exist. We think this statement holds good until there are some indications that all who wish to study are not adequately provided for. In regard to the advantages which such institutions as our own have, there may be mentioned under this head this one in particular, viz: attention is enforced. The reading of books and attendance at lectures of themselves, where examinations are not obligatory is a mode of culture whose success depends almost entirely on the application of the student. In fact this application is the root of the whole matter. If it be found on trial that one cannot command his attention for study, then something has been learned; and if the desire for advance continue, no course is more effective and reasonable than that of placing himself where to fail is a disgrace, and where constant incentives to succeed are in force. The habit of attention and perseverance gained, the rest may safely be left to individual inclination. That habit, an undergraduate course can hardly fail to effect. These last remarks have been made to anticipate any objection to a lack in quality rather than quantity of educational institutions.

THE CLAIMS OF BRITISH CLASSICS.

(Read by Mr. Mahon before the Sodales Society.)

THE question before the Sodales to-night—should English Classics be substituted for Ancient Classics in our colleges—is one which appears, at the outset, to be scarcely debatable. Has any college dared to place the flaming sword at the entrance of the classical Eden to prevent aspiring youth from eating of the celestial fruit of the *Iliad* or the *Aeneid*?

"Not half so bold
The puny bird that dares with teasing hum
Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come,"

as the University that would dare to banish Latin and Greek from its halls. Such an act would rouse Virgil to conduct the audacious innovators to a permanent home beyond that gate, upon the summit of which Dante saw the awful inscription,

"All hope abandon, ye who enter in!"

Such an act would cause Demosthenes to shave his head and go into practice for a new Philippic; and all the gods of the land of ancient classics to put on sack-cloth and ashes, and like Heraclitus of old, to retire to the mountains of spirit-land to weep on a diet of wormwood.

Notwithstanding this, I am compelled to-night to advocate, in a humble way, the claims of "our own good Saxon tongue." I do so with more intrepidity when I remember that Thomas DeQuincey, one of the most profound classical scholars of the present century, the man who was able to harangue an Athenian mob at the age of fifteen, has stated emphatically that no one should study Latin or Greek till he has gained an extensive knowledge of his own literature. "It is," he says, "a pitiable spectacle to any man of sense and feeling, who happens to be really familiar with the golden treasures of his own ancestral literature, to see young people squandering their time and painful study upon writers not fit to unloose the shoes' latches of many amongst their own compatriots; making painful and remote voyages after the drossy refuse, when the pure gold lies neglected at their feet."

I have read somewhere that the Emperor Chas. V. once said that to learn a new language was to acquire a new soul. If the valiant German had considered the injury the old soul must sustain in acquiring the new one, he would

WE are glad to notice that the reading-room committee is making vigorous exertions for an improvement in this department of collegiate life, and trust that the students will do their best to assist in this meritorious work. A dilapidated chamber in the lower regions has long been one of our grievances, and we would certainly hail with delight any mitigation of this evil. Now we do not intend to persuade ourselves or others that the aforesaid dilapidation can be blamed altogether on the powers; we confess to having aided considerably in the work of demolition, and yet we are calmly of opinion that if we had an apartment in any measure worthy of pride, that feeling would restrain many a destructive arm. It is proposed to fit up two rooms, one for general purposes and the other strictly for the reception of papers and magazines. For the cause of literature a small annual entrance fee will be charged.

THE GRAND PARADE.—It seems hardly worth while to attempt any remarks on the Grand (?) Parade question, and yet we may mention, for the information of outside readers, that the same order of beauty still reigns on that classic ground. The elegant fences which last year adorned it are yet there, except that time has removed a few panels. That square is truly worthy of our respect, it is emblematic of the unchanging. We go away and come back; mutation has laid its hand on all else, but the Grand Parade is just as ugly, just as rickety, just as dirty as ever, and somewhat dirtier.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
That it ever will be clean,
For if it was aught but dirty,
Things could not be as they seem!

And the rags, and old bottles, and ashes,
they're all there, and more of them at that; and the mud! why it's thicker than ever. Oh, it's all the same, only more so. *Vive la parade!*

THE janitor has too many irons in the fire. He is assisted by a lock and key in the guardianship of the door of the students' room on Saturdays.

no doubt have displayed less enthusiasm on the subject of linguistic study. Many great writers tell us that familiarity with the idioms of a foreign language injures an author's style. Moore, the poet, states that the perfect purity with which the Greeks wrote their own language was due to their ignorance of other tongues. Chambers says that the rage for Greek models hindered every effort at original thought among the early Roman writers. For many centuries after the fall of the Western Empire, the monks chose rather to suffer affliction with Latin than to enjoy their own musical languages for a season. They were content to

"Groped their dull way on

By the dim twinkling light of ages gone,
Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
From dead men's marrow guides them best by night."

It was not till Dante had passed through purgatory and learned in the schools of the other world the absurdity of sacrificing his own language to the ancient classics, that a somewhat better order of things arose. Men of genius, by discarding Latin and attending to their mother tongue, gained immortal renown. It is said of Schiller, one of the most celebrated poets of modern times, that he was afraid to devote much time to foreign languages lest his own inimitable German should be corrupted. We know that those English authors who have attained the most lasting fame, who are most widely read and appreciated, have known but little of ancient classics. Shakspeare knew "little Latin and less Greek." Dickens was equally fortunate. Dr. Mathews tells us that Burke, after he took to reading French pamphlets, never wrote so pure English as he did before. Gibbon and Johnson are full of offensive Latinisms. I hope I have said enough to convince you that an extensive knowledge of a foreign language injures a man's style and contracts his sphere of usefulness.

It is just possible that some who go through a regular college course do not acquire a sufficiently thorough knowledge of classics to cause them to fear the corruption of their English. Of course, I make no reference to you, gentlemen, who have become so profoundly versed in the ancient tongues that you almost despise the plebeian garb in which Shakspeare thought fit to clothe his thoughts; but I have an eye to students in general—not general students. Those of you who have read the *Mill on the Floss*

remember that Tom Tulliver's only consolation in his struggle with the irregular verbs of Latin was that, in the happy future, he could easily forget them. This is the experience of some. Shortly after leaving college

"They know no more of Greek than one who dwells
Beneath the tropics knows of icicles."

Like the five foolish virgins, of whom some of you may have read, they go forth to meet the active duties of life with no oil in their lamps. What does the world care for a man's classical erudition if he be unable to give forcible expression to his thoughts in his mother tongue? What does an ordinary jury care for a lawyer's Latin quotations if he use unintelligible English? Many of our clergymen, who have drunk deep draughts from the fountains of ancient inspiration, and, like Coleridge's father, always speak in Hebrew when they make any reference to the Holy Spirit, disgrace their cloth by their inipidity.

The time now spent on classics in Dalhousie is sufficient to give the students an intimate acquaintance with all the great works of English literature. The man who knows and appreciates Shakspeare is better qualified for a life of happiness and usefulness, than he who becomes a polyglot, but neglects the "golden treasures of his own ancestral literature." Why is it that the college faculties of the present day cling with such tenacity to the educational creed of their ancestors? More than a hundred years ago, Goldsmith declared that the course in Latin, adopted by some of the European universities, was the proper education to make a fool; and yet the curse, bequeathed to us by the Dark Ages, continues to exercise its blighting influence. Still the motto is:

"The proper study of mankind is Latin."

Montaigne tells us that it was his inability to resist custom that caused him to marry. It is, no doubt, the inability of college faculties to innovate that causes them to continue a course of study which common sense condemns. From the *Atlantic Monthly* we learn that President Eliot, the head of one of the great American universities, has had the moral courage to come out squarely in favour of English. "He has lately," says the writer in the monthly, "ventured publicly to assert that only one thing is essential to culture, and that one thing is a thorough and elegant mastery of the mother tongue." This is an "unexpected and audacious

confession," but let us hope that the time is not far distant, when freshmen will be found grasping the living truths of Shakspeare and Goldsmith, instead of attempting by the aid of a *pony* to get a transitory smattering of Xenophon and Virgil;—when Sophomores will become even more familiar than at present with Macaulay's school boy and Milton's fallen angels;—when juniors and seniors, forsaking the fascinating haunts of Plato's community of wives, shall grow wise in Chaucer and Spenser, Dryden and Pope, Wordsworth and Tennyson.

We shall, no doubt, be told that in discarding ancient classics we deprive ourselves of many of the finest works of literary genius. This objection has very little force. These works can all be read in translations; and, although I am not very well qualified to judge of the pleasure to be derived from the original, I think I am justifiable in saying that to the ordinary student Pope's or Chapman's Homer is quite as enjoyable as the Greek text. It is true I have been told, by a gentleman now attending Dalhousie, that no translation of Virgil affords him the refined enjoyment of the original. For him, John Dryden and William Morris have laboured in vain. But he is clearly an exception. Emerson, the American Essayist, tells us that he prefers to read foreign works in translations, and few of us can hope to attain greater proficiency in the ancient languages than this celebrated philosopher.

Permit me to close in the words of Dr. Mathews: "When you have mastered the giants who wrote in your mother tongue,—when the great works of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Swift, Wordsworth, Byron, Mill, Tennyson, and all the other representative authors have passed like the iron atoms of the blood into your mental constitution, it will be time to go abroad after fresh fields and pastures new."

NOSES.

LISTEN to this beautiful description of the nose to be found in a standard educational work of our country: "The nose is a *triangular pyramid* which projects from the centre of the face immediately above the upper lip, and its integument is studded with the openings of sebaceous follicles, and the oleaginous secretion of these

follicles often become of a dark colour near the surface." Is not the description beautiful? And so poetical! It gives me a taste for physiology. But why have so few of our writers done justice to this important feature? Poets have either avoided all reference to the "triangular pyramid" or have spoken of it for basely ludicrous purposes. Hood tells us that Hunks, the miser, refused to pay the dentist for pulling a tooth. The dentist, cutting off the miser's nose, said to him fiercely:

"Now swindling wretch, I'll show thee how
We treat such cheating knaves as thou!
Oh, sweet is this revenge to sup!
I have thee by the nose—its now
My turn—and I will turn it up."

The miser was in sore dismay:

"In fancy he beheld the snout,
Turned upward like a pitcher's spout.
There was another grievance yet,
And fancy did not fail to show it,
That he must throw a summerset
Or stand upon his head to blow it."

Shakspeare, who was not at all fastidious on most subjects, could seldom permit himself to make any reference to the "triangular pyramid." You remember that in *All's well that ends well* he causes Lafeu to exclaim:

"Mine eyes smell onions."

It is very clear to a thoughtful reader that the author made the Frenchman say *eyes* in order to avoid the introduction of the triangular pyramid. This is a poetical license.

Tom Moore, in his translation of one of Anacreon's Odes has the following:

"With his mandate now I fly,
To the nymph with azure eye;
Ah! that eye has maddened many,
But the poet more than any."

And yet no poet has dared to throw about the nose so magical, maddening an influence. This is not "holding the mirror up to nature." Was not good Queen Bess maddened by the protracted dimensions of the Duke of Anjou's triangular pyramid when he offered her his hand in marriage? Unfortunately for the Duke, he was compelled at the same time to offer his nose as an accompanying circumstance.

I have read somewhere that a man with an ephippial, or saddle-shaped nose, is a treasure to a house. He always has a large mouth and good lungs, is fond of children and loves his

wife. O, for an ephippial nose! Why then has no poet written a sonnet on the proboscis? A poetical tribute was paid to the nose by Hallock.

"Then tune thee, organ, though in senseless strain;
Accompanying with a light catarrh,
My wheezy muse shall join the strange refrain,
And blow the bellows for thy fa, sol, la.
Alack! that in our first acquaintance, Nose,
We should so readily have come to blows!"

Noses have not always been treated with so much silent contempt as during modern times. Who has not read of the ancient Persian's partiality for aquiline noses. When a number of competitors appeared for the throne of that mighty Empire, a committee was immediately appointed to measure their noses; the man with the longest proboscis was always elected. It was, no doubt, owing to the dwarf-like feminine triangular-pyramid that the Salic law came into operation.

Great men have all had large noses. Listen: Publius Ovidius Naso. That sounds well even if Ovid's proboscis did give him the nickname. Everyone has read Gibbon's account of the Roman Emperor Titus. The celebrated historian gives a story from some old writer, which goes to show that the Jewish subjugator had a nose of capacity. "There entered into his nostril a brazen fly that did eat into his brain. At the end of seven years the doctors did open the head of Titus, and in the same did find this brazen fly, that had claws of iron, and it was of the bigness of a bird." Oliver Cromwell had a large, illuminated, triangular-pyramid. It is now very generally believed that the King-Killer's soul was located in this organ. I don't state this for a fact, for I am not positively certain that he had a soul. The Duke of Wellington's large nose gained for him many a victory, in addition to a large number of epigrams. The following is the most familiar:

"Pray why does the great Captain's nose
Resemble Venice? Duncombe cries.
'Why, quoth Sam Rogers, I suppose
Because it hath a Bridge of Sighs.'"

I must leave this interesting subject. If what I have said be sufficient to cause the College poets to devote a little time and attention to the prominent feature of this paper, my labor has not been in vain.

CELIBATAIRE.

STUDENTS' MEETINGS.

THE talent of Dalhousie mustered in force on Friday evening, November 14th, for the purpose of considering whether the debates of this session should be conducted by one Society, as was the case last Winter, or if the old division of the Students into two Societies should be renewed. There was present a good representation of the several years, and the question was entered into with more than the usual spirit. Freshmanic eloquence urged a return to the days of Excelsior and Kritosophian, but the other years seemed inclined to favour conducting affairs, as was the case last Winter, in a union gathering. This last proposition was finally agreed upon, and the Sodales was safe for another term at least. The next business was the election of officers, which resulted as follows:—*President*, D. Cameron; *Vice-President*, E. Crowell; *Secretary*, H. McInnis. Much activity was displayed during the evening in the distribution of peas. The most that can be said in favour of this practice is, that it is a very harmless recreation, and we are inclined to think that the janitor would be likely to dispute even this solitary excellence, so that putting all the arguments *pro* and *con* together, we would advise its noncontinuance. Of course we will not urge this. There are some from whom to take away this (intellectual) amusement would destroy all their pleasure in attending debates. Those we will still expect to see and *feel* indulging their favorite propensity next evening.

The subject chosen for discussion on the following Friday was as follows:—Might not English Classics be studied more, in preference to Ancient Classics?

Mr. Mahon was appointed opener, and Mr. J. Davidson respondent, the work of critic devolving on Mr. Crowell.

The first regular meeting of "Sodales" Society was held on Friday evening, November 21st, in Class Room No. 1. The President in the Chair. After the minutes of last meeting had been read, the discussion on the question above stated followed. Mr. Mahon opened the debate with a paper in favour of English Classics. This article, which fully ventilates the question, we publish elsewhere. Mr. Davidson followed with a short address, in which the views of the first speaker were taken up, and some arguments on the side of the Ancient Classics advanced. The Society now took the question in hand, and for a couple of hours the discussion was kept up with con-

siderable interest and animation. When the vote was taken the side of Ancient Classics held the field. Judging by the first meeting we may regard the prospects of the Sodales as good, at least until the Ides of April cast their blighting shades upon health and spirits. There were, however, some noticeable absences; and we would recommend those truants never again to miss (some) such oratorical *display* as we fortunate spectators beheld. We may mention that there was an improvement in the pea business, none of these missiles being seen during the performance.

The question chosen for next evening was the following:—Is compulsory education desirable? Opener, H. McInnis; respondent, J. F. Dustan.

We trust there will be a good gathering of students at the debate, and a smaller gathering in the hall.

OUR EXCHANGES.

WE feel it incumbent on us to inform our readers that the management of this department will not be confined as heretofore to a single editor, and that therefore the present reviewer shall feel himself in no way bound to follow the steps of his predecessor in proclaiming unrelenting hostility to our contemporaries.

We find under our hand *The Beacon*, of Boston University, a quiet paper, devoted exclusively to matters of local interest, and evidently having on its staff some one of profound research, as the article on Edmund Spenser would almost lead us to believe that the writer had actually read all of the "Fairie Queene." The most noticeable feature of the paper is the department belonging to the Theological School, which is well conducted. The secular exchange department reflects severely on the unpoetic nature of the *Transcript*, and as if to prove that "poeta nascitur, non fit" is too stale a maxim for these times, exhibits on its opposite page a poem, "In the Tyrol," from which we subjoin a stanza.

The birds sing in the boughs,
The pleasant girls shout loud yodels.
On yonder hill the cows
Are gently cropping fresh green grass.

"To obtain original poetry from some source" is not a very difficult matter after all.

A little more care by the proof readers would be in order.

The *College Courier* is a racy journal, and the November issue is extremely interesting. The paper on *Fiction* deserves praise for its accuracy of definition, and its honest tone. The "clippings" are very well chosen. We have noticed in one of the papers an earnest request that contributions might be sent in early in the month, so as to give wider scope for selection. The *Courier* evidently has an unfailing fund of contributions.

We hope to be forgiven for venturing to come into collision with the exchange Editor of the *College Olio*, but he rejoices in fighting editors, and will likely have all his skill put to the test in parrying the attacks of the *Columbia Spectator* and the *Courier*. His department certainly indicates as much energy as any part of the paper, but it would be more judicious and consistent if it bore a little less hard upon the failings which are most conspicuous in the *Olio*. There is a tameness and sameness of style, which is quite painful, excepting in *Symmetry of Culture* and *Sequin Light*, which are in bold relief.

We cross the line to British soil with pleasure, despite the N. P., and welcome most cordially the *Queen's College Journal*, especially as we find our coming has been looked for. Everyone of its pages teems with interesting matter, and we have no hesitation, in view of its practical nature, lively tone, and free and energetic discussion of educational questions, in giving it the front rank among the papers that are immediately under our notice. We feel somewhat chagrined at finding in it an anticipation of an article by ourselves on Thanksgiving day. But never mind, next year will be leap year, and we feel thankful already.

The *Acadia Athenæum* is punctual as ever, and no less interesting and critical than of yore. We see no reason why the author of "The Thirst of the Mind" should not disclose himself. The arguments which favor the attendance at the Theological School at Wolfville, on account of the privilege of attending the classes of Arts at the same time, seem to us to be just as applicable to the institutions of Halifax while Dalhousie remains. We don't care, however, being only exchange editor *pro tem*, and not even a Presbyterian at that.

The demise of the *Packer Quarterly* was something wholly unlooked for, and a source of deep regret. It was an extremely well conducted journal, and it was to such that we presume many novices who have been entrusted with the

conduct of college papers have looked for an example. We doubt not that we shall most sincerely mourn by remembering the advice of our quondam friend Tacitus, that we may perpetuate its virtues in our own course of action.

PERSONALS.

JAMES S. TRUEMAN, a Soph of '79, is teaching at Carleton, N. B. We hope that he will remain true to his College, and rejoin us next Winter.

I. M. McLEAN, '79, is not studying medicine as announced in our last issue, but fills the position of school master in the Academy of Guysborough.

SNOWDON D. SCOTT, a Freshman of '77, tired of hard work, has gone to Sackville, where he intends to take the full course. We notice that he presented himself at the first B. A. examination of the University of Halifax during the past Summer and came off victorious, being second on the list. He is one of the Editors of the Sackville *Argosy*.

J. W. McINTOSH is rustivating at his home in Sunny Brae, Pictou County, where also J. P. McPHEE, a general student of last session, is teaching.

COLIN PITBLADO, '77, who has lately returned from Manitoba, J. MORTON, '76, and G. H. FULTON, '76, are all attending the Halifax Medical College.

S. FRAME, of the late Chemistry Class, has gone "out west" to Minnesota.

EDWARD L. NEWCOMBE, '78, is studying law in the office of J. L. Chipman, Kentville.

G. W. McQUEEN, '78, is employed in the publishing house of George Munro, Esq., New York.

J. MCD. SCOTT, '77, has been appointed Principal of the New Glasgow High School.

THE Yarmouth *Herald* correspondent gives an interesting account of the closing exercises of the Academy at Shelburne, at which a handsome present was given to the late teacher, Mr. JOHN MORTON, B. A., one of our Graduates, who has been for three years in charge of the Academic department. From a very ordinary school a few years ago, this Academy is said to have won the distinction of being the most ably conducted of all that were visited by the Superintendent of Education on his tour of last Summer. We congratulate MR. MORTON on his success, and trust that his career in medicine may be no less satisfactory.

MR. JOHN WADDELL, B. A., of Dalhousie, was one of the candidates for the Gilchrist Scholarship last Summer, and though unsuccessful, stood high in the Honors department, making higher marks than some before him who have won the prize when the competitors were not so numerous or capable.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

ONE hundred and twenty-five Students!

THE Janitor and family are of course included in the number.

ADVERTISEMENTS gratis.—Use Wilson's German Baking Powder. Manufactured on the premises. Liberal discount offered to students. Help yourselves gentleman! Encourage home industries!

THE "Powers" are being gradually persuaded to furnish up the room adjoining the students' in green rep, for the use of the Freshies, generally. And the one we now occupy will then be for the use of respectable students, particularly.

THE furniture for the reading room has arrived at last. It includes a table with evidences of stale soap-suds on the face of it.

WE will allow that Soph. only another week of reclining on these downy beds of ease, since a Prof. pronounces him to be on the verge of mental obtuseness.

Multum in minimo. Jan., Postman, Plym., Manufacturer of Powders, and what not.

SAYS the Prof.—"Skimmings masquerades as cream."

"CHAWLES" is about to move to the north end, so that he may be able to keep his pair of greys well in hand, and constantly under his own supervision.

THE irrepressible junior who is alike blessed with a multiplicity of initials, and an unconquerable propensity to go early to Bible-class, so that he may have time to make a short call at the manse, shall be required, at the next meeting, to recite the fourth commandment, and also that one beginning "Thou shalt not covet." By order (of the Parson).

On dit. The Ethical Prof. believing that memory is very retentive when an individual is at the point of drowning, has ordered a large tank into which he intends to plunge his class before every oral examination.

WHY is Andrew's moustache like a base ball match? Because there are nine of each side. We think this will be perceptible about the end of February.

A JUNIOR is leading the way in the spelling reform: for instance,—*Gruvenis*.

Cosine George always pauses in front of Doley's *sine*. Wherefore, think ye?

THE rubber Soph. never goes to gymnasium now. He received such a rude shock the other night on his way thither. Oh, John! John!

AFTER a most heartrending leave-taking of the train, *Long-fellow's* Evangeline departed for the land of yankee notions, and now his famished soul sings:

"O the long and dreary winter!
O the cold and cruel winter! &c., &c.

Two Sophs, one of them being *Cosine*, took the trouble to walk down to a certain church last Sabbath evening at the time when they thought the people would begin to file out. Taking their stand some distance off, they waited and watched and watched and waited. But no one came. Then they tried the doors and found that they had come a little too late for their expected benefit. *Cosine* says that he has a mind not to dabble with literature any more.

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