

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. III.
OLD SERIES—VOL. X.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 22, 1878.

NEW No. 8.
WHOLE No. 102.

TO MARGUERITE.

Worn out with weary wandering in life's way,
I laid me down to sleep, and gather rest,
Like golden sheaves from Ceres's peaceful fields;
By Ceres met, I for the time was numbered with the blest.

The hand of Morpheus lifted from my brain,
And fancy 'scaping through the ivory gate,
Arranged her fairy forms on rosy stage;
Dream curtain lifted showed a scene for which I ever wait.

Before my swimming sight there spread a sea,
Whose silver wavelets rolled on sands of gold,
The breath of heaven kissed its swelling breast,
The music of its tinkling feet my captive ears still hold.

Then quick the startled sea was broken through,
And Homer's vision rushed before mine eyes;
Venus with streaming locks rose from the wave,
Bearing on high a pearl—a Marguerite—a prize.

She fluttered o'er the foam on airy wing,
The jewel glittering bright in Phoebus' smile,
Till from a hoar cathedral on the shore,
Salled Bishop Valentine—she beckoning all the while.

I saw him take the gem from Venus' hand,—
And as he turned away he smiled on me,
And bade me follow. Struggling I awoke,
The morning star shone on my brow, hope's beacon o'er the sea.

Dear Gazette,—I find the above in my Sophomore note book: it tastes like the veal of those days. You may publish it *in terrorem*, and that others may beware of such "tender grace of a day that is dead." I just now 'disremember' whether it is M. the 1st or 3rd that is here brought "from the depths."
S.

DE SUPERSTITIONE.

"Superstitio furo per gentes oppressit omnium fero animos, atque hominum imbecillitatem occupavit."—CICERO DE DIV.

THE mighty persuasion of the last GAZETTE put its hands under me with such thrilling effect that I unconsciously ejaculated the dreadful utterance "Something must be done." My feet were blossoming "young and fair" on the top of the stove, but the *lusteron-proteron* influence told me that further advance in that direction

was impossible, some kind of literary leaven found a tongue within me and whispered "rise, rise"—I rose; "*dos moi pou sto*," I cried. I got it, not in a lever but in a wooden-seated chair by which I climbed to the highest shelf of my book case, and dragged from dust and sleeping spiders the most forbidding looking book I could find. I usually do choose ugly books when I want work and profit. Literature that is all honey in the mouth is almost certain, like that given the Seer of old, to be gall in the belly—rugged calf on the outside is very often a mark of brawny beef within—it was so in this case, for as I opened the tome to the music of its own creaking back I read, "THEOPHRASTON, *charakteres ethikoi*," "*Græce et Latine*," cum notis ISAACI CASAUBONI, &c.

It was published in 1712—Greek on one page and Latin on the other, is loaded with the notes of Casaubon, Duportus, &c., was printed at Cambridge, and well read by a student of Trinity College there.

A mellow feeling of sadness steals over me as I follow the hand and eye of my predecessor through the book; here inserting a Latin particle, there correcting a misprint in the Greek—in small and great matters the touch of his industry left its trace. A hundred years ago he bent over these crabbed pages and followed the delicate satire of the Greek, a thousand fancies rise concerning him, his life and his works; he has gone, his pen, MSS., marginal references constitute his being for one—but these, like harp strings shaken by the breeze, play notes of silent encouragement to the ear of my reason as I strive—*longo inter vallo*, to keep him in sight.

Comte leads religion through the stages of Fetishism and Metaphysics and Science, my thoughts bowed over an old book, go backwards, and the bald study of a dead language makes the very page like a speaking face—and often were the Scholar of Trinity to cry "*chère chère*" across the table he would give but a small surprise.

Where truth and error meet is a shaded horizon; this thought was forced upon me just now—as once more opening the book with visions of a dead man floating through my brain, my eye fell upon the words *Peri Deisdaimonias*, and I have concluded to let Theophrastus laugh away my dream by describing the Superstition of his day. He says: "We may set down Superstition as an unworthy dread of deity." Here is the Superstitious man. He has washed his hands and sprinkled himself with the holy water of the temple, and holding a laurel leaf most piously in his mouth, walks about thus the livelong day.

If a cat or weasel run across the road before him, not a foot will he budge till another runs over, or he himself has carried three stones from one side to the other. If he sees a snake in his house he must turn the spot into holy ground. The anointed stones which are at cross-roads, he is accustomed to soak with sacred oil from his two-eared jar—nor can he leave till he has worshipped them reverently on bended knees.

And if perchance some sacrilegious mouse should gnaw through his leathern wheat sack—he is off at once to the interpreter of mysteries and wants to know what he must do in this shuddering crisis, and when he is told, "just send the bag to the shoemaker and get it mended," the great ninny neglecting the advice, and thinking it a serious matter of religion, rids himself of the sack altogether. Then he must have his house consecrated over and over again; he must not touch a tomb, or approach a corpse or shake hands with a woman who has borne a child, for many days after such thoughtlessness. If he sees anything in his sleep, he is away to the interpreter of dreams, to the divines and augurs asking what god or goddess is to receive his offerings. And when he is initiated into the sacred mysteries he goes every month with his wife to the Orpheotelestics, or if he has no wife with his old nurse, and his little brothers. Even in the very highway, before he leaves the cross roads, he sprinkles the waters of lustration upon his holy head; the priestesses are summoned and he orders himself to be purged by the sacred squills, and a dog carried round him. If he but catch sight of a madman or an epileptic he shudders and spits an offering into his own bosom. I hope Prof. Johnson will not be too sharp on the translation, and say as he swings the blackboard between himself and the fire: "Next boy." I expect, were I to try, I could, without much trouble, translate this heathen

ridicule of superstition into laughter that might smite unpleasantly, the ears of the most clear-hearted among us. And yet so intertwined are the right and the wrong, just in this particular case, that it is hard to bruise the serpent without smiting the woman. Our author calls Superstition "an unworthy dread of deity." Religion is a loving fear of God. It is well summed up in the saying of Augustine "*Deum a religioso vereri, a superstizioso timeri,*" or perhaps more strikingly by that marvellous Seneca, who, with no written word of God could say "*Deo satis est quod colitur et amatur. Non potest amor cum timore misceri.*" Such words are worthy to be written beside those of the beloved Disciple "Perfect love casteth out fear."

The very manifestations of this Pagan superstition are striking—they have their roots deep in man's nature. Scarcely a feature caricatured here cannot be seen in the calmer countenance of Judaic rites. The washing and sprinkling—unclean beasts—the peculiar dread and notice of the serpent—the anointed stones, recalling Bethel and Jacob—dreams and visions touching holy man from Abraham to John—shunning the dead and unclean—even the peculiar horror of madness seems reflected in the face of that king who shrank from David, playing insanity by spitting upon his breast and beard. And there are traces of some of the very points noticed by Theophrastus, still seen in every day sayings among us. Everybody knows that to see a hare cross the road before one is considered unlucky by Provincials. To spit away was of old supposed to throw the spell off. Who has not seen two laborers washing their hands in the same vessels, spit therein, that they might not quarrel?

Where stones were thrown, following the old reason "*Numero Deus impari gaudet,*" the same argument is mocked to this very day in "There's luck in odd numbers, said Rory O'More;" the fact that cats and dogs were carried round worshippers in heathen days, from choice, is repeated now about too many of us to our midnight sorrow, and the shout of old—"*Pheripherein chrè ten galèn,*" (carry round the cat) seems obeyed by ten thousand Pagan ghosts who force men, in awful Superstition to cry, "Old Scratch is in the cats," while they sing "S'ss-Cat," and worship with the heaviest boot-jack and the largest brush.

There is change in all around, but the heart of man is the same through the ages. It is the *punctum saliens* about which all else moves. Re-

cognizing this, the study of ethical subjects is ever of interest, because it is ever personal and familiar. It is but another step to say that no nobler hearts ever throbbed than those that beat with love of beauty and of truth, in ancient Greece; and for the earnest student with the lamp of Christianity upon his brow, these mines offer rich and rare rewards, which I hope the tiny fragment I have tried to hold up to the light may invite others to explore with the assiduity of real labour and the seriousness of a living conscience.

H. M. S.

THE SEVEN LIGHTS OF THE ACADEMICIANS; OR, SUMMER FRUIT AND AUTUMN LEAVES

"Nought from my birth or ancestors I claim,
All is my own,—my honor and my shame."

Dulce est desipere in loco—It is delightful to play the fool at times.

In the summer of 1868, I first set foot within the shabby walls of an institution known as the C— County Academy, which was to be the scene of my varied triumphs and failures, for the six following years. Being of a diffident disposition naturally, my application to study was rather unexampled. My diligence was lauded, and I was held up to the school as an *exemplar* deserving of imitation. Unfortunately, a little unpleasantness sprang up, which marred the pleasure I had taken in my studies to a very considerable extent. Another, and more potent reason slackened my efforts, and has been a hindrance to me ever since. The youth of the little town of A— were far from possessing that beauty of moral character, which is commendable alike in lovely Childhood, and hoary-headed Age. The line of the poet could not be applied to them—

"The love they bore to learning was in fault"

But I have been speaking ironically, and in allegories. To speak plain English, the boys of A— loved fun with a great love. The enthusiasm with which they joined in a game bearing the unpromising appellation of "Prisoner's Base," struck my thoughtful mind as somewhat absurd. After a time, an accurate acquaintance with the ins and outs of this sport, so well calculated to train a racer, for even a Roman arena, nipped my ill-formed prejudices in the bud. Ere I left the school, no one could join more energetically in this noble game. Cricket, the royal game,

was very much in vogue, though never prosecuted with the boundless activity infused into the above mentioned. Many an afternoon did I while away in this fascinating amusement. The recollection of these happy hours is still fragrant, and at times "*illa meminisse juvat.*"

The A. A. Debating Club was one of the attractions which has had a great influence in moulding the brilliant oratorical powers of the present writer. On Friday afternoon, at 3.30 o'clock, the Ciceros and Demostheneses were wont to meet in solemn conclave, and arrange national affairs, literary questions, and legal topics, with a slight *sprinkling* of the religious element. The Baptists were strong in A—. Now and again, special entertainments were given, to which the people of the town were invited. Music was one of the charms that allured the care-worn brain-toiler, and broke upon his tympanum, with a violence worthy of the waves of the ocean, or of the mighty son of Cronus, who is fabled to have possessed the unutterable power of smiting with his mighty thunderbolt. Such inspiring thoughts as "Ye mariners of England," and "Brimful of wrath and cabbage," would well from lips, that might worthily have been engaged in more useful themes.

Let me now endeavour to picture the great lights of the A. A. D. C. (*septem lumina Academicorum*) during the period, which I shall denominate its golden age.

I. There was W. G. P. He occupied the honorable position of instructor of the youth, who were members of the Preparatory Department of the Institution. He was pale and tall, his complexion being dark. He was an excellent student; had good, strong, common sense; had read much; was (last, and best of all), I was going to say), a Pictou boy. I remember well a cranberry excursion made by him in conjunction with the present writer. Was a member of the Baptist Church.

II. A. F. was a real pleasant, jolly fellow. He was clear-headed, and of Irish descent. Do not suppose, by any means, that this sentence is paradoxical. Did not possess any remarkable brilliancy. Made a first-rate President.

III. C. R. S. was a brilliantly-talented law-student, who, like a shrewd fellow as he was, felt that he ought to use every opportunity of improving in public speaking. Woe to the unhappy wight, who got off a flat, stale address in his presence! He formed the stuff, of which

the genuine Parliamentary debater is made. He was Secretary of the Town Free Discussion Club, as well as of the Academy Society, and discharged his duties faithfully, vigorously, and well.

IV. L. S. was a young man of mediocre attainments, which resulted from the fact, that in his younger days, he had not the means of getting a good English education. His motto seemed to be "nil mortalibus arduum est,"—(there is nothing too arduous for mortals to attempt.) He once suggested that we should organize a Reading Club for the perusal of the best English authors. Would that this had been acted upon! He gained very much in speaking ability during his attendance at the Institution.

V. I looked upon him as a brother. Did you ever see any young fellow, who could do everything better than yourself, and of whom you could not be jealous. Such was my worthy associate Mac. He was a peculiarly good striker in a game of base-ball. Whatever he did, whether he wrote French exercises, translated Xenophon's Anabasis, learned Geography, or solved Algebraical problems, he seemed quite *au fait*. He had the power of concentrating his attention on the point in hand, while he did study. His memory was exceedingly retentive. I remember that, in a hard written examination, held in the Academy, he made 87 per cent. in Geography and 92 in British History. He matriculated into our *Alma Mater* at the age of 16, and gained a Second Class Certificate of General Merit, at the end of the year. He did very well at his second year examination, but has since deserted us. Enthusiasm distinguished him above his fellows. He was a first-rate speaker.

Light No VI.

"Glimmers like a meteor, and is gone."

VII. Johannes was a remarkable boy. His impetuosity, when turned in the right direction, was, (to use a rather slangy expression), the "clear quill." He had some of the heroism of him who stood upon the burning deck. When a snow-ball fight was on the tapis, he was bound, like a distant relative of his—one Jack Horner—to have his finger in the pie. In the play-ground, he was tremendous as Achilles slaughtering a silver-white sheep. He had a few good qualities. His truthfulness was Washingtonian—perhaps, too much so. His speech was noted for Thucydidean brevity. Oftentimes, in his early Debat-

ing Society experience, he would sit down, as if some one had pulled at his coat tail—it may be a matter of doubt whether he had then advanced as far as the coat-tail age of man. We are not quite sure if allusion is made to this in Shakespeare's "Seven Ages." He was most irrepressibly disorderly, and that too, on unseemly occasions. If a public examination were going on in another department, he would send through a broken window into a class-room adjoining the main room, a stone that would hit the door leading from the main room to the side room. He was fond of getting leave to go out in the hot summer days, and sunning himself. In a word, he was a thorough-paced Tom Sawyer. Latterly, he began to take heed to his ways, and amend his doings. He has since developed into the "ladies' man" and "swell" of Class '78, Dal. Coll. et Univ. Physically, he was tall and stout, and, as to his countenance, he was ruddy, with coal-black eyes. He was the boy who could talk about "Men of art and science, or politicians." "Should the Dominion of Canada become independent?" "Which wields the greater influence—the sword, or the pen?" "Which was the greater warrior—Napoleon or Wellington?" etc. Of Johannes, we would use the exclamation of one with regard to Cardinal Wolsey:

"So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!"

It is said that on the resignation of A. F. Johannes was elected President, owing to the fact that Mac vigorously canvassed the ladies. So much for woman's rights. Though Johannes was most ungallant—which character has since been modified—by the undeserved condescension of the fair girls, who occupied their Friday afternoons in doing fancy-work, and listening to the debates of the Society, he was raised to the throne. The sceptre he held with a strong hand. "Satan reproving sin" could not excel Johannes calling for order. The slightest infraction of the minutest rule called from his pliant tongue the most cruel and scorching sarcasm. Still he was beloved.

"Even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

If he was rather loose-tongued, his epicureanism, like that of the Latin poet Horace, was that of the tongue, rather than that of the heart. At last, the sad day drew near, when our hero had to leave A—. He was determined to do a deed of "valour and virtue" that would cause his praises to ring through the bands of A—'s

small boys. The cricket club had been gradually worked up. There were not a few moderate players. The boys of adjacent S— Academy were challenged to meet the flower of A—'s youthful chivalry. The day came. Under disheartening omens, the A—s advanced. The contest was exceedingly close. S— won by three wickets.

There are moments in our lives which we would willingly describe. There are times when we feel as though we would wish a higher than literary inspiration to be ours. Gone is the happy age of boyhood. The most brilliant orator, the most gifted poet, cannot describe the pleasures of this season of life. There is a feeling within that makes us linger. It is ours, now, to say with Woodworth:

"Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away."

JOHANNES LEVIS GRAVIS.

Ante scriptum sed post positum.

Mortalia facta peribunt—(mortal deeds shall perish)—wrote one Mr. Q. H. Flaccus. Johannes determined that this should not hold good in the case of his whilom colleagues. He dedicateth unto them the above tribute of respect, and saith that the "Septem" could stand against "orbem terrarum." Now that he occupieth a front seat among the band of Canadian literateurs, he forgetteth them not. For the days of "Auld Lang Sync."

J. L. G.

THE SAINT GEORGE.

In Donatello's studio stood

The famed St. George, a master's masterpiece,
The wonder of all Florence. The fair city
Was all enraptured, and from wall to wall
Rang with the praise of him who had conceived
The beauteous image from the shapeless stone.

Is there an art like sculpture?

Painting is nothing but a lovely cheat:
Sculpture displays the real, and is reality
Itself. The pencil pours its fervid hues
On perishable canvas, and they fade
Under the passing air. But the chisel
Works in external marble and strikes out
Creations as the world immortal, and
As beauteous as the soul.

But to return.

'Midst the admiring crowds who eager sought
The artist's studio, there was one, a youth
Whose name was Angelo. Many did say
That he, with earnest study, might one day
Make his name heard, even beyond the Alps;

And some that in brief time he even would
Tread close upon the heels of Donatello.
Long time he stood, regarding with fixed eyes
And folded arms the statue; measured it
From head to foot with his keen glances, and
Its various profiles studied; till at length,
Stopping once more before it, he inhaled
A lengthy breath, and satisfied exclaimed—
"It wants but one thing only."

"Tell me then,"

The artist quickly cries, "wherein it lacks.
Thou art the first to censure my St. George.
Can I improve?" But Angelo had vanished.
The artist looked at it again. He listened
To the applauding murmurs which it drew
From all beholders and a placid smile
Settled upon his face. "But one thing?
"What can it be?" he said within himself.
Years passed. The fame of Angelo
Was spread throughout the world. Whate'er
His chisel touched it hallowed. The dull clay
He spurned, and struck at once from the crude stone
His vast conceptions, and his glorious name
Was worshipped; in the arts a spell
To Italy, and to the world an honour.

Oh death, thou all destroyer, can no worth
Avert thy blow? Must thou then darken
The artist's eye, make motionless his hand,
Render his hand and his inventive brain
Dull as the clay he models? Yes, alas,
The venerable Donatello lies
Upon the couch of death, the light of life
Is passing from his eyes; his hours are numbered,
Yet in that awful hour his passion reigned,
And his thoughts ran upon his bygone fame,
And sending for his friend the Florentine,
Speaks these last words: "Michael, in leaving thee
"My chisel's idle and my vision's dim;
"I feel thy hand, my noble boy, and hear
"Thy kind breast throb; I glory in thy fame,
"And bless the Lord that I have lived to see it.
"But ere I sink into the tomb, I charge thee,
"Answer this question truly." "As a man
"I will," he answered.

"Tell me quickly, then,

"What 'twas my great St. George was lacking of."
"The gift of speech," Angelo sadly said.
A sunny gleam illumed the old man's face,
The smile still lingered on his lips; e'en when,
Cold as the marble he had wrought upon,
And stamped with the conception of his genius,
He lay in death.

SILENUS.

WE learn from the *Univers. Gazette* that Laval University has opened a branch in Montreal. Laval has faculties of Law, Medicine and Arts, and stands high among the Colleges of the Dominion. McGill will find in her no unworthy rival.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 22, 1878.

EDITORS.

J. H. CAMERON, '78. R. MCKAY, '79.
A. ROGERS, '78. G. W. MCQUEEN, '79.
C. S. CAMERON, '79, *Fin. Secretary.*

CONTENTS.

Poetry.....	85
De Superstitione.....	85
The Seven Lights of the Academicians ; or, Summer Fruit and Autumn Leaves.....	87
Poetry.....	89
Editorial.....	90
A week in Philadelphia—(concluded).....	92
Men Wanted.....	93
Correspondence.....	94
Our Exchanges.....	95
Notes.....	96
Dallusiansia.....	96

ON Friday evening, 9th inst., Prof. Lyall lectured to the students in the College Library room, on "Wordsworth." The philosophic poet himself, in the introduction of one of his poems, quotes the line "Remembrance persecutes, and hope betrays." But in our case, the conclusion did not apply; our hopes *did not* betray us. We had high expectations of the lecture, nor were they left unrealized. The subject, to the lecturer's mind, was a congenial one; for Wordsworth, meditative, sympathetic, and with a touch of the humorous, is a man altogether after his own heart. Dr. Lyall first noticed briefly the distinguishing features in the poetry of Pope, Burns, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, and other English poets, then he proceeded to the discussion of the theme proper of the evening's lecture. Wordsworth is characterized by an intense sympathy with mankind—especially mankind in the lower walks of life. Whatever interested the humble, interested him. This feeling strongly marks his poems,—“We are seven,” “Alice Fell,” “The idiot boy,” and “The pet lamb.” These productions are masterpieces. But that Wordsworth can touch the lyre with success on higher or more heroic themes, the “Song at the feast of Brougham castle,” “Rob Roy's

grave,” and similar pieces, give evidence. In “Peter Bell” the poet intends to be serious, but he cannot repress the comic. Underneath the surface-humour there is profound philosophy and deep insight into human nature. The form of the “Excursion” is autobiographical. Some passages in it, for beauty of sentiment, eloquence and philosophical insight, are unequalled. Notice especially the part of book IX., in which the pagan mythology and religious rites are described, and their effects contrasted with those of Christianity. Wordsworth is a great moral instructor. His poems cannot be read without profit to the head and heart. His devotional poems are most beautiful; they rise almost to the sublimity of psalms. He lived for poetry. It was his life occupation. He covered himself with poetry as with a garment.

The professor illustrated his remarks by numerous extracts. This added additional zest to the lecture. The students marked their appreciation of its excellencies by frequent applause. At the close, the hearty thanks of the meeting were tendered to Dr. Lyall by Mr. Whitman, the chairman. After remarks from Prof. Liechti and Mr. George, all dispersed to the music of “God save the Queen.”

The evening passed off very pleasantly, bating a few drawbacks, which it is necessary here to mention. Half-past seven was the time mentioned for the opening of the lecture. At that hour there were not more than a dozen-and-a-half students present, and it was twenty minutes to eight before a sufficient number arrived to warrant a commencement of proceedings. For half-an-hour after the lecturer had taken the stand they continued to straggle in, much to the annoyance of both speaker and audience. We are aware that in the case of some students, circumstances were such as to make it impossible for them to have come earlier, but the most of them could plead no excuse for their unbecoming conduct. We feel much more strongly on this subject than we would like to express ourselves, but we will re-

press our sentiments at this time, in the hope that the mere mention of the matter will be sufficient, and that in the future, should a similar occasion offer, students will be punctual, and thus render scolding unnecessary. Of the attendance, too, we may say, that although there was a large number present, yet we noticed not a few absences. Halifax has not been too blessed with lectures this winter. We hardly think those who stayed away could afford to have lost one like Dr. Lyall's. Surely every student can absent himself from his books for an hour or two each Friday night. If not, we can only say that we fear he has mistaken his vocation, and should try something else.

THE Session has already reached that point where the adjuncts, Grim's Law and declamation, come into play. Some students welcome them chiefly for what they presage. The former is able to hold its own. A word about the latter may not be out of place.

We are glad that one class has an opportunity of ranting, as well as of speaking words of soberness. The pressure which a steam engine can stand is sometimes gauged by the amount of steam which can be blown off. It's a grand thing for a man to have possession of a platform and a piece of composition, if the latter sticks not too tenaciously to him. He may benefit others—the attempt will certainly do himself good. The percentage of first year students who avail themselves of the opportunity to declaim is often high; though the number of those who set to work in earnest is small indeed. Often the struggle ends with one or two sickly efforts. This cannot be the result of dreading professorial criticism, for mercies manifold are shown to all. Possibly if the pruning knife had been used with an unsparing hand, many of the excrescences now growing in a luxuriant soil, would have received a check sufficient to prevent them ever being anything more than warts of the fifth magnitude.

Students cannot over-estimate the value of

continued practice. The timid gain confidence, that is strengthened by every fresh attempt. After the first fright by their own voice has subsided, the ordeal gradually loses its terrors. For the loud and violent—if such there be among us—there is a lesson too.

But why are Freshmen alone the benefited parties? It is a fact, that many in the first year have no distinct idea of choosing any profession. To these elocution presents few charms; for men are utilitarians sooner than they suspect. But when the College Course is well run, and that which appeared dimly in mists, or lay buried in darkness, now comes to assume some definite shape; when men (no longer boys looking out upon the world from parlour windows) feel that they must decide for themselves—then is every one ready to add a hearty amen to the value of public speaking.

Some are to be barristers, and will make people sick; others will learn how to cure counsel and client; others yet will “wag their paw” even if they never get into a pulpit. For these the last three college years do little in the way of elocution, but draw lines across the carefully inscribed tablets.

Perhaps it would be impracticable to admit all the students to weekly practice; but as matters stand, the Seniors at least might have the privilege without much difficulty. If it be impossible to effect any change this session, we trust that the graduating class of another year may enjoy the benefit of the suggestion.

We are glad to learn from the *Athenæum* that Acadia College, despite the calamity that has befallen it, “still exists in vigorous life.” The friends of the institution are busily engaged in collecting money, and gathering their resources in order that the buildings destroyed may be restored as soon as possible, and the loss of property made good. “Something over half of the required amount is already subscribed. This is certainly encouraging, and the prospect is that the full sum required will be made up before the close

of the present collegiate year." In the meantime "two temporary but commodious buildings have been erected to serve as class-rooms for College and Academy. In them as good work may be done as under a far more imposing roof."

A WEEK IN PHILADELPHIA.

(Concluded.)

NEXT let us enter the Colosseum and see the gigantic painting of "Paris by Night." This painting is the work of Danson & Son, two celebrated French artists. It covers more than an acre of canvas, and represents a space of about eight square miles. The Colosseum is a circular building. You ascend by means of an elevator and look down upon the picture. In looking upon it, you seem really to be looking upon a living and active city. Every important building is well brought out upon the canvas. The city seems to spread out for miles in every direction. The canvas extends higher up than the platform, and is painted so as to represent the heavens. The stars shine out, and the moon pours its soft light upon the scene. One can readily distinguish the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Place du Caroual with its triumphal statue, the Place Vendome, in the centre of which is the column having on its summit a colossal statue of Napoleon. If you ascend to the cupola of the Colosseum you obtain a fine view of Philadelphia. As we visited this in the evening we had a view of the city by moonlight. In another part of the building there was a "Baby Show." As we (the "we" including a Dalhousie man and the writer) were not particularly interested in this, we made short work of it. The following are some of the wonders which they profess to exhibit,—a baby that weighed two-and-a-half pounds at birth, a small baby of five weeks which weighed five pounds, a baby of three years weighing only eighteen pounds, a boy only five months old who weighed fifty pounds.

The Academy of Fine Arts next claimed our attention. Here we find a collection of water-color drawings, oil paintings, engravings, and some fine pieces of sculpture. Among the water-color drawings, the following were very good, viz., the "Funeral Procession of Henry VIII.," the "Frauen Kirche," "Home, sweet home, scene in Holland," and "Rouen Cathedral." The

collection of oil paintings are particularly good. "The Mountain of the Holy Cross," by Moran, "Ariadne," by Vanderlyn, "the Valley of the Amonoosuch," by Lewis, are good. The following, however, are very fine paintings, viz., "Orestes pursued by the Furies," by Bouguereau, "Christian Martyrs in the Coliseum," by Rothermel, and "Norwegian Waterfall," by Herzog. Superior to any of these, however, is the painting of "Christ Rejected," by Benjamin West. It is about twenty feet by seventeen. The longer you look at it the more beauty you see in it that you should admire it. Benjamin West's studio chair is also on exhibition. It however, looks very much like any other old chair, and we did not go into raptures over it. All these paintings of which I have been speaking have been loaned to the Academy. Those that follow are a permanent collection. Those who have read Shakespeare's Henry VI. will remember the murder of Rutland by Lord Clifford.

Rutland says,—*"Oh! let me pray before I take my death:
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford pity me!
Clifford,—Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rutland,—I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Clifford,—Thy father slew my father; therefore die."*

This has been admirably pictured by Leslie. The expression on the two faces is perfect. That look of determination on the face of Clifford, as he stands over Rutland with his rapier ready to pierce him to the heart, is only equalled by the look of entreaty and supplication on that of his fallen foe. The deliverance of Leyden in 1574 is well represented by Wittkamp. Another of this artist's paintings on exhibition is "Datheen preaching before the walls of Ghent." Finest of all these paintings is that of "Death on the pale horse." It is one of Benjamin West's. The picture is about twenty-five feet by fifteen. It is suggested by that passage in revelation where it is said, "I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was death, and hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with the beasts of the earth." Death on the pale horse is represented as destroying all living creatures. The armies of hell follow in his train. Wild beasts are represented as rushing on a group of men on horseback and on foot, who are endeavouring in turn to destroy their assailants. A wild bull while attacking another group of men is himself as-

sailed by dogs. A young man is represented as being struck dead by lightning, and his beloved is weeping over his body. People seem to be in terror and astonishment, yet dreading what is still to come. The lightning is causing destruction on every hand. Pestilence is represented by the wan countenance and crouching attitude of a woman in great pain and distress. Famine is figured by an emaciated looking man striving to find some food to keep soul and body together. A figure in full armour on horseback, with a drawn sword in his hand represents War. Christ is going forth "conquering and to conquer," seated on a white horse. On the foreground lies the serpent with his bruised head. In the background a Roman army is marching, carrying the spoils of the Temple. Farther off a Christian fleet is coming up to recapture the City of the great King. In looking at this picture, the longer you look, the more it seems to contain. One feels as if loath to leave it, but time presses us, and we must hurry on.

Let us next take a trip out to Fairmount Park and see the picture representing the Siege of Paris. The building which contains it is quite near to the Permanent Exhibition. In looking upon this picture, the spectator is supposed to stand upon the heights of Chatillon. This point is about six or seven miles distant from the centre of the city, and from it the view is said to be good. On a balcony stand the Emperor William and Von Moltke. In front one sees the headquarters of the Prussians. To the right the Prussian batteries are firing on Fort Mont Valerien and the city. In the background is Fort Mont Valerien. It is a stronghold which commands the whole city. The River Seine flows on as if all was in perfect order around it. A few gunboats appear on its surface. Fort d'Issy is also to be seen, and the "Arc de Triomphe." We also see a specimen of camp life. The wounded are being carried from the scene of battle. Broken walls, burnt trees, and smoke from burning houses meet the eye. One sees the smoke issuing from the guns, and almost imagines he can hear their boom and see their effect.

The Permanent Exhibition, although not to be compared with that of last year, is still well worth visiting. Many of the foreign exhibits still remain. The Main Building which is 1880 feet long and 464 wide, is still well filled, and a day or two can very profitably be spent in it alone. Memorial Hall still stands.

The monument to Columbus stands on the Centennial grounds. It is one of the finest in Philadelphia. It is a good specimen of sculpture, and is made of Italian marble. The statue itself is ten feet high, and stands on a pedestal which is twelve feet in height. He appears as if dressed in a tunic and cloak. A sword is by his side, and a medal on his breast, which was presented to him by Queen Isabella. One hand rests upon a globe, while the other holds a chart. This was presented to the Philadelphians by the Italian citizens.

I can not close this article without telling you about Christmas in Philadelphia. "Such a day an old man sees but once in his time." The day was a very enjoyable one. No gloves or overcoats were thought of, and fires were allowed to burn only through courtesy. It was more like a day in September than in December. To Canadians it was particularly enjoyable, as they compared it with some Christmas days in the past. Services were held in some of the city churches, many of which were beautifully decorated. The shops were nearly all shut. Fairmount Park was well patronized by those who had horses and carriages. The distribution of bread was carried on in different parts of the city. All who went for it obtained it. It is well for people to consider the poor always, but especially at Christmas time. The theatres promised something extra on this Christmas night. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was advertised for the Academy of Music on that evening, and those who were present say they have seldom seen it better acted. In the "plantation scenes" about two hundred appeared on the stage. In the Broad St. Theatre, Mr. John S. Clarke, a perfect comedian, is said to have delighted the assembled multitude. This article is already a great deal too long, so I shall now conclude by wishing your readers every success during the year upon which we have entered.

F. W. A.

MEN WANTED.

FROM a rather obscure part of a newspaper I lately read these words: "The great want of this age is men! Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest to the heart's core. * * Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. * * Men too large for sectarian limits and too strong for sectarian bands. Men who know their message and tell it, men

who know their duty and do it." And although we hear continually that thousands of skilled artisans are without employment, that numbers of well-educated professionals are on the verge of starvation, it is true "The great want of this age is men!" Where? In our Parliaments. If half the reports of scandal in Canadian and Provincial politics be true, there is need that MEN come to the front and purge out the corruption, for where there is such a *scandalous odour* there must be corruption. We want members of Parliament well educated, learned in the history and condition of their country; acquainted with the principles of legislation, and having well-defined views of Political Economy. Before such an assembly as this I need hardly urge the necessity of oratorical power; not perhaps so much as to "make the worse appear the better reason," but sufficient for the intelligent expression of thought and the discussion of matters such as are usually brought before our Conscript Fathers. They who are to represent a loyal people must be patriotic; there should be no red bench for any one who does not love his country more than aught else, save his God. There are patriots who do not get a mob about them and denounce the powers that be, abuse good men for having earned honest wealth, exhibit themselves as the embodiment of all the pure, great and virtuous in man. They are those who would see this Canada of ours grow and prosper, who can look upon it as a unit, and are not restricted in their vision by the imaginary lines between province and province, who are untrammelled by sectional jealousy, and able to rejoice at the prosperity of any part, and strive to give cause for like joy.

Liberal in their views, without prejudice, and ready to accept any real reform, they should not be hasty in parting from the precepts of those who, in days of yore, have safely guided the ship in every storm, being assured that the new is at least as good as the old. But if our ideal be as deeply read as a Gladstone, or as eloquent as a Bright, loving his country as did our own Howe, or exhibiting the statesmanlike qualities of a Johnson, what is he without honor? "A sham, a delusion, and a snare." Here is the necessity. Our Representatives in Parliament must be thoroughly honest, "men who cannot be bought," who can refuse the bribe, whether in crude pecuniary form, or in the shape of offices or preferments; who can not be dragged by any considerations of personal or party advantage from

upholding the right; who will not vote against their conscience on any question, however trivial, to oblige friends. Let them be upright and honorable, doing what they know to be their duty, without regard for immediate consequences, and they will, in the end, have their reward. With due regard for the good qualities of our M. P.'s and M. P. P.'s, it must be apparent that the stock needs improvement. Who is to blame?

Those who exercise the franchise may be indifferent: indeed it is a fact that many good men, disgusted with the improper action of some politicians, have turned their faces from public affairs. And if the choice is left to the unprincipled, can we wonder that they should select men of their own caste? The higher class (in intellect and morals) should band together, seek out and elect as their representatives, the very best men, men suited by nature and training for the responsibilities and honors of the position. There will be an Utopian age and the number of news (?) papers will greatly decrease.

Among us are distributed various talents. Many are gifted with such qualities as adorn the pastoral office, others love to heal and relieve pain, doubtless there are those who, some day, will be gowned barristers, a few long for the freedom and variety of an engineer's life. But, are there none who may look forward with the hope of having a place in our fine old Assembly Room, or in the Commons Chamber at Ottawa? who, striving for their country's good in the pictured presence of the mighty dead, shall emulate their greatness? Is it not an aspiration worthy of such as we are?

Then let him who has in him the promise of statesmanlike talents, cultivate those qualities which a politician should possess, and acquire the knowledge most useful in public life, show by his actions as well as his words, that he is fit for the honors which he covets, and the people will not be slow to recognise his merit, and reward it.

C. S. C.

Correspondence.

MESSRS EDITORS,—I would like to draw the attention of our boys to one or two facts. The Undergraduates in our Freshman and Sophomore years number 21; of Juniors and Seniors there are 16. Of some of the former I am compelled to say with Josh Billings, "they have not force enough to do anything good, and are afraid to do anything bad." He would make them out

as of "neuter gender," but I am contented with the above description. Let them come out and gain a glorious name by taking part in the grand literary and musical entertainment to be held on the 8th of March. They may thus make reparation for the delinquency of some of their number on the 8th inst. Some of the Juniors and Seniors are not much better than their competitors. Let them bestir themselves and take for their motto "I am a Dalhousian, and nothing that concerns Dalhousie is without interest to me. The GAZETTE and Debating Societies are established institutions. We hope no one will desire to get a little empty glory at the expense of honesty and manliness. "He does not wish to seem, but to be best," will save us from shame which is the inevitable lot of conceit and arrogance.

Yours, heart and hand,

PAULUS.

P. S.—I hope no one will misunderstand me.

OUR EXCHANGES.

STILL they come. Another College paper has been launched into the ocean of existence. *The Vidette* is a new periodical, published semi-monthly by the students of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. We find the first issue quite readable. *The Vidette* has in it, if we mistake not, "promise and potency of life." We give it a hearty welcome to a place in our exchange list, and wish it all success.

THE *Argosy* for January presents a good appearance. It contains several interesting articles. A writer whose name is not given, puts in a plea for "Nonsense," in a pleasant way. "College Characters" is continued. The editorial columns recount the proceedings of no less than three entertainments given before the opening of Christmas vacation. Evidently the students of Sackville are not inclined to neglect the cultivation of the social side of their natures. *Carpe diem*, with certain limitations is, we submit, a good motto for collegians.

THE *Lawrence Collegian* and the *Neoterian*, formerly distinct publications, are no longer twain, the two being now published as one, with the title *Collegian and Neoterian*. The paper in its new form is greatly improved. The January issue (No. 1), contains some very well written editorials. This is the way Dio Lewis, who had

been advising his "fellow citizens" to subsist on one meal a day, is disposed of in one of them:

We believe that an honest young man who takes enough exercise, mental and physical, can eat three good substantial meals a day without sin; and, further, we believe that, unless he be an invalid, he can even drink tea and coffee with a clear conscience and without feeling sorry for it afterwards. Away with your Dio Lewis. Perhaps he eats only one meal before the world, but we'll wager he eats two more in the retirement of his home. There is no good reason why a student should treat himself like an invalid more than any other class of persons; and we think the idea a silly one.

The literary department is well filled with solid reading matter. The communication columns are less interesting. The *Collegian and Neoterian* contains a number of good clippings and some average jokes.

As the gentlemen who edit the *McGill University Gazette* are fond of interspersing the columns of their paper with little snatches of poetry, original and selected, we recommend to their notice these lines of Watts:

"Then little children never let
Your angry passions rise."

When we received the first number of the *University Gazette* for the year we examined it and criticised it fairly and honestly. Finding in that paper which contains only eight pages of reading matter, five articles, editorial or corresponded, devoted to the discussion of foot-ball affairs, we thought it was too much of a good thing, and remarked that it was just a little "monotonous." This moved the wrath of the McGill reviewer. The result was a wholesale denunciation of the *Gazette*, plus a volley of personal abuse. We would like to remind the writer that a criticism to be worth anything must be just and discriminating. Were his remarks written in a candid spirit, their adverse character would have hurt us. As they stand, they go for nothing; there is no sting in them. The author of them "attempted murder, but committed suicide." It is our own determination in noticing our exchanges, to speak the truth if the heavens fall. No consideration will induce us to turn either to the right hand or to the left, from the path of straight-forward honesty. We shall bestow praise where it is due, as well as blame. We will not be frightened when a mad-man stares.

THE Canada School Journal is a valuable publication. The January number has a photograph of Dr. Rand, chief Superintendent of Education in New Brunswick, and an interesting sketch of his career and work. It contains also several able articles on teaching and school discipline, and gives a brief summary of the chief educational news of each of the Provinces of the Dominion.

Notes.

THE students of Queen's College are to enjoy the benefit of two courses of lectures this session. Dr. Bell has been speaking to them on the subject of "Science and Religion;" Dr. Jenkins is to follow with a course on "Pastoral Theology." We notice by the *Q. C. Journal* that Principal Grant has delivered his well-known popular lecture on "Joseph Howe" before a Kingston audience.

THE *Boston University Beacon*, in an article on college-made and self-made men, points out what it considers a significant fact, viz., that the men who found or enrich colleges never are college graduates. It instances Drew, Vassar, Peabody, Rich, Hopkins, Cornell—all self-educated. Stewart and Astor, whose united fortunes would amount to over \$150,000,000 were both college men, yet neither ever gave a cent to any educational institution.

THE gentlemen who have undertaken to start a School of Technology in Halifax are working energetically. A committee has been appointed to arrange a curriculum of studies. In the meantime they recommend that instruction be given in Agriculture, Mining Engineering, Civil Engineering, Drawing and Design, Chemical Arts and Industries.

ONE of our exchanges states that, "The University of Calcutta, India, has opened its doors to females upon the same terms as to males." Which will be next?—Dalhousie?

Dallusiensia.

THE most studious of that studious class "the Juniors" has actually gone so far as to offer to the Professor in French "hydrophobia," as a satisfactory rendering of "hydropique."

WHO sent that young verdant the other day to the room of one of our Rev. L. L. D.'s, to see the *Schoolmaster*? And why didn't that huge student enlighten him in the proper manner?

WE always thought that the fellow who was "rocked in the cradle of the deep" had rather a hard place for sleeping, but the man who fell asleep in the library on those ash desks hadn't a much softer pillow. But then it was a very sleepy day.

MANY, perhaps, wondered what made that Soph., usually so "lud and blatant," walk home so meekly, taking especial care to keep his ulster buttoned. Well, thereby hangs a tale, or rather two tails, but we won't come out on him, because you see we would have to deal with "unmentionables."

WHEN will the "Black Knight" cease to be facetious? He was at a party the other night, and when the time for "bye-byes" came, let another walk off with the young lady who should have fallen to his lot, and all he said was—

"I am afraid some other man
Is standing in my shoes."

How nice it is to gain the confidence of the opposite sex, to inspire them with pity for a student's forlorn and desolate position; but how much nicer when this "inspired" pity takes the practical form of offering to sew on buttons and the other little etc's that are liable to go wrong. When the sewing circle rows—oh my!

HE always paid great attention to the lectures, and when the Professor mentioned that electrical sparks could be obtained from a cat's back, his eye brightened, for had not he a "feline?" With him to think was to act, for that day, at least, dinner was a secondary consideration. He proceeded systematically, and in the first place secured the principal part of the apparatus, the cat. Next he darkened the windows and put an extinguisher on the stove, and lastly he rubbed the "animile" long and energetically, but "nary" a spark. Now he's disgusted with cats and physics.

THE E. F. has fallen from the sublime to the ridiculous. "Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!" The learned Professor was dwelling with rapt enthusiasm on some of Wordsworth's finest passages, when the son of Anak, accompanied by a cavalcade came in at the Library door. Goose-step accurate, Indian-file perfect. Our first impression was that the British Government, for the better prevention of the capture of Halifax by the Russian navy, had augmented the garrison by the addition of the Grenadier Guards. The Professor started back from the reading-desk in a way that seemed to indicate that the same thought had flashed across his mind also, but 'twas not so.

"Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus."

Clip.

MR. JACOB SCHURMAN, one of our old students, who obtained the Gilchrist scholarship, has just obtained the highest honors in Logic and Moral Philosophy. He also won a scholarship of £50 sterling a year, but as he is over the specified age, he gained nothing by this.—*Acadia Athenaeum*.

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 C. S. Cameron, 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.