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OLD AND NEW.

(M'NAUGHTON COMPETITION.)

Time with swiftly flying fingers
Writes the story of the year ;
Now the volume's almost finished :
As I read, I doubt, I fear.

As the tempest on the ocean
Shakes the frail and wearied bark,
So I'm tossed, world-wearied creature,
By a storm of doubtings dark.

For each line within the volume,
Tells of errors, crimes, and woe,
Done and suffered by us earthworms,
Blindly crawling to and fro.

Is the volume which now closes
Only as those past? No more?
Do we nothing? Must things ever
Be as they have been before?

Ah! we know not. All seems discord,
All seems darkness, woe, despair,
Dark the Past, the Future hopeless,
O God help us! Ends it there?

In the midst of my despairing,
Time the finished volume placed
On the shelves, then took another
With its leaves yet undefaced.

Then the New Year's music softly
On my troubled spirit fell,
And it soothed me, for a voice seemed
Gently whispering: "All is well."

"Go on striving and despair not.
Fight on bravely, though the Past
Seems but discord. Do thy duty ;
All will come out right at last!

"Though to thy weak human vision
Nature's law seems chaos wild,
Yet thy Father's ever ready
Help to give His struggling child.

"Though the world's New Year seems distant
Yet it's surely drawing near ;
Then to each who bravely struggles
It will be a GLAD NEW YEAR."

LEONA.

Leona, the hour draws nigh,
The hour we've waited so long,
For the angel to open a door in the sky,
That my spirit may break from its prison and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now, as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain, half lifted, revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light
That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land ;
I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet
Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits could cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh
When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away, like a sparrow to sing
In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow,
The same touch that thrill'd me in days that are fled,
And raised the last roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have lived from the cold world apart,
And your trust was too generous and true
For their hate to o'erthrow ; when the slanderer's dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain ;
Each germ in the future will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That my labor is only begun ;
In the strength of this hope have I struggled and fought
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught
The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold
From headland, from hillside, and deep,
The day-king surrenders his banners of gold,
The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled
Down the broad-breasted mountains away;
The sunset's red glory again shall be furled
On the walls of the West, o'er the plains of the world,
And shall rise in a limitless way.

O! come not in tears to my tomb,
Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
And life where the lilies eternally bloom,
In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn
Which bind me to you and to earth,
And I sometimes have thought that my being would yearn
In the bowers of the beautiful home to return
And visit the home of its birth.

'Twould even be pleasant to stay
And walk by your side to the last:
But the land-breeze of heaven is beginning to play—
Life-shadows are meeting Eternity's day,
And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good-bye; should the grief
That is gathering now, ever be
Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief,
And remember, the journey, though lonesome, is brief,
O'er lowland and river to me.

—JAMES G. CLARK.

THE PROFESSORS' LAST SKATE.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

"Oh, professor won't you join our skating party to-morrow? We intend to go up as far as Bankside. The river is a perfect sheet of glass, they say. Nearly all the class are going, and we would like so much to have you take us in charge," exclaimed Charlie Hurd all in one breath, as he somewhat unceremoniously broke in the quiet of Prof. Owen's study on Friday evening in December just after the grasp of winter had settled firmly down upon the land.

The boys all liked the professor, even if he did insist with a firmness that knew no compromise upon their mastering the exact relations between a and x , and being able to cross the Asses' Bridge without falling over. As the new professor of Mathematics at Elmwood College, he had rapidly won the affection not less than

the respect of the students by being not only a thorough teacher, but a leader in all their athletic exercises, taking his part in cricket, foot-ball, rowing and other sports with a boyish vim, and unfailing skill that made him quite a hero among the pupils. The game never seemed so lively as when Sydney Owen, throwing aside his professional severity with his official gown, ranged himself on the weakest side and went so vigorously to work as to be a good match for any other two of the players.

When, therefore, Charles Hurd, with a precipitation for which he felt bound to apologize, interrupted the professor's reading that winter evening, he fully counted upon a favorable reply to his breathless request. A professor who could bat, bowl, kick, dodge, run, and row like theirs must certainly be able to skate also, and the next day being Saturday, the class had arranged to spend their half holiday in skating up the river to Bankside—a good six miles as the crow flies—coming back in time for dinner with appetites worthy of the ancient Norsemen. The ice was reported perfect, the weather seemed propitious, the only thing lacking to make the programme complete was that the professor should lead them in their ringing race up the river now gleaming so invitingly between its tree-clad banks, and the boys felt pretty confident of securing this.

But to Charlie's great disappointment, Prof. Owen shook his head decidedly, saying that he never skated now. The request too, seemed to awaken some painful recollections, for after giving his answer, he sat for some moments looking into the fire in silence. Then suddenly arousing himself the professor told his crest-fallen visitor that if he cared to listen, he would explain why, although he had been passionately fond of skating once, he had not put on skates for more than six years past. This was the professor's story:

"When I was in my senior year at Dalhousie University, which, as you know, Charlie, is not far from a great chain of lakes stretching one beyond the other, far up into the country, I went out one Saturday afternoon for a long skate, intending to get as far as the head of the Third

Lake at all events. My chum had promised to come with me, but unfortunately broke one of his spring skates in putting them on, and had to turn back. This afternoon was altogether too fine to be wasted, so I set off alone, hoping to pick up a companion on the way. A better day for a good long skate could not have been wished. The air was keen and bracing, the sky unclouded, the sunlight flashed merrily back from the glittering bosom of the lake, and as I launched out from the shore I felt as though my muscles were made of steel, and my bones of brass, and that I could never tire.

"The first lake was dotted all over with circling skaters in groups and couples, the sharp ring of the steel and the joyous voices of its wearers vibrating through the air all around me. The wind blew smartly down the lake, but I did not mind that, and being fresh, made good time up to its head, where a quick dash over the thin ice in the run between the lakes took me out into the open again. Much to my disappointment, I had come across nobody that I cared to ask to join me.

"A short breathing-spell and I was off again with four miles of superb ice lying before me, and almost all to myself. Few skaters had ventured beyond the run. Bending low, so as to present as little mark as possible for the wind which had freshened somewhat, I strode along exulting in the glorious exercise, and shouting aloud for very delight. One by one the four miles swiftly slipped behind me. Soon the upper end of the Second Lake drew near. But the pace now began to tell on me a little, so on arriving at the top I rested awhile in a sheltered cove before assailing Lake Number Three, which was reached through a long narrow cut where a canal had once upon a time existed.

"Not a living creature, bird or beast, broke the majestic solitude of this great glassy expanse as I stood upon its verge. For a moment I felt tempted to leave it unscarred by my intrusive skates. But I had come to conquer it, and there must be no turning back now. By the time these last three lonely miles were covered my muscles clamoured unmistakably for rest, so I threw myself down on a bank of moss where the wind

could not get at me, lit my pipe, and puffed away peacefully, until the setting sun plainly hinted that it was full time to be pushing homeward, if I would reach the foot of the First Lake before dark. With the wind now blowing strongly at my back, I sped down the ice revelling in what seemed the very luxury of motion. I had scarcely more to do than lift and guide my feet. The wind supplied the motive power, and mile after mile of flawless ice flew past me with inspiring speed. The Third Lake soon was left to its former solitude. Dashing through the canal I shot out on the Second, determined to win my race with the daylight. I had got about half way down the lake when my evil genius suggested skating backward a little while for a change, and still further prompted me to try the "locomotive." You know, I suppose, Charlie, what an intricate and rapid step that is. Well, I had just reached full speed at it, and my skates were rattling over the hard ice like a pair of castanets when suddenly a wicked little piece of wood firmly embedded in the ice caught one of my blades, a sickening thrill of apprehension quivered through me, and in a flash I was hurled upon my back, my legs tangled up together, and my head striking the ice with a terrible thud that sent me into unconsciousness.

"It must have been at least five minutes before my senses came back to me, and several minutes more before I could think clearly enough to realize what had happened. My first impulse was of course to regain my feet. But on attempting to do so, an awful pang of agonizing pain shot up from my right leg just above the ankle, and almost drove me back to unconsciousness again. 'Merciful God!' I thought, 'can it be possible that my leg is broken?' Just picture my position to yourself, Charlie. Two miles yet to the foot of the lake; not a soul within sight or hearing; the darkness coming on rapidly; and the cold steadily increasing—what else could a broken leg mean than a dreadful lingering death? And my leg was broken! Clean and sharp, just above the ankle, the bone had been snapped by the violence of my fall. The slightest movement gave me excruciating

pain. Utterly bewildered I could at first do nothing except shout madly at the top of my voice in the poor hope that some belated skater might possibly be within hearing distance. But no answer came back to me save the mocking echo of my own cries. There was clearly no chance of human aid.

"To save my life I must solve the tremendous problem of getting over several miles of ice with my right leg worse than useless. As a first essay at the solution of this problem, I tried rolling over and over towards the land. The agony was too dreadful. The progress accomplished was almost imperceptible. Then I attempted to wriggle along upon my stomach, using my arms, much as a seal would its flippers under similar circumstances. But I gave this up in despair after making a few yards headway. Only one expedient now remained to me. That failing, I might resign myself hopelessly to the death which hovered so near. It was to get up upon my hands and knees, and disregarding the fearful suffering involved, crawl along in that way as fast as possible. Adopting this plan, I found to my great delight that my progress was very encouraging, while the torture, intense as you can easily understand it was, did not seem very much worse than when lying still.

"And so I toiled onward through the deepening darkness, pausing often for rest, growing steadily weaker, but persevering with the grim energy of one who fights for his life, until at length after what seemed interminable hours, hours, whose supreme suffering can never be forgotten, I reached the bottom of the lake. Dragging myself up on the shore for a brief halt, I thanked God that I had fought off death thus far, at all events.

"The thought gave me courage, and as I lay prone enjoying the few minutes' respite, the dear old moon showed her kindly silver face above the crest of the hill before me, and poured a flood of welcome light over the distance yet to be traversed, before I could count upon obtaining human aid. Full of hope, I slipped down to the ice again, and resumed my pilgrimage, so much more full of pain than ever penitent endured. Ah! Charlie, imagine my horror when I found

myself so chilled and exhausted as to be entirely unable to make even a hundred yards. And there were three miles yet ahead of me! After having fought so well, it seemed too cruel altogether, that I should fail when almost within sight of succor. Lying on my back, with my face upturned to the stars flashing like diamonds through the pure air, I besought the God who set them there, not to abandon me now. My limbs had long been chilled to the bone, and the cold now began to creep into my vitals—so cold had I become that the broken leg hardly pained me at all. The subtle delicious languor which precedes death by freezing stole sweetly over my senses. Once I lapsed into unconsciousness but revived, and was again drifting away when a familiar whistle coming from somewhere in the shadows of the eastern shore, pierced shrilly through the air.

"Rousing myself by a tremendous effort, I sat up and shouted for help with all my remaining strength. To my indescribable joy I caught an answering call, and then a stalwart skater dashed out of the dark shadows of the hill, and came toward me at topmost speed. In another moment, he was bending over me with a face as full of joy and glad relief as my own; for who was it, Charlie, but my faithful chum who, missing me from the dinner table, had become anxious, and borrowing a pair of skates, set off in search of me. Exhausted as I was, the revulsion of feeling proved too much for my nerves, and I just had time to murmur 'my leg is broken,' before fainting dead away.

"When half an hour later I came to myself, I was lying comfortably on a mattress in the bottom of an express wagon, well wrapped in warm blankets, and my dear old chum sitting close beside me waiting impatiently for the first sign of returning consciousness. As I looked up inquiringly, he motioned me to silence, the tears brimming his eyes as he whispered: 'It was a close call, but thank God, old Charon won't have you for a passenger this trip.'

"I afterward learned that in order to get me to land, he had to cut down a small tree, and lash me to it with two long straps he fortunately happened to have at hand, on which rude litter he

drew me gently to the foot of the lake. There a waggon was easily procured and the rest of the homeward journey soon accomplished. What between the broken leg, the long exposure to the cold, and the terrible strain to which both nerves and muscles had been subjected, cricket had taken the place of skating before I was myself again.

"And so, Charlie, if I do disappoint you by not joining you to-morrow, you will hardly dispute my having a good reason for so doing."

EXCHANGES.

The University, a bright little sheet published by University students (New York), contains some well-written articles.

The Chironian, published by the students of the Homeopathic Medical College, New York, is a most interesting sheet for all interested in the study and practice of medicine. Its articles are of a high standard and evince much ability throughout.

The Library Magazine for January 8th, contains an unusually interesting table of contents,—original and selected. For the price (\$1.00) the *Magazine* published weekly, is one of the cheapest Reviews with which we are acquainted.

THE Xmas. number of the *Adelphian* presents a beautiful appearance. The first page contains a very neat design at once suggestive of Xmas. The matter too is light and airy and especially suited for the festive season. The active part which the ladies take in the *Adelphian* cannot but make it a success.

The Student published by the Heurethian Society of Cumberland University and the ladies of Lebanon Female College, Tenn., has reached us for the first time. In addition to a large amount of local and personal news which is of more especial interest to those connected with the University, the *Student* contains some well written and instructive articles: "Personal Freedom of the Different Ages," contains a brief and comprehensive summary of the progress of freedom, both in religious, social, and political life. The writer very ably calls the attention of

the reader to the tendency of men in the present age to be influenced by outward circumstances rather than by conscience or public interests. We hope the *Student* may be a regular visitor at our Sanctum.

THE first number of the *Bates Student* for the year has just been received. With this issue the *Bates Student* enters upon the fifteenth year of its existence, and judging from its appearance, its prospects for the future are promising. Among its articles, a poem entitled "A Jewish Legend" is especially interesting. The moral of the legend may be briefly summed in the following lines:—

"Learn then the lesson heaven would have thee know,
God's ways are best and thou art called to go
To serve Him not in desert's solitude,
But in a nobler way by doing good."

The Vanderbilt Observer contains a very interesting article on "Oliver Goldsmith," in which the writer briefly revives the life of the poet. "The Ante Bellum Dearth of Literature in the South," is also interesting and worthy of more than a passing notice. The writer gives a brief and very concise outline of the early condition of the South with regard to education. He also refers to the rapid growth which literature has made since the war.

WE have also received the *Knox College Monthly*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Chironian*, *Queen's College Journal*, *University Gazette*, *Unity and University*, *Pennsylvanian* and others.

Sunday School Superintendent.—"Now, children, tell me what heathens are. *Small Boy* (who has been reading about the Belfast riot)—"Heathens is folks what don't fight over religion."—*Omaha World*.

YOUNG WINKS—Dick, my boy, will your sister Nellie be home this evening?

Little Dick—Guesso.

"It's only a night or two since I called but I'd like to call again this evening if I thought she'd be home. Here's some candy for you, Dick."

"Thanks awfully."

"Now Dick, I want you to be a good little friend of mine."

"Well, I'll be careful not to let her know you're coming."

The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 3, 1887.

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IT is at this season of the year that College work usually begins to be really difficult, and to assume its less pleasing aspect. Up to this period, it may be fairly said, that to the student who has judiciously divided his time, College life has not been without its charms. There is much in the various associations peculiar to college life, prolific of genuine pleasure, and never to be forgotten; but with the prospect of the Sessional examinations looming up in the near future, and with a full realization of the fact that he is soon to be tried in the balance and perhaps, found wanting, it is in no way surprising that the student's pulse should quicken, and that for the remainder of the session at least, he should develop into what in the not over-elegant phraseology of the college is known as a "plugger."

We will not undertake just now, to specify the various defects of the system, which compels

all students who have any regard whatever for themselves, to resort more or less to this odious system of "cramming," further than to observe, that it is very largely owing to the fact that far greater premium is placed upon success in periodical examinations than upon daily work. By this system the high quality and large amount of work done in College are undoubtedly depreciated. But it engenders even worse results. The primary aim of a student in College is, we are inclined to think, the development of mind—the development of intelligence, of powers of perception, and of discrimination—in a word, intellectual power. It is not merely the learning of things, but the beginning of that attitude and habit of mind which will enable him in after days to grapple with the great problems of life. If the powers of mind have been fully developed, if the mind is at once perceptive, accurate, and possessed of good judgment, it matters very little should we have forgotten half of our College learning. All this, however, is forgotten by the student when he is confronted with the disgrace and ignominy of being "plucked." The fact is, that under the present system, a student cannot afford to spend the time to think out and reason matters fully; he is forced to entrust the mere details to his memory, or otherwise, greatly endanger his reputation. The remedy for this state of matters is, no doubt, difficult to find, but a more considerate apportionment of work to the time in which it is to be performed would go a long way in removing the difficulty. We believe that College authorities too often overlook this matter, and that were they but fully cognizant of it, the grievances which we have cited would be greatly diminished, if indeed, they would not wholly disappear.

WE regret that so few of our students are inclined to give any active support to the GAZETTE, in the way of contributing to its columns. A college paper, in order to any degree of success, should be warmly supported by the students whose interests it professes to advocate. In this way, not only would the paper be more interesting, and more worthy of the body of students which it represents, but the assistance

thus given would at the same time very materially aid those who are unfortunate enough to figure on the editorial staff. It is manifestly unfair that the whole burden of editing a college paper should fall upon the shoulders of the editors; and that they should have this work in addition to the regular work of the course. On referring to some of our exchanges—the *Bates Student* for example, we are surprised, as well as pleased to observe the large number of contributed articles by students in and out of college. Why cannot the Dalhousie students do likewise? Why is it that we so seldom hear from those who have gone forth as graduates? We feel sure that they entertain the warmest and kindest feelings toward their *alma mater*. Why then do we not hear from them more frequently? To the few who have already favoured us with contributions, we return our sincere thanks; but there are many, many others from whom we are waiting to hear. Please, do not disappoint us.

GEORGE MUNRO CELEBRATION.

ON Friday afternoon, shortly before three o'clock, a crowd of hungry students assembled at North Street Depot, about to start to Bedford in order to celebrate Geo. Munro Day. Waiting to see them off, were many of the leading politicians of the Metropolis; but the students bent on business more important than politics, observed them not. They had not long to wait. Presently the cry "All aboard," shouted in sonorous tones by the conductor, was the signal for a general rush to secure seats. Students, smoke, shouts, songs, cards, filled the car. The train started and the whole combination was soon steaming away towards Bedford at the rate of forty miles an hour. College work was for the time forgotten by all save one, who, anxious to curry favor with the Mathematical Tutor, kept chanting in tones of a dolorous pitch the never-to-be-forgotten formulæ of "*Secant cosecant catangent, cosine*," from the pages of a well-worn book yecept Colenso's Trigonometry. The Tutor's presence alone, saved him from a severe mauling at the hands of his enraged fellow-Sophs. In the midst of the turmoil caused by this outrageous conduct, the train stopped at Bedford. The boys quickly piled out, and after a rousing Dalhousie yell, started up the hill for Beach's. Coats, hats, overshoes were soon doffed; games of various kinds, such as checkers, cards,

&c., were produced, and the boys prepared "to while away" the weary time till dinner. Some promenaded about the beautiful grounds in order to stimulate their already too ravenous appetites; others feeling themselves fully equal to the task of consuming all the turkey they were likely to get, kept their hungry eyes fixed on the tables, while their ears were filled with the harmonious strains of the Glee Club. Time sped swiftly by; the merry tintinnabulations of the dinner-bell sounded at last; a rush was made on all sides towards the tables, and the most important work of the evening began.

Mr. V. Coffin presided, and Mr. Soloan acted as Vice-Chairman; on either side of the Chairman were seated the Representatives from Acadia, Kings, and Mount Allison, Prof. Penny and Mr. Murray, the guests of the evening. Of the dinner, perhaps the less said the better. For the same charge, the menu was decidedly inferior to that of former years. Some got enough, and some complained that they didn't. The tables were soon cleared and the following toast list was then taken up:

The Queen—proposed by the Chairman; "God save the Queen."
 Governor-General and Lieutenant-Governor—proposed by the Vice-Chairman.
 Our Benefactors—proposed by the Chairman; three rousing cheers.
 Our President, Professors, and Governors—proposed by Geo. McLeod; responded to by D. A. Murray and Professor Penny.
 The Alumni—proposed by J. S. Sutherland.
 Alma Mater—proposed by M. J. McLeod; responded to by W. R. Campbell.
 Sister Colleges—proposed by J. C. Shaw; responded to by Mr. Harrison, Mount Allison; Mr. Porter, Acadia; and Mr. Martin, Kings.
 College Societies—proposed by J. N. McLean; responded to by W. S. Calkin, for the Y. M. C. A.; Ed. Fulton, for the Literary Society; Wm. Brown, for the Athletic Club, and W. R. Campbell, for the Glee Club.
 The Press—proposed by D. C. MacIntosh; responded to by J. S. Sutherland, of the DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.
 The Ladies—proposed by H. C. Shaw; responded to by J. E. Creighton.

The speeches were quite up to the high standard of former years; those that treated of Queen and Country were full of patriotism; those that referred to *Alma Mater*, her authorities and friends had a loyal and hopeful ring; and those again which dealt with subjects of a lighter nature were characterized by wit and humor. The toast to "Sister Colleges" was most enthusiastically honoured; and the excellent speeches in response by the delegates from the various Colleges represented, expressive as they were of the kindly feeling that exists among the students of the Maritime Provinces, were repeatedly applauded. During the evening the Glee Club, under the management of Prof. Penny,

their efficient and talented instructor, rendered some fine selections which contributed not a little to the enjoyment of the evening. After all the toasts had been duly honoured, the students amused themselves in various ways until 11 o'clock, when they started by special train for the city. On the trip home politics engaged their attention, and Sir John A. Macdonald and Hon. Mr. Blake came in for rousing cheers from their respective supporters. North Street was reached shortly before midnight, and the students dispersed to their various places of abode, tired and sleepy, but on the whole well-pleased with their excursion.

NOTES.

During the evening a telegram was sent to Geo. Munro, Esq., of New York, Dalhousie's greatest benefactor, expressing the kindly sentiments and best wishes of the Dalhousie boys.

Prof. Penny conveyed the kind regards of the Cornell students and of Dr. Schurman, and expressed the fraternal feelings that were growing up between the two Universities.

Thank you, Cornell, *Semper floreat!*

A telegram was also received bearing the greetings of the students of King's College, N. S. To one and all thanks.

"BY-JO-VE!"

Who wouldn't carve for the Freshmen?

Who was too bashful when he was a Freshman to attend the Literary Club?

Soph: "Please let me have some pie."

Saucy waiter: "Yes, when you come next year."

Who paid for the broken vegetable dish? We are *sure* he must have been a Freshman.

Whose moustache illustrates "beauty in the abstract," and is the *shadow* of things hoped for?"

THE FIRST CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF DALHOUSIE COLLEGE.

I suppose that it is the exception rather than the rule, that men foresee what, in a few years, the result of their actions will be. When the alchemists were vainly but hopefully seeking for the philosopher's stone they never dreamed that they were laying the foundation of the science of chemistry. When Columbus constructed his diminutive globes, and decided that India could be reached more easily by sailing westwardly than by pursuing the old route, he attempted to

prove his idea by following that course and discovered a new World. Henry VIII. was simply gratifying his uxorious propensities when he divorced Catherine, yet in doing so he indirectly made Protestantism the religion of England. Numberless instances of a similar kind might be cited. In what follows, an example, as conspicuous as any of the foregoing, of unexpected results flowing from natural efforts, will be imperfectly described.

In June 1812, the United States declared war against Great Britain, and the latter retaliated in the ensuing October. The war lasted with varying success for over two years. During the time the British Provinces were scenes of activity. The "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" were everywhere noticeable. The Canadas were several times invaded by the American forces. Nova Scotia, though often threatened, escaped attack, and was able in consequence materially to assist her sister Provinces along the St. Lawrence. On the 26th August, 1814, an expedition left Halifax on a warlike errand. Its commanders were Sir John Sherbrooke and Admiral Griffith, both tried men and true in their special line of service. Its destination was Machias, Maine; but when two days out the leaders heard that an American frigate, the *Adams*, fearing capture by them had sailed up the river Penobscot past Castine. This intelligence induced them to change their plans. The course was altered and the morning of September 1st saw them at anchor in front of Castine, a small town situated on a peninsula on the eastern side of the Penobscot. At the time it was garrisoned by a company of soldiers and a band of militia. When summoned to surrender, its governor boldly refused; but almost before the great guns of the fleet were fairly at work, he had repented of his rashness and agreed to capitulate. The town was taken, it is worth while mentioning, with a loss of one man—the only one killed in the whole expedition. The Americans probably suffered more severely. A force was immediately dispatched in search of the *Adams*. She was found far up the river, captured, and destroyed. Some merchant vessels that were with her shared the same fate. The

towns of Hamden and Bangor, lying on the western side of the Penobscot also fell into the hands of the British.

A glance at a map of Maine and New Brunswick will show that the rivers Penobscot and St. Croix so converge near their sources as to make the large district that lies between them almost an island. Holding Castine, the key of the whole, as Sir John and his able coadjutor did, all of this section was theirs, with the exception of the fortified town of Machias and the country immediately around. Accordingly a division of the army, commanded by Colonel Pilkington, was sent to take Machias; and when, on September 11th, that officer succeeded in doing so, Sir John and Admiral Griffith were able to issue a proclamation, declaring that they had taken formal possession, in the name of His Britannic Majesty, of all the eastern side of the Penobscot and all the country lying between it and the boundary line of New Brunswick. A provisional government was at once established, with Lieut. Gosselin in the gubernatorial chair. Castine was made the sole port of entry for the newly acquired territory, and arrangements completed for collecting the import and export duties under tariff regulations similar to those of the adjoining Provinces.

The war should, and would, in these days of submarine telegraphs, have ended with the signing of the Treaty of Ghent in the closing days of 1814; but the news of the peace did not reach America for some weeks. The British occupied Castine until the 26th of April, 1815, when they evacuated it, and came to Halifax, bringing with them some £12,000, being the amount levied for customs, etc., during the seven months of their occupancy. When Lieut-Governor Gosselin's salary was paid there was left the sum of £10,750. Lord Bathurst, Secretary of State for the Colonies, in a despatch dated October 10th, 1815, directed that this "Castine fund," as it was popularly known, should be devoted to improvements in Nova Scotia. So great was the multitude of worthy objects that presented themselves to Sir John Sherbrooke's mind that he was in a dilemma, like to that of the man who drew an elephant

in a lottery. He recommended to the Council that the money be devoted to founding a House of Industry, or an Alms House; and subsequently, as neither of these seemed to suit their wishes, he suggested the propriety of giving it to aid in constructing the Shubenacadie Canal. Before, however, a decision was reached, fortunately, we are compelled to say, Sir John was recalled, and Earl Dalhousie took his place.

The new Governor came fresh from the wars of Europe to assume the government of Nova Scotia. He was then in the prime of life, having been born on October 22nd, 1770. Of his father, the poet Ramsay, who belonged to the family, had sung:—

"Boast of Ramsay's clannish name,
Dalhousie, of an auld descent,
My chief, my stoup, my ornament."

With Othello, the son could have said:—

"For since these arms of mine had seven years pith
Till now some nine moon's wasted, they have used
Their dearest action on the tented field."

During all the wars of that eventful period which culminated on the 18th June, 1815, he had taken an active part, and had particularly distinguished himself at Waterloo. For his services to his country he was raised, in August of that year, to the peerage of the United Kingdom, with the title of Baron Dalhousie of Dalhousie Castle. Shortly after he was appointed to Sir John Sherbrooke's position. On him really devolved the task of expending, in the best way possible, the Castine Fund. He decided to devote it to the founding of a College, "open to all occupations and sects of religion." That College still bears his name. *Semper floreat!*

GEORGE PATTERSON, JR.

PARSIMONIOUS FRESHMEN.

DEAR GAZETTE,—I suppose it is not often that a Freshman troubles you with a contribution. If it is contrary to your principles to publish a *Freshman's* "little piece," I hope you will make mine an exceptional case. The very fact that I am a Freshman moves me to write.

You know every student has a particular interest in the members of his own class, and often has an exaggerated good opinion of them. Ask a Senior, "How does your class compare with Senior classes of other years?" He will

reply with evident satisfaction, "Well, it is supposed to be the best Senior class Dalhousie ever had." Ask a Junior, "What sort of class have you?" He will say "a fine class." Ask a Sophomore a similar question, and he will tell you with every indication of pride, "We have the ablest class, the best looking class, the best hearted class in the College." Now it would be quite natural that the Freshmen would be ready, also, to blow the trumpet for their class, and claim that the Freshman Class is the best that ever entered Dalhousie. Of course the other classes would all disagree with them, and perhaps the other classes would be wrong. But, Mr. GAZETTE, if you were to ask me, "What of the Freshman Class?" I would answer, "We have, as a whole, the meanest class that ever entered Dalhousie."

That is not a very complimentary assertion to make, but I have made it, and now I proceed to prove its truthfulness.

The Freshman Class is composed of twenty-five undergraduates, five of whom are exhibition men and nine are bursary men. Not less than \$2350 are given to the Freshman Class of '86-'87 in exhibitions and bursaries by Dalhousie's greatest benefactor, George Munro. And yet, when we were called upon to celebrate the 28th January in his honour, only nine Freshmen put in an appearance,—three exhibition men, four bursary men, and two others. It is not to be expected that all the undergraduates could find it convenient to attend the celebration; but every man holding an exhibition or bursary ought to have attended. It was their duty to do so. The question is naturally asked at this point, Why was it otherwise? The reply to that question is the assertion which I started to prove, that the Freshmen are the meanest Freshmen ever entered Dalhousie College. They did not attend, therefore my assertion is established. Q. E. D.

Let me say to them, Oh, shame on you, Freshmen! What kind of men will you be when you graduate and go out into the world? You will be the meanest men ever passed through Dalhousie. What may our *Alma Mater* have to expect from you? Nothing. Will you be the world's benefactors? No. Your mean little souls can never conceive a noble thought. I am annoyed to think that for four years, I and the few in our class who know when duty calls, are to be your class-mates. We would like to graduate with men, not with misers. Try to reform, if not for your own sakes, for the sake of Dalhousie College.

FRESHMAN.

THE FOOTBALL MATCH.

I.

O wild, kaleidoscopic panorama of jaculatory arms and legs,
The twisting, twining, turning, tussling, throwing, thrusting,
ing, throttling, tugging, thumping, the tightened thews,
The tearing of tangled trousers, the jut of giant calves protuberant.
The wriggleness, the wormlike, snaky movements, and life of it,
The insertion of strong men in the mud, the wallowing, the stamping with spiked shoes,
The rowdiness and *elan*, the slugging and scrapping, the cowboy Homeric ferocity.
(Ah, well kicked, blue legs! Hit her up, you muddy little hero, you!)
The bleeding noses, the shins, the knuckles abraded;
That's the way to make men! Go it, you border ruffians, I like ye.

II.

Only two sorts of men are any good, I wouldn't give a cotton hat for no other—
The Poet and the Plug Ugly. They are picturesque. O, but ain't they?
These college chaps, these bouncing fighters from New Jersey and Connecticut,
Are all right. I must have a fighter, a bully, somewhat of a desperado;
Of course, I prefer them raw, uneducated, unspoiled by book rot;
I reckon these young fellows, these howling Kickapoos of the puddle, these boys
Are not educated to an undemocratic and feudal aristocratic extent;
Lord! how they can kick, though! Another man slugged there!

III.

Unnumbered festoons of pretty American girls, I salute you,
Howl away, you non-playing encouragers of the kickers!
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Yale!
Rah, Rah, Rah, Sis, Boom. Ah, Princeton! Lusty-throated give it!
O wild, tumultuous, multitudinous shindy. Well, this is the boss;
This is worth coming twenty miles to see. Personally I haven't had so much fun since I was vaccinated.
I wonder if Dr. McCosh spectates it. Here is something beyond his Scotch metaphysics,
Purely physical glow and exultation this of abundantest muscle;
I wish John Sullivan was here.

III.

Oh, the kicking, stamping, punching, the gore and the glory of battle!
Kick, kick, kick, kick, kick! Will you kick!
You kickers, scoop up the mud, steam-plough the field,
Fall all over yourselves, squirm out! Look at that pile-driver of a full back there!

Run, leg it, hang on the ball; say, you big chump; don't you kill that little chap

When you are about it.

Well, I'd like to know what a touch down is, then? Draw? Where's your draw?

Yer lie!

—S. News.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE COLLEGE Y. M. C. A.—This Association, started in the session of 1884-85, still maintains its position of no small importance among the students of Dalhousie. Although we are unable to show a membership list composed of the majority of the students of the University, still the number is very respectable and by no means discouraging.

According to the Constitution, the first Saturday of January is the day for the regular meeting for the transaction of business, the chief part of which is the election of officers for the following session. As that day came this year during vacation, we postponed the meeting. Accordingly, we met after our regular weekly religious meeting, Saturday, 15th January. Before proceeding to the election, the President, our chairman, called for any reports that might be on hand. The Corresponding Secretary, McLeod reported correspondence relative to certain college papers published in the United States. Mr. Sutherland announced his success in obtaining a sufficient number of members for carrying on a *Bible Training Class* Sabbath afternoons. In connection with this I must take the liberty of thanking, in behalf of our Y. M. C. A., the Halifax Association most sincerely for their great kindness in allowing this class a room in which to hold its meetings. All preliminary business completed, the President proceeded to the chief business of the evening. The first vote showed the return of the President of this session. He however gave good reasons for declining the honour. Hence the Chairman was under the necessity of again having recourse to the polls for the selection of a President. The result of this second appeal was the almost unanimous election of George McLeod, (3rd year). The other officers elected were as follows: Vice-President, Mr. McGlashen, (1st year); Corresponding Secretary, J. S. Sutherland, (3rd year); Recording Secretary, R. J. McDonald, (2nd year); Treasurer, Gordon Laird, (2nd year.) In consequence of the resignation of the Treasurer for this year it was decided that the man just elected to that office for the coming term should enter upon office at once. These men come into office at the close of the present session. This completed the business on hand. The meeting adjourned with prayer.—COM.

A SET of the GAZETTE has been presented by the Editors to the College Library. Unfortunately they have been unable to give a complete one, the following numbers being wanting:—Vol. XVI. 1, 2; IX. 12; VI. 10; III. 3; II. 1-3, 5-7, 8-10; I. 1, 4, 6-10. If any one would send one or more of these missing numbers to the Librarian he would confer a favour on the College. The Library is also in need of copies of the College Calendar for '75-6, and '79-'80.

DALLUSIENSIA.

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

A FRESHMAN, while peering into a shop window a few days ago, collided with a young lady. We owe the young lady an apology, as it was by mistake that the freshie got out alone.

NOTWITHSTANDING the kind advice given to Freshmen by the Chairman at the Munro dinner, the grave and reverend Seniors were horror-stricken to behold a Freshman strolling into Park Street Church with a lady's *machintosh* on his arm, while the blooming fair one walked leisurely in the rear.

THE Conservative party would do well to engage our classical Senior to take the stump during the campaign. After trying in vain to convince his fair one of the merits of his party, she exclaimed, "Well, I don't care, I'm a Liberal, and I never would have anything to do with a Tory."

HAS it come to this? A graduate feeling that he must act the escort, and failing to meet any of the fair sex of his acquaintance, made bold to ask a young lady the honor of escorting her home, without previously having an introduction. It is superfluous to add that this is an unpardonable breach of etiquette.

THE FRESHMAN'S CAKE.

A Freshman had a lovely cake—
The gift of his fair girl;
And it was dear unto his heart,
As if it were a pearl.

But other keys than his could fit
The trunk wherein it lay;
And older students knew full well
How dangerous was delay.

Disciples true of Henry George—
"Community," their creed,—
They soon found entrance to the cake,
And satisfied their greed.

"Sweet, sweet," said they, "is stolen fruit!
The Freshman, what said he?
"My lovey's cake is gone, 'and Ah!
The difference to me!"

"Stay there, you fat rascal!"

SENIOR (returning with his fair one from Dartmouth Lakes), "Here, Freshie, carry my skates." Freshie: "No! thank you, I'll carry the *short* pair if you like." Senior collapses. Bystanders applaud.

AN evening class has lately been organized for the practice of the higher gymnastics and for the investigation of the Psychology of the Emotions. It has however been declared that the class is too *full* to need any further *pat(r)onizing* on the part of the Sophs at least.

LAW SCHOOL FACETIÆ.

THE plaintiff his name was Heigh
In a case we had 'tother daigh,
We studied it well.
Till the darkness fell
But who knew it best we wont saigh.

LECT. :—"When does rent become due?"

Student :—"At midnight."

Lect. :—"Right, sir. Now, could a landlord dis-train, say an hour later?"

Stud. :—"No, sir."

Lect. :—"Right again. There must be no disturb-ance of family arrangements."

On the war path went a student
Went a student tall and fair;
Mashing war path, scheming student,
As he sat and smoothed her hair.

PROF. (in midst of a long involved sentence, suddenly comes to a full stop and says): "I've lost my nominative case, but as Mr. T—— said—'I'm marching on to glory all the same.'"

PROF. in Constitutional History,— "Twenty years ago—"

Mr. D.— "In what year was that?"

Prof. (after a profound mental calculation)— "1867."

THE *Mail* congratulates the Law Students on their success as beard raisers. The females take a contrary view, and already one of our distinguished Parliamentarians is computing the cost of a shave—oysters included—whilst another, whose beard is bursting forth with sun-like splendor, closely scrutinizes the faces of his friends whenever he meets them, with the vain

hope of finding razor tracks thereon. Make haste thou late arriving Senior, or thy fellow-students will make affidavit that thou has no beard, and the champagne will flow at thy expense.

Those beardless youths who will not aid
To raise the students dignity,
It seems to me, are sore afraid,
Expecting with timidity
The scornful looks of some fair maid,
Unless they shave and beardless be.

Ah! let them revel in their dreams,
A rude awakening is in store
For them. The season of ice creams
Will call around their way once more;
And livery men with bills for teams,
E'en now are knocking at their door.

AFTER the new Premier had expressed his ability and willingness to make or amend any law, he was horrified when the the Senior member for Halifax rose in his place, and requested him to suspend the law of gravitation during the sleigh-drive.

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W. Thorburn, \$3. Prof. J. G. MacGregor, \$2. J. A. MacKeen, \$1.25. J. P. Noonan, Belle Crowe, Margaret F. Newcombe, A. A. MacKay, I. Gammell, Geo. McMillan, E. Scott, Alex. Miller, T. R. Robertson, H. M. McKay, — Byers, D. O. McKay, A. H. Trefry, W. G. Putnam, F. H. Cooper, Charlotte McNeill, M. J. McLeod, — Bowser, A. McKenzie, A. K. McLennan, Geo. B. McLeod, Gavin Hamilton, J. W. Thomson, Judge James, \$1 each. Prof. Seth, \$5.

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FALL, 1886.

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