

J. Mac

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LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

As I watch the bubbles,
Drifting down the stream,
In their seaward progress,
Pale, and brightly gleam ;—

Where the grass and foliage
Do the sunlight hide,
Onward glide in shadow
Dim upon the tide ;—

And ever as they enter
Day's unclouded glow,
All their Iris colours
At the fairest show ;—

See them quickly passing,
Changing, dim or bright,
As they reach a portion
Shadowed or in light ;—

Seem the joys and sorrows,
And the hopes and fears,
That float o'er us ever
On the stream of years,

As if due to motion,
Too, through shade and light,
That our human spirits,
Darken and make bright.

By G. W. Bryden

X.

THE EDINBURGH RECTORIAL ELECTION.

OVER each of the four Scottish Universities there bears rule a high official styled the Rector or Lord Rector. He is inferior in rank to the Chancellor, nor has he like that dignitary, the power to veto the decisions of the University Court, or the Senatus Academicus, nevertheless his office confers upon him power as well as honour. In former times he exercised a magisterial authority over the students, and took cognisance of all matters concerning the discipline and administration of the University. These powers are now indeed greatly curtailed, since his authority is now shared by his fellow-members of the University Court. But he is president of this supreme judicial and administrative tribunal of the University, and nominates one of the seven Assessors, who complete its membership. The office is esteemed as conferring a high honour on the recipient, and is never refused by any man, however high his rank and fame may be. None have ever received the office and the honour, save such as have achieved distinguished success in some field of intellectual exertion, and though political party-spirit is largely influential in determining the appointment, no political party, however strong, could nominate as Rector one who is unknown as a scholar and a thinker. Such a person indeed could not properly perform that, which is now regarded as the most important and certainly the most onerous of the duties of the office. The Rector is expected to deliver to the members of the University, within a few weeks after his election, an address upon some literary or philosophical subject, gen-

erally having reference to the nature, the end and the means of a liberal education. These addresses are almost always literary productions of permanent value, often elaborate and profound disquisitions, sometimes bestowing on their author, as recently on Mr. Froude, his highest title to fame and veneration. And accordingly the success of a candidate depends almost as much upon his real or supposed power of producing such an address, as upon the support which he derives from political partisans.

The Lord Rector's term of office is three years, and though he may be re-elected when that time has expired, such re-election is extremely rare. Elections fell to take place during the last year for the Rectorship of the University of Aberdeen, and during this year for those of the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow. The retiring Rectors for Edinburgh and Glasgow respectively were Right Hon. Sir James Moncrieff, Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland, lately Lord Advocate under the present Government, and the Earl of Derby better known as Lord Stanley, when a Conservative member of the House of Commons. The latter has been succeeded by the great chief of his party, Mr. Disraeli, whose election was carried on Wednesday last, by the Conservative students of the University of Glasgow, with a majority of 134. The number of votes recorded for the ex-premier was 610, while 476 were given for his opponent, Mr. Ruskin, better known as a philosophic critic of Art, than as a political "Liberal." This result of the contest was confidently expected, since for the last dozen years the Tory or Conservative party has uniformly succeeded in placing its candidate at the top of the poll for the Glasgow Rectorship. But the result of the contest at Edinburgh was unexpected and surprising in a very high degree. The relative strength of the two great political parties among the Edinburgh students, is, or was very different from that of the same parties among the students of the Western University. With the latter the Tories predominate, with the former the Whigs or "Liberals" are all-powerful.

The four last Lord Rectors have all been nominated by the Whigs, and the success of the Tories in the latest contest must be in some degree owing to a recent influx of Tory students, much larger than any one could have expected it to be. The elective constituency has always consisted of the matriculated students, and of them alone. At Edinburgh the election is determined by a majority of individual voters, while in Glasgow, Aberdeen and St. Andrews it may be carried by the corporate votes of three of the four "nations" into which the students are divided according to their places of birth, even though the defeated candidate may have obtained the greatest number of individual votes.

The nomination-meeting was held in Edinburgh on Friday, Nov. 3rd. Nearly 500 students were present—the whole number in town being about 1600. Eight or nine candidates were proposed, among whom were Lord Lytton, Mr. Browning, the Duke of Argyle, the Earl of Derby, Sir Roundell Palmer, Q. C., M. P., and Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart. of Keir. The show of hands was greatest in favour of the last named gentleman, who was ultimately the successful candidate. No signs of political animosity or

party spirit could have been observed at this meeting. All such feelings were carefully suppressed. The movers and seconders of nominations made no political allusions, but dwelt solely upon the acknowledged intellectual power and on the literary reputation of the candidates, whose claims they upheld. But the real moving-spirit of the contest soon manifested itself. No further steps were taken after the nomination to promote the candidature of any nominees save Sir R. Palmer and Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell. No more than two election-committees were formed, and instinctively the adherents of the two political parties ranged themselves on opposite sides. There are indeed many students, chiefly "medicals," who are imbued with no very decided political opinions, and whose votes are given to the man whom they think most eminent. They care little for party shibboleths, but at present they are keenly agitated by a professional interest or antipathy. Their test of a candidates' acceptability is his willingness or unwillingness to admit female students to the ordinary classes of the University. Very many are pledged to vote against any candidate whose opinions in regard to this momentous matter were at all doubtful. Consequently, as each party wished to gain the aid of these "uncertain voters," each committee took all possible means of assuring them and endeavouring to make them believe, that the opinion of its candidate, in regard to the only subject, in which they took interest, was exactly similar to their own. Each recommended its candidate as possessed of the only quality, of whose excellence these "inerti" had a lively sense of appreciation. At first they were generally disposed to vote for Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, who as being a Conservative might with good reason be supposed to be hostile to the "innovation" of mixed classes. But this tendency was neutralised by the publication of a telegram, received from Sir R. Palmer, who, in reply to a question, stated that "his opinion was not favourable to the combination of male and female students in the same classes." Henceforth the medical controversy ceased to have influence over the fate of the contest, and the minds of the doubters were left open to the influences of political canvassing. Still, however, throughout the contest, the speakers and canvassers made a feint of disguising their political motives and sympathies. They urged as the claims of candidates for the honour, their literary performances, their general ability, their high culture, their moral worth, and even the well-known moderation of their political sentiments, Sir William being a moderate Tory, and Sir Roundell a very moderate Whig. Very much might be said in favour of each, for, each is possessed of many qualities and has done many deeds, entitling him to respect and esteem. So equal were their qualifications, that nothing but political sympathy would induce a sensible man to prefer the one to the other. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell was born in 1818, as William Stirling of Keir. In 1865 he succeeded to the baronetcy and estate of Polloc, when in accordance with feudal custom he took the name of Maxwell, the family name of the lairds of Polloc. He took his degree at Cambridge with high-classical honours, and has since become specially known as a student of Spanish History and Literature. His chief formal literary works are his "Cloister life of Charles V.," and his "Lives of the Spanish Dramatists," but he is better known to common readers as the author of two exhaustive, judicious, eloquent and original speeches, delivered on the installing of Lord Lytton as president of the Edinburgh Literary Societies, and at the Scott Centenary banquet. He sat in Parliament for some years, representing Perthshire until 1865, when he was defeated in an election contest, and was always a speaker of great weight in the House of Commons. He is a man of refined tastes, and of an inherent dignity of character, to which his rank and wealth are just accompaniments. He has been often and justly praised as "the most highly accomplished gentleman in Scotland."

Sir Roundell Palmer was born in 1820, and knighted in 1863. He has always held a high rank both as a classical and as a legal scholar. He shares with the Attorney General, Sir John Coleridge, the leadership of the English Bar, and on all constitutional questions his opinion is held as decisive authority. He has for many years sat in the House of Commons, and his Parliamentary career has been brilliantly successful. Where party allegiance does not bind members to vote on either side of a question, no man has so powerful an influence on the course of debate and division, as that, which his reputation for learning, and comprehensiveness of mental grasp, enable Sir Roundell Palmer to wield. He has published no original work of any great size, though known as the editor of the "Book of Praise." His great literary performances are the speeches which he has delivered during debates in the House of Commons, and these are fully worthy of being classed with the masterpieces of Parliamentary oratory. He is one of the most earnest, liberal and enlightened christians of whom the Church of England has ever been able to boast.

The contest between the friends of these two meritorious candidates was carried on with great spirit. Placards were placed on walls, in shop windows, and on election boards, while zealous members of committees distributed hand-bills with untiring assiduity, while canvassers diligently "button-holed" at all times and in all places those concerning whose intentions they were in doubt and in hope. Several very clever cartoons were displayed, which in design and execution were worthy of comparison with those which appear in the comic journals.

On the morning of the eventful polling day, the 11th of November, there was a great stir in the quadrangle of the University buildings, and in the surrounding streets. Cabs, covered with placards bearing the words, "vote for Palmer and against mixed classes," or "vote for Stirling-Maxwell and Rectorial dignity," were driven about for the conveyance of lazy or careless voters. The votes of the 1600 matriculated students were received in 16 different class-rooms, after nine o'clock and before half-past ten, and at eleven the result of the poll was declared by the Principal. The votes were recorded by the several Professors, checked by two students, one selected from each committee by direction of the Senatus Academicus, lest there should be the slightest pretext for accusing the recording officers of foul play. The Principal with several Professors stepped out upon an elevated balcony, wherefrom he hung a placard, announcing the result of the poll—594 students had voted for Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, and 502 for Sir Roundell Palmer. No one had expected that the majority in favour of the former would have been so large as 92, and the Whigs of course believed that a majority of votes would have been recorded in favour of his opponent. The announcement was received with a wild uproar of cheering and hooting. The crowd of students in the corridors and "quad" of the University had been gradually augmenting until at last no fewer than 1300 or 1400 young men were in the field full of animal spirits and eager for the fray. Stray handfuls of peas were now thrown at excited partisans, and glossy beaver-hats were unexpectedly dusted with flour. Soon came the occasion for an outburst of riot. Before 11 o'clock a rumour went forth that Sir William was Lord Rector, and forthwith his ardent supporters gathered together to sing their "Io Triumphe," in the shape of certain doggerel verses set to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." After singing a few staves in peace, they were fiercely attacked by a swarm of angry "Palmerites," whereupon a desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued. The Principal's appearance produced comparative quiet for a moment, but only for a moment. He dropped the important placard, a new source of discord for the surging crowd, into which it fell. It was seized by a fleet-footed Tory, who by dint of hard

running succeeded in placing it upon the statue of Sir David Brewster, which stands at the far end of the great quadrangle. He was closely pursued by a shouting throng of exasperated Whigs, who struggled furiously round the statue, and tearing down the proclamation of their defeat, vindictively rent it in pieces. These, however, were instantly seized and held aloft by Tories, who shouted vociferously, "A Maxwell," "A Maxwell," "Death to the Whigs," "Maxwell forever." Each of these standard-bearers then became the centre of a shifting scrimmage. The whole huge mass of students swayed violently to and fro, in wild disorder, men of different parties yelling and pushing, the one against the other. Throughout the struggle in the crowded square, fire-crackers blazed and sputtered along the astonished gravel, peas rattled on hats and window-panes like showers of hail, and the air was darkened by frequent clouds of flour. The heroic combatants fought disguised as millers, and performed an easy penance for the present out-break of their carnal propensities, by walking well-shod over a surface of peas. An eminent statistician has estimated, that not less than a hundred-weight of flour, and a quantity of peas even greater, were consumed as ammunition, during this sturdy and momentous battle. The fray was carried on for more than an hour, and was almost throughout productive of a series of triumphs for the Tories. The shouts of "A Palmer," "A Palmer," grew fewer and fainter, until at length the disheartened Whigs were driven into the terraces, which surround the hollow square of the University buildings. There they made a gallant stand, defending their position by strength of arm and volleys of peas. But even there they were subject to successful attacks by storming-parties of enthusiastic Tories. Loss of wind and the approach of the dinner-hour at last prevailed to cool the ardour of the combatants, and before one o'clock, the whole noisy throng had

"Melted from the field, as snow,

"When streams are swollen, and south winds blow,

"Dissolves in silent dew."

Through all this "gentle and joyous passage of arms," the warriors behaved to one another with the utmost good-humour. All had fists and sticks at command, but few made use of these weapons of offence. The propulsive and divulsive powers of the natural arm were alone employed. Not many hats were smashed and very few sticks were broken. Few were knocked down, and those who were so unfortunate were speedily raised to their feet, by sympathetic friends or merciful enemies.

The election and its exciting accompaniments are now over and gone, and on the whole no student has reason to be dissatisfied with its result. The first great subsidiary result will be the delivery, not many days hence, of an eloquent and thoughtful address, by the illustrious Scotsman, whom the Edinburgh students have delighted to honor. And that address will doubtless be read by American students with pleasure, as great as that with which it will be heard by the students of the metropolitan University of Scotland.

"BON GUALTIER."

"ODI PROFANUM VULGUS ET ARCEO."

MANY a student at the Modern Athens takes unto himself, or used to do so, about the season of the Fifth of November, a motto of the above tenor. The aristocratic Horace hates the vulgar cad, and cries *Avaunt!* Not that the hatred is a deadly one: it is artificial only, and got up for the occasion. Nay, although it may seem a paradox, this loathing is a kind of liking, for the reason that the cad, rough, bargee, or navy, accomodates the undergraduate with a fight, and is the means of a jolly row. Why men should love a jolly row and even celebrate their joy at an event by one, is a recondite fact of human nature. No less recondite is the ancient feud between

Town and Gown. There seems no reason why a man in a gown should hate one without a gown (unless he is a tradesman), or why a bricklayer should dislike an ingenious youth in a mortar board. There really is no reason except the reason "why dogs delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their nature too." The fact is, the manners of Alma Mater's big babies are as yet untempered, and their incomplete education still "suffers them to be fierce." The roughs and bargees are in a state of nature, and nothing loth to accept the challenge. For methinks the challengers are the University men. Perhaps the row arose from the effervescing loyalty of the latter displayed on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot by a raid into the town in search of imaginary conspirators. Have they not in the Bodleian Library the very lantern of Guy Faux, not far from the lantern of Demosthenes, with a fac-simile of the letter divulging the plot, which was sent to Lord Monteagle (with portraits of the conspirators)? Is not this an abiding stimulant to remember the Fifth of November? Dons, Proctors, and Police, however, think it expedient to quash the row that celebrates it, so that the savage undergraduate is rapidly becoming civilised and tame. Even in his own gallery in the Theatre shall his voice be still. But his deeds in the good old time, in the heroic age—iron, bronze, or golden, which you will—shall not want a chronicler or a limner.

Wrapped in the shades of night, veiled in the mists of a November fog—amidst those haunted piles of mouldering stone they assume gigantic proportions worthy of an epic, or at least, a lay of ancient Oxford. The lay might be called the "Rape of the Truncheon." I remember clearly enough how it all happened. We freshmen of October term had talked over the coming Fifth, lolling in those cosy, moth-eaten arm chairs, part of the immemorial furniture of rooms of which we were now sole and real proprietors. The position was new to us. We were eager to fight for altar and for hearth—in other words, for Gown v. Town. In hall or quad we had gazed in silent admiration on the forms of heroes of former fights. This Agamemnon had felled with his own hand three burley bargees. The eye of that Ajax was still slightly black from the blow of a monstrous navy. The day came. Rumours were afloat that the ranks of the roughs had been strongly recruited from neighboring towns. Huge giants, sons of the soil, Antaeus, satyrs, fauns, had been seen lounging by Carfax, all with their hands in their pockets, as if concealing the brawniness of their fists. Nevertheless after dinner in hall, and a wine in our own rooms, we sallied out, linked arm in arm, and mustered in the High. There were amongst us the captain of a boat club, and Five in our eights out of training that very day from the trial eights, and victorious from the winning boat.

What could withstand them? We scour the High, we scour the Broad. In the fog the figures of the town flit like dreams, and vanish into thick air. We pursue them ever—those mutilated Hermæ, those crumbling busts of the sages of antiquity that enclose the Theatre seem to frown upon us, and to assume the likenesses of defunct Proctors, or of the very oldest heads of houses.

We are undaunted, and swoop down upon a fresh quarry. Now comes the tug of war. In the scuffle, in the *melee* of police, "bulldogs," town and gown, our captain adroitly extracts a policeman's truncheon from its scabbard, and conceals the prize. Then a cry of "The Proctor! the Proctor!" is raised, and some of our number are fastened on by the bulldogs—the proctor's myrmidons—and have to answer to "Your names, and colleges, gentlemen?" The rest disperse, and the truncheon is borne off in triumph, and hung from that day over the captain's mantelpiece—a trophy of a town and gown row.

What became of the policeman no one ever knew.—*Graphic.*

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THE study and the class-room assume an important place in our collegiate education. In the one we work, in the other our work is examined. The quality of the work done in the study determines the measure of a man's success at college, and the successful man in college will probably go forth into the world, prepared to think broadly and thoroughly on any subject presented to him.

But there is one important element in education, and perhaps the most important, which the student cannot receive, either in the study or the class-room. It is the education which can only be obtained in intercourse with our fellows, in every day association with them in projects and enterprises which belong to us as students, and in which we feel an honest pride. Here all rivalries are laid aside, and all join in expressions and acts of hearty sympathy and good-will; here the angularities of character are smoothed off and symmetry and proportion given to the man, thus fitting him for an honored and useful place in the great temple of human brotherhood. If we are to be anything more than intellectual mummies, buried and wrapped up in our own thoughts, we must mingle with our fellows, know how they think and act, and have the benefit of their sympathy and influence. Such being the case, it ought to be the desire of every good educationist to see that this part of the student's education is not neglected.

The Governors of our college have always been enthusiastic and earnest in their efforts to increase the efficiency of "Dalhousie." They have secured for us a talented and learned staff of Professors, made such improvements in the building from time to time as circumstances would permit, and created a moderate "stimulating power" to lead to effort and excellence in all the departments of study,—they have in fact made noble endeavors to give to every student a thorough and systematic intellectual training. Thus far they

have done well, and deserve the highest praise, yet if it were not for determined efforts and perseverance on his own part, the student's education would be incomplete. Students feel that in this much-speaking age, some power of correct and polished address is necessary, and under most discouraging circumstances, they are making some endeavors to obtain this. We learn from our exchanges that in many of the leading colleges of the United States Debating Societies are considered very important, and are helped on by those in authority. Public competitions take place and prizes are given to the best debaters. Recognition and encouragement given in this way to students is not misdirected, and tends to link them more closely to their "Alma Mater."

We do not advocate the introduction of "Debating" as a proper subject of the "curriculum," for it has not a very close connection with mental training, nor do we even assert that it is absolutely necessary for a man to be a first-class debater, yet the lack of such training and such power is not easily compensated. One of our Governors, in his address at the close of the session of '70-71, said that he would like to see original addresses prepared and delivered by the students at the annual convocation. With all due deference to opinion coming from such a high source, we think that far more practical good would be accomplished if the Governors would give some encouragement, at least, to those efforts which the students are making at present to improve themselves in the *ars dicendi*.

THE relation between professors and students is every day assuming a more practical shape. The old idea that an impassable stream divides the teacher and taught, of necessity has been modified. Every one knows that the lower the grade of the teacher the more airs he assumes. We have seen, in small country school-houses, rare examples of professional self-importance. Seated on a bench, wielding the instrument of torture, sat the personification of learning and talent, discoursing on disputed theories of morals, or settling all religious dogmas. And when his day's work was done he walked away, lest contact with his pupils might injure him. They, poor children, looked upon him as the receptacle of all knowledge. This disposition is not confined to inferior teachers. We ourselves can remember when the look of a Professor was like a scorching fire. Never did Roman bow more reverently to the nod of Jupiter than we did to our professors. Far up in the world of thought, knowledge, and power, moved and spoke these moulders of our destiny. Nor did some of our professors do anything to make us think otherwise, except speak the same language. Hard, sour, unsympathizing looks accompanying instruction, give our studies a gloomy turn. A kind word is often better than a month's class-work. All minds are not moulded in the same way. Some men, and we think all freshmen, are sensitive. We may be considered sentimental, yet, we do say, that many a good, honest, noble-hearted student has failed from want of kindly treatment. "Kind words cost us nothing," while they kindle within us love for our superiors and affection for our studies.

We are not complaining of our professors by any means.

Some of them are kind and none of them forbidding. Yet, as we can learn much as students, so they might perhaps improve as professors. A word of encouragement, an occasional enquiry concerning our little difficulties, or a few hints connected with the work of the classes, would much improve us and do them no harm.

In days of old the great teachers of Greece and Rome were on terms of the closest intimacy with their pupils. And in the middle ages the brightest spots amid the surrounding darkness are the homes of learning, where professor and student lived with each other. In many of the American colleges the Principal makes it a point to cultivate the acquaintance of every student. Thus they become known to each other, and not only make happy hearts but light studies. We know there would be little intellectual gain to the man of education in contact with students, yet there would be no loss. And there might, and no doubt would be, impressions left that would be bright spots in our future life, linking in our minds the studies of the various classes with the faces of our instructors, and serving us as more enduring photographs than any ever taken by the best of artists.

AMONG the great events looming up in prospective history, we are glad to observe one, which when it becomes a reality, must exert an immense influence on science and the industries of the world. This is the proposed internationalisation of the telegraph. The first step in this direction, is the assumption of the management of the wires of each country by its government. The British Government, a few years since, monopolised the control of the telegraph lines in the British Isles, a proceeding which was not commended at the time by the American press generally, and especially by that portion of it in the interests of the Western Union Company. However, with all its disadvantages, this plan is now recommending itself as preferable to the company control, inasmuch as the government of the United States is now looking favorably on a similar scheme. We learn that a plan for the internationalisation of the telegraph system of each country in Europe and North America has been proposed in England, and been brought before the notice of each Government. Great Britain, it is said, has determined to complete her system by purchasing the Atlantic Cables, connecting her European and American possessions; and controlling her East Indian system, which is to be perfected by the projected Australian cable; and the United States is to assume the management of the Western Union Telegraph. This project is stated to have met with an active support in the present cabinet of the Republic. The Government of these countries having the wires in their own dominions, thus under their control, can enter into a compact with each other, by which the transmission of intelligence to and from all parts of the world may be made uniform, time saving and systematic, obviating the irregularities arising from the conflict of Company interests, and especially the unscientific and incomplete method of communicating weather observations. This scheme will very probably result in the establishment of a system for the continuous report of the state of

weather, crops, other industries, and trade, which must prove of great advantage to traders, producers, and even consumers; also in the establishment and support of properly equipped meteorological observatories in every quarter of the globe, having an efficient, uniform, and instantaneous means of communicating their reports to central quarters, which must give an immense assistance to science and be of very great benefit to mankind. It may reduce meteorology to a science, cause the laws of weather to be discovered, every storm to be predicted, and many lives and much valuable property, both on sea and land, to be preserved. By its means, the weather signal system may be brought near perfection, made as useful, and perhaps as great a necessity to mariners and agriculturists, as our time pieces now are. These, undoubtedly, are some of the principal reasons for the accomplishment of so vast a scheme; and it is only by such a co-operation that we may expect to arrive at such desirable results. As France conquered once, and as Prussia is now victorious, by a military system which gives a clock-work precision to the vast masses of her disciplined soldiery—obedient to one will,—so by all moving harmoniously under one centralised management, Science will conquer new domains. We hope that in the interests of science, as well as of public convenience, no insuperable obstacle may impede this grand project, and that the day is not distant when we shall realise its accomplishment.

THE ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

(From the French of La Bruyere)

MENALQUE descends the stair, opens the door to go out, but immediately shuts it again; he perceives that he has his night-cap on, and on coming to examine himself a little more carefully, finds that he is only half shaved, that his sword is slung at his right side, and that his stockings are falling about his heels. If he goes out for a walk he gets a rude blow on the stomach or the face,—does not know what it can be, until opening his eyes and looking up, he finds himself standing before the shaft of a cart, or behind a long plank which some workman is carrying on his shoulder. He was once seen to run against a blind man; their foreheads struck with such force that they both staggered and fell on their backs. He searches everywhere, he scolds, he gets excited, he calls his servants one after another, and demands his gloves, which are all the time on his hands. He enters an apartment of the palace; passing under a chandelier his wig is caught in it and remains dangling in the air. The courtiers seeing it raise a shout of laughter. Menalque sees it and laughs louder than any of them, and gazes round the room to see who is attracting such attention and who is without a wig. He leaves the palace, and finding at the foot of the great stairs a carriage which he thinks his own, he gets into it; the coachman drives off, supposing that he is taking his master home. Menalque jumps out at the gate, crosses the court, mounts the stair, walks through the ante-chamber, drawing-room, and cabinet, all is familiar to him, nothing new; he sits down, rests himself, is at home. The master arrives. Menalque rises to receive him, treats him very civilly, asks him to be seated, and believes that he is doing the honors of the house. He talks, he dreams, begins to talk again; the master of the house is tired of him and remains silent. Menalque is no less wearied of his guest, but dares not say what he thinks, that he has to deal with some intruder who has nothing else to do, and who will leave by

and bye, so he waits patiently till night comes on, when he has scarcely recognized his blunder. At another time he visits a lady, and being fully persuaded that it is he who is receiving her, he ensconces himself in his arm-chair and does not dream of leaving it; he soon finds that the lady is making her visit a long one, he is expecting every moment that she will rise and leave him at liberty, but she seems to have no idea of going, and as he is getting hungry and evening is closing in, he invites her to take tea with him, at which she laughs so loud that she rouses him from his reverie. One day at play he loses all the money he has about him, wishing to continue the game he goes to his closet, takes out his cash-box, and after getting as much money as he needs, replaces the box as he thinks, in the place from which he had taken it. He hears a barking in the closet that he has just locked, greatly astonished he opens it a second time, and bursts into a fit of laughter to see his dog which he has shut up instead of the cash box.

When playing at backgammon, he asks for a drink; it is brought to him, it is his play, he holds the box in one hand and the glass of water in the other, and as he is very thirsty he at one gulp swallows the dice, nearly swallows the box, and dashes the glass of water on the board drenching his partner completely.

He writes a couple of letters, and makes a mistake in addressing them. A duke receives one of them, and on opening it reads these words: "Master Oliver, do not delay as soon as you receive this, to send me my part of the hay." This farmer gets the other letter, opens it, has it read to him, and hears as follows: "My lord, I have received with blind submission the orders which it has pleased your highness,"—He writes a third letter during the evening, and when after sealing it he put out the light, he is utterly surprised that he cannot see, and scarcely knows how it has happened.

Menalque is going down the stair of the Louvre, and meets another going up to whom he says,—“You're the very man I was looking for,” seizes his hand, takes him down stairs, crosses courts, goes into halls and out again, travels till he is tired, retraces his steps, and at last looks at the man whom he has been dragging after him for a quarter of an hour, is surprised to see him, has nothing to say to him, lets go his hand and starts off in some other direction.

Often he asks you a question and is away before you dream of answering him; or, as he is passing in a hurry he will ask after your father's health, and on being told that he is quite ill, exclaims, “I am very glad of that.” If he meets you on the road he is delighted to see you, and goes home with you to have some conversation on an affair of great moment. He looks at your hand,—“You have there,” he says, “a beautiful gem—that is a ruby;” he leaves you and continues his journey; that was the important matter about which he wished to speak.

He forgets to drink during the whole of dinner time, if he thinks of it, and finds that too much wine has been given him, he throws more than half of it in the face of the one that sits on his right, coolly drinks the remainder, and cannot understand how it is that everybody is laughing because he threw on the floor what he did not want to drink.

You would often take him for a stupid fellow because he seldom listens and less seldom speaks, for a fool because he talks to himself and is subject to odd grimaces and involuntary movements of the head, for a rude boorish fellow, because he often passes you without noticing your salutation, or stares at you without bowing, in his turn.

In company he never attends to the topic of conversation; he thinks and speaks at the same time, but the thing of which he speaks is rarely that about which he is thinking, so he seldom speaks consistently and with method; where he says no, he often means to say yes, and when he says yes, you believe that he wishes to say no. If you look at him his

eyes are wide open, but he does not appear to see,—he regards neither you nor anything else, and when he is in his best humor, these are his words,—“yes, truly—that is true, good!—I think so, surely!” and certain other monosyllables which have no reference to the subject of conversation. He finds himself in the company of a judge; that man sober and grave by profession, and venerable from age and dignity, inquires about some circumstance that has lately happened, Menalque answers—“yes, Miss.”

As he is returning from the country, his lacquey in livery undertakes to rob him and succeeds. Descending from the carriage he waves a flaming torch in his master's face and demands his purse which is given up. On arriving home Menalque recounts his adventure to his friends who do not fail to interrogate him as to the particulars of the affair, “Ask my servants,” says he, “they were present.”

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

Of, as twilight draws the curtain
O'er the fleeting, dull, uncertain
Labors of the weary day,
Calliopé,—voice of beauty,—
On her round of Epic duty,
Breathes into my soul a lay,—
Fitful, quick, impatient, pressing,
Not like other “fair” caressing,—
Breathes upon my soul of clay.

Why content thyself with plodding,
Digging, diving, often nodding
O'er the rusty, musty lore
Of the treatise theologic,
Of the puzzling paragogic
Letters in the page of yore?
Poesy betimes will cheer thee,
Love and beauty still be near thee,
Ev'n as in the days of yore.

Come! a truce to story's pages!
Let Oblivion keep those ages,
That have fall'n o'er mem'ry's brink!
Create anew: with thought all glowing
Cull fair flowers, new life bestowing;
Fancy still to Fancy link;
Let freshest “births” of intellect
Grace a page of the “Gazette,”
While at Musa's fount you drink.

Not like balmy whispering zephyr,
Not like spirit-voice, that ever
Whispers softly in the ear,
Comes the gush from Musa's fountain:
Like the rush adown the mountain
Of the limpid plashing waters,—
Playful, dancing Naiad's daughters,—
Impatient Musa doth appear,
Bounding, rushing, rolling ever,
Swelling, gushing, halting never,
Except perchance to spy a tear.

Pensive oft, and melancholic,
Often full of fun and frolic
Was Apollo's tuneful lyre:
Joy-inspiring, care-forgetting,
Passion-firing, then regretting
Is the glow of Bacchus' fire:
But the Muse, impelled by duty,
Sings of Fame, and Love, and Beauty,
Fills the heart with pure emotion,
Gently, and without commotion,
Lifts the spirit higher.

Personals.

J. W. FORBES, Sophomore '70-'71, is teaching at Glen-garry.

G. P. MURRAY, who was an "occasional" for several ses-sions at Dalhousie, is doing business at N. E. Margaree, C. B.

SEDGWICK, '68, is studying law in the office of Hon. J. S. McDonald, Cornwall, Ont.

MCDONALD, '68, is studying law at Kentville.

BAYNE, '69, is still Principal of Pictou Academy.

MCKENZIE, '69, is also teaching in the same Academy.

ROSS, '68, holds the position of Principal in the Annapolis Academy.

SEETON, '71, former editor of this paper, is studying theology at St. Sulpician College, Montreal.

CHRISTIE, '69, is studying theology and medicine in New York.

Dalhousiensia.

ON Saturday last, at 10 a. m., the students of the Botani-cal class, headed by Professor Lawson, proceeded to Harris' gardens, where they enjoyed an interesting recapitulation of the class-room lectures on Morphological Botany. At 3 p. m. of the same day, the Chemistry class, consisting of over forty students, proceeded in like manner to the City Gas-works, where the lecture of the preceding day was in part illustrated by an experiment on a large scale. The manager, Mr. Biust, detailed and pointed out the different processes in gas manufacture in a very attractive and intelligent man-ner. The courtesy displayed by Mr. Harris and Mr. Biust will certainly not be forgotten, while these efforts of the able and esteemed Professor must be received with much appre-ciation.

A BRIGHT "soph," ambitious of excelling in mathematics, was lately heard enquiring for "Euclid's Trigonometry."

COINCIDENCE. The other day several of the Chemistry class answered *hic* at the calling of the roll. For some reason also the alcohol in the laboratory has lately diminished in volume.

CAPS and Gowns are ignored by the Seniors outside the class-room. Most of the Juniors follow their example, while the Sophs and Freshmen, with a few exceptions, own no caps. Where are the decrees of the Senate?

THE College buildings are shortly to undergo some re-pairs, the masons have not yet commenced operations, but we have observed in our hall, on several occasions, *embryo* men carrying small hods of clay in the form of pipes. Nothing like beginning young.

A PRECOCIOUS Junior has discovered that chlorine gas affects the eyes.

SOME Sophomores and Medicals attending the lectures on Chemistry, having heard a few Juniors during the calling of the roll answer "adsum," instead of the plain, unaffected Saxon "here," have taken to the obsolete term with a zest surprisingly suggestive of "Darwin's Descent of Man." The torrent of "adsums," "absums," "adsims," &c., from every quarter of the room designed to display classical lore, so intensely amusing and unbearably ludicrous, affords a never-failing source of merriment to the "Juniors."

THE Honor classes in Mathematics and Classics of the Junior year are remarkable for—unity; those of the Senior year are—not.

THE Governors, some time ago, asked the friends of the University for \$1000 per year for five years. We are happy to state that over \$1500 has been given, and if the Governors had not been so modest we believe they might as easily have got \$3000. To those who gave so liberally we say: May your fortunes never be less.

IN view of the Christmas vacation, "Home, sweet Home" has become very popular.

College News.

EUROPEAN.

EDINBURGH.—*Number of Students at the University of Edinburgh.*—The number of students who had enrolled themselves up till Nov. 10, was 159 in excess of those who had joined by the same day of the session last year. The following are the figures:—

Faculty.	1870-71.	1871-72.
Medical	496	558
Arts	598	636
Law	234	296
Divinity	46	43
	<u>1374</u>	<u>1533</u>

It will thus be seen that there is an increase in all the faculties except the divinity. The first year's students num-ber 195.

THERE are 300 colleges in France, and not one opened to women.—*Cap and Gown.* The French are sometimes right.

DOMINION OF CANADA.

MOUNT ALLISON.—The number of students attending Mount Allison College for the last quarter was 28. This included Undergraduates, Occasionals, and Divinity students.

ACADIA.—The total number of students in attendance this year are: Freshmen 12, Sophs 5, Juniors 13, Seniors 6—total 36. This also includes Divinity students.

KINGS.—We are not certain of the number attending Kings', but hear that there are 10 or 11. The college offers nearly £400 in prizes alone.

WE have been unable to get any information concerning St. Francis Xavier's or St. Mary's College, and are not aware that they publish any calendar.

DALHOUSIE.—The number of students who had enrolled themselves up till Dec. 1, was

Arts' Faculty.....	73
Medical "	26
Total.....	<u>99</u>

It will thus be seen that the total number of students in Allison, Acadia, and King's, including Divinity students, is 75,—only two in excess of our students in arts alone.

SINCE last issue, the following papers have been added to our exchange list:—

Leaflets of Thought, College Journal, The Chronicle (Ann Arbor, Michigan), *College Mercury, Qui Vive, and The Trinity Tablet.*

Business Letters received to Dec. 14. A. P. Seeton, Geo. P. Murray, J. Forbes, P. Grant, C. W. Bryden.

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Subscriptions received for all English and American Periodicals.

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