

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE GAZETTE.

ORA ET LABORA.

VOL. III.

HALIFAX, N. S., DEC. 22, 1870.

NO. 3.

For the Dalhousie College Gazette.

THE BEATING HEART.

(LEUMAS.)

While musing nature sought repose,
And slumber came at Twilight's close;
Then, hark! A sound! I quickly rose.
A thrill! No thrust of hostile dart;—
Half palpable, it left no smart;
Half audible, it caught my ear;
I started, trembled,—there was no fear.
It quickly came, did quick depart.

A ghastly shadow flitting near,
Which Fancy's 'wildered visions rear,
Would give relief, if 'twould appear.
But there was naught. What could it be,
That thus awoke such thoughts in me.
That I could not see, nor hear, nor feel?
No lightning's flash, no thunder's peal:
Nor aught that I could hear or see.

A dream perchance,—or if a vision,
It may come again with more decision,—
At least, it well will bear revision.
I sink to rest in soothing sleep,—
If 'twere not light, it was not deep,—
For slumber came and sealed the eye,
When feeling's fountains were run dry:
I sadly woke—I could not weep.

A sound! a thrill! I did not rise,—
Half conscious, scarce did ope my eyes:
A mystic thought! It quickly dies.
O Heavenly Powers the gift impart,—
Discernment, wisdom, give the art
Of tracing, following, finding out
The cause of this suspense and doubt,
Or let it quick from me depart.

A whisper! Heaven-sent and clear,
Breathes softly, gently, in my ear
Such words as I'm not wont to hear:
"The loving from the loved must part;
The dearest child although thou art,
Thou soon shalt mourn a mother dear,
To Heaven's golden gates she's near;—
Now hush! and still your BEATING HEART."

Dec. 12th, 1870.

"ALL ABOARD."

"Well now, that is too bad!" cried A. B. as he arrived at the Railway Station in the town of C., just in time to hear the familiar words, "All aboard,"—followed by the shrill whistle of the conductor; and to see the train moving off from the station.

Poor A. B. was just in time to be too late, and had the pleasure of reflecting on the fact that he had over-slept himself, and wasted too much time in preparing for his journey.

Our friend is a young man who has just left his country homes to enter upon the new sphere of college life. He is a talented young man; but goes on the principle that whatever is worth doing at all is worth putting off for a few days; and he acts up to his theory nobly.

Let us follow him a little farther on in his career: after waiting at C. for nearly a day he takes care that he is in time for the next—"All aboard"—and after "riding on the rail" for several hours, arrives at the city D.; and is surprised at the attention and politeness of the "Cabbies" who all seem anxious to do him a favor. He wonders if they had received any notice of his coming—that so many of them should have come to the station to meet him. But after having paid a Cabbie triple fear to drive him to a hotel, he concludes that they are not altogether so polite a race as first he took them to be.

After getting located at the hotel, A. B. thinks that there is no great hurry for him to go to the college to get a plan of his winter's work; and acting up to his old motto—that "there is no hurry" he wastes a day before "putting in an appearance." After taking a good rest he goes to the college, only to find that he ought to have been forward ten days before, and that in consequence of being late he has missed the examinations; but the Senate decide to give him another chance, and he passes them at last very successfully. After his examination, we find him comfortably located with several of his fellow-students, and prepared to enter upon his winter's work.

Time rolls on but A. B. still adheres to his old motto—"No hurry." We find him hard at work between 11 and 12 o'clock on Saturday night preparing his exercises for the following Monday; and on the following Monday he goes into the class-room just after the roll has been called.

The winter is passing rapidly away. A. B. is working but acting manfully up to his old motto. The Christmas holidays have come and gone; and now it is being whispered among the students, that the examinations are near

at hand. A. B. still thinks that there is "no hurry" and so puts off revising from time to time: his fellow-students urge him to "read up," but he replies that there is "plenty of time."

The examination season has fairly set in; but to his sorrow he finds that he has wasted a great deal of time which he might have profitably employed. However, it is too late now and he must make the best of it.

A week of examinations has passed; and the students are kept in suspense for a few days. But the suspense is soon brought to a close, and at last the lists appear.—Anxious eyes are carefully studying them, and among the group we find our old friend A. B. On one of the lists he searches in vain for his name, and on the others he finds it very low down.

Now A. B. begins to ask the reason why? Dear friend you are afflicted with a disease too common to us all—and one that ruins the prospects of many a young man. We call it procrastination. "Put off" was your motto. You wasted time in leaving home, when you came to town you were late in going to the College; during the session you put off preparing your exercises until late at night, and at the end of the week, until Saturday night. When the examination season came round you neglected the very important point—"Revising up." "Put off" was your favorite friend. Finally the professors catching the disease (which appears to be an epidemic) put you off.

Unfortunately A. B. is not represented by one person: Procrastination is a disease common to us all: and it is our duty to strive against it; for it is a great enemy to success; and is sure to injure any one who is afflicted with it.

AIMLESS THOUGHTS.

An aimless life is like a ship without a rudder. When life is gay, and the trials that make its gloom the gloom of sadness, meet us not, then we can appear to some advantage. But when real, earnest, active labor, presents itself, and the heart has to bear its burden of sorrow, we find ourselves unfit for the task and have to give place to better men. Now as action which constitutes life is but thought restrained, bounded, and made practicable, the same remark would apply to it as life. There is, we grant, a certain pleasure in living a roving, imaginative life—drifting along we know not whither, and dreaming of enchanted lands beyond us, where life does not seem to bear the horrid form it here presents.

At rest on a lounge, or swaying gently in an arm chair, we may wander in thought and feel a passing pleasure in viewing the castles of success in the bright future, built without toil, and inhabited without cost. Or listening to the chorus of nature around us we may fancy the pleasure of

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half dream—
To dream and dream."

Not only are all the enchanted lands of an imaginative creation ever enticing us, but the past also mingles in our "Serio-Mechanico" moods. To think of those we know, to linger fondly and continuously over some word or act is the excessive desire of our emotional nature, and the inevitable tendency of unchecked minds.

Thoughts of the loved ones go roaming in the twilight land of memory—thought-birds which we imagined had slept to wake no more. All this we say and more may be pleasant; but it is about the most profitless mental labor, if labor it may be called, in which we can engage. We would not have students so terribly practical that mathematical lines must bound every emotion, but we would have them able to concentrate at any moment all the powers of their mind upon the studies in which they are engaged.

How often, when Euclid presents the finest train of mathematical reasoning, are we wandering away in mind to some trifling incident of the past, or peering into an uncertain occurrence in the future. The student often, instead of following up a train of thought, or firmly rooting most important truths, allows his mind to roam hap-hazard, without aim or reward. The face of the Professor is a mirror in which he sees other faces, and while the pleased instructor imagines his hearer is drinking in every word he utters, the listener has been following some trifling fancy or recalling a day's sporting.

We are not now treating of what is not—we are speaking from experience—nor do we think our experience different from that of others. Strongly would we recommend all students therefore not to allow themselves to be carried away by this dreamy vagary. It is ruining to our minds and will never repay the time spent. In order to break ourselves of it we should think of our studies; whenever that desire for unreal thought comes over us, and continue thinking till reality becomes pleasing. Our studies will then never be tiresome to us as they invariably are to those accustomed to wandering fancies, and we will find that each accession of knowledge will enable us, more and more to emerge from dreamland to the clear common-sense realities of every-day life; and when thought is properly bridled, and we think of the real and the known, imagination and the pleasant dreams of other days will only come when they should—to soften the hard, to enliven the fancy, to quicken the emotions, and weave the threads of friendship and love throughout all our actions.

GOING TO SACRIFICE.

(Continued.)

A few minutes diligent search, was rewarded by the discovery of a spot so convenient, that to our delighted eyes it seemed as if made with a special view to our benefit. It was a recess about ten feet long by four wide, surrounded by a dense growth of young trees, whose branches meeting at the top formed a natural roof. The entrance was narrow and faced the beach, so that a more suitable place could not well have been found. Each member of the party now set vigorously to work, one to bring up stores from the boat, another to prepare the camp, while the third busied himself in kindling a fire and getting tea. In a short time we sat down with thankful hearts and keen appetites to our repast, and although our table was the green turf, and our seats the trunks of old trees; though our coffee was boiled in an iron pot, and was *minus* cream and *plus* an unmistakable flavour of spruce, yet never did the hungriest alderman at a civic dinner, do more justice to the viands placed before him than did we. The meal being concluded, there remained just enough of daylight to enable us to have a hasty look round the island. We found it to be a quarter of a mile in length and some three hundred yards wide. Except a few sheep which ran away like wild creatures at our approach, no living thing was to be seen. At

various distances islands of a greater or less size were dimly visible through the fast increasing darkness. The famous trench was nowhere discernable, and as guided by the light of the fire, we leisurely retraced our steps to the camp, it seemed hardly possible to believe that this peaceful island had witnessed such shocking barbarities as that to which tradition ascribes its name.

The shades of evening fell rapidly. The sun had long since set, and the halo he had left in the west like the hallowed memories hovering over the tomb of a good man, had imperceptibly faded away. Twilight deepened gradually into night. One by one the stars came peeping out from the clear sky over head. Brilliant auroras flashed to and fro across the heavens, reaching at times to the very zenith. Replenishing our fire, we seated ourselves around it, and whiled away the hours with story and song till a glance at our watches admonished us that it was time to forget the adventures and toils of the day in yielding to "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." The necessary preparations were soon made. Overcoats and railway wrappers were brought out from a dark corner of the camp to serve in the double capacity of mattress and covering. A plentiful supply of fuel was heaped upon the fire and with mutual wishes for pleasant dreams, we lay down like Jacob of old, though with softer pillows, and, perhaps, lighter hearts. But to me sleep was slow in coming. The novelty of the situation, the resinous odour from the trees alongside, the flickering light of the fire in front, the gleaming surface of the water seen here and there through the branches, and the glorious sky overhead, with its countless twinkling stars, all combined to render me wakeful. An hour passed away. Midnight had come and gone, when across the water, distant but ever approaching nearer and nearer, came the dull yet regular sound of oars. "What is this? thought I. "Who can be rowing out here thus in the dead of night? Can any one have seen our light, and be coming to ascertain its cause? Is it some mischief-loving fellow desirous of playing us a trick, or can it be a phantom boat bringing the spirits of the long buried sailors to revisit the island? Whoever it may be, he shall not find us unprepared;" and thus musing I rose stealthily, so as not to disturb my sleeping companions, and cautiously walked down to the beach. Nearer and nearer came the boat: presently it was opposite me. The sound of the oars ceased, I listened eagerly but could hear nothing. Drifting along in the darkness, the shadowy outline of a boat presented itself. For a moment there was stillness; then the regular "thud" of the oars in the rowlocks began again, and the dim image soon faded away in the hazy distance. Silence once more reigned supreme. The calm was almost oppressive. Not a sound was to be heard, save the roar of the surf, at one time clear and sharp, as it broke upon some rocky island near by, and anon subdued and gentle, and mellowed by the distance. Earth and sea and sky were as motionless and as quiet as if they had been suddenly petrified. Everything spoke of peace. The dark woods behind me, the calm, still water in front, the myriad stars above, seemed noiselessly repeating the glorious refrain of eighteen hundred years ago "Peace on earth, good will to men." "Can it be possible," said I to myself, "that this quiet island was once the scene of deeds of violence and blood? that these shores resounded to the war-whoop of the Indian, or the shrieks of his despairing victim? Is it really true, that perhaps on this very spot the scalping knife and the tomahawk have done their cruel work, and that the mangled remains of their prey lie, it may be, under my feet? How changed the scene now! The treacherous assassins

have gone. The dead sleep quietly in their graves. To them life with its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, has passed away for ever, as, ere long, it will from me. How many sighs were wafted after them by absent friends! How many hearts left behind in pleasant homes, grew heavier and sadder as day after day went by, and still they came not. Perhaps the tragical story of their fate was never known, and anxious ones kept watching, hoping, praying for their return till they, too, were called away. And here on this lonely island, far away from home and kindred, with no monument to mark their last resting place and no mourner save the solitary traveller; with the ocean's roar for their requiem, and the silent stars, the only surviving witnesses of their fall, beaming peacefully upon their nameless graves; they sleep the long sleep which will know no waking till the morning of the resurrection. And yet what matters it where the body rests, if the spirit be happy? It is the jewel alone that is valuable; not the casket in which it is contained. Yet how many give their whole time and attention to the latter, and find alas! too late, that they have made a great, an irremediable mistake; that they have thrown away the diamond and kept the setting, and lost the substance while trying to secure the shadow. May I be wiser than they!" Thus soliloquizing, I slowly wandered back to the camp, piled fresh fuel on the fire, and soon forgot my fancies in healthful slumber.

(To be Concluded.)

ITEMS.

— Russia has nine Universities, all under the care of the Government. The largest, that of Moscow, has 75 Professors and 1,600 Students.—*Annalist.*

— Of the 403 Alumnae of Oberlin College, 172 have married brother Alumni.—*Annalist.*

— The marking system has been abolished at Michigan University.

— Yale College was named after Elihu Yale, who made very liberal donations to the college.

— Trinity College has received a legacy of \$40,000.

— "Have some apples?" said George to Fred. Baron von Koopmanschappenhausenfelden, at the same time proffering a handful. "Nein," replied F. K. "Nine," said George in astonishment, "I have but five."—*Niag. Tri.*

— Epitome of the war: "Elan" vs. Uhlan. The latter seems to get the best of it.

— Lady Franklin has purchased Franklin House, Spilsby, the birthplace of the great Arctic Navigator, and intends to have it converted into a museum of Arctic curiosities, especially those connected with the last voyage of her husband.

— Alexandre Dumas is said to be dying at a little village near Dieppe.

— Scotland has lost a widely known literary character by the death of Dr. Moir, Professor of Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh.

— The United States Government has voted \$30,000 for the expedition which will be sent to Spain and Sicily to observe the coming eclipse.

Dalhousie College Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., DEC. 22, 1870.

EDITORS.

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TERMS.

One Collegiate Year (in advance).....\$0.50
Single copies..... 05

To be had at the Bookstores of Messrs. Connolly & Kelly and Wm Gossip.

The "Gazette" is forwarded to all subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance, and until all arrears are paid.

Payments to be made to J. G. Macgregor, and all communications addressed to "Dalhousie College Gazette, Halifax, Nova Scotia."

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How time flies! The older we grow, the quicker our lives appear to speed on. Month follows month, year succeeds year, with amazing rapidity. It seems but as yesterday since we were wishing our friends happiness on a former MERRY CHRISTMAS and here we are upon the threshold of another. So swiftly does our time glide away.—While we are considering how we shall spend it, it is gone.

Christmas is a season of many associations. At this time more than almost any other, the mind loves to dwell on the scenes of the past. Visions of bygone days, pleasant faces, cheerful firesides, and happy family reunions, which none better than the student knows how to prize, come crowding in upon the memory. Sadder thoughts, too, of vacant places in the home circle, of bright eyes dimmed forever, of happy hearts that have ceased to beat and hands we long to clasp but cannot, and the sound of voices that are still—these also intrude like uninvited, half welcome guests, causing

"Some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard and heard no more."

Ah! how many such recollections will cast a gloom over the approaching Christmas.

But back still further goes the imagination, and in fancy we see the Christmas days of yore in Merry England.—The old baronial hall dressed with green holly and mistletoe, and filled with squires, vassals, tenants and serfs, presents itself to our vision,—the long oaken table, loaded with the huge surloin, the smoking pudding, and the steaming wassail bowl—the blazing fire of Yule logs—the merry

masquers with their blithe carols and hearty laughter, and the hilarious mirth of the lord of misrule. To the poor man then, as now, Christmas was the great feast of the year, the anticipation or recollection of which would cheer him in many a dark hour.

Look back to a still remoter period, and we see the first—the original Christmas tide. The "wise men of the East" are pursuing their star-guided way over the trackless desert, and as the caravan moves slowly along with its costly load, we can almost fancy we can hear their chant echoed down the long vistas of time:

"We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts, we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain—
Following yonder star.
O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to the perfect light."

The angelic choir—the terrified shepherds—the lowly manger—the worshipping magi—all the incidents in the story so simply yet graphically related in the incomparable words of Holy Writ rise before us with a vividness almost equal to reality.

Alas that the anthem sung so melodiously by the heavenly messengers should find so little echo in men's hearts at the present day. The war clouds hang heavy and dark, over the greater part of Europe, some already burst, others threatening to do so. What a Christmas this will be in thousands of French and German homes! What a sad day to many a desolated family among the pleasant vineyards along the banks of the Rhine or Garonne! How many bleeding hearts and falling tears will be there! Let this thought, while it sobers our enjoyment, deepen our thankfulness that the scourge has been withheld from our land, and let us fervently pray that the time may soon come when "Peace on earth and good will to men" shall universally prevail and the world realize to the full that period so grandly foreshadowed by our great epic poet:

"No war nor battles' sound
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung.
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye
As if they surely knew their Sovereign Lord was by."

— The legend of the three wise men of the East has assumed a popular form in Germany. In the cathedral of Cologne, their skulls are shown and adored. They are called the "Three kings of Cologne," and are said to have set out from different countries without any mutual knowledge or concert, and to have arrived at Bethlehem at the same moment.—*Christmastide.*

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

I.

The study of the classics, and of literature ancient and modern, is, in our Arts course, happily blended with some attention to the elements of science. We hopefully anticipate the time when other branches of natural science will be added, and when scores of young men from the city and country will crowd our Alma Mater, not only to qualify themselves for professions, but also from the pure love of knowledge.

It is to men of this stamp, that the world is indebted for much of the progress of the present age, as well as the past. And we intend to assume, not only that our fellow-students belong to this class, but that our intelligent general readers, (an increasing body we are happy to say) will be interested in a few facts, shewing what has been attempted and achieved during the year now expiring, in some departments of knowledge.

People talk of "sons of toil" as if *labouring* men, as they are called, were the only toilers. We students can tell a different tale, but without speaking of our noble selves, at present, we can point to the labours and researches of men of science, as presenting the amplest evidence that while they are lights of science, *they* are also sons of toil.

Suppose we select ten of the chief observatories of our time, how do we find their occupants engaged? They are mapping the heavens. Each observatory has assigned to it some 25,000 stars, and the work allotted to or undertaken by the astronomers, is to define exactly the locality of each star, and its relations to other heavenly bodies in space; the result to be a perfect map of the heavens. That the stars are moving has been proved by the observations of centuries, but whither do they move? If in orbits, where are the centres, or is there one grand centre?

These are a few of the questions to be answered, and the astronomers are making laborious observations, shunning the light of day, and the society of the great world, that lives and works by day, working and watching while others sleep, for data, the value of which will not fully appear for centuries, or for a millenium. We esteem the work of these men to be great in itself, and truly sublime in its object.

We will not follow the geologist into his museum, to examine the latest fossils in his cabinet, nor the artist to his studio, nor the machinist to his work or model shop; but will at present note only a few results of geographical inquiry.

In contrast with the work of mapping the Heavens, the exploration of the great Ocean beds has been going on, partly in connection with the extension of Sub-Marine Cables, and partly from the love of science. At the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, superb diagrams were exhibited, showing sections of the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, and of the Mediterranean Sea, and a paper on the subject was read by Captain Sherard Osborn.

A discovery of a new Niagara has been made in British territory. The Geographical Survey in British Guiana has reached, on one of the tributaries of the Essequibo, a magnificent waterfall of 730 feet in height.

A remarkable journey has been made by Lieut. G. C. Musters, R. N., through the interior of Patagonia. In accomplishing this feat, this daring adventurer spent 14 months among the Indians, and visited the eastern side of the Andes, in those latitudes where no traveller had previously explored.

There has been progress also in Geographical discovery in Australia. It is not yet ten years since six men set out from Victoria, to proceed north to the Gulf of Carpentaria through the interior of that vast country, and though pro-

vided with Indian Elephants and other appliances, all except one perished. The present pioneer expedition was projected by Governor Weld of Western Australia. The expedition left Swan River on the western Seaboard, some 150 miles from the Southern coast, and proceeded east for Adelaide. It pursued its course under charge of Mr. John Forrest—(we rather like the name and think it smacks of perseverance)—and its dreary march of 1200 or 1500 miles, more than half the distance through a country which is a blank on the maps, was successfully accomplished.

There are two travellers absent, during 1870, from the old fatherland, respecting whom loving souls have been anxious. One is Livingston, who has been dead and alive again repeatedly. All traders at the Zanzibar, report that he is alive in the interior, at Karagwe or Ujiji. Supplies have been forwarded, and all that money and friendship can do for his safety has been done. We hope to report him in 1871.

The other is Hayward, who has been exploring mountain ranges in Central Asia. Letters were read from him, and a highly finished map of Yassin, a country near the Oxus, laid before the Royal Geographical Society at its late meeting, but he will return no more. He was slain by treachery while engaged in extending the boundaries of Geographical Science. He knew his perils, but the love of Science was stronger than the love of life.

The closing year is not inferior to its predecessors in projected enterprises, nor yet in noble men and worthy deeds, and we are happy in the new evidence furnished by the facts just recorded, that our good old fatherland occupies no secondary position in Scientific research. It may not have produced in our time a Humboldt, but it has furnished the men who have discovered the North West Passage, who have painted pictures of the ocean beds, who have mapped the sources of the Nile; who have this year discovered a second Niagara, who have explored the Patagonian Andes, who have braved the parched steppes of the great Australian continent, and perished nobly, daring to explore the deep mountain gorges and glorious peaks of the Highland ranges of Asia, the sources of the Rivers which enrich our mighty Eastern Empire.

PUNS.

Somebody has said that "puns are the result of the fall, and the fruit of the forbidden tree." The well known aphorism of Dr. Johnson, that "he who would perpetrate a pun would pick a pocket," which was drawn from the grave old philosopher, while bewailing the arrant folly of Shakespeare in wooing "that fatal Cleopatra, for which he lost the world," is much in the same strain.

Whether puns were excluded from the Garden of Eden, or not, we cannot say; but the thought that punning would be an impossibility in Paradise, might sadly mar the comfort and enjoyment of the lives of some men, for it is one of their constant earthly employments.

The pun has a glorious history. It is found in the literature of every land. It is an inheritance from our first father, and, as such, extends as widely as the race of which he was the head. Not only in the drama, but also in other varieties of poetry, and even in philosophical works, the pun finds a lodging. The high culture of the Greeks was not sufficient to counterbalance the effects of the fall. Aristotle the philosopher is Aristotle the punster as well. Even the Romans, with their proverbial gravity of manner and sternness of disposition, were abandoned enough to indulge in this humorous play upon words. The uncurbed element of humour that per-

PERSONALS.

- A. Ross, B.A., is engaged in teaching at Annapolis.
- J. H. Macdonald, M.A., is studying law at Kentville.
- Æneas Gordon and George Murray, both of whom are well known among our students, having been at Dalhousie in 1866 and 1867, are studying in the Arts Course of Glasgow University.
- John M. Sutherland, B.A., is studying Theology at Glasgow University.
- S. McNaughton, M.A. is still Principal of the Guysborough Academy.
- Aubrey Lippincott, B.A., of '67, we believe, is studying Medicine in Philadelphia.
- A. H. Cameron is studying in the Arts Course of Queens' University, Kingston.

EXCHANGES.

Notice of our exchanges was crowded out last number. We have received *The Palladium*, New York. It contains good articles and much intelligence from sister colleges. It advocates the establishment of a National University to "lead the world" and have the same relation to it as the University of Paris had to the European continent during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries!

The Vidette, Williamstown, comes full of news, and handsome in appearance.

We rank *The Antiochian* among the best of our exchanges.

The College Herald, too, we welcome to our table. It has just been enlarged and reflects credit on the taste of its editors.

We have received also the *Madisoniensis*, *Niagara's Tribute*, *Harvard Advocate*, *The Collegian* (Cornell), *Pennsylvania School Chronicle*, *McKendree Repository*, *College Courier*, *College Argus*, *Georgia Collegian*, *Miami Student*, *College Journal*, *University Reveille*.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers who have already remitted their subscriptions will accept thanks. Let those who have not yet done so, remember that our Printer's bills ought to be met immediately, that, as we depend altogether upon our subscriptions, this cannot be done unless our rule of advance payment is adhered to, and that they ought therefore to pay up.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. B. We gave the opinion on "I. H. S." not as our own, but as that of the *Niagara's Tribute*. It is, however, held by Webster in his *Unabridged Dictionary*,—See folio 1688.

Business letters have been received from Hugh Macdonald, Rev. J. D. Murray, (Antigonish), A. Ross, B.A., Hon. J. Holmes, H. Primrose, C. Primrose, J. B. Calkin, M.A., Rev. A. L. Wyllie, Lewis E. Hart, J. J. Richards, H. Murray, Rev. J. K. Beairsto, Prof. Hamilton, Hon. J. Howe, S. McNaughton, M.A., Rev. R. Sedgewick, W. Beairsto, Rev. A. C. MacDonald, H. B. Webster, Hon. Dr. Tupper, James Fitzpatrick, Sedley Blanchard, A. G. Bremner, R. S. Copeland, M.P.P., Mrs. John Macgowan and A. P. Seeton.

COLLEGE NEWS.

— Yale has 762 students. A scientific expedition of graduates and students has gone West. They will spend several months in the Rocky Mountain Region, in collecting geological specimens and extinct animal remains for the Yale Museum.

President Woolsey of Yale will resign his office at the close of this year, when he will be seventy years old, and will have held his office twenty-five years.

— Harvard has thirty-five courses of lectures. In the Freshman class there are no less than thirteen different methods of pronouncing Latin and Greek. Twelve months study are now required for A.M., after graduating, instead of three years' standing as heretofore.

— Virginia University gives a gold medal for the best original contribution to *University Magazine*, and two scholarships to the two editors whose duties are most ably performed.

— WILLIAMS.—The Lyceum of Natural History has determined on sending out a scientific expedition to Central America, for the purpose of studying the natural history of that country. It is to start in November.

— Rutgers College has fourteen Japanese students.

— Cambridge and Rugby have adopted the continental pronunciation of Latin and Greek.—*Palladium*.

— Illinois has thirteen Colleges and five college publications.

— Daniel Drew intends to give \$1,000,000 to Drew Theological Seminary in order to make it a complete University.

— The Faculty of Dartmouth College supplies the students with footballs.

— Princeton has decided to make Greek, Latin and Mathematics elective after the Sophomore year.

— At the Western University of Pennsylvania, Classics has been made elective after the Freshman year.

— The marking system has been abolished at Chicago University.

— Professor Peters of Hamilton has recently discovered two asteroids—*Ate* and *Iphigenia*.

— General Lee's son has been elected President of Washington College to fill the vacancy caused by his father's death.

— Berlin has 153 professors and 3,714 students.—*Col. Herald*.

— ALUMNAE. We glean from our exchanges that Washington University has nine ladies; Denison College, one; Michigan Agricultural College, eight; Ann Arbor twelve (besides expectations of thirty in the Medical class); Iowa State University, three in the Medical; Indiana University, twenty-six; and Michigan University, nine.—At Vassar college, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., thirty-three have become "Bachelors of Arts, Monmouth admits them on an equal footing with *alumni*. It is said that there are more than one hundred women studying law in America, and that more than twenty are studying Theology preparatory to entering the ministry. At Albion College, Michigan, young ladies measure their strength in debate with the sterner sex.

The *Madisonensis* says that three have been admitted to the University of Vienna and one into that of Prague.

— CORNELL UNIVERSITY has about 800 students, of whom 400 are Freshmen. Among the students are two Russians and a Turk.

vaded the Roman drama gave ample room for this species of witticism. Horace sometimes slyly introduces a pun, while Martial the epigrammatist, and the later comic writers, were inveterate punsters. The gay, voluptuous courts of the middle ages, where mimic revelry and song abounded, were, doubtless, the home of numerous wits, and the sombre features of the hooded monk may have often relaxed into a ghastly grin, when the stillness of the monastery was broken by a successful sally of pent-up humor. Shakespeare, we have already mentioned, indulged in punning to such an extent that he drew down the wrath of Dr. Johnson, while Dryden, Pope, Swift, Addison, and Steele, by the incessant flow of their wit, gained for themselves the title, "The wits of Queen Anne's reign." Punning was one of the pastimes of these great literati, and many a time while taking their coffee at Will's, their laughter was hearty and loud at some happy rejoinder or grotesque use of a word. Hood has revived the pun in our later literature. Many a care has been dispelled, many an anxious thought quieted, many an hour whiled merrily away, by revelling in the rich humor of Tom Hood. From Euripides down to the last number of Punch, puns have abounded. They form a sort of pastime—a fund from which everybody has drawn a full supply of merriment to drive away his gloom, as well as a channel through which men can vent their spleen on language. Far from being looked down upon as of intellectual pigmies, punsters number in their ranks some of the greatest minds. Every stream has its bubbles. These are the bubbles (pardon the figure, gentle reader,) of the stream of intellect, ever and anon rising to the top, while the deep, calm, current flows on below.

A good pun is now a "rare article," while bad ones are multiplied by the score. Perhaps the best way that we can give a definition of what we consider a good pun will be to cite an example. Punch once summed up his views on perplexed metaphysical points in the following queries and answers: "What is matter? Never mind. What is mind? No matter." Charles Lamb relates a story of an Oxford scholar who accosted a porter, carrying a hare along the street, with this question: "Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare or a wig?" The time, place and person, the strange nature of the question, especially the utter irrelevancy of the concluding member, constitute, says Lamb, such a picture as only Hogarth could have made intelligible on canvas.

A pun, to be a good one, must be a play on the sentiment, not a mere verbal quibble; and often the more far-fetched and startling the connection between the sign and the thing signified, the more irresistible and mirth-provoking is the pun. "A pun is not bounded by the laws which limit nicer wit. It is a pistol let off the ear; not a feather to tickle the intellect."

This short article was suggested by noticing the interesting development of punning, among our own students. This year it seems to have reached its fullest development. The record of our Freshman experiences does not contain one good pun, or even an attempt at the simplest play upon words. Certain jovial spirits have since come in among us, and the sparkle of their wit and humor is a constant source of amusement. The "fellows" rarely meet in the hall, before going to their several classes, without "making the poor words run the gauntlet;" and although the puns often "limp a little or prove defective in one leg," yet many successful ones are got off. A kind of tournament is engaged in. Every knight uses his spear to the best advantage. Many a successful thrust is made, until at last some neglected, forgotten fellow,

like the "Disinherited Knight" in "Ivanhoe," sounds his note of challenge, and by his dexterous thrusts overthrows all, and becomes the champion of the day.

The warning of the editors, "Make it as short as possible," sounds in our ears, and we shall obey their injunction, and, perhaps, delight the reader, by bringing this article to an end.

MR. GRANT'S LECTURE.

It is gratifying to find that Prof. McDonald's Inaugural has produced other effects than the stirring up of hostile criticism. The Young Men's Association of St. Andrew's Church in this city, with a spirit worthy of all praise, has set about the raising of a fund, sufficient to establish an annual bursary in connection with the College. A course of lectures during the winter has been arranged, at which the public will be given an opportunity of contributing towards this object. On Monday evening, 19th inst., the first of the course was delivered by the Rev. G. M. Grant, who has always shown himself such a warm friend to the College. His subject was the "Rise and Progress of Prussia," which he handled in his usual happy style in a lengthy, yet exceedingly interesting address. Space forbids us to attempt even an outline of the lecture; suffice it to say that it was well worth the careful attention of every one who does not wish to be lamentably ignorant respecting the great topic of the day. We were pleased to see such a large number of students present—both Arts and Medicals. The few who preferred to stay at home poring over their books missed a rich intellectual treat, and we are sure lost more than they gained. We bespeak for future lecturers a still larger audience of students and friends of the college, and thankfully wish the St. Andrews Association the utmost success in carrying out this laudable endeavour.

DALHOUSIE.

— Through the kindness of Hon. R. Robertson and Dr. Honeyman, the students can have access to the Provincial Museum at any time, without the necessity of obtaining tickets. Students should avail themselves of this opportunity. A few hours spent there now and again, especially in the Department of Mineralogy, will be far from wasted.

— In the museum of the Medical College, we saw yesterday an anatomical curiosity,—a skull, having no sagittal suture, the two parietal bones being developed in one. It was found by Prof. Farrell, near an Indian burying ground in the vicinity of Dartmouth.

— Dalhousie has as yet no convenient entrance for students from the North End. Last week two of the Professors were seen getting through the fence. Such a mode of entrance is sufficiently undignified for students.

— We are told that on one of the class tickets the name of our University is spelled "Dolhousie."

— Through the courtesy of George Taylor, Esq., General Superintendent N. S. Railway, return tickets for one regular fare will be issued to those students, who intend going home by rail during the Christmas vacation. We are sure that our classmates will heartily join us in thanking Mr. Taylor, and in wishing him a Merry Christmas.

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