

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. }
OLD SERIES—VOL. XI. }

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 21, 1878.

{ NEW No. 3.
{ WHOLE No. 109.

THE FOUR AGES.

A long way after the Swan of Avon.

College life's a stage,
And all the workers in it merely players,
They have their prologues, and their epilogues,
And each one in his time plays many roles,
Their acts being four long stages. At first the Freshie,
With shining lustrous gown, and bran new books,
His beardless face shining with exultation,
Yea, with the very freshness of his mind
Written upon it. Bound that to his genius,
All men shall bow, and say, "behold the man."
And then the Soph.; his chin, and lip, and jowl,
Budding with hairs. Already shows his gown
The mark of many a fray, bloodless, yet fierce,
His books a trifle battered, and his mein
In the transition state, half new, half old.
Next comes the Junior, clad in limp remains
Of what was once a gownly masterpiece;
Proud of his rags, as soldier of his scars,
Seeking a sapient reputation of
His fellows. His intellectual forefront
Beaming with learned condescension, o'er
Freshie, and Soph. *In modo suavitur*
Et fortitur in re. The last scene shifts
Into the Senior wight, learned, and lean;
In collar and two strips—the meagre relict
Of all his byegone lustre—not of name
But garb;—brimful of Greek, and Latin;
In diction brief, learning's epitome;
Waiting with dignified expectancy
The final day when donning Freshie's robe,
The silken hood, and choker cruelly white.
The curtain drops, and hides him from our view,
Cum dig, cum gown, cum hood, cum everything.

SILENUS.

A COUNTRY SQUIRE.

UPON his face sits wisdom's charm sedate,
And on his brow a fifteen-cent straw hat.
His Atlas shoulders lift on high the weight
Of roofs and arches in both church and state.
Twice sixty equinoxes to his head
Bring frost; with indoor storms of Madam bred.
From stump-uprooting in the woodland shade
He comes to trace the Senate's subtle thread.

E'en such uphold Britannia's council-table,
And spread her potent lordship reasonable;
And did they spring in soils more favourable,
Might rival Sydney's dying glory sable,
Or steer their barks to regions yet unknown,
And name, like Raleigh, empires yet unsown.

S. J. M.

MAN *versus* MAN.

"I HAVE never received justice at the hands of man," is a consolation which, either expressed or felt, finds a place in the sentiment of nearly every unsuccessful man, and perhaps no greater error was ever forged for the purpose of shifting on to other shoulders what we should bear ourselves. It is a fact, sure as sunlight, that the world is a fair umpire of merit, and that every individual will receive a just reward or punishment from his fellows. Now, in proving this statement, it is necessary that we look carefully at the question: What may be termed justice? It is a fact undisputed, that many men have risen to high positions, and acquired broad renown, whose real worth was less than nothing, and that there have been instances of lives spent in obscurity and contempt, whose true value justly claimed places amid the honoured of earth.

Examine with us briefly one or two cases; and we may state in passing that the instances of even this seeming injustice are somewhat rare. Judge Jeffreys and Voltaire will furnish two examples in different departments of action, whose efforts, unworthy though they must be acknowledged, raised them to wealth and power. But even in such cases as these our theory holds good. James found in all England but one Jeffreys, and his decisions on the bench won for him a place attainable only by one worthy of giving such decisions. For a time he flourished, but tardy justice did her work at length, and he sank beneath the curse of a nation's hatred. With Voltaire, this great empire the world found more difficulty in dealing, for amid the vile and

worthless in this man there was much pure gold. Farther, he came in an age and to a country thirsting for such a teacher, and the glory which for a time blazed around him, blinded even those whose higher judgment might have discerned his hollowness. But though the 18th century was deceived, and France led decked with garlands to destruction, time has cleared away the golden mist, and universal man is uttering the mighty atheist's condemnation. But we may turn for a moment to the other side. In 1517, Martin Luther nailed his theses to the church at Wittenburg. A storm burst throughout the whole Romish empire. For years he toiled on, oppressed and hunted from city to city. Often forsaken by friends, and ever hated by enemies, he lived a martyr's life. But the voice of posterity has written his name among the records of the undying great; and looking round on the gathering strength of the Reformation, who would say that Luther's work has been unrewarded, even though his life was spent beneath the dark anathemas of the Roman world. Viewing the question in the light of the above remarks, we may decide that true commendation need not be expressed in the form of dollars and cents, neither does the world always pronounce its judgments in a hurry.

Of course it will be seen that in the foregoing we have been discussing extreme cases, both as to difficulty of immediate decision, and as to lofty positions. As the great majority of men occupy but ordinary stations, we hold that to each in every case there is dealt out by his fellow man a just and righteous judgment. Here is a man in business. He may be termed a good citizen, and possesses perhaps full average abilities. He has a great love for literature, and can be found at any time in his office, poring over some periodical or classical work. He is also a connoisseur in music and painting, and spends much of his time in these pursuits. Somehow this individual never succeeds in making money. He loves to attend meetings of all kinds,—religious, literary, &c., but public opinion ever places him in a back seat, calling to the front men whom he knows are not his equals in most respects, and often not in the very subjects under consideration, but who have got on better in financial affairs. He feels slighted, and thinks that he is unfairly dealt with. But this is really the very opposite of fact. He has placed himself before the community as a man of business,

as a man of business he has proved a failure, consequently the world regards him as such. Here is another man, also engaged in mercantile pursuits. In theory he is perfect; has a thorough knowledge of the science of business; understands the most modern systems of banking and commerce. But he is not much at driving a bargain, and is a total failure in the minutiae of shop-keeping or office work. Soon a crash comes, and he feels much a martyr because his fellow townsmen do not get up a subscription list to set him off again. Here again is a doctor. His titles of scholarship are numberless. No other physician in the city has spent so much money on his education. The whole structure of the human body is at his finger ends. But somehow he makes a considerable noise in a sick room, and cannot bear getting up through the night. With hot indignation he sees Jones, who has a simple M. D. to his name, working ahead of him in practice, and he feels that the only solution of the mystery is, that people do not appreciate his brilliant attainments and profound knowledge. We need not go on giving examples. They meet us at every turn of our way. In almost every man who occupies the lower strata of public esteem or financial importance, we find one, convinced in his own mind at least, that he is not valued for his true worth, and has not succeeded according to the just extent of his capabilities. A little consideration, however, must show the most incredulous that man is fair in his estimate of men.

We can conceive of small communities or circles uniting through prejudice against an individual. But in large bodies of men there cannot possibly exist that oneness of sentiment which would enable an unjust bias against one to last for any time. There have been in the history of our race cases where nations as a body seemed to club against one, but such are rare, and it may be stated without hesitation, that gigantic crimes alone can call up widespread indignation or extensive prejudice. Again, it is not possible that any feelings of undue pity or over-indulgent regard should exert a more than local influence in favor of one whose impotency has earned failure. It is true that here again instances can be quoted which seem to contradict this. For instance, where a false step has brought on the downfall of some great statesman, a sincere feeling of regret may pass through the country, and man may argue

that he has not been justly dealt with, because no man can be expected to succeed in every stroke of diplomacy. But does the fact of a man's falling from a position where he knows that a fall is sooner or later almost certain, prove that he is not fairly treated when the fall comes? Assuredly not. If a man undertakes what he knows may turn out his ruin or his fortune, it is not surely justice when the critical moment arrives, and his judgement is unequal to the effort, to say that he should be trusted again.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

may be beautiful poetry, but it is poor reasoning. Great qualities, like oil in water, will rise to the top; and great incapacity, like metal, will sink to the bottom.

There is one hedge behind which many of the unfortunate shelter themselves, viz, that they have mistaken their calling. This is, in most cases, but a myth of the imagination; but granting that in some cases it is true, then we have but one answer: If a man cannot decide on what should be his proper vocation, he must be lacking in judgment, and judgment is an important quality in human capacity. Far be it from us to state that there have not been isolated cases where misfortune after misfortune has brought men down who seemed to deserve better. But granting it so, we hold that this wretched habit of bemoaning as misfortune what really is the result of our own weakness or folly, deserves to be treated with indignant contempt. Hard though the process may be, let us throw off this delusion from our eyes; let us throw away this sickly sentimentality which can deceive none but ourselves, and face the solemn fact, that if we are worthy of our fellows' smiles, we shall receive them, and that if we are deserving of distrust and anger, these shall be paid.

J. F. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GAZETTE.—While the thunder of cannon, the peal of bells, merry music, flags, arches and cheers rising from loyal throats welcome to the metropolis of Nova Scotia a noble scion of the Argyle family, accompanied by "a Princess fresh and fair," a humble Halifax boy reverts to the scenes of his childhood, and wishes he were near the frowning battlements of the gem of the Northern Atlantic coast.

"Coelum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt."

In the train of emotions awakened in his mind, the prominent one is love of *libertas et natale solum*. Dr. Samuel Johnson would not give a guinea for one form of government in preference to another. *Me genoito*, as far as I am concerned Let us beware though, of thinking that our own is the sum of excellencies. We can afford to take a leaf out of our enemy's book

When we think of our country with its future, every true Canadian desires to know where are the men who are to influence the destiny of the nation. In answer, I would point to our colleges. They are to be sources and fountains of good, we trust, to our native land. The old and new learning will both, ere long, be weighed in the balance. We would plead for a more enlarged generosity in dealing with these institutions. Our American neighbors teach us a lesson in the way of private munificence, a lesson to which we would do well to take heed. The state seems afraid to handle, with any but the most delicate touch, this vexed question.

If the mental well-being of students is important, their physical need is not to be thrown into a corner. Though brawn is not brain, it is sometimes very useful to him who possesses it. I would not advise the introduction of anything like the old Spartan system and its too great premium on bodily endurance. Yet even the stern Romans found time to play ball; this we must infer from Horace's mention of *pila* and *trigon*, the former something like tennis, the latter possibly hand-ball. What would the boys at one of the great English schools, or the young men at Oxford or Cambridge do without football or cricket? Competitions of such a nature relieve a tedium which scholarship examinations etc. would fail to do away with.

That Dalhousie's boys will by every means within their reach strive to maintain the honour of Alma Mater is the sincere desire of the writer. There is an element half way between the new and old learning which they have been frequently begged to cultivate. They need not destroy the *fortiter in re* by neglect of the *suaviter in modo*. The pages of the GAZETTE, too, are an arena in which they may appear with profit to themselves and pleasure to their readers. But this has gone far enough. Hoping you will pardon this limited (?) abuse of logic and rhetoric, and promising another infliction ere long, with feelings of great regard.

I am, your old friend,

Princeton, N. J.

PAULUS.

DEAR GAZETTE,—My eye lights upon a "Deutscher Universitäts Kalender" which a young Jewish student left in my room the other day, and a strong impulse seizes me to become a cheap and easy author through its friendly aid, backed up by my own keen observation of "men and things," in this far off land of Saur Kraut and Science.

I find as many as twenty-four regular, fully equipped Universities—not to speak of Colleges—three or four at least, consisting of one or two faculties each. In the teaching body of these Universities there are at least five different classes of Instructors; the first three,—Professors ordinary, extraordinary and honorary, are about on a level, differing chiefly through old age (the last) and amount of salary (the second). The other two are budding Professors, ambitious Academicians who exercise their gifts as assistants, lecturers, and private teachers. In numbers, the University of Berlin stands first in Germany. Its whole corps of instructors exceeds 190, of which 120 have professional rank. The number of students under the above is over 3,000, though I believe the cost of living and other causes keep these numbers down. Leipzig boasts of 155 teachers and over 3000 students; Göttingen has 120 professors, lecturing to something above 1000 students; Munich lets her banners wave over 114 wise heads shaking philosopher's wool over the notebooks of more than 1,100 busy writers; Heidelberg manages to live with only 110 professors and assistants, who induce 800 ardent youths to attend their prelections; Bonn has a round 100 instructors, and nearly 800 to be instructed. We need not pause to say that the smallest staff seems to be that of Münster—29, with 415 students, while Rostock, which has the smallest attendance, 140, provides 36 teachers. I cannot go into the details of faculties. I may observe theologically that Leipzig seems far the most popular, having about 350 students in divinity, which, connected with the fact that the theological faculty here are, as my Jewish friend termed them, "shockingly orthodox," is encouraging information for those who believe that in theology, as in wine, "the old is the better."

Another sign of the times may be seen in the fact that Heidelberg, the scene of Schenkel's rationalism, and one of the last seats of dying agnosticism, had last year, but a dozen theological students. In round numbers, the students at German Universities seem to sum up a little

short of 20,000, which is, perhaps, one for every two thousand of the population—a proportion I expect about the same as that reported at Nova Scotia Colleges.

There is a much more classic air about the colleges here than fans our brow in American Universities. Why a student here is actually expected to understand Latin. For instance, notices on the black board occasionally run thus: "*Commilitonibus Humanissimis. S. P. D. Fr. D.:*—

Scholarum quas per hanc hiemem habiturus sum hocce intrabo," &c. And here are some of the published subjects for essays. Berlin wants her theological students to win prizes on this line:—"*Veteris Testamenti de remissione peccatorum doctrina distincte exponatur et cum iis qua Christus et Apostoli eadem de re statuerunt comparetur;*" and Halle wants her requiring medicals to discuss this:—"*Unde liquor amnii ovi humani originem ducat inquiratur.* And I actually attend Latin lectures twice a week, beginning with such affection as "*commilitones carissimi,*" or even "*optimi,*" ending with the cheery parting—"*Farete, Valet;*" and in the middle telling us about "*Epistola Pauli Apostoli ad Titum.*"

For one who did not speak Latin at his mother's knee or any place else, it is a little bewildering to sit in a Latin shower and try to make oneself all ear, and crowd a whole Latin grammar into one's brain in a moment of time. Of course added to the ignorance which came by ordinary generation, there is the different pronunciation to be fought. A German speaks *toom*; *natio, naseo*, and the vowels of course after the continental style. To this must be joined the Saxon element, pronouncing *Tunc, Dunc*; *Vel, Fel*, and *sed, tset*, and the bewilderment is complete. And yet progress can be made, even in following a Latin lecture, and I only wish not merely a Latin prayer but also discussions before men might yet be heard in Dalhousie in that historic tongue, for what is the use of for ever dabbling in slops of language?

While I am on learned themes, I may just as well say that all the professors whom I have heard pronounce Greek, follow the lead of the modern Greeks, and let the stress of the voice accompany the accent; thus *Sophia* is *Sophía*, and *Agape* is *Agápe*, and *Soterian* has the full of the voice with the accent on the penult. I sit in class with a Greek student (hearing a German Professor lecture in Latin) and notice that

he reads Greek in the same way, at the same time pronouncing *eta* like the English *e*, and *ei* and *oi* and *i* all the same, *viz*, as English *e*. He says that the common people cannot follow the reading of the Greek Testament readily, but that there is little difference between the conversation of educated Greeks and the language of Sacred Greek.

And now may I hope that the men at Dalhousie are reading what are usually called "profane authors," with a zeal and earnestness that are sacred in the eyes of all seekers after true knowledge, and, in the noblest sense of the word, rising

"On stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things!"

Leipzig, 1878.

H. M. S.

THE ART OF DOING NOTHING.

LIFE is too short, and too full of hurry and bustle, for all of us to attain this art to perfection. Numbers, however, enroll themselves as students, and though the majority can hope to obtain only a moderate degree of excellence, yet to a talented few, the object of their laudable ambition is granted, and they soar far above the heads of their less gifted rivals, who gaze upon them with wonder, mingled with awe. These few, as a rule, are endowed with money, as well as talent, and to the former no doubt their success is in great measure owing, since here, even more so than in the other arts, money is required to foster genius. There has been many a one whose enthusiasm for, and talent in the art of doing nothing, were undeniable, and who, had he been favorably circumstanced, would undoubtedly have taken a distinguished place in the list of these artists; but through the necessity of earning his bread, whether by his head or his hands, has been compelled to stifle the cries of genius in his heart, and to sink into a mere hard worker, having forgotten all the aspirations and ambitious hopes of his youth. Another obstacle to the success of the many, is the want of a proper training, for doing nothing is by no means an easy accomplishment. A careful course of practice must be gone through with, which will at first be tiresome, and perhaps cause a feeling of *ennui*. But by daily increasing the time, one can attain to such a degree of proficiency, as to be able to continue, for an indefinite period of time, without any perceptible exertion.

Perhaps the best hot-house for producing specimen do-nothings is—College. Here they have ample opportunities for practice, and meet others who will gladly assist them, and here they are weeded out, till only a few hardy ones of vigorous growth remain. For, at College, many dangers and temptations beset their path. The spirit of competition which exists, the energy which seems to pervade the whole atmosphere, have, alas, the effect of inciting them to *work*. The reproofs of the Professors, who are ever directing withering sarcasms against this art and its followers, is another rock in their course; but the last and greatest danger of all is the "chaff" of the students. Many who have manfully withstood the first two, have finally succumbed to the last, and most deadly. To these attacks many indeed yield, and deserting the cause, join its enemies, the workers; but the strong endure to the end, and having passed through this ordeal in safety, receive such a training, that they will never lose the effects of it during their life time. When they leave College, though the authorities from their point of view may not deem them fit to obtain a diploma, yet they will readily find those who will cheerfully certify their aptitude for, and industry in doing nothing.

And now life lies before them, with its troubles and disappointments, balanced by its prizes—Fame and Honor. But they look afar off upon this scene as one which concerns them not, and shudderingly endeavour to avoid as far as possible, the busy, bustling crowd, which is ever hurrying onward and jostling them in its course. At this point their numbers receive a still further diminution, by the desertion of those, whom in order to live must work. But their sympathies are still with their old comrades, the effects of their College training come into play, and they succeed in doing as little as possible.

And now let us follow out the course of our ideal, do-nothing—alas, we are unable to do so. He leaves neither thought, word nor deed, by which we might trace out his path, he goes on doing nothing, until the end. His life proceeds like a sluggish river, by which no clacking-wheel is turned, whose almost stagnant waters no man may drink, where there are no waterfalls to vary the monotony of its course, since it will change its direction rather than overcome the few obstacles it meets with; but which, as surely as slowly is flowing towards the sea of Oblivion, in which it will finally be engulfed.

A. E. T.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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LIKE a dream the weeks have flown by, and we awake to find ourselves on the eve of breaking up for the Christmas holidays. How full is that word, Christmas of the past, the present and the future. To the young it means joy and sunny hopes; to the aged, pleasure and loving recollections. Separating students from the rest of humanity, it speaks to us with various voices. The jolly, careless collegiate, views it as a period of sleigh drives, evening parties, and glorious sport in general. The moderate student looks upon it as a time of happy reunion with friends and partial release from study. While that saddest specimen of mankind, the book-worm, in taking his own peculiar retrospect, beholds a slice out of the usual course which he can devote to uninterrupted review. Now we do not believe in attempting to influence the peculiar bent of anyone's disposition, in so far as such refers to those subjects which it is every man's business to look after for himself. We may, however, suggest a thought which, if followed out, may lead to good results. Without granting the fact that we should at all times bear and forbear, let us at least on an occasion such as this

draw the curtains of forgiveness and forgetfulness across the real or fancied wrongs of bye-gone days, and give the great to-morrow a clean page on which to begin its record. Life is too short and its interest too momentous that we should hamper the plans of to-day with the burdens of yesterday.

Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act, in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Have you been on bad terms with some friend during the past six months? Go and shake hands over it on Christmas eve. Does some old grievance still rankle, some bye-gone insult yet smart with the sting of a nursed resentment. Let this day smile upon the tombstone of your wrath. It comes to us with echoes of God's forgiveness, let us too make 'peace on earth and good will to man' the burden of its theme.

This, likewise, is a sort of resting place from which we can look back on the work done, and onward at the work to do. Across the hills of finished application we behold convocation smiling in the distant past. Over the mountains of mathematics, classics and philosophy, we see the Ides of April frowning in the mazy future. However, throw these thoughts aside during the holidays, and make them a season of gladness. August professors, fellow-students, friends and subscribers, we wish you a joyous Christmas and bright New Year.

THE prudent are continually deprecating the tendency of young men to rush into those callings in life which are popularly known as 'the professions.' And although we lay claim to no extraordinary wisdom, we certainly concur in the oft repeated opinion that the field for professional labor in Nova Scotia, is not sufficiently wide to employ fully and remuneratively the talent that is now being devoted to law, medicine and engineering. Of theology we say nothing, remembering that the cry for laborers in the christian harvest is continually sounded in our ears.

There are very few districts in the Province in which members of professions are not already jostling one another. Competition when limited and healthy keeps down many abuses that follow in the wake of monopoly; but the competition of our professional men for place and profit has gone beyond this good-working stage. Matters will not be in any degree mended when the horde, now engaged in the necessary preliminary studies, is set free to increase the number of struggling practitioners.

Closely following the cry of crowded professions comes the appeal of those anxious for the improvement of our country, for educated and able men, who are willing to take up the cause of economic and scientific agriculture; to plant in every parish in Nova Scotia a properly managed farm, which shall be not only a stand-by for the necessary bread and butter, and a place to lavish sweat of brow; but a field for the pursuit of scientific truth, a source of dignified pleasure, and the home of independence and honest manhood.

There are many who doubt the propriety of educating our farmers, or of our educated youth devoting themselves to agriculture, and in the want of better argument support their doubts by hinting that those who would have college-graduates till the soil, know very little of the matter in practice, and that theory may be finer than reality. Other doubters think that, after a man has doubled in letters or science, he is fit only to wear fine clothes and sit in an office or at a professor's desk, that his spirit has become too refined to descend again to the clod from which he sprung; that education is wasted on a farm.

To the first class we concede that much has been written by men who have had little in view beyond the production of a quantity of prose, or possibly the hope of being considered a little different from the common mould. But, on their side, they must acknowledge that among the advocates of scientific agriculture and educated farmers, there are men who are as true tillers o

the soil as may be found, and are as well men of scientific and literary attainments. They must acknowledge too that that theory is a very valuable improver of practice. We used to saw shingles with a machine that did very fair work, but a clever mechanic grew up in our family who used to think and theorize, and shaped a model to his theory, and now we have an improved mill. There now exists in this Province a system of agriculture which, we are easily persuaded, is not the best. The theory is that a few educated farmers could introduce marked improvements. This theory has to some extent been weighed by practice, and has not been found altogether wanting. Give us more such farmers and they will show you further improvements.

Why should the odor of fresh-turned ground be unsuited to the scholarly nose? Is it much less pleasant than the perfume of musty law-calf, or the thousand smells of a doctor's office? Is there so little dignity in agrestic occupations when compared with the professional labors of—say a member of the C. P. R'y Constructing Staff, that we feel constrained to give up all advocacy of employing college lore in any other company than knowledge of some-ology? We think not; having left the farm behind, we must wander far to find a more pleasant and equally lucrative and honorable sphere of labor. Then how much more vigorous is the man of the country than the man of the town, he that breathes "heaven's sweetest air," than his brother whose lungs have no better food than the dusty atmosphere of an office, and the smoke and fog of the town.

But our tender-handed ones and the studious complain that the work is hard, and the time for reading limited. Not so hard, perchance, as that required of the average man of business, or the task of the ordinary medical practitioner; and combined with any worldly occupation, we can think of no conditions so well suited to give pleasure to the contemplative soul, and the lover of literature as those which should be normal in every farm-house. As the compatibility of

enjoying a moderate revenue and engaging in agriculture, we have never been dubious. We believe that a moderately productive farm, such as the greater part of Nova Scotia could furnish, would yield enough to keep us in circumstances quite as comfortable as we could enjoy were we to become successful barristers or surgeons.

Last but not least consider the independent position of the owner of a freehold farm. What cares he for calamitous commercial panic? It may reduce his income, but it cannot beggar him. How is he affected when the 'outs' in politics become the 'ins,' and the 'ins' in the civil service have to take the place of the 'outs'? His indignation is roused, and he feels no restraint upon his power to denounce the sacrifice of worthy men on the altar over which it is written, "To the victors belong the spoils." There is no more independent class on the face of the earth than the farming class, and there should be no class more honest and upright, for the same influences cannot be brought to bear upon it, that are so prolific of trickery among those who buy and sell and get gain in the busy markets. If he but ponder on the things around him, and on the processes by which he sees the crude earth cover herself with varied beauty and good, a farmer should above all men be inspired with a sense of the power of the Regulator and Father of all.

Think of it, students! For us, we are convinced that in rural life we shall find

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
* * * * * health, peace and competence.

THAT UNGRAND PARADE.—We notice that in less than a fortnight the Grand Parade is likely to be deprived of the benefit of a large sum which was left for its improvement by the late Miss Cogswell. It seems that under restrictions in the will, this provision can be withdrawn at the end of the present month unless the work of repair begins. Now it is certain that the only means by which this end can be brought about is an arrangement between the College Governors and the City Fathers. If any arrangement can be arrived at, both the stu-

dents who have to wade through the rubbish of that celebrated plateau, and the citizens who behold their fair town disgraced by this picture of desolation, will hail such with joy.

AFTER the above was put in print we noticed a letter in the *Reporter* which lays much blame at the door of our governing board, in the matter of the delay in settling the dispute above referred to. The writer, who by the way disguises his name, is quite sure the college authorities are the only persons worthy of blame; that the delay is all caused by their 'arrogance' in asserting a claim to property which they have no right to, and calls for decided action on the part of the civic authorities—urging them to proceed at once with improvements, as if they had no doubt of their proprietorship. But softly, friend, for well-informed persons, who are not afraid to let the r names accompany their statements, have said with equal assurance that the claim of Dalhousie College to the ownership of the Parade can be well established. Moreover, as the editor of the *Reporter* has pointed out, the burden of accounting for the unnecessary delay just now rests with the city officials. We hope the agitation for an immediate settlement may be successful, but see no need of this peculiar style of argument.

AMUSEMENT.

THE rolling seasons in their course have again brought round to us Christmastide, with the thousand and one concomitant jollities, reunions, festivities, mirth, and thorough enjoyments for which it has justly, and undeniably gained an almost proverbial reputation. But Father Christmas does not present himself to us only as the jolly, red-faced snowy-haired, old fellow with his bag of seasonable gifts, depicted by Hans Andersen and other kindred spirits; this is only one of the many characters which he assumes in our imagination. He is the dividing line between things new and old, and as he looks back with kindly and sympathetic regret on the past leaf in our life's history, blotted and sadly smeared for the average mortal, he turns over and smooths down ready for our use the spotless and unpolluted sheet of the future year, and with a cheerful smile and kindly nod, encourages us to go on and pay our *devoirs*. And let us do our duty in one and all of the

channels which are opened out to us by this festive season; do our duty with the knife and fork, as with the pen and ink; give full play to our social desires in seeking replenishment of our wit and *esprit*, by consorting with the vivacious fair, as well as cultivating our desire for learning in the class-room of the profound and scientific professor; doing everything with a will, and remembering the words of Holy Writ, which say to all, "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." Plunge into all the harmless enjoyments of the season, such as the highly suggestive and popular ones of skating parties, sleigh drives and tobogganning, reserving however, *just a little* of your energy for the after-part of your fun, the *pièce de résistance* of your banquet-study. Carefully scan the errors and backslidings of the departing period, and resolve in the future to remedy, as far as in you lay, the failures of the past, and having formed the resolution, to keep it, as becomes the descendent of a sturdy Briton or a hardy Scot, and when the next year has flown, and you perchance can rejoice over one fault conquered, one vice suppressed, one void filled up, truly your labours will seem to you to have been a pleasant and remunerative task.

But far be it from us to moralize at the expense of the subject proper of our consideration. It was our intention at the outset to have blindly and unreservedly plunged ourselves into a dissertation on the ways and means by which we, as students of Dalhousie, may obtain at one and the same time, a relaxation from brain work, and the development of our proclivities for fun, mischief and society, but the opportunities for the exercise of all these offered during the season when the Yule log blazes cheerfully upon the hearth, seduced us for a time from the pursuit of our object. Our capacity for amusement however, should not be all lavishly expended at any one particular season; we should continually do our duty as men, and be cheerful in all things. Man was *not* made to mourn. In the words of our favourite Latin poet:

"Dum licet in rebus secundis vive beatus
Vive memor quam sis aevi brevis."

And particularly is this true of that period of our lives when we go to school or college, at which time the greater part of us are more fitted for amusement and social intercourse than we will be at any future period of our lives. How often have we been told at school that man is a

gregarious animal. How often have we experimentally shown the truth of this definition. And yet it would seem either that Dalhousie held within its walls an exemplary class of students, whose sole aim in coming to college was to spend as much time as was absolutely possible over their books, or, that on entering its halls they had left far behind them all the characteristics which stamp man a social being. It is unfortunately true that we are far behind other colleges in means of recreation and amusement. Other institutions of like nature as ours have their boating, cricket and football clubs, their gymnasia, their athletic sports, their soirees, and so on, things which we are in great measure debarred from possessing, not from any physical inability, but from the concentration of our sessions within the winter months, when the above mentioned outdoor amusements are rendered impossible by the rigour of the climate. We have, it is true, skating and other kindred pastimes, but these fail in the great particular which makes summer sports a success, viz., the bringing together of students as a body.

In most colleges, too, the gymnasium is almost as much an institution as the class-room itself, and in fact it may be said to form an integral part thereof; but how different is this with us. If we are desirous of developing our muscular system we must go out of our college, while the lower stories which, but for the incomprehensible economy (?) of the governors, might be transformed into a gymnasium having no equal in the city, and we venture to say would be attended by five-sixths of the students, are now devoted to the use of the brewer, the "old-curiosity-shop"-man and the expressman. But it is not only in these mere physical exercises that a man's resources in the shape of amusement are developed. His ideas and nature may be immeasurably benefitted by the interchanging of thoughts, sentiments and projects in social gatherings of his fellows, and here again we are met by an almost insurmountable obstacle. Whereas in other colleges, dormitories and studies for the most part are incorporated in the same buildings as the class-rooms, we have to board in town, wherever, and in whatever number, may be convenient or possible. Now this system of distribution is in itself inimical in no small degree to all perfect companionship, since after classes, a ten, twenty, or even thirty minutes walk must be accomplished before our boarding places are reached, and the only place, comparatively speak-

ing, in which students meet is in the strict atmosphere of the class-room, which is not, usually speaking, *very* conducive to geniality or hilarity. However, all these faults in our *alma mater* seem to be fixed and firm as fate itself, and it is useless to discuss matters which, in all human probability, will never be changed in our lifetime.

It is important to us, however, that we should develop to the fullest possible extent, all the means we have for promoting and furthering our present enjoyment. We are possessors of a football, and the nucleus of a club, in the shape of a president and two captains; we are the possessors of a reading room which, though truly somewhat circumscribed, could be put to some other than its present use of a wardrobe and a bedroom; we have a *grand parade* which, in the lack of other sources of amusement, we could cleanse of the juvenile offscourings of the upper streets; we have the debating societies, which give scope for the display of rhetorical and argumentative speaking; and lastly, we have the GAZETTE, through the medium of which we can communicate not only with our comrades in learning, but also with our friends and supporters in the outside world. These resources we have, and these, if we energetically and determinedly develop them, would be productive of infinitely more benefit to us, in all respects, than they are in their present beautifully crude state. Let us then determine to do our very best in elevating and upholding the standard of Reform in these things and the result will surely and fully repay our exertions.

Of all disagreeable animals, the man who persists in giving his frank opinion on all subjects is the most disagreeable. Among other articles, he loves to pronounce his decision on yourself, and he calls such reflection honest friendship. From such honest friends we would exclaim "deliver us." He tells you plainly whenever you make a fool of yourself, but unfortunately is never at hand on more happy occasions. The color of your nose on frosty mornings is warmly commented on, and if you are graced with red hair and large freckles, then you are very frequently and very publicly held up to view. Your newest coat or hat is not beneath his friendly criticism, and the faults of your paper in the GAZETTE he kindly brings to your notice. Yet he is not beloved.

OUR *General Editor*, not satisfied with the distinctions of journalism, has been bidding for fame as a disturber of the peace of Her Majesty's loyal subjects, particularly those residing within the limits of the neighboring municipality. But let us be thankful, the officials of the town were equal to the occasion, and the offender was promptly summoned to answer for his atrocious and riotous conduct, and after having been duly tried, was dismissed with a caution.

Johannes, when you go serenading again, *Cave Peeler!*

A SOPHOMORE found the following in a college paper, and now makes the halls resound therewith:—

"Oh, a noble art is Chemistry,
Replete with information
Of how to fool with slops and things,
For our great delectation.
Yet still our minds are overfull
With taking "points" on paper.
And I long to be a molecule,
And skip around in vapor."

EXCHANGES.

Now, Pen, be "the very pink of courtesy," as we indite our impressions of the *Packer Quarterly*, published by the fair seniors of the Packer Institute, Brooklyn. This periodical, in magazine form, contains, in fifty-five neatly printed pages, a various and entertaining collection of prose pieces, poetry and nice newsy scraps in the 'Editor's Table' columns. Under the title *Vittoria Colonna*, a paper is given on "true womanliness," which from its various phases is compared to the mathematical circle, a polygon of an infinite number of sides. There are three pieces of very fair poetry; one entitled 'The Marathon of Life,' describes the energetic and valorous action of the Greeks, and then urges for corresponding energy and bravery in the fight of life; in another, a Junior gives some mirth-provoking 'Reflections'; the ideas in the third are somewhat trite, but the verses run smoothly and not out of harmony with the title 'The Beautiful.'

The next subject, *The Athenæum*, furnishes abundant material for criticism. In the first place, a five-column description of Liverpool, by a Professor, should have no place in a students'

OUR SOCIETIES.

THE membership of the Kritosophian Society gathered on Friday evening, Dec. 13th, but the weak point was, that it gathered not in the College room, but at the Music Hall, and discussed the merits of *Il Trovatore*. Sorrowfully we must report that this time-hallowed institution for debate has breathed its last, and sinks to an honoured grave. Shades of Dalhousie eloquence! Phantoms of the departed graduate! Souls of the original essayist! we bid you howl.

THE Excelsior still exhibits signs of strength. The question 'Is the career of Oliver Cromwell worthy of admiration?' occupied the attention of that distinguished body on its last evening of debate. *Opener*, A. J. Murray; *Respondent*, C. Robson; *Critic*, J. Ross. At the close of the discussion it was decided that the Protector's career was worthy of admiration.

GENERAL STUDENT'S MEETING.—A general student's meeting was held in Class Room No. 2, at 4 p. m. Friday, Dec. 6th. President in the chair. Mr. Macknight having resigned from the editorial staff of the GAZETTE, Mr. A. E. Thompson was elected in his place. Reports from some of the Committees were heard and adapted. The meeting closed at 5½ o'clock.

PERSONALS.

It is rumored that a member of the class of '77 is about to do something desperate. Particulars in next issue.

DR. MCKENZIE was laid aside for a few days last week from the work of his class by a severe attack of lumbago. He is among us again, however, and we hope to see him shortly with perfectly recovered health.

W. T. KENNEDY, formerly of '79, is also on the sick list, and was unable to leave his house several days last week. Though he is again able to take charge of his school, (Albro Street) he suffers a good deal. His disease, dyspepsia, is to be dreaded by all students, who should take warning and not stint their physical powers by refusing themselves sufficient out-door or gymnastic exercise.

DAY, of last year's Freshman class, has deserted us, and finds a more congenial retreat in the University of New Brunswick at Fredericton. He has enticed with him his fellow countryman and class-mate HARRISON.

ARCHIBALD, for several years a general student here, is now studying in the Bangor Theological College, Maine.

JOHN T. ROSS, formerly a Dalhousian, after a regular course in law, has been admitted a Barrister, and is now a member of the law firm Borden & Ross. His legal education was acquired

paper. In the second place, the editors should invest in a collection of familiar quotations, or forbear to quote. 'John Brown's body comes a-marching home' is not in the common edition of the popular ballad; and if the Exchange editor has, as he says, often heard the familiar hymn, he should not mangle the first line like this:—

'Little birds in their nests agree;'

the third line is worse; but the fourth receives more just treatment—it is left out. We are sorry that objection must also be taken to the opening collection of verses, which we are kindly informed is 'a poem.' Our readers must not suppose, because we have noticed its little faults first, that *The Athenæum* is altogether bad; far from it; it contains much well written and instructive matter, and is very welcome to our table.

Our other neighbor, *The Argosy*, is to be complimented for its fine appearance. Very few of our exchanges are better gotten up than the organ of the Sackville students. There is a good deal of room for improvement and cutting down in the local items, many of which are very tame. We like the greater part of the last number; but can not go to the same length as the writer of 'Salutary Reform,' who thinks that one should not greet any but his friends with a cheery 'good day!' and proposes that as a passing salutation to all others of our acquaintance, we should make use of such 'passionless truths' as ' $y^2 = 2px$,' or to those whose knowledge is limited, 'twice two are four.' We should be very sorry to think that the number of those to whom we could not give a kindly greeting is as great as this article would have its readers believe.

The Queen's College Journal, another neat, well-printed paper, gives a sketch of the life of Very Rev. Dr. Grant, a very good portrait of whom appears on the first page. Dr. Grant appears to enjoy the same popularity in his new sphere as Principal of Queen's College and University, as when he sat at our Governor's Board and went in and out among the people of Halifax. *Semper floreat.*

Besides those above mentioned, we have to acknowledge receipt of the *Chronicle, Sun, Standard, Patriot, Star, Wesleyan, Witness, Tyro, Vidette, Beacon, Canadian Spectator* and *London Journal*.

in the office of Mr. Sedgewick, one of our most talented and energetic Alumni. Mr. Ross is Secretary of the Liberal Conservative Association in this city.

REV. JAS. A. MCKEEN, B.A., having been ordained a missionary of the Canada Presbyterian Church, has been allotted a field in the balmy region of the Bermudas, having his residence at Hamilton.

REV. J. F. BEARISTO, who formerly was stationed at Hamilton, is just now in charge of the congregation at Merigomish, rendered vacant by the resignation of Rev. H. M. Scott, M.A.

REV. W. B. CRUIKSHANK is, for the time being, assistant to Rev. Dr. Jenkins, of Saint Paul's Church, Montreal.

REV. ARCHD. GUNN has taken Mr. Cruikshank's place at Bett's Cove, in the Newfoundland copper region.

REV. W. P. ARCHIBALD, M.A., has been ordained to the charge of the Presbyterian congregation at Cavendish, P. E. I.

REV. JAMES FITZPATRICK, B.A., is engaged in mission work in this County, having lately returned from St. John's, Newfoundland.

REV. J. CARRUTHERS, though not one of our students, was the friend of many of us, and we gladly hear of his settlement at Coldstream, Colchester County.

R. LOGAN, B.A., on the eve of his departure from Shemogue, N. B., was made the recipient of an address and a testimonial from the people among whom he labored last summer.

We have to thank Rev. Dr. McGregor for supplying us much of the above information regarding those of our Alumni who are connected with the Presbyterian Church.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

HALIFAX is all *forlorn* again.

CHRISTMAS is coming; at least so the Freshies say. Can they be believed?

THE Seniors are rejoicing with exceeding great joy. They have at last found a Freshie who is so conscious of his own comparative insignificance beside "the grave and reverend Senior," that when passing one on the street he ventureth not to recognise or accost him. Freshies, be taught by him.

IMPETUOUS Soph. extended at ease on one of the benches in the far background, to Prof.: "I can't hear, sir." Prof. to astounded Soph. in a state of painful and rigid erectitude: "Then come down to the front, sir." Why, oh why, did he speak?

A NEWSPAPER has been inflicted upon the community within the last fortnight, having as its alleged object "the suppression of—to say the least—unorthodox literature," to use its own words. 'Tis called "Nemesis," and thereby hangs a tale. A noted *general*, whose inclinations are Theological, and whose opinions are inimical in the extreme towards the "Mayflower," to the extinction of which the "Nemesis" is ostensibly devoted, awaited with anxiety the appearance of the paper, and joyfully invested three cents in this presumed cleanser of the Augean stables, this Hercules of journalism. Imagine his feelings when on opening it he found instead of the high-toned and

crushing articles he expected, column after column of tirade, personalities and abuse. And now he lamenteth thus: "Oh! those lost cents! Oh! those blasted hopes. Oh! that *Nemesis!*"

PROFOUND student in Ethics to the Prof.: "What are the essential differences between the doctrine of the Necessitarian and the Libertine?" *Deinde*; wonderful facial convolutions on the part of the Prof., ably seconded by the class. *O Sandy mon!*

WE have sorrowfully to record the fall of a Senior, and such a Senior; a prizeman, a classman, a proper one, indeed. He has thrown learning to the dogs and succumbed to the blandishments of the fair. That ere the final day comes he will reform, we *hope well*.

PROF. of Classics: "Mr. D—, how would you express 'I will go to see him.'" Mr. D—: "I would express it as a purpose." Prof., sadly: "But this is not a purpose, sir." Mr. D—, triumphantly: "Well, I wouldn't express it at all." *Encore.*

"How are the mighty fallen." A Senior t'other morning sorrowfully listened to a Janitorial progeny carolling melodiously those prerogative ballads of ours: "O Kafozlem" and "Excelsior." *Heu progenies Janitoris!*

"'Tis true 'tis pity, 'tis pity 'tis, 'tis true." As that card party thought in the reading-room the other day. As a learned Junior was ordering up his *vis-à-vis*, enter a messenger and *ordered him up to Class. Itaque juravit.*

STUDENT reciting: "Arma *um* virumque *um* cano *um* Trojaque *um*." Prof., interrupting: "Sir, I think you might practice reading in private, your reciting is rather too interjectory. *Strepituque clamore.*

PITY the poor moose next season. Alfred, surnamed Nimrod, signifieth the direful intention on his part of carrying fire and—well, not sword, but noise on the moosepath. Oh Alfred!

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