

DALHOUSIE G A Z E T T E .

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. }
OLD SERIES—VOL. XII. }

HALIFAX, N. S., NOVEMBER 15, 1879.

{ NEW No. 1.
{ WHOLE No. 119.

A WAIL.

The Kalends have come and November is here,
The *togæ viriles* flutter once more
In the old stone halls ; while forever you hear
The soothing strains of the "Pinafore."
And a feeling of sadness over me falls
As I think of the days in the happy past,
When the gowned throngs in the antique halls
The notes of "Sam Simons" hurled forth to the blast.
Anon in a vein of classical glee
The praises of "Laureate Horace" were sung
And the direful doings of "Biddy McGee,"
In the orthodox brogue thro' the arches rung.
But these days of joy forever are flown,
And the halls are filled with a stranger crew,
Whose glossy luster has not yet shown
A tittle of the rents in the gowns we knew.
Yet still the work goes bravely through,
And the halls of learning are filled once more,
So we'll e'en bear awhile with the stranger crew
And wait for the "wreck of the 'Pinafore.'"

SILENUS.

CONVOCATION.

ON Wednesday, the 4th instant, the old Assembly Room in the Province Building was again filled with the *elite* and *literati* of Halifax to witness the opening ceremonies of the winter session of 1879-80. Present—the Principal and Professors of the college, and among other prominent persons, the Rev. G. W. Hill, Chancellor of the University of Halifax ; T. D. Akins, Ph. D. ; Dr. Allison, Superintendent of Education ; Dr. A. P. Reid ; His Excellency Sir P. McDougall ; His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Archibald ; Sir William Young ; Revs. Prof. Currie ; P. G. McGregor, D. D. ; Allan Simpson ; Prof. Pollock ; D. McMillan ; J. McG. McKay, and others of the governors and friends of our *Alma Mater*. Around the sides of the building, and in the galleries all the beauty, seasoned with

much of the learning of our city, looked with interest on the arena, where the students, to the number of 80 or 90, returned the smiles of beauty which fell upon them from all sides. As they sat upon the luxurious chairs one could detect signs of restlessness and a disposition to mischief which culminated at last in the supposed chorus from "Pinafore,"—"we sail the ocean blue."

At three o'clock, however, these signs of restlessness and insubordination were stopped by the entrance of the Senate and Faculty, amidst prolonged applause from the gowns and admiring glances from the towns.

The very Rev. Principal Ross then opened the Convocation with a short prayer, followed by a comprehensive speech. He referred to the work done in past sessions, and touched on the hopeful future which seems to be opening up. The number of students, though not yet up to the average, would in all probability be augmented to the usual number in the course of a few days. A few well-earned words of praise and commendation were then given to Mr. Munro who, during his recent visit to Halifax, had endowed a chair of Physics in Dalhousie College, and had shown an example which was worthy of being imitated by all who called themselves friends of our institution. Mr. Munro, though a Nova Scotian, had lived in the States nearly all his lifetime, had made a fortune there, and now had not forgotten, as many in like circumstances would have done, the encouragement and fostering of the cause of higher education in his native country. The chair endowed by Mr. Munro would be occupied by an able gentleman, who stood head and shoulders above the rest in point of salary, and whose abilities none could cavil at. He then referred in feeling terms to the loss the college and the scientific world had sustained in the death of the late Mr. J. J. Mackenzie.

The Principal then called on Prof. Honeyman to deliver the inaugural lecture. The subject

was one in which the learned doctor excels—Geology—the motto being Genesis i., 1st vs. :

“In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.”

The Rev. Dr. taking this verse as his starting point, discoursed upon the light which the latest researches in geological fields has thrown upon passages of God's Word, which before had been vague and incomprehensible. In his mind there remained not the vestige of a doubt but that to one who could truly and faithfully interpret the works of the Great First Cause, the words of His Holy Writ would be revealed in their true significance. In the study of Geology, we are compelled to admit that this world in all its formation was the work of a great God. Geologists, in the pursuit of the truths afforded by their science, could infallibly trace other and parallel truths; and while revealing the stupendous works of God, adduced facts on which not the slightest doubt of reliability could be thrown. In this way Geology is to the student one of the most reliable sources of knowledge of the first eras of this world's existence. The learned Dr. then proceeded to shew the similarity between the geological formations in different parts of Nova Scotia, taking as the starting point Truro, and touching—in reference thereto—on the rocks of Halifax, Cobequid, Arisaig, Blomidon, &c. The address was listened to with marked attention by the large audience, and elicited frequent bursts of applause from the lustre-clad boys inside the rails. It is well worth any one's perusal, and we will endeavor to give it in full.

The Hon. Samuel Creelman was then called to the front, amidst prolonged applause and clouds of dust, caused by the tramp of students' feet. The Hon. gentleman might say in the words of the familiar song:

“In this world I've gained my knowledge,
And for it I've had to pay,
Tho' I never went to college, &c.”

For he had been obliged to make his way up in the world without the advantages of a first-class collegiate education. He had never sported in the halls of learning or partaken of the romances (?) of a student's life, yet, notwithstanding this fact, he had been, and always would be, a friend of higher education. Of the usefulness of Dalhousie and of her satisfactory status at the present time, he had not the slightest doubt, and assured the students and Professors that in no other educational institution did he take such

an interest as in their *Alma Mater*. He regretted the want of concentration in the efforts put forth by the friends of learning. He concluded by jocularly deprecating the scientific abstruseness of Dr. Honeyman's lecture, commiserating the students, if their ordinary tasks were as difficult to understand as the speech he had just listened to.

Sir William Young followed, speaking at some length on the importance of geological studies. Owing to geology, the old popular belief in the completion of creation in the space of six days of twenty-four hours had been exploded. The days were of unimaginable length, probably millions and millions of years. Even in our own little Nova Scotia, we could see by the evidence of our coal beds that countless ages ago the banks of the Gulf of St. Lawrence were covered with tropical vegetation. Some people believed that God could have created all things just as they are. True, but the Creator of the world would never have placed the cactus in Cape Breton coal beds to deceive his creatures. The deductions of geology were irrefutable, and had, by their own importance, forced its study to a foremost position among modern studies, paying in this respect a high tribute to the energy and tact of American scientists. He had, in his recent visit to New York visited Mr. Munro at his residence, and the old publishing firm of Harper Bros, and had obtained donations from each for the Citizen's Library,—500 volumes from Mr. Munro and 200 from the Harpers.

His Honor Lieut.-Governor Archibald had not expected to speak, but had been struck with the able address of Dr. Honeyman. He did not profess to understand it thoroughly, but he admired the patience and study which the Dr. had given to an abstruse, and to the general reader, an unattractive science. There were so many technical forms of expression to be mastered that it was difficult for an ordinary listener to follow clearly the thoughts which the Dr. had outlined. A distinguished writer had remarked that every man who rises above his fellows has two educations, that which was given him by his instructors, and that which he had achieved for himself, the latter being the most important. He defended the study of the classics and languages generally, apart from their practical value, as being an admirable discipline for the mind, developing its faculties and giving them effective use. Speaking to the students of the necessity of earnest work, he said to a large extent the

future of the country was in the hands of the young men studying in the different colleges. They were to be our future divines, medical men and lawyers; perhaps among the young gentlemen before him was the future Chief Justice of Nova Scotia. One young man who a few years ago had gone away from Dalhousie had now come back to be one of their professors. He was pleased to know that Dalhousie graduates were generally marked for their scholarship and that none had brought disgrace by their conduct upon the institution.

The Chief Justice said he thought there would be many who would like to hear a few words from the new Professor, Dr. McGregor.

Dr. McGregor commenced by referring to the happiness he felt in coming back to the old college, and of the deep interest he felt in its success. The college, of course, was in many respects behind the great colleges abroad, in the number of professors and students, in apparatus, libraries and other advantages to facilitate study, but then large colleges had their drawbacks. There was not the same home-like feeling, the same community of sentiment. As to the matter of Mr. Munro's generous gift to the college, he supposed that he had an especial reason to be thankful for it. He only hoped that the example would not be lost upon others. The college wanted professorships of Agricultural Chemistry, Civil Engineering, Mining Engineering. He hoped that these might be provided by some who would imitate the example set by Mr. Munro. Speaking of his own position he was afraid that he had a complaint against the newspapers. Our papers were excellent, but they had a particular fondness for the “Nova Scotian abroad.” They were often attributing to him successes that he had not achieved. For instance, in his own case, he had been credited for passing with honors, etc., in cases where there were no honors. Perhaps a too favorable impression had been formed of his abilities. He spoke in feeling terms of the late Dr. Mackenzie, whom he described as a man whose whole heart and soul was absorbed in his work. Expressing a hope for the future success of the college, and exhorting all to search for the truth, Dr. MacGregor brought his address to a close.

The Benediction was then pronounced by the Principal, the Convocation closed, and the Winter Session of 1879-80 formally opened.

A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF OLD BACHELORS.

“THE all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation is uplift with many-handed sway” to extirpate old bachelors. The “eleventh” persecution has begun. The rack has been prepared, the pincers heated. How is man to escape? Marry. All the young and the old Bardells have conspired to deprive the world of bachelor Pickwicks. These have been joined by certain pusillanimous objects in pantaloons.

How our heart burns within us—*within us*, notice—while we read this vile passage from Oliver Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*: “I behold an old bachelor in the most contemptible light, as an animal that lives upon the common stock without contributing his share: he is a beast of prey, and the laws should make use of as many stratagems to drive the reluctant savage into the toils, as the Indians when they hunt the rhinoceros.” What confirmed bachelor can read so impious a statement and suppress his profanity? Think for a moment of such an article coming from the pen of the lovable bachelor, Oliver Goldsmith! It reminds us of Thackeray, who so unmercifully condemned snobbery, while he acted the snob himself, or of Dickens's Pecksniff, who, like a direction post, was forever pointing out the road to virtue, but was never going in that direction himself. But of the author of the *Deserted Village*, we can say in the appropriate couplet of Cowley:

“His faith in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.”

To judge by the tone of modern literature, one should suppose an old bachelor to be a

“Monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen.”

Such a treatment of so noble a class is, to say the least, no indication of genius in Ouida or M. E. Braddon. These writers forget that the immortal Plato—the Platonic-love man—was a bachelor. Indeed philosophers of all ages have been opposed to the profane fizzle called love-making. It is worse than profane, it is childish. These writers forget that the heroic Paul died a bachelor-martyr—rather a novelty, by the way. Imagine, if you can, the preacher of Mar's Hill making love to some pretty girl of Athens! There is profanity in the thought; and yet there is not a lady-novelist of the present day who would permit him to leave the city without a wife.

I need not be reminded that some of the great men, who have played on the world's stage, have been weak enough to yield to the temptation of the subtle one. Good old Noah stands in the *Miracle Play* a warning to all preachers to keep out of the toils. How we pity the weak, righteous man, who is reported to have taken the serpents into the Ark "yard by yard," when we hear him cursed by his wife for refusing to permit her gossips to enter! Noah learned to labour and to wait—on his wife. The great catechist, Socrates, like some of his disciples at Pine Hill, had a wife, Xantippe. Her many angelic qualities have become proverbial. Samson was a married man; and, although his darling possessed somewhat *barber-ous* propensities, she may be taken as the type of her married kind. These all married for the public good. They were blind to the fact that "*Happiness* is our being's end and aim." Probably they thought with Sir Humphrey Davy and some writers of his style, that too much happiness is bad for man.

I am compelled to stop. I have been requested by the cruel editors to end my complaining. I don't receive the slightest sympathy from them; but I have a mind conscious of right. I have done my best to protect a noble, magnanimous, but basely slandered, class.

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

CELIBATAIRE.

WITH the intention of making our GAZETTE as instructive and interesting as possible, we publish some extracts from the *Journal of Education* of Nova Scotia, which has kindly been placed in our hands. This Journal is now issued semi-annually, in April and October, and besides being the medium of official educational notices, contains the current set of examination papers for candidates for the different grades of Provincial licenses, and detailed accounts of the Government and County grants.

Among those receiving grade A licenses we notice Chas. S. Cameron, Alfred Dickie, Isaac McLean and R. R. J. Emmerson, all graduates of Dalhousie College last spring.

The re-arrangement of the Normal School Faculty has introduced a new department, that of Industrial Drawing, Miss O. M. Smith, teacher. The new departure, by which professional classification at the Normal School will

serve in lieu of the regular examination in that line, will tend to increase the number of students and is a step in the right direction.

The *Canada School Journal* is to be increased by one-half and the price raised from fifty to sixty cents, and Nova Scotia affairs will receive more attention.

After October 31, 1880, many of the textbooks in science and mathematics now in use are proscribed, and the Council prescribe a complete list, as follows:

MATHEMATICS.

Arithmetic, Elementary, *Kirkland & Scott*.
" Advanced, *Hamblin Smith*.
Algebra, *Todhunter's Algebra for Beginners*.
Geometry (Plane and Solid), *Hamblin Smith*.

[First four books, with exercises, will be provided by publishers as a special edition for Nova Scotia schools.]

Navigation, *Evers's Theory and Practice of Navigation*.

[Norie or Bowditch may be used for an extended course.]

Book-keeping, *Eaton & Frazee*.

Industrial Drawing, *Walter Smith's Drawing Series*.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

McMillan's Science Primers.
Agricultural Chemistry, *Tanner* (adapted to Nova Scotia by Dr. George Lawson).
Chemistry, *Wilson's Inorganic Chemistry*.
Natural Philosophy, *Wormell*.
Physiology (for teachers), *Huxley & Youmans*.

Tanner's Chemistry, adapted by Prof. Lawson, has not yet appeared.

Thanksgiving Day and Good Friday are to be holidays in all the public schools. Dominion day is not thus honored.

The anomaly that has existed in the ranking of male and female teachers has been done away with, and all teachers are now classed as male teachers have hitherto been.

The Grade E license is no longer known. A sliding rule for the summer vacation has been introduced.

Directions for formation of teachers' associations are given in full. We have only to add the changes in, and additions to, the Syllabus of Examination for Grade A, which all who intend applying during the coming summer will do well to note. Changes have been made in the other grades:

GRADE A.

The Latin and Greek authors required are:
Latin.—Caesar, De Bell. Gallic, Books I., II.; Horace, Odes, Book I.; Virgil, Aeneid, Books I. II.; Cicero, De Senectute and Pro Archia Poeta.

Greek.—Xenophon, Anabasis, Books I. II.; Homer, Iliad, Books I., III.; Eschylus, Prometheus Vincetus.

NOTE.—The number of authors required to be read has been reduced to enable candidates to devote more time to the study of grammatical principles and constructions.

The mathematical requirements will read as follows:

Geometry.—Plane, Spherical and Solid Geometry, as in Hamblin Smith's Treatise.

Algebra.—To have a knowledge of Algebra, including theory of equations, as contained in Todhunter's Advanced Algebra or equivalent treatises.

Candidates for Grade A license will not write the "B" papers on the above subjects, as the "A" papers will cover the whole ground of the respective subjects.

The following additional requirements are made:

Chemistry.—Wilson's Inorganic Chemistry.

Natural Philosophy.—Wormell's Natural Philosophy.

NOVA SCOTIA INSTITUTE OF NATURAL SCIENCE.

THE report of the proceedings and transactions of the Nova Scotia Institute of Natural Science has been kindly placed in our hands by Professor Honeyman, Secretary of that Society. It is a pamphlet of about one hundred pages, containing much valuable and interesting information concerning the natural history of this Province. Lest some of our readers may not be familiar with the work done by this Institute of Science, we may mention a few facts concerning it which may be of interest. There is a membership of about seventy gentlemen, most of them being residents of Halifax and the vicinity. The following is a list of the office-bearers for the session 1879-80:—*President*, William Gossip; *Vice-President*, Professor G. Lawson, Ph. D., LL. D.; *Treasurer*, W. C. Silver; *Secretaries*, Professor D. Honeyman, D.C.L.; J. T. Mellish, A.M. Regular monthly meetings are held in the Physics Laboratory of Dalhousie College, when papers on scientific subjects are read by some of the members. The volume before us contains the usual yearly number of these treatises. Of course we do not intend to offer any criticisms upon them, both from the fact that our time and space are limited, and also as we notice that most of the lecturer's names are hedged in by such an array of M.A., Ph. D., D.C.L., &c., we dare not approach within swords' points of such dreaded champions. However, judging by the authorship, we have no hesitancy in recommending these

articles to our friends, not only as highly instructive, but also of great interest. This Institute is strongly helping forward the cause of scientific research in our Province, and merits the support of every sincere seeker of truth.

DALHOUSIE IN COUNCIL.

THE first general students' meeting of the session was held Nov. 3rd, at 8 o'clock, in classroom No. 1. Mr. Crowell, President of the last session's gathering was in the chair, and R. R. J. Emmerson, B.A., still acted in the capacity of Secretary. The minutes of previous meeting were read and adopted. The first business was the election of officers for the ensuing year. After the usual amount of discussion gentlemen were elected as follows:—*President*, A. W. Mahon; *Vice-President*, W. H. Spencer; *Secretary*, G. Creelman.

The affairs of the GAZETTE were next taken up. Mr. Crowell gave a statement of the financial work, and a few remarks were made by Mr. Dustan on the literary department. For the editorial staff the following appointments were made:—

Editors, J. F. Dustan, E. Crowell, '80, A. W. Mahon, J. A. Sedgwick, '81; *Financial Secretary*, J. Davidson, '82; *Finance Committee*, Messrs. Blanchard, Costley, Patterson, Campbell.

Other Committees were appointed as follows: *Reading Room*, Messrs. Thomson, Cameron, Spenter.

Foot Ball—*President*, R. H. Crawford; *1st Captain*, W. McDonald; *2nd Captain*, Chas. Blanchard.

This first meeting was not so numerously attended as might have been expected, but those who were present evinced an amount of animation which promised fair for the debating prospects of the Sodales. We trust that this Society will be organized at as early a date as possible, and that the students will do their best during the coming winter to make these Friday evening gatherings both interesting and instructive. It has been our constant endeavour to impress upon all the importance of cultivating the gift of public speaking, and we believe that the orators of the future will be those who remember to-day that practice makes perfect.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., NOVEMBER 15, 1879.

EDITORS.

J. F. DUSTAN. E. CROWELL, '80.
A. W. MAHON. J. A. SEDGWICK, '81.
J. DAVIDSON, Financial Secretary.

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AGAIN we find it our duty and pleasure to take up the editorial pen. Standing on the portals of a new session, naturally we glance around us. We look back. The history of our College, like that of most rising powers, has been one of trials and battles. Through these various conflicts, however, she has passed unconquerable, and we may now begin to hope that her childhood is almost over, and that the strength of a vigorous maturity will be hers through a long and prosperous future. We have two distinct courses of study, one of Arts and the other of Science. The Technological Institute in connection with this Province, and holding most of its classes within our walls, is taking a prominent place among the educational powers of the Province. We might mention, too, as another proof that Halifax is beginning to awake to the interests of her teaching institutions, that at the matriculation examinations of this session, pupils from the High School succeeded in bearing off the highest honors in both courses.

But we must inquire as a question of special interest to us at present, what are the prospects

of the GAZETTE for the coming year? We as a paper look forward half in tear and half in hope. There are many difficulties to be met, some of which may be classed as internal, and some as external troubles. In the first place we want more help in the shape of literary contributions from our fellow students, and to our subscribers and friends we would say, send in your names, and don't forget that even a college paper cannot be conducted without the aid of that all-important dollar. But it is not our intention to complain. The GAZETTE has lived through years of adversity, and we feel confident that in these days of our comparative prosperity we are still able to float above the battle and the breeze. Fellow students, we earnestly request your aid; friends of Dalhousie, we solicit your names on our subscription list, your advertisements for our columns, and lastly, don't forget the needful.

AS most of our readers are by this time aware, Dalhousie College has the honor to place in the first rank of her benefactors, the name of GEORGE MUNRO, ESQ., of New York. This gentleman, who is a native of Pictou Co., N. S., has most liberally provided a chair of Physics in this institution. That branch of University training which is beginning to be regarded as of the first importance, has for the last few years been taught by lecturers temporarily engaged for the purpose, but through the generosity of MR. MUNRO, we may now regard this professorship as one of the permanences of our college. We must congratulate the Board of Governors, too, upon the choice which it has made in selecting J. G. McGregor, M.A., Ph.D., to fill this important position. Dr. McGregor, who is a former graduate of this University, and who has for a number of years been abroad in England and Germany, both as a student and a professor, receives our congratulation and good wishes on his return to Halifax. May the "George Munro chair of Physics" be an honor to its founder, and a lasting benefit to Dalhousie College.

IT may not be improper for one whose connection with the editorial staff of the GAZETTE has been maintained in some degree since the beginning of the session '76-7 to give some expression to memories of past scenes that will probably never be forgotten. Do not infer from this that we shall immortalize them now. Entering with the graduating class of '79 we found Old Sam Simons still an infant, but we witnessed in him a lusty development under the fostering care of McLellan et al. How we used to make the old halls ring! We doubt if the class enthusiasm of the Freshmen of '75-6 has ever been equalled, certainly not since that time. On one occasion we were met at the door of the English class-room by a combination of the other three years, and the scuffle which ensued, even against the leadership of such men as McCurdy, Laird and Murray, resulted in our flaunting our flag in the hall as proudly as the best. What a tremendous racket that old blackboard used to make coasting down the stone steps. The contests for the supremacy of the stairs were long and well sustained, and perhaps were more effective than any other cause in giving that commonly dilapidated appearance to our gowns, a curtailed specimen of which is now my glory. How musically those rods of the iron stair railing used to ring on the stone pavement when fifty of us happened to meet on the stairs, and how readily the janitor responded. That was an age of mirth, wrath and prosperity. Professors then were anxious to see their students at the precise time, and the milder students found a sunny spot under the lee of the blackboard where they might enjoy an hour's respite from the boisterous North winds of the hall. But the foot-ball! Don't let us forget it, tho' the times are degenerate. Avast our dignity. A good free kick or scrimmage under our goal on the Common has more life in it than all the pent up gymnasiums ever known. How well I remember how sadly I tore a pair of unmentionables on the foot-ball ground one afternoon, and had to make my overcoat do double duty when we paraded down Cornwallis street.

A man never goes to college unless he is initiated into some such scenes as these. Over some we must draw the veil. But looked at even now they, like Longfellow's early loves, come back with a Sabbath sound, and though we have fallen behind most of our contemporaries in the course, yet we have a sort of reverence for these old associations, and wish well to all our old classmates.

WE confess to no small amount of indignation at the manner in which some of the powers that be dealt with us when they garnished the Reading-room, or rather that small unoccupied apartment down-stairs, to which the students of Dalhousie have hitherto had an almost exclusive claim. The traditions of our predecessors would seem to justify this claim, to an extent which allows interference by the authorities in only very remarkable cases. Of course we do not dispute disciplinary control, but knowing of by-gone scenes in which delinquents were punished while the room was held inviolable, based presumably upon that general moral sense which condemns such acts as the devastation of a country for the offences of some of its inhabitants, we beg humbly to protest against our castigation for the faults of others. In the past the Reading-room was a place of resort for those who might have an occasional hour free from class duties, no uncommon occurrence, owing to the arrangement of classes and the distance from the college at which most of the students lived. The same remark holds good as to present needs. The meagre furniture was sufficiently comfortable to afford a short respite from standing, and so the room became the scene of the formation of new acquaintanceships, and gave some relief from the tedium of college work. Besides there was there a table by the aid of which GAZETTES could be prepared for the mails with some degree of comfort and expedition. Now, Ichabod is written over the door, and the stove-pipe supporting one or two dilapidated gowns is the only vestige of what

has been. We feel like the Scotch laddie whose porridge was sour and burnt, and besides, there was not enough of it. Our room has been stripped of furniture, deprived of light, and moreover, is sometimes locked up. We are semi-officially informed that the Governors were with difficulty persuaded to allow us the use of the bare room, and that their reluctance is on account of the destructive habits of the students last summer. Supposing this charge to be true, winter students should not therefore suffer, for without doubt, the cold weather, the GAZETTE work, and the larger number of students in the winter, make some place of rendezvous an absolute necessity. Can we not have a table, some seats and occasional light.

SALVE.

"Lament, who will in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly,
I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

"Look how they come; a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days."

William Cullen Bryant's philosophy is right. Regret or lamentation at the lapse of time, and with it, perhaps, golden opportunities, is a pastime in which no man who aims to be true to himself and his neighbor should indulge. The past may be full of pain: if we allow it to prey upon our minds, the present will partake of its shadows. The resurrection of painful or pleasant reminiscences is alike suicidal to present peace of mind. Let the dead past bury its dead. But the future! what would man be without it? Take from us the bright hopes, the pleasant aspirations, which cheer and sustain us in our earthly crawlings, and we would be the veriest creatures of circumstances. What matter how we lived, how we died. Our sky would be lustreless, sunless, starless; our hearts would be cold, bottomless pits of indifference and despair; we would be beasts. No; blot out the past, make the present bitterness and ashes, but leave us the future.

Still time has been flying, and the Kalends of November have come again, bringing with them the periodical and ever changing influx of ambitious youth,—ambitious as regards learning,

the same complement of Freshies in numbers, but not in size, as witness he of whom it was said, *proxime accessit*, though he wore knickerbockers. Who knows but the Latin may have been in this case a gentle hint on the expediency of long pants. Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, as usual, their numbers decreasing in the inverse ratio of their increasing years; but all for the first day or two jolly, careless, thoughtless: and why not forsooth, for the hard knocks have not come yet. 'Tis easy and pleasant work, exchanging dollars for card-board and a line in the college register. But when these aforesaid cards and signatures lead to an hour's *bivouac* at a time on the muchly carved and infinitely hard benches of the class-room, then the Freshie feels uncomfortable, and has presentiments and portents; then the Seniors, Juniors, Sophs—more or less salted ones—grin knowingly and pityingly at the rows of awe-struck faces visible through the crack of the door. A week or two more and all will be settled down to work, all will be quiet, save the sempiternal devil-may-care who shams study under a general's gown and loitering in the halls, tempts the virtuous from the rugged paths of duty. Especially rugged, by the way, is this path where two classes meet on it coming to and from class.

Everything is the same but the Freshies. Tradition, as exemplified in "Lauriger Horatius," appends to "*Tempus*" the qualification "*edax rerum*." Now we were always brought up piously to believe in this doctrine, and did so, till we became disciples of Dalhousie. The old pile is verily impregnable. In her case Time is but a toothless, decrepit, weather-beaten old nonentity, who is rivalled by certain destructive summer sessionists we all wot of. But the old edifice seems to be perfectly indifferent to all the rude assaults of the gnome of the scythe and hourglass. Everything within and without her walls is the same; save that the daily increasing audacity of the Janitor decorates the Parade railing with flying washes, and carefully, but we will not say by authority, locks the reading room after class hours. (N. B.—A new door will be wanted some day.) The same antique class-rooms, the same comfortable reading room, the same bepasted, belabelled and long-suffering blackboard, greet all who enter. And now a passing word anent the Freshies.

We occasionally hear it held forth to the world that we, as a race, are becoming degenerate in *physique*, muscle, endurance, &c., &c. "There

were giants in those days," says some one referring to the far past. Now we always believed in students being a boisterous, burly, healthy crowd, given to rough jokes and manly exercises; with a physical constitution, able when need was, to stand the strain of a protracted cram without injury. Our beliefs on this point have met with a rude shock by seeing the matriculants of 1879. Not more than two with the signs of a hair on their faces; scarcely one of the lot looking fit to stand the weakest charge of one of our old football heroes. Taken all in all, more fit to be at school for years to come than to undergo four sessions grind; for to them it will be, literally and figuratively, grind. We do not, mark you, depreciate their brain power. That may be, and probably is, up to the average Freshie's, as the black-board will show. But we want our college halls filled, or filled in the greater part, with full-grown lords of creation, who have not developed the brain at the expense of the chest and biceps. Give us Freshmen with 38 or 40 inches girth of lung room, fellows able to give and take hard knocks in all academic contests, be they of muscle or brain; assure us of the *corpus sanum*, and we will promise therein the *mens sana*.

Talking seriously, however, the fact is indisputable, that the class of '83 is smaller than the average. If this may be taken as a sample of the blood to be infused into old Dalhousie for succeeding years, then something certainly ought to be done. We are proud to call our *Alma Mater* College and University, and we have hitherto assumed that her graduate's B. A. meant that he was a fellow physically and mentally able to carry his own burdens, and to take his own place among the contestants in the battle of life. Something ought to be done to render it necessary for an aspirant to academic honors to attain a certain age before he should be allowed to plunge into the depths of higher education. In these times a youngster is taken, and for six months or so previous to the examinations is coached and driven and crammed, with the calendar as a guide for this process. Consequently, while he can hardly fail to matriculate, and may probably pass the first sessional, yet after this, through the rest of his *lustrum*, the work is one long, dreary grind, draining a student's resources of mind and body in order to keep up the task; else he succumbs altogether, and gives up *in mediis rebus* a contest, which at the first, if rightly advised, he would have deemed beyond his strength.

But more of this anon. The months have flown by with their accustomed rapidity, and the old, familiar halls are filled again, though not with the faces we knew. Some few there are among them whom we have a pretext for calling fellow-students; but the majority are strangers. The sensation of a graduate visiting the college after a prolonged absence, and seeing the halls filled with strange faces, which show utter indifference to him and his distinctions, are indistinguishable. It approaches nearly to indignation, a feeling of ire such as one would feel at the poacher on his well stocked and cared for preserves, an infringement of his rights, his *propria*. But let us console ourselves for our present insignificance in the scenes of our quondam triumphs, by the thought that Dalhousie is keeping up the good work. The session of 1879-80 begins under brighter auspices than any preceding one, and let us hope that it will be a precedent for increased liberality *in futuro* on the part of the friends of our institutions for the dissemination of higher education. *Semper floreat Dalhousia.* SILENUS.

DAMASCUS.

THERE is something in the human mind which reverences the ancient. We see a man standing wrapped in speechless admiration before a ruined castle which has all the conceivable qualities before beauty, and yet we do not make up our minds that his taste is peculiar, for the simple reason that hundreds of other men have stood just in the same spot and felt similar emotions, and that hundreds more are prepared to do likewise. Now what is it that excites this enthusiasm? The answer is very simple. It is an association. That old heap of shapeless moss-grown stone has a history, and as we look upon it we see in shadowy form the realities of other days floating before us. There are some philosophers who tell us that all beauty is in association. We do not intend, however, going into this at present, but will rest satisfied with the knowledge that a strange fascination binds us to whatever can summon up a distant past.

As we look round upon the suggestive antiquities of the world, there is one old pile which must excite our deepest veneration. It is Damascus. We trace back to the confines of a pre-historic past and she is there. When

Abraham was a boy in short dresses, and probably before Abraham's grandfather had reached the dignity of pants, the walls of the old city frowned upon the desert. She has given up long ago reckoning her age by years and centuries, and measures time by the rise and fall of empires, by the cradle of the grave of nations. She was shocked by the modern improvements introduced at the building of Babylon and Nineveh, and sighed feelingly for the good old days of peace as the Assyrians and Egyptians were laying the foundations of their eastern despotisms. Thebes and Ephesus were founded when she had reached maturity. From villages she watched them rise into mighty cities, the centres of learning, eloquence and arts, and she has seen them die. Talk of old age after this! Why it is enough to make the Rocky Mountains feel young.

We hear of travellers to the Holy Land gazing in wonder upon the mouldy antiquities of Palestine. Why, the fact is that these are almost modern curiosities when we turn to Damascus. When Joshua was leading on the armies of Israel against the lords of Canaan, she had reached the sere and yellow. The glory has departed from Jerusalem and the sceptre from Judah, but Damascus lives on, an emblem of the immortal. Greece and Rome, with all their boasted power and dominion, with all their years and glories, are but landmarks which she has passed on her march from the great and forgotten yesterday. And the English Empire, which looks back to the days of the Celt for its infancy, and forward from the vigour of to-day to an unknown future, is but a child in long clothes, when we place her beside this hoary veteran of cycles and centuries. Now, with such a record, if we do look with reverence on the ancient, what should be our feelings in contemplating Damascus. If we look with emotions of respect on the mouldy ruins of Grecian temples and Roman theatres, if we feel a sentiment of awe in standing before the mossgrown castles of Britain, let us take the shoes from off our feet on approaching this mighty city of years which was aged before the temples of Greece existed, or the palaces of Rome had lifted their cloud-capped turrets to the sky. And if we were inclined to go into the prophecy business, it would be no risk to say that when the pride of London, of Paris, of Berlin, has passed forever away, when the glory of New York, and Boston, and Montreal has flourished and died, the bat-

tements of Damascus will still look out upon the desert, and she will smile upon the birth of future empires, and the cradle of nations and languages. J. F. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 6th, 1879.

DEAR GAZETTE,—The Canadian Institute of Princeton has now entered upon its third year of existence. The officers are—*President*, J. A. Cairns, B. A.; *1st V. P.*, J. L. George, B. A.; *2nd V. P.*, A. W. Marling, B. A., Toronto University; *Secretary*, W. L. Cunningham; *Treasurer*, Donald Morrison, McGill University, Montreal. The Institute has not what might be called a doubtful entity, but exhibits an encouraging degree of healthy vitality. The first social meeting was held on October 31st. After preliminaries, Mr. Cairns responded to the toast of Hallowe'en, detailing many facts with reference to this famous day. Rev. J. F. McCurdy, M. A., Ph. D., Professor of Oriental Languages in Princeton Seminary, a noble example of "Canada abroad," made a happy and highly appreciated address on "The Progress of Theological Education." Mr. W. J. Frazer, B. A., University of Indiana, in a neat speech, dwelt on the prospects of the "United States." Mr. Cunningham, of London, G. B., fittingly and feelingly responded to the sentiment "Old England." "The Ladies" found in Mr. Morrison, of Ingersoll, Ont., a devoted advocate. Mr. R. T. Jones, B. A., Princeton College, followed in humorous and effective style the remarks of his friend, Morrison. Messrs. R. R. and J. R. Jones gave their estimate of "Wales," and refreshed the company with some of the heart-stirring music of their dear Fatherland. *1st Vice-President* George dwelt on "Old Scotia," land of the mountain and the flood. With reference to his performance, "the least said the soonest mended."

The Committee of Management, Messrs. Morrison and George, had seen to it that there should be something beside eloquence wherewith to entertain the company. Liquid and solid followed in close succession. Between speeches, music and refreshments, all departed, feeling that the C. I. P. was supplying a much needed want, by affording pleasant social intercourse, and serving to strengthen the cords that bind us to "fair Canada." The necessary

absence of Mr. Marling was much regretted by the brethren. "Auld Lang Syne," sung by this circle of good hearts with joined hands, brought the two hours and a-half meeting to a close. The American brother remarked that he had found by experience that there "warm hearts in cold regions."

Semper floreat Canada.

With best wishes for the prosperity of your valuable paper.

I am, with due respect,

JOHN STEADYMAN,
Theological Student.

TO THE LAST ROBIN.

Why lingering still lovely songster?
Why staying thy flight so long?
No chirp echoes now through the branches,
Where once all was joyous with song.

Why here, happy bird of the summer?
Though loving to hear thee sing,
I could wish thee, away with thy fellows,
To regions of balmy spring.

No beauty now smiles on the hillside,
The music of nature is still,
The voice of the autumn breaks lifeless
And cold, over nature's chill.

Why linger then bird of the sunlight?
And yet I would have thee stay,
Like a dream of some hopeless longing
Which my heart cannot give away.

Thy fellows now sing to the sunset,
Where breezes blow soft and warm,
'Tis braver and better, lone wanderer,
To sing mid the cold and the storm.

OUR EXCHANGES.

"A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made."

RELYING implicitly upon the truth of the poet's statement, we assume the responsibility of the Exchange Department. Now, O contemporaries, we are nothing if not critical!

In the first place we give a hearty welcome to our old friend the *Acadia Athenæum*. The editorials are good, but the five column article on the "Expulsion of the Acadians" does not strike us as particularly brilliant. We humbly suggest to the editors that they give the *Acadia* boys some idea of the best means to be employed in accomplishing the herculean task of slaying the dragon that guards the golden apples of the Cornwallis. We learn from the locals that an old lady of Wolfville is anxious to place her daughter in the "cemetery to learn knowledge." She is probably a relative of the man from

King's county, who grew so enthusiastic over a fine animal at the Halifax Exhibition, that he declared to a leading citizen of the town that the "beast had a grand cemetery in him." It runs in some families to look at the *grave* side of a question.

The *College Courier* is well filled with readable matter. The essay on the "Anglo-Saxon Mind" is characterized by freshness of thought and pungency of style. In size, typography and general appearance, the *College Olio* is excellent; but, like the Dead Sea fruit of *Lalla Rookh*, the outside is the more enjoyable part of it.

A glance at the contents of the *Tablet* published by the Hopkins Grammar School, leads us to infer that some member of the faculty is preparing a work on English grammar, and that the editors of the paper are providing examples of false syntax. If this be an unjust inference we humbly apologize to the *Supra Grammaticam Tablet*. One of the editors is Yan Phou Lee. The *Portfolio*, coming from the Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton, Ont., has a siren charm for us. We wax up our ears and pass on.

The *Niagara Index* is one of the best of our exchanges. The articles are short and spicy, as all articles for a college paper should be. The *Bates Student* for October opens with an article on the "Perils of Culture." One of the dangers attendant upon an educational course is, "that in after years the man will oftentimes miss with sadness the feeling of reverence that, to his boyish fancy was due to everything noble and grand." This appears to us about as silly as Lady Montagu's mortification at finding herself growing wiser and wiser every day. There was a time when we reverently worshipped Jack-the-Giant-Killer and Sinbad the Sailor. How the author of "Perils of Culture" must mourn the passing away of that glorious period. If we mistake not, the higher the culture the *more* reverence we have for whatever is noble and grand. On the whole the *Bates Student* well repays a perusal.

PERSONALS.

CHARLES S. CAMERON, '79, has undertaken the principalship of Shelburne Academy. He spent a few days among us while going thither.

ALFRED DICKIE, '79, has gone into trade at Upper Stew-jacke. We hope he may be a participator in the coming good times.

ISAAC M. MCLEAN, '79, is studying medicine in the office of Dr. Macdonald, at Hopewell, Pictou Co.

FRED. B. CHAMBERS, '79, is at present employed in recovering from the effects of a Snider rifle bullet through the shoulder. We commiserate him and wish him a speedy recovery.

LAST but not least of the graduates of '79 is R. R. J. EMMERSON, who is at home in the city. He visits us occasionally at the college, and has not forgotten to make himself at home in the subterranean sanctum, as was his wont.

JAMES K. MCCLURE, a Sophomore of last session, is at present teaching at Shubenacadie, Col. Co.

H. MCINTOSH, also a Soph of last winter, is at home in Merigomish, Pictou Co.

CHAS. A. ROBSON of the late Freshman class, is in his father's office in the city.

C. D. MCLAREN, who has been labouring as a Catechist during the past summer at St. Croix, Hants Co., is now attending the Theological Hall in this city.

JOHN F. DUSTAN, who has been engaged in similar duties at Georgetown, P. E. I., has returned and will spend another winter with us.

F. W. ARCHIBALD, B.A., who has been attending the Theological Seminary at Princeton, has received the degree of Master of Arts from that Institution. He is now pursuing his studies at the University of Edinburgh.

A. W. HERDMAN, a graduate of '77, fills the position of head master in the graded school at Antigonish, which was lately occupied by A. W. Mahon, at present attending College.

REV. D. MCGREGOR, B.A., lately of New Dublin, has been inducted into the pastorate of the Presbyterian congregation at Merigomish, Pictou Co.

A. G. DOWNEY, late Sophomore, is preaching at Hall's Harbour, Basin of Minas.

GEORGE FOWLER, Freshman of last year, teaches the young idea at Sussex.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

WE have all returned again. Well nearly. "What nearly all?" "Well very nearly." *Salve.*

THE fellow that pens original witicisms like the above will be put out if he attempts any more of them. Remember!

Abner presented himself, but *Andrew the tanner* hath forsaken us, and followeth in the footsteps of Demosthenes. *Yessir!*

WHAT a difference a gown makes in one's appearance. At least a certain Junior thought so the other day when he had presented himself to the Prof. at the Library door. "*Quis sis?*" quoth the Prof. The Junior made no reply, but silently shuffled down to the subterranean regions and procured the lend of a wrapper from Mrs. Jan. Being then recognizable and consequently recognized, he was admitted *inter libros ceterosque liberos.*

'Twas indeed a pity that two such promising Sophs should go to the trouble of so elaborate a *toilette* for Convocation and find no one there! 'Twas only a mistake of twenty-four hours, nevertheless the paper collars were not fit for next day.

ARE any of the Juniors married? One of them seemed to speak from experience when he translated, "*evenire ea satius est quae in te uxor dicit,*" thus: "It is always better for one to do as his wife bids." We didn't notice the marriage in the papers, anyway."

* WE are opposed to Sunday travelling, and would mildly recommend that Dartmouth fellow to keep to his own side of the water, and not be always *dustin* round about city churches.

AFTER making a light repast off a loaf and a-half of *Graham* bread and "sich like," a certain Junior was in the act of committing himself to his downy couch, when the fire alarm startled him. Out he rushed and pressed onward to the scene of the conflagration—the Penitentiary. He was locked in with the other convicts.* It is sad, yet true! Two years hard labor in store for him. Let us weep.

Is the Freshie expecting a call from Primarius when he reports his place of residence? or is he exercising himself in composition? or is he simply obeying the law? He, he! Ho, ho! Good, Freshie! Good, Freshie!

THE Professor of Mathematics has found a valuable auxiliary in *Longfellow.*

WE don't believe in spreading religion too thin. It should be concentrated. A certain dark-haired Junior evidently has liberal views in that direction, for he frequently visits a north-end church three miles from his residence. *Carolus, care puellas!*

A SONNET was picked up the other day in the hall and handed to us as a specimen of the *Elizabethan* period of English literature. Judge of our disappointment when, on close inspection, it was found to be one of *Howe's* productions.

SOME of the Juniors—poor fellows—are suffering greatly through the negligence of city book-stores. So the Prof. of Classics thinks.

A DIMINUTIVE but irrepressible Sophomore daily *patters* into a stationer's shop for the purpose of *patronizing* the fair maid behind the counter. She smiles bewitchingly while pitter *patter* goes his heart. The quantity of ink, pens, and *crochet* penholders he has bought there is enormous.

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