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FRIENDSHIP.

MANY sad scenes we must meet with in life,
Mixed as we are, in its turmoil and strife—
Buffeted oft by its turbulent seas,
Often turned back by the contrary breeze.
Yet, when the battle of life has been fought,
And the labouring bark nears the long-looked-for port,
We will dwell on the past more with pleasure than pain,
As we think of the old kindly faces again,—
Think of the friends who have smoothed our rough way,
And the dark night of mourning have turned into day :
As the sun-beams glint bright o'er the threatening sky,
To dispel the dark storm-clouds, their anger defy ;
So the warm smile of friendship has scattered our fears,
Gleamed a rainbow of hope through the mist of our tears.
True friend ! there's a magic that dwells in the name !
Who dreads not to bear e'en the burden of shame.
Who bravely has laboured, with hand and with heart,
To share in our sorrow, in joy take a part !
Tho' the firm links of friendship seem loosened in death,
When the soul takes its flight on the last sobbing breath,
We *must* hold the faith that it is not for aye.
(And the thought takes the sting of the parting away)
In the future, we feel, though we may not say when,
Mid the awful Unknown far beyond mortal ken,
The chain of our friendship once more will be twined
In links that no power may ever unbind.
Yes, we feel, could the veil from Futurity's face
Be lifted, 'twould grant to our Friendship a place ;
And though born of the poor fleeting shadows of earth,
Infinitude comes with its new glorious birth.

SINUS.

LETTERS.

THERE is probably no kind of literary composition in which there exists so much variety of style as in letters. All who write books are more or less educated, and their modes of expression are, to some extent, imitations of the best models. But as every one who can write, or even half write, becomes at some time in his life the author of what he calls a letter, the mail bags, if we could be endowed with the magic "open sesame," would reveal the effusions of

minds of every grade of calibre and every degree of training,—from the fool to the genius ; from the most untutored to the most highly cultured. Here might we study the intellectual and moral condition of the world. Here we would have a map of the world's mind ; aye, more than a map,—a pictorial view, showing mountain and moor ; hill, plain and undulating prairie ; barren reaches of sand ; unploughed lands that might have produced much, and cultivated fields producing only stems and chaff ; gardens, rich by nature and exquisite by art, where blooms every flower of richest hue and sweetest perfume, shading their fragrance over shingle and swamp, making glad the solitary places ; here all beautiful trees flourish and a thousand dulcet voices welcome in the sun and warble even-song ; here, I say, dropping metaphor we would get a view of the mental and moral status of the world, in comparison with which all the reports of all the societies, educational, religious and otherwise, would be but as waste paper. Here might the reputed saint be seen to be sinner of no common dye ; and the reputed sinner prove himself a minister of grace. How many plots could be revealed ! what a legion would be the host of hypocrisy !

* * * * *

Never mind, pass them along. What have we here ? Wedding cards in silver, mourning messages in black, dull, dun and colored envelopes with very sharp duns in them, postals without addresses, orders for goods without signatures, orders for newspapers without money in them ; invitations two days' late, fat looking budgets containing gloves, autumn leaves, butterflies, honiton lace, ferns, small snakes, sticking plasters, potato bugs, patterns for ladies' apparel,

pansies, ivy leaves, army worms, brass jewelry, wedding cake. But, hold! this is to confuse chaos. Here have we before us the joys and sorrows of half the world,—gladness of various kinds, like so many healing balms, and misery multiform like so many diseases are here confined, ready to burst forth on the breaking of the seals to bless or blight mankind.

Let us not, however, dwell too long on this phase of the subject. Let us consider a few of the different kinds of letters.

First there is the

BUSINESS LETTER.

We may place this at the head of the list both on account of number and quality. This is, perhaps, the only kind of epistle the writer of which has something to say and simply says it, and then signs his name. Like Jacques in "As you like it," this letter is "full of matter." The style is terse. The electric circle, round which thought like lightning flashes, is suddenly completed by bringing the point of the business and the point of the pen into mutual contact. The shock is instantaneous, and the required communication is made: large sales are effected, stock shares change hands, the poor are enriched, the millionaire is a pauper, the debentures of a nation are debased, and a once powerful government totters under the stroke of the goose quill. "The pen is mightier than the sword," and the pen that writes a business letter one of the most potent of the genus.

Secondly, there is the

LOVE LETTER.

Love, oh magic word! meaning so much, so little; that puts the heart in a flutter, thrills every nerve, and sets every muscle a-tingle; oh potent and incomprehensible! An attraction that no Newton can explain, a magnetism that will not reveal its laws. Coming unbidden, departing unasked. Subtle as light, unseen as ether, powerful as the bolts of Jupiter;—well-spring of happiness, fountain of misery, what art thou? I leave you to the ladies, if perchance they can explain thee; but for my own part I give thee up.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed this sacred flame."

But to return to the letters. I distinguish love letters from those considered in the first class, for several reasons:

1st. They seldom mean business, I mean when the writer is a man.

2nd. The writer rarely knows what he wants to say, and probably doesn't say it.

3rd. He uses about twenty times as many words as are needed, because he knows that she'll be "mad," as they say now-a-days, unless she gets "a lovely l-o-n-g letter."

The usual style of these letters is florid, the more florid the better. It shews ardor. Short, crisp, epigrammatic sentences are not considered good. It would look too much as though the authors were in their right senses. Every sentence should be long, smooth, dream-like, so as to be in keeping with the languid, glassy-eyed, lackadaisical look that every true lover must wear.

These remarks, I wish it to be understood, refer to the effeminate, masculine writer. I say effeminate, but he doesn't think so. He probably thinks himself a great moral hero, and when he rises pale and panting from his desk, and looks in the mirror, he thinks he sees the "poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling;" he feels that he is a little better than other men, and strong to do and dare. So he is, perhaps; but by next year he'll be quite another man; and then, if you want to see his eye roll in a fine, fierce frenzy, just ask him about last year.

I don't wish anyone to understand me as giving love a low place, or as setting it down as a madness; following Lord Bacon when he says "no one can love and be wise." Quite the contrary. Patriotism is a fine thing, but demagogism is not, Religion is a good thing, but dogmatism, pharisaism and cant are not. Enthusiasm is a good thing, but fanaticism is not. And so all that passes under the name of love is not by any means good; but love, properly speaking, true and unsullied, is the strongest tie that binds, the greatest power that animates, the clearest, most sacred font that purifies, refines, ennobles, in earth or heaven. But, beware! the more precious the coin, the more it is counterfeited.

I know you will like me to expose some ladies' love letters to view, and I would do so, for completeness sake, only, I regret to say, I have none; and besides it would neither be polite nor satisfactory to the ladies. Each one would be thinking, "Well, what girl was ever fool enough to write such a letter as that?" Not one would read a lesson for herself. But I am bound to express an opinion that girls write more sensible love letters than men. I arrive at this opinion from purely psychological considerations. They are more honest, know better what they have to say, and generally can say it neatly and prettily. I will add no more about love letters, except that they are very long for their depth.

In the third place I shall put the solemn, sober, staid

FAMILY LETTER.

In primitive times this was almost unknown; but in the present day, when the members of the same family are scattered all over the world, it has become an international institution. It might be, and doubtless to a large extent, is, one of the civilizing and refining influences of the world. So far as it goes it destroys isolation, and isolation is the nurse of barbarism. It joins together the most remote parts, and brings culture to the darkest corners. The letter from the son or the daughter in a foreign land is anxiously, lovingly watched for, by persons that never think of taking a newspaper of any kind, or at best anything more than the country "Gazette." Those who would give a newspaper or a late book, if they happened to have them, but the merest glance, carefully read out and spell out every word of the family letter, and that several times over, and every new fact, every attempt at a joke, every comparison between affairs at home and abroad where the writer lives, is treasured up, and remembered and acted on, by those who would forget anything else—even their Bibles. Throughout the world the family letter is a great medium of enlightenment, but to many a humble family circle it is their entire course of current literature. The effects of it may be seen in the farmers' fields and buildings,—new implements of cultivation, new ways of making old ones, new and better methods of agriculture. The

farmer's wife and the tradesman's wife learns a little too. Their tables look not as they used to look. There is an air of neatness, showing that some casual description in the family letter is cultivating a refined taste. Especially is this observable in matters of dress. Girls that would never see a fashion paper get some new fashions from relatives far away from home. Neatness takes the place of gaudiness, and a harmonious blending of colors in dress, and a greater care and refinement in manners attest the value of the family letter and the aptitude of the female mind.

But I am forgetting to treat this letter critically. The truth is it varies so much that it baffles description. Some are very long, others very short; some are well written, others very badly. The average is of moderate length and of rather poor penmanship. Even those who can write take but little care. They are only writing home; what matter how they write? I should like to say to letter writers generally, and to those especially, do your best. You will never again have such indulgent, appreciative, loving readers, not though you become authors of novels, or even the editors of newspapers.

The next to engage our attention is the

FRIENDLY LETTER.

This missive very often passes between persons who do not care much whether they write or not. You may see that fact, standing out, the ghost of a poorly concealed thought, all over the epistle. You feel instinctively that the writer, after chewing the penholder irresolutely for about ten minutes, said, "Well, I *must* write; I owe a letter." It is written as a task, and there is very little fire in it. This species of friendly letter is the converse of the business letter, and is as Hamlet says of his book:

"Words, words, words."

I am speaking now of men's letters. I shall refer to ladies afterwards. Some men try to write gossipy letters to their friends, and unless they have considerable lively tact, they succeed in writing very dull, silly ones. Without discussion or description, or both, the friendly letter from a man is likely to be a bore. Here variety is imperative. The best of talkers are rarely

"newsy" in this letter. Here literary skill has one of its finest fields. To write a good friendly letter is almost as difficult as to write a good poem. Lord Chesterfield, says, however, that the art may be attained by care and study. To a certain extent this is true; but I doubt whether the noble lord's own epistolary effusions are the best models. The letters of Cowper and Walpole are considered the classics in this subject; but to my own mind those of Lord Byron are the most enjoyable and suggestive.

One more species is all I can mention at this time, though I have not been able to overtake half of the subject:

THE YOUNG LADY'S LETTER TO HER YOUNG
LADY FRIEND.

This belongs of course to the genus last mentioned, but I must treat it as a distinct species. It is no more like a man's letter to his friend, than the charming, airy, truly feminine chat of Rhoda Broughton is like the stately periods of Johnson's *Rasselas*. Girls as a rule, do not *think* as well as do young men; but they can *talk* and *write* with five times the adroitness and skill. With the permission of all parties, I have had a perusal of a few of these charming productions; but I might as well try to describe a sunbeam or a butterfly to a blind man as the lightness, grace, and easy motion of these girlish effusions. They remind me of those modern dances wherein different "steps" are at intervals introduced and artistically blended into one symmetrical whole. Different ideas have different movement of language; but whether light or grave, there is over all a pleasant glamour. The introduction is easy. She seems to start off with a pretty, gliding polka; soon a lot of little generous-hearted gossip is thrown in, the movement changes and she trips off through a mazurka; then follows a description of an evening party, the words are alive, and away she skips and whirls to the lively music of a schottische and comes breathless to the end;—there seems a pause,—side and side with easy motion she vibrates like a pendulum, a sombre tale is to be told, perhaps of a death, the weird strains of one of Strauss' waltzes reach the ear of fancy, and away she glides silently, stately, spirit-like; then

follows some praises of a favored horse and a description of her last gallop across the country and she bounds enthusiastically through an esmeralda; lastly, she pours out her extravagant expectations of an approaching ball, and, all life and hope she flies off faster and faster, madly, wildly, whirling in a headlong gallop, round and round, till giddy and breathless she disappears from the scene, gasping, "yours till death."

And now, gentle reader, though I am not as skilful as she, you may be as tired; and so, with thanks for your company,

I remain, yours truly,

* * *

DEAR GAZETTE:

I noticed among the "Personals" of a previous issue that a letter was expected from me at an early date, so to uphold the huge reputation which the GAZETTE has hitherto enjoyed for truthfulness, that epistle I suppose must be forthcoming. Sir Walter Scott once sang,—

"Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
This is my own, my native land,
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned
When home his footstep he has turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

and as I sit here thinking of the far away land of my adoption, more than a spark of that fire seems to light and burn in my heart. True, in actual distance of miles we are not very far separated, and yet to me this is a foreign land, with new scenes, different customs, peculiar ideas, and strange faces all around. In the past I have often thought of begging a column in your pages, for I know that Dalhousie has ever a friendly feeling for any of her sons, even the humblest, and further, from my past experience on the GAZETTE staff, I know that a little "filling up" matter is now and then acceptable.

I believe you announced that the subject of this letter was to be "Princeton Affairs." Thank you; as possession is nine-tenths of the law, I think a subject is ninety-nine one-hundredths of an article, more or less. I was much pleased on arriving here to find that the snowy regions of Canada were not unrepresented, and among the colleges whose sons are here training for the highest of earthly offices, Dalhousie was not

forgotten. A society rejoicing in the name of "The Canadian Institute of Princeton" is flourishing, into the bosom of which I was speedily enrolled. Its President has a title not unremembered among you, Johannes poetically, in prose John L. George. It is needless to say that we are proud of him. With my usual bad fortune I was elected Secretary, but as there is also a Treasurer I am out of temptation's slippery way. My duties are to get up *phunny* reports of the meetings, but as that vein became dwarfed in my infancy the flow is meagre. Wherein I fail the chairman supplements. At our gatherings we enjoy a feast of reason and a flow of soul, also a feast of cheap indigestibles and a flow of cider. The next day after these meetings there is generally a wild look in the presidential eye, such as a man wears who has a pain somewhere in the region of the watch-chain. I never like to inquire how he feels till the following week.

One fact which strikes me very forcibly here is the ignorance which prevails in this country respecting Canada and her institutions. There seems to be a general idea that it is somewhere up north. Of course this is by no means universal, and yet it is more widespread than would be supposed. Walking some evenings ago with a student of the University, I told him that I came from Nova Scotia. He did not look much enlightened, but inquired if they spoke "our language" up there. I informed him that we spoke English. On another occasion a classmate was introducing me to a friend, he did it thus,— "This is Mr. D—, our polar bear, who came down from Nova Scotia on an iceberg."

Turning for a moment from the externals to the inner life of Princeton Seminary, I may say that in my opinion our strongest professor is Dr. A. A. Hodge, son of the late Dr. Charles Hodge, who is so well known throughout the Presbyterian Church. His chair is Theology. I had no idea that it could be made such an interesting, even such an entertaining subject, as it becomes in his hands. The Junior year has but one lecture a week from him, but it is an hour to which I look forward with eager anticipation. He is a power in anecdote and illustration, and

by this means makes things plain, and keeps his classes in good spirits. But as my time and your space are limited, it will be impossible to go over the faculty in this way. I always have enough to do, in fact at times

"The burden which lay upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear."

Since coming to the States I have heard some of the men who occupy the leading pulpits in this country. I may mention Phillips Brooks of Boston, and Dr. Wm. Taylor of New York, as those whom I have thought the strongest. The other day I heard Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Church, who is a beautiful speaker. During the meeting of the Council in Philadelphia I heard some very fine foreign preachers. Drs. Cairns, Rainy and Lang of the Scottish Church struck me as particularly fine. I was proud also to notice that on that occasion Canada came nobly to the front as represented by Dr. McVicar of Montreal, Dr. Cavan of Toronto, Dr. Grant of Kingston, and Dr. Burns of Halifax. It was indeed pleasing to find that in that mighty gathering, a fit sample of the pulpit powers and eloquence of the world, the land which we love was not unnoticed nor unappreciated. In my humble judgment the paper of Dr. McVicar may be classed with the first. After the closing of the Council a large delegation visited Princeton, among whom I had the honor of meeting Rev. Mr. Simpson of Halifax. I think the Council did much good to the whole Church, I am sure at least that it did great good to the students of Princeton. But, dear GAZETTE,

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight;

or in other words it is getting late and I must stop. I trust that if you are hard up for matter you will give this rambling epistle a place in your columns. Dinna forget your old friend. I often think of the pleasant hours of proof-reading, and of the genial smile which awaited us down at the printer's, when perhaps about Wednesday evening two pages of something had yet to be "ground up" for insertion. But these are themes too happy for meditation; they are gone now like a summer's night dream.

Yours truly, J. F. D.

Princeton, N. J.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 12, 1881.

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WE are not going to give a medical lecture now, but merely to say a few words to those who believe in educating the brain and leaving the body to take care of itself. Not very long ago an eminent English doctor gravely asserted that the natural length of a man's life is a hundred years. We would all like to live to a ripe old age, and to do so, it is necessary for us to take care of ourselves now. An intense mental strain kept up by the promise of high rewards which depend upon individual exertion, shortens the days of many a student. Our students, filled with the dread of the sessional examinations, take far too little exercise. In Cambridge, we believe, the students study in the morning, take exercise in the afternoon, and rest in the evening. We never hear of them breaking down, and it is not necessary to draw a comparison between their success in the race of life, and that of the hard working students after they leave College.

We should try to limit our hours of work and take plenty sleep. It is not necessary to give a medical authority to establish the fact that eight hours' sleep is hardly sufficient for the hard-worker. Any one who tries to do with less can quote experience which is the strongest authority. Still we will give Dr. Richardson's opinion, and

it should carry some weight: "If the habit of taking deficient and irregular sleep be maintained, every source of depression, every latent form of disease is quickened and intensified."

The cramming process is as bad for the mind as it is for the body. For the mind cannot assimilate facts beyond a certain rate; ply it faster than that and nearly everything is forgotten as soon as learned. It also makes learning distasteful, as every one of us who practises it can testify, for a student, inspired by the hope of a summer vacation, "grinds" away, and when that rest comes the very sight of classical or mathematical book makes him feel unpleasant; and as soon as he leaves College his studies are at an end.

"In the wonderful story," says Huxley, "of the *Peau de Chagrin*, the hero becomes possessed of a wild ass's skin which yields him the means of gratifying his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length, life and the last hand-breadth of the *peau de chagrin* disappears with the gratification of a last wish." This he takes as a representation of life. All work, in proportion to its intensity, implies shrinking of vital force, and this waste must be supplied by proper rest and food. The error to be avoided is to make such a pull on the constitution as to be beyond the reach of recovery.

We don't countenance idleness, and no student with any sense will come to College and waste time. We believe in doing a fair, honest amount of work, and when a student feels wearied, he should put the books away and take a rest, for, as an experienced tutor said, "If a man works ten hours a day, when he has only the capacity to work eight, he will soon require ten hours to do what he ought to do in eight."

We believe in having some fun now and then, to chase away the blues, "for a merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Examinations and all other troubles should some times be forgotten and the bright side of life viewed, for it is an old and true saying, that the habit of looking on the bright side of things is worth a thousand a year.

All Sunday work should be stopped, for studying on that day does not come under the pulling of the ox out of the pit. Some of our readers who, to use a characteristic expression of Dickens, "have grown dusty groping all their lives among the graves of dead languages," may consider modern hygiene as nonsense; to meet any of their scruples we will hear Plutarch on this point: "Should the body sue the mind before a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the mind would prove to have been a ruinous tenant to its landlord." We cannot conclude better than by giving the advice of one of our professors, "The man that ruins his health for the sake of college honours is very foolish."

THE Students' prayer-meeting is held in the College every Saturday evening, between the hours of half past seven and eight. Its exercises are conducted by the students of this University, many of whom do not find it convenient to attend the usual weekly prayer-meetings in the various city churches. The attendance thus far this session has been very gratifying, but yet there are many students who might spend a profitable half hour once a week, who have not yet been present. Working members are needed, all are invited.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GAZETTE:

The bustle of the Rectorial election has long since subsided, the peas thrown so plentifully round the quadrangle have for the most part been converted to meal, some few in favoured nooks have sprouted, and appear likely to produce a considerable crop, if the tender shoots are not roughly treated. The University is very quiet. We have had several snow-storms, but the old style of smashing all the windows in the College has passed away. I have not seen a student throw a single snowball. I fancy that this circumstance is occasioned by notices posted up in conspicuous places, which intimate that any persons throwing snowballs in the University grounds will be requested to attend a meeting

of the *Senatus*. It is generally understood that culprits are allowed a year's holidays.

There is very little *esprit de corps* manifest on ordinary occasions. A few weeks ago a football match took place between the Universities of Cambridge and Edinburgh. I do not know any one who went to see the game. The papers of the following day informed the public that Cambridge had gained four goals out of seven, but no interest appeared to be created among the students in general. Some of them, I have no doubt, are at this day unaware that there was a match. The brotherly feeling which exists between those who attend small colleges is found here, not in the University, but in the Societies. There are some fifteen or more of these authorised by the University. Other clubs of a private character exist which are not noticed in the Calendar, but flourish notwithstanding. The Australian Club I am told numbers some two hundred members. I was astonished to find how largely the Southern Continent is represented in Edinburgh. We have students here not only from the different countries of Europe, but from Asia, Africa and America; Americans from Virginia, Texas, California and New England, from Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, attend classes.

A day or two before the beginning of the Christmas vacation it was resolved by a few who happened to know each other, to have a dinner in the Waterloo Hotel. They communicated with as many as possible of their fellow-countrymen, and on the last Tuesday of the old year some fifteen of us sat down to dine. At eight o'clock the majority of us were total strangers to the others, by eleven we were the best of friends. After dinner the following toasts, among others, were proposed: "The Queen," "The President of the United States," "The Governor-General of Canada and the Princess Louise," "Our Universities at home," and the Faculties of Medicine, Theology, Arts, Science and Law. The speeches were not formal, nor were they noted for any great oratorical display, but we were not inclined to be hypercritical, and this part of the entertainment was enjoyed immensely. After we rose from the

table, some of the musicians played on the violin, guitar and piano, while all joined heartily in several songs, among which were, "Way down upon the Swaney River," "Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," and "Upidee." We left early, just a few minutes after eleven, but not before deciding to have a reunion previous to the close of the session. We all enjoyed ourselves heartily, and look forward to "Our next merry meeting."

Christmas is not a holiday in Edinburgh. I am told that this is caused by the supposition that its observance would have a popish tendency. Be this as it may, the shops are kept open as usual, and business goes on as on other days. New Year's Day is, however, of considerable note, and is ushered in by festivity and merriment. My informant went out on the streets at about eleven o'clock, Friday evening. Tron Church is the centre thoroughfare on High Street which, though once the most fashionable part of the town has now few relics of its former grandeur. A small square surrounds this church where, in the *good old days*, criminals were nailed by the ears to a weighing beam, and were exposed to the jeers of the passing crowd. Now the space was occupied by orange stands, machines for measuring your height and weight, instruments for testing your lung power, and a little booth where you might exercise your skill in hitting big fur caps with little wooden balls. The crowd surged up and down High Street; red fire occasionally blazed on the pavement, and threw fantastic figures on the walls of untold houses. A large number of the people were apparently not total abstainers, and had managed to get outside of a good deal of bad whiskey; women were nearly as bad as men. One much resembled Scott's ideal of Madge Wildfire, as we find it presented in the "Heart of Midlothian." Poor Madge, well she knew the haunts near Luckenbooths.

As the old year died away the people gathered nearer Tron Church. When the hands of the clock pointed to twelve, a bright light appeared at one of the windows opposite, a cheer arose, bottles were passed round, and with hand shaking and good wishes the New Year was inaugu-

rated. Some young fellows tumbled up against a policeman, and in tones of greatest good feeling said, "Happy New Year, Bobby, Happy New Year!" On Princes Street (N. B., for compositor, not *Prince* Street,) after the New Year began, there was a little stir; groups of fifteen or twenty would occasionally pass along the sidewalk singing, and otherwise manifesting their hilarity. One company were gathered round a poor fellow whose whiskey flask told a tale, insisting on having a speech, and were treated to few quotations from Horace, which were vehemently applauded. When the young men had been sufficiently amused with that performance, they marched to the corner, gravely upset an orange cart, and sent the fruit rolling into the gutter. They at once set to work to remedy the evil, picked up the majority of the oranges, and made a collection on behalf of the old man and woman who kept the stall, and whom they had so rudely disturbed. Two policemen were present, but thought it advisable to take no part in the proceedings. The policemen here seemingly take good care to avoid all interference when such might cause them personal inconvenience. Their usual plan is to walk the other way when they see a fight. They generally maintain a policy of "masterly inactivity." My friend thought the drunkenness among men, women and boys was very extensive, but the papers said the streets were remarkably quiet. As a proof thereof the fact was adduced that only fifty arrests were made, as compared with sixty of last year. The police, we are told, exercised a "*judicious forbearance*" with regard to the matter. People were heard going along the street in very jovial manner till two o'clock, and then my informant fell asleep.

77 IN EDINBURGH.

THE SLEIGH DRIVE.

GAY was the appearance and gayer the hearts of the sixty students on Saturday, January 29th, as they started to enjoy themselves at our annual sleigh-drive. The talk of the past few weeks had been directed towards this oasis, as it were, in the dreary desert of our students life and

hearts beat high with hope as the gala day approached. All being in readiness, the start was effected at precisely 2.30 p. m., to the tune of Lauriger Horatius, and the horses, seeming to partake of the happiness that inspired the breasts of their drivers, did their part right well. We were clad in academic costume—mortar boards and gowns in every degree of wholeness, (or perhaps, better, *holeness*.) a motley crowd in very truth. And so we sped on through the busy town singing songs and cheering every body, from the Governor of Nova Scotia down to a "cull'd gem'n." Behind us were a company of jolly volunteers in a furniture express drawn by "Tartars of the *milkman's* breed." "All goes merry as a marriage bell," even to the end of our outward journey. Then comes a tussle with the passing volunteers, and while there is great exultation at the capture of a steel clad knight, it is discovered that a Dalhousie boy is missing. Dire are the threats of vengeance, and if our man had not, ere long, hove in sight, there would have been a—goodness knows what. Then we enter and prepare for a grander wrestle. Soon we hear mine host shout out "Dinner," and what a rush there was for those good things. Boiled turkey, roast goose, roast beef, &c., &c., *ad mala*, disappeared with frightful rapidity, so that one could well say in the words of Byron,

"After dinner where were they?"

When each had filled himself, as it were, and had almost become "too full for utterance," the following toasts were proposed and drank heartily:—

- 1st.—Alma Mater.
- 2nd.—Sister Colleges, proposed by Davidson and admirably responded to by Jennings.
- 3rd.—Medicals.—Torey. DeMill.
- 4th.—Our Benefactors.—Jones. Cameron.
- 5th.—Our Professors.—Campbell. McInnes.
- 6th.—Alumni and Graduates.—Sedgewick. Thomson.
- 7th.—Ourselves.—McDonald. Mellish.
- 8th.—Seniors.—Hamilton. Spencer.
- 9th.—Juniors.—Creelman. Knowles.
- 10th.—Sophs.—Patterson. Bell.
- 11th.—Freshman.—J. McDonald. Whitman.
- 12th.—Ladies.—Sedgewick. Jennings.
- 13th.—Our Next.

These toasts were interspersed by songs, and at the close, all joining hand, sung "Auld Lang Syne" with great vim. And then, feeling much stronger, and better pleased with the world and each other, we prepared to go.

The drive homeward was a pleasant repetition of that outward. Songs, jokes, and stories, followed in rapid succession, and the fun waxed furious. Under the united influence of feed and rest our steeds brightened up, and before we knew it we were in sight of the lights of Halifax. This called forth our most impressive songs: "Lauriger Horatius," "Dulce Domum," "Old Noah;" to which were added the jovial melody of "'Tis the way we have in Dalhousie," and the beautiful, dirge-like strains of "Kafoozlum," and "Bingo." But just then we chanced to pass the house of one of our professors, and stopping the horses, we rallied our now worn out, but still by no means infantile voices, for a last grand effort; and right merrily did we make the neighbourhood resound with our cheers. After having triumphantly careered through the principal streets we alighted in front of the College, and from thence dispersed, having once more sung "Auld Lang Syne." *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

OUR EXCHANGES.

OUR Sanctum has been again favored by another visit from the *Portfolio*. In the literary department we are treated with "Consistency," which to us has a tendency more to fine writing rather than to clearness. Then comes "Snow Fancies," which, though fanciful, is very readable. The independent and lively tone of the *Portfolio* impress us favorably. Its managers evidently prove conclusively the falsity of the following couplet:

"I change and so do women too,
But I reflect, which women never do."

We, with the editors of the *Portfolio*, are not a little astonished at the want of consideration on the part of J. M., as to think that there could be anything wrong or undignified in a party of *young ladies* playing "advanced school," &c. *Young men* cannot always be serious, neither can *healthful, restless young girls*. We would

advocate more theatricals if we could only form a part of the audience.

The fair ladies of Howard College send us in answer to our "Please exchange," their sprightly and neat paper—the *Index and Chronicle*. It has all the characteristics of a good paper and is gotten up with much taste, and is in our estimation a credit to those who have it in charge. If it continues to do so well as we are led to believe it will, we predict to it a successful future. Howard College is to be congratulated upon the talent it possesses. The *Index and Chronicle* is always welcome to our Sanctum.

The *Central Collegian*, another late visitor, presents a good appearance, and has many good features that are commendable, but like the apple in *Lalla Rookh*, its looks is the best. The editorial matter is pointless, awkwardly written, and in point of fact unworthy of the general character of the paper. Poetry of an inferior order finds its way into the columns of the *Collegian*. The author of "December Musings" should write his own epitaph and then forever hold his peace. Such a high-handed slaughter and violation of English grammar, poetic license and the common rules of propriety, it is not our lot often to behold. A little more discrimination in this respect no doubt would lead to the success of the *Collegian*. "Minutes of a caucus of the *Index and Chronicle* editors" seem to us to fall very flat if it is intended for a joke. Indeed the *Index and Chronicle* has points about it that the *Collegian* might do well to copy after. We give the *Collegian* a hearty welcome.

The *Wabash* is one of the best papers we receive from across the line. It is not the largest by any means, nor does it make pretensions to superiority, but if it does not contain a great quantity of matter, what it does contain is of a good quality. A chapter from "Class History" is the most readable article we have read for some time, and we do not wonder that its author,—the wide awake student, should become the popular professor of to-day. Evidently the author of "College Fraternities" is chafing under the fact of never having been "spiked." We would like to see the *Lariat* again.

The *College Journal*, Milton, Wis., is a very feeble attempt at journalism. If we had no evidence except the literary strength of the *Journal*, we would be led to conclude that a wheat growing country may not always be a good brain growing country.

We have received for the first time this term the *Cornellian*, the exponent of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa. This paper is not old, yet it takes a high stand among its contemporaries. Its literary department is well filled with matter that is not stale. The editorials are well written but seem to lack life and strength,—qualities that are essential to a good editorial. Locals and personals are well represented, a feature which we think is very commendable in a college paper. The cry of the *Cornellian* is "Give us less Greek and more English." And indeed the opinion of nearly all our contemporaries, and our own as well, seem to be embodied in these lines:

"Give me of every language first the vigorous English,
Stored with important wealth rich in its natural mines,
Grand in its rhythmical cadence, simple for household
employment,
Worthy the poet's song, fit for the speech of man."

DALLUSIENSIA.

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

THE fourth year men are relying on the fact that it is almost impossible to pluck *old geese*.

THERE was one suspicious thing in connection with the sleigh-drive. A student lost his hat and didn't exactly know just where, you understand. It's all clear now, though. Clear as mud. The hat has since been found—in a snow bank.

A JUNIOR was noticed marching boldly into church last Sunday with six of "the sex" in his rear. He had been reading Wordsworth's "We are seven." Nothing like having your quiver full of them, old boy.

DALHOUSIE'S children have generally enough to grieve and perplex them; but when they are mistaken for bank-clerks (vide report of last City Council meeting) it is really too, too much.

A GAY and festive Senior surnamed *Sneezer Germanicus*, says that he can dance "The *Mazepa*" with any man.

A MEMBER of the Physics class thinks that the ancients must have made extensive physical investigations since the thermopile was evidently invented at Thermopylæ.

It is remarked that hungry looking students are seen loafing about the College on the afternoons of the popular lecture days. The great deficiency in *gowns* is said to be the reason of it. If so, ladies, *be very careful*.

THE Seniors have requested us to caution our readers against looking into Notman's windows.

A STUDENT who had invested in a copy of *Carmina Dal.*, was seen actually weeping over them. They are so full of pathos, he said.

THE final examination in Chemistry was held on Tuesday. Happy Sophs.

PERSONALS.

W. A. MASON, B.A., '77, who completed his course in Theology at Pine Hill last year has, we are pleased to see, accepted a call from the congregation of New London, P. E. I.

DUNCAN McMILLAN, a general student of last year, is teaching the young idea how to sloop at St. Ann's, Cape Breton.

E. THOMSON, a Freshman of last year, is a knight of the ferule in St. Stephen, N. B. We understand he is to be with us next winter.

WELSFORD IVES, of the Freshman class of '78, is studying law in the office of J. D. McLeod, Pictou, N. S. May he and Blackstone become very good acquaintances.

ROD. MCKAY, Junior of '77, has gone to complete his course at Queen's College, Kingston. At a recent dinner there Mr. McKay responded to the toast of "Our Sister Colleges," and said that it was that he might have an option in study that he had resolved to complete his course at Queen's, and not from any superiority which it had over Dalhousie.

G. E. LOWDEN, of the Freshman class of '77, is taking the Theological course at Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, preparatory to entering the ministry of Free Baptist Church.

ANDREW DOWNEY, Soph. of '78, is now a full-fledged Rev. We wish him every success as a "fisher of men."

ITEMS.

THERE are 3609 students at Berlin, and of those 1308 are Jews—despised by the German.

ACADIA COLLEGE is beginning to devote more attention to the study of English language and Literature. Sensible.

A NEW college has lately sprung into existence at Atlanta, for the benefit of colored students. It is rapidly filling up.—*Ex.*

THERE are over 7000 Americans studying in the German Schools and Universities. They spend yearly about \$4,500,000.

THE richest University in the world is that of Leyden, Holland, its real estate alone being worth over four million dollars.—*Ex.*

FRESHMAN following Latin versification:—"I wonder what kind of feet mine are?" *Chum*—"Spondee, of course,—too long."—*Ex.*

THE leader of the classes at Vassar College is a Japanese girl. She is from the *elite* of Japanese society, and is both stylish and popular.—*Ex.*

WE are never too old to learn. One of the Senior class gives the principal parts of tease, as tease, toze, tozen. "Why not?" says he; "those of freeze are, freeze, froze, frozen."—*Ex.*

First Junior—"I say, Bill, where is the Latin lesson?" Second Junior—"On page 304 of the horse; don't know where it is in the other book."—*Ex.*

THEY ALL DO IT.—An endowment fund of \$250,000 has been established by the Protestant Episcopal Church for their Theological Seminary in New York.

THE University of Michigan, besides the State endowment, has property valued at \$681,441. The annual cost of running the University amounts to \$142,000.

THE editor wrote "An evening with Saturn," and it came out in the paper "An evening with Satan." The foreman said it was the work of the "devil," and it looked so.—*Reveille.*

Prof. in Physics—"Can you think of any reason why a locomotive does not last any longer?" *Pale Freshie*—"I suppose it would last longer if it did not smoke so much."—*Ex.*

Prof.—*Mr. P.*—, will you decline hic?" *Mr. P.*—"Hic, hac, hoc, hug-us, hug-us, hug-us." (Smiles in the class.) *Prof.*—"Will you go on?" *Mr. P.*—"Hew-i'c, hew-i'c, hew-i'c, hik-op, hik-op."—(Explosion.)

Professor of Ancient Languages—"Can you give the story of Io?" *Student*—"I had an idea that Io was changed into a heifer, but I heard the instructor in chemistry say Io—dide of Potassium."—*Ex.*

AN Ann Arbor student having made some progress in acquiring a knowledge of Italian, addressed a few words to an organ-grinder in purest accent, but was astonished at receiving the following response: "I no speak Inglese."—*Ex.*

THE *Columbia Spectator's* Vassar correspondent says that Dr. Barringer has presented \$3,000 as a scholarship fund to Vassar to go to the best scholar in the graduating class, who shall be the daughter of a physician, and shall offer herself as a competitor for the prize.—*Ex.*

ERRATUM.—In last issue on page 63, second column, line 26, for 82,000 read 32,000.

NOTMAN

Has issued tickets to students which entitle them to be photographed at his Studio,

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Beneath a shady tree they sat;
He held her hand, she held his hat,
I held my breath and lay right flat.
They kissed—I saw them do it.

He held that kissing was no crime,
She held her head up every time,
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme,
While they thought no one knew it.

—*Princetonian.*

Filia pulchra cordes smasheth,
Juventus verecundus masheth,
Sic amor crescit.

In size the pes patris excellit,
Ad coelum juvenem impellit,
In quo vanescit.

Venus sustaining fert ad tellus,
Virgo reliquit patrem jealous,
Abscondunt ambo.

Genitor sequens, equus lashing,
Cum eyes aflame et dentes gnashing,
Frangentes wheels, in fossa dashing,
Hic ecce tableaux!

—*Wabash.*

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HALIFAX, N. S.

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