

J. S. Macfay

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MUSINGS.

Why should the heart grieve for a treasure that's lost,
When we know that its gemmed in the crown of the blest ?
Why should the soul by despair's tempest be tost,
Or no anchor of Hope in the soil of Faith rest ?

Why should treasured memories make life's path grow dim
As we gaze through our tears, down the vista of years ?
The tree may have life though 'tis left of a limb ;
And the flower of grief oft a rich fruitage bears.

The mound, verdure-laden, or covered with snow,
Is an emblem of life, or a type of the pure ;
And life's busy footsteps, that wandering go,
Oft dream not they're nearing Eternity's shore.

But why should the spirit bow down to sorrow
If it treads not the broad road in life's wayward course ?
The burden of grief we are too prone to borrow,
Neglecting the faith-born and only recourse.

Too oft, when success crowns our efforts that perish—
When withers with time every garland of fame,
We deem it full pleasure our triumphs to cherish,
Content when the world sings its praise to our name.

Content, when not looking beyond the grave's portal,
The temple of life we rear with rude hands !
Heedless, while building, we tempt the Immortal
To prove, in his justice, how frail are life's sands

When compared with that Faith which holds the forever—
In knowing no end to the life yet to come !
Where Love shall hold sway, and nothing shall sever
The man from his God, in the other world's home.

Then let us not grieve, though coldly may slumber
Some long-loved face, or some fond cherished form ;
Nor forget that the graves here on earth we now number,
But keep our frail dust from the touch of the worm.

For grief clouds our faith when the heart's sick and weary,
And its sunlight shines dim through the mist of our tears ;
And the years yet to tread seem solemn and dreary,
When the stricken heart, hopeless, its grief-burden bears.

Then grieve not, if earth's every hope is forsaking
Your heart while it trembles beneath the dull load !
But pray that at last, in the next life awaking,
Your joy may be full in the knowledge of God.

AN UNAVAILING GHOST HUNT.

(Concluded.)

ONE Saturday night near the end of April, when the winter snow had disappeared, and the moist, warm air of Spring rested calmly on the black and not very pleaaant streets of the city,—after the sessional examinations were passed, but before the results were posted up, a farewell students' meeting was called. As on all such occasions, touching speeches, deeply pathetic, were delivered by the members of the graduating class. About to leave for ever the familiar walls, and the familiar faces of their fellow-students, to struggle on through the hardships of life far from the endearing associations of the last four years, their emotions were undoubtedly genuine. Giving advice and compliments to the remaining classes, they were embalming their own remembrances in the grateful memories of their successors. The Juniors replied in eloquent terms, as if conscious of stepping into the highest position among their fellows, yet affectionately, as if feeling the loss of those to whom they looked up as bearing the responsibility of the management of the students' affairs. The Sophomores acknowledged the many acts of kindness and condescension which they received from the retiring alumni, and expressed regret at parting. The Freshmen, with looks of wonder, received the parting words of affection and compliment from those they deemed incapable of such, and gave expression, in a few well chosen words, of their best wishes to those, who now leaving their sight would soon also leave their memories. And so we parted, after hand in hand, making the old class-room ring to the oft repeated chorus "For Auld Lang Syne." In clumps we separated, Freshies, Sophs, Juniors and Seniors all mingling promiscuously. Our company, in which all the classes were represented, contained only one Freshman, myself; yet we were all as jolly as Seniors. About eleven o'clock we sauntered slowly up Brunswick and Gottingen streets, a black sky overhead and black ground beneath. The air was calm and still, nearly oppressive; the street lamps flickered as it were spontaneously; every circumstance tended to gloominess. As we stood bidding farewell for the night to some of the company, one of the students repeated to all thus assembled, the gossip of the day: "That on a certain lane, (I forget the name,) new tenants were taking a house, but could not be prevailed to remain in it during night on account of inexplicable noises which haunted them. Two evenings ago the tenants put up in the said house, which for some time past had been deserted. All proceeded well until late at night, when noises were heard in one of the rooms. Chairs and stools were moved, tables and benches rattled, pots and pans were carried about. Terrified at these supernatural manifestations, search was instantly made, but no signs of human agency could be seen. The doors were as securely locked as before.

J. B. B.

The story being winded next day, it was reported that a person had been murdered in the house, and a policeman even pointed out the old blood stains in the floor. Having been encouraged during the day, the tenants determined to watch up the next night, as it did not appear to be a custom of the departed spirits of our country to revisit the scene of the violence which exiled them from the body. Every precaution was taken to guard against the imposture of any one who might be disposed to practise practical jokes. All went well, as before, until about midnight, or when

“The auld Kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal,”—

the usual time of ghostly visitations. Then the noises began—a repetition of those of the preceding night. The chairs, stools, and kitchen utensils rattled as before. The stove covers danced, while there was a great racket as of splitting woods moving through the rooms. On examination no trace of the agent could be discovered. By no manner of means could the phenomena be attributed to any other source than a spiritual visitation. Awe-struck and terrified by the conviction that an inhabitant of the unseen world whose mortal coil was shuffled off by the blood-stained hands of a murderer—that a spirit, the unseen, the immortal, despoiled of terrestrial life haunted the tragic scene of violence, the desecrated plat of blood which they innocently attempted to hallow by the peaceful calm of family repose;—horror-struck with a supernatural awe, the family, now convinced of the unearthly character of their visitor, left the house once more, and passed the remaining part of the night with a friend.” This told, what was now to be done. Very probably the tenants would accept the proposal of a watch from us. A determination was expressed that a watch would be kept up this very night, by those who failed on the last evening, if a watch could be obtained. It was now proposed and unanimously resolved that we offer our services, and after a long talk some of us decided on visiting the locality at once.

After a parting shake hands with those whom we were leaving we changed our course for the scene of adventure. A good long walk lay before the five or six on the hunt. As we marched along in rather solemn procession, the plan of operations was first discussed, then the conversation insensibly changed to narrations of ghost stories. “We must make a selection of two or three to watch and two or three only,” said one, “for if five or six go some of the party will be certainly tempted to play rather practical jokes on the rest. For my part I will have nothing to do with it if a half-dozen are going to be concerned in the matter.” We all agreed that with a number of students, even the very soberest might be tempted to play ghost, and that might turn out to be a rather serious affair. For we had certain suspicions that the ghosts which haunt houses have flesh and blood, and were prepared to give our spectral visitor not the most punctilious reception. Said another, the most daring spirit in the crowd, “But if we watch singly in each room, what would you do if the spirit would walk up and stand before you?—a spirit confronting you on whom the power of a human arm or any physical force would have not the slightest effect whatever,—whose ghostly hand grasping you, would force up your very vitals and disembody your spirits.” We involuntarily murmured an expression of the undesirability of the position, “I think I would faint” said he. We laughed a ghostly laugh. All the adventures of these wanderers of the night who revisit the scenes of their woe, whether traditional or historical, so far as our memories could serve us, were related in order. As soon as the last syllable of one story ended the next began,—no breathing space between—in alternation each had his story. There were stories of ghosts which prowled in crazy tenements frightening the passer by,—of ghosts wandering in moonlight round and through the crumbling ruins of deserted castles

keeping spectral watch over the scene of foul wrong which blasted their ancient glory,—of ghosts which carried off in a cloud of thin curling smoke their haunted victims with whom they wearied playing,—of ghosts which froze into a corpse the presumptuous soul who dared their presence, which wielded fearful influence, forboded dire accidents and national calamities. So we strode slowly on, filled with such thoughts, so that we could fancy the blackness of night to whisper, “I am thy evil genius Brutus, I will meet thee again at Philippi.” But then there was in it the excitement which I so strongly burned for; each dismal story made the enchantment more complete. Now we were to stand face to face with the time-honoured, world-renowned impersonation of spirit. All the fables and stories whose very recital once thrilled us, were about to be acted now in reality. The heroes of those stories for whom our sympathies used to be fired, were now no other personages than ourselves. We were oblivious to all other thoughts. The great dim past loomed up before us as a vast ghost-drama of which we were now the actors in the closing scene. And well the night favoured these weird hallucinations. Brunswick street with its long line of lamp posts stretching out in the distance to a shrouded luminous point, was enveloped in thick darkness which the flickering flame-jets of the lamps faintly struggled to illuminate. The clouds rolled in dark sombre masses overhead. The city with its thirty thousand lay hushed and folded in the arms of sleep, save some solitary attics whose windows sent beams of grey light far out into the night. The inky atmosphere was in a paroxysm of stillness, though at times it seemed to rustle with itself. We turned down the lane and the darkness seemed to increase. Quietly our ranks moved on, then obedient to a hushed expression of command we drew up in a line of silent observation. On each side we could see the buildings of the narrow lane towering high above us. Right before us, crossing the line at right angles, ran the line of a new street, but heaped up with signs of desolation. Piled mountains of blasted rocks and the *débris* of torn down houses rose above pits and channels which showed themselves by their blacker blackness. A heap of ruins rose up behind the high black building on our right, a basement window of which gleamed with a pale light. “There is the haunted house,” said our guide, as he pointed his finger towards the window. One of the party then proceeded to the window to make observations, and if there was any person in charge of the tenement, to obtain permission for our watch. Once more we looked round, for the oppressive air seemed conscious of the supernatural. Expectation standing on stilts sealed our lips. Demons of the night seemed to hurtle in the midnight heavens. When, slowly and solemnly, from the clock tower, the tolling of *twelve!* rolled out on the night. North and south the other clocks caught up the echo and mingled their diapasons in the affrighted air. The last vibration of the ethereal element quivered into silence, the last echo died away in the distance, when a low moan proceeded from the heap of ruins, rising in pitch and loudness to an unearthly yell, then slowly faded into its echo. As if responsive to the succeeding stillness a wild burst of laughter rang out which startled the very shades of darkness, and desecrated the solemnity of the scene, for we recognised in the unearthly scream the voice of a great tom cat.

To the reader, I beg to say, that such a termination of our ghost hunt was much less acceptable to me than even to you; for with it fell all my hopes of having an introduction to the spectral champions of fable. The watch in the house—for this was the reason of the lighted window,—informed us that if the ghostly demonstrations were repeated, our service would be instantly accepted. We left, and since that time have heard of no visitation in this city from that time-honoured fraternity.

A REVIEW OF GAELIC LITERATURE.

I.

THE beginning of a kingdom is like man in infancy. Few men of distinguished talent appear; no deeds of endless fame are achieved, save the conquests of that hero and his indefatigable followers who gave the nation its freedom and the princes that impetus which enabled them to keep it. But the deeds of these must be made known to posterity and, if possible, be made the means of arousing them to defend and improve the country and the liberty given them by such worthy ancestors. Nor will any man live always to tell the coming ages of their heroism; tradition and legend may be confounded and dimmed in its transmission from mouth to mouth, or altogether lost in the mysterious shades of futurity; monuments of stone or brick may stand good against flood or fire, yet old Father Time will, with his slow, yet sure and constant hand, wash sand after sand off the pile, or hollow out the foundation on which it is built. One means alone is left to the uncivilized nation—that of appealing to the immortalizing bard to use his gift to call forth the sympathies of unborn ages.

In such a situation as this stood our Celtic forefathers. The ponderous pillars and consolidated dome of architectural art were all too mortal for the conquests of Fingal; the daring of the son of Morni was too grand to be represented by the purple arts of Greece and Rome. Consequently, the Celts, in all times and in all their transmigrations, employed their poets in recounting the deeds of their heroes. Fingal, when old age withheld his hand from war, could triumphantly exclaim:—

“Thigsa, chlar osag, o mhonadh fas;
Bithidh sinne sàr 'nar laithean féin;
Bithidh comharadh mo lann 'am blàr;
Bithidh m' anam aig bàrd an tréin.
Tozairbhse fonn, cuiribh slige m' an cuairt;
Bitheadh solas r' a luaidh 'am chòir.
'Nuair dh' aomas tusa, chi mi shuas,
Ma dh' aomas tusa, a sholuis mhoir;
Ma tha air àm, air àm gun tuar,
Mar Fhionnghal a' s luaithe ceum:
'S ceart co fada mo chliù 's do dheàrrsa.”

Carthonn, sg. 181-191.

[Come, thou mournful wind of the desert waste; we shall be heroes in our days; the mark of my blade shall be upon the field; my name shall be with the hero's bard. Raise the song, send round the shell; let mirth in the song be among my worthies. When thou wilt become old, if thou canst, O mighty sun, I shall see decline; if thou art for a time, an uncertain time, as the fast-declining steps of Fingal: so is my glory as thy rays.] Thus we see that his greatness and his goodness, however praiseworthy in themselves they may be, lacking the recommendation of the bard, will not long survive himself; but when the bard gives them voice in song the hero can depart to the *talla nan triath* * with no more anxiety than the Christian believer to “the land of promise.”

Ancient Celtic nations had two very peculiar institutions among them: the Druidical institution, or priesthood; and the Bardic institution, or school of poets. These were not, as some writers would have us believe, merely different branches of the same institution, † but two separate and altogether dissimilar bodies, which, being instigated, no doubt, by jealousy and a desire for supremacy, were at continual variance with one another. And while the Bardic institution was yet enjoying the applause, admiration and warmest affection of the people, the Druidical institution fell, unheeded and unlamented by those whom it had governed so long. Traces are still found of the practices of that learned and mystic body, for a Celt will be a Celt and preserve all

the customs of his forefathers, however far advanced in civilization he may be; yet the sudden and complete annihilation of that system which gave these practices a meaning, presents one of the strangest facts of ancient or modern history. The people were glad, the poets were glad that a dispensation so full of superstition (though at its worst it was more elevated in teaching and morals than the mythologies of Greece and Rome) ‡ was followed by such a holy and pure religion as that of Christ.

The Druidical priesthood had been the keepers of the prose literature of their nations; all, from the dry, technical acts of the *mòd* up to the sprightly and superstitious pages of the *seanachies*, were in their custody. It has been doubted whether or not they had an alphabet. If we take the testimony of tradition, of history, of their mother-tongue, we will be induced, despite our prejudice for modern civilization, to believe that “the ancient savage Caledonians” wrote their “gibberish” in as elegant spelling, at least as the English of the present day. Of their writings modern history says little. Columba and Edward I are said to have destroyed many of their most valuable works; and it is only now that archaeologists are discovering that some of the remainder are hid in the most unfrequented corners of the principal libraries of Great Britain. The objects of the Bardic Institution were the cultivation of poetic genius and the celebration of the praises of their nation's heroes. But poetry is the highest species of genius, and the poet sways a universal sceptre; so the members of this association not only gained the favour of the people but also become the confidants of their sovereigns, and their trusty ambassadors. But unhappily, like a great many others who have office by lineal descent, they abused their privilege. They would grossly insult their enemies when the conditions offered were not accepted; and why should they fear so to do? Their bodies were regarded with more sanctity than even the body of the supreme Pontiff of Rome. Even the remorseless Cairbre, the usurping king of Ireland, dared not touch the life of a bard.

Not unfrequently a number of bards were together at the castle of the chief of their clan and spent their evenings in singing of heroic warriors and fair maidens. To such gatherings Sir Walter Scott, in addressing the Muse of Caledonia, thus refers:—

Not thus in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful or subdued the proud.
At each according pause was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair maids and vested chiefs attention bowed;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was knighthood's dauntless deed and Beauty's matchless eye.”

Ossian, who himself often witnessed these, thus describes one: “The people congregated in the hall of the chief; the soft sound of the shell was heard—the deep-toned harp awaked. Five bards successively, with copious song, raised the glory of the son of the strong, even of Ossian, the young man among the heroes.”

G. L. G.

‡ Diogenes Lartius, Proaem, § 6.

Mòd: the Celtic Parliament. *Seanachies*: histories written in a popular style.

“MOTHER, here is a grammatical error in the Bible.”
“Kill it! kill it! it is the very thing that has been eating the leaves and book-marks!”—*Ex.*

“THERE NOW,” cried little Bessie the other day, rummaging a drawer in the bureau, “grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles.”

* “The hall of heroes.” See next paper.

† So Dr. McLauchlin: Early Scot. Church, chap. iv.

Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

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We have now issued No. 7, Vol. V., of the "Dalhousie Gazette." The Editors having engaged themselves to publish ten numbers, three more are required to make up the compliment, and finish Vol. V. As it is yet early in February, and the term does not close until the last of April, we will be obliged to allow a month instead of the usual fortnight to elapse before the next issue. Probably the remaining Nos. will also be published at intervals longer than usual, as we have always made it a practice not to issue the last one until after Convocation, (which brings the collegiate session to a close). We hope therefore that those of our friends who have not yet handed in their subscription to the Financial Secretary, won't imagine on not receiving next number at the usual time, that their delinquent names have been struck off from the list of subscribers.

THE Reading Room is certainly a great improvement to Dalhousie. The students patronize it more extensively than any other department in the whole College. Yet if we can judge from the occasional outcries against it, it is not so popular as it appears, and certainly not as it merits. Some grumblers—not for the most part, we are glad to say, Freshmen—complain that they never see any new papers there, and point deprecatingly to its but half covered tables, and to magazines dated last December. Now no student in his senses can pretend to say that the paltry 50 cents which he pays to maintain this room, is not trebly returned to him—or if not, it is certainly his own fault. On an average, 5 or 6 exchanges are laid on the table each day. Many of these being local newspapers, are laid by after a chance has been afforded to everyone to read them. The Cape Bretoner can learn the news of his own "native country," the P. E. Islander fancies himself at home again as he peruses the favourite papers of his fertile isle, and almost every county in the Province which boasts of a periodical, is represented on our tables. Nearly all the Halifax journals have been kind enough to exchange with us, and instead of keeping these for private reading as former Editors have done, they are given to our Reading Room.

True enough, we are told that such periodicals may be seen in the public Reading Rooms of this city. But we have a class of exchanges to be found no where in Halifax outside of our own establishment—we refer to college papers. These should be specially dear to every student, coming as they do like great love-letters from sister Universities. Through them we learn of the systems of instruction pursued in other seminaries of learning, of the advancement of education in other climes than ours, as well as of general college news, more clearly and fully than we possibly could from any periodicals of a different stamp. In this we place the chief merit of our Reading Room. It is true that from a scarcity of magazines some rather antique looking specimens are allowed to linger around, but if some of the students would refrain from acquisitive propensities our tables would be pretty well filled.

There is one improvement, by the way, which we would like to see introduced into the Reading Room; viz., a letter box. This would save all the students and especially the Editors a great deal of trouble and inconvenience. Our letters come to the Room and we get them there, but to mail replies we must start up from our work and wend our way down to the G. P. Office. We hope to see this improvement introduced at no very distant date. On the whole, however, we ought all of us to be very well satisfied with our conveniences. We see by our exchanges that many colleges similar to our own are sighing for a Reading Room, just such a room, students, as we enjoy, through the kindness of our Board of Governors. To this Board we take the present occasion to tender our hearty thanks for the noble interest its members have taken in us, and the solicitude they show for our welfare.

PRESENTATION.

WE take the liberty of publishing the following note, which we received accompanying the below-mentioned volume. We beg pardon for the liberty, but we think it the best way of calling the attention of our students to the munificent gift. It is ornamental to the Reading Room, and will be undoubtedly useful in causing a deeper interest to be taken in the study of that noble language, of which the donor is so great an admirer. We need not add for the students' information that the presentation comes from one whose uniform courtesy and goodwill to the students, and zeal in encouraging the study of the modern languages has endeared him to all who have been under his instruction.

Editors of Dalhousie Gazette:—

GENTLEMEN,—A large number of students manifesting a praiseworthy interest in the study of the "twin sister" of the Greek Language, "the German," I would respectfully ask you to give the accompanying volume a place in your Reading Room. Were I not convinced that the ambition of the students in Dalhousie will not suffer it long to remain a *sealed book* to them, I should not have offered the work. It needs but the first sip at the fountain of German literature and the delicious Nectar will become your morning and your evening draught.

The paper is called the Gartenlaube (Garden-arbour), and

is an entertaining and instructive periodical. I selected this volume, because it is the finest in my collection, containing: Biographies of celebrated and wellknown characters, essays on science and history by the distinguished philosopher, Carl Vogt, in Geneva, noble poetry, and tales and novels in endless variety; in fact, everything that can satisfy the mind and the heart of a student.

Read it and judge for yourselves, remembering the motto: "Sapere aude."

Yours respectfully,

J. LIECHTI.

Halifax, February 6th, 1873.

OUR EDINBURGH LETTER.

EDINBURGH, Jan. 14th, 1873.

Dear Gazette:—Notwithstanding the discouraging effect of the rain which for the last year has been falling almost without intermission on the smoky old capital of Scotland, more students have been enrolled as matriculates of the University during the present session than during any one winter session for the last forty years. Many of the Professors have large and, of course, appreciative audiences to listen to their daily prelections, and all, I believe, even those who conduct the least popular of the optional classes have some whom they may call disciples. The number of students has increased so greatly during the last few years that the University buildings are being found too small. Fortunately the handsome bequest of Sir David Baxter enables the University Court to provide greater accommodation. They have decided to erect a building for the medical classes on a site which is already purchased. When this is finished the University will want nothing but a hall. It has felt the need of a hall for many years but its poverty prevents the erection of one.

Edinburgh, during the past session, has lost two Professors—one temporarily, the other permanently. Wyville Thompson having been appointed by Government to take charge of a scientific expedition which has just been fitted out to explore the sea bottom, has gone away to investigate the temperature and life of the ocean's depths, and to make as many zoological and meteorological discoveries as possible. He receives an excellent salary, and has a fine opportunity of making his name rank still higher among scientists than it does. His chair is filled, *pro tem.*, by an eminent German zoologist. Dr. W. Stevenson, at the beginning of the session, resigned the Chair of Church History. The patronage of this Professorship belonging to the Crown, the government has appointed as Dr. Stevenson's successor, a man against whom all Scotchmen, except the Broad Churchmen of the Establishment, are crying out. Dr. Wallace is the successor of Dr. Lee in Greyfriar's church. He is described by his opponents as a man who has made a theological reputation solely through his being a retailer of other men's heresies, and there is too much ground for the statement. He seems to have desired a Professorship rather for the sake of being a Professor than from his love for any particular department of study. Until very recently he was understood to be preparing himself for the Chair of Hebrew, which is likely to be vacant soon, and not many years ago he was a competitor for the Chair of Biblical Criticism. A special meeting of the Commission of the General Assembly has been called to consider his appointment, but any resolution which they may adopt can have little effect. Dr. Wallace has been permitted to remain a minister of the Church of Scotland in good standing, and any action which the Assembly now take against him will be a tacit condemnation of their previous want of action.

Peace has not yet been established between the University authorities and the lady medicals. The lawsuit between them is still unsettled, the matter being now under consideration by the Judges. No one can tell how it is likely to be decided. The "Society for promoting the Medical Education of Women" has made all possible exertions to bring the case to a successful termination. They sent a special envoy to Italy, Germany and France to enquire into the rights of ladies in those Universities of the Continent which had been taken as models in the foundation of the Scottish Universities. They secured as their counsel the ablest advocates in Scotland. If the result of the case is unfavourable to them it will not be through want of zeal or activity, but through the weakness of their cause. Their supporters seem to me to have adopted a wrong course of action. There is no doubt in my mind that, legally, the university authorities have no right to admit females as students. The wording of the charter excludes them. If the matter could be carried before a court of Equity the question might be settled in their favour, but since it is to be decided by a court of Law by which the Law must be administered according to the letter, I am afraid the decision cannot but be against them. How much soever the ladies may have to complain of the treatment which they have received from individual professors, the only illegal action of which they can charge the Senate and other University Courts is an illegal action in their favour, namely, their admission to any of the privileges of students.

The discussions of the advocates over the Latin charters of the various universities were exceedingly amusing. *Homo* and *persona* were admitted to be applicable to both sexes, but not all the etymological acumen or physiological learning of the ladies' counsel could prove that a woman might be described by *vir*. It is true that they themselves seemed to perceive no difficulty at all in the matter, but the counsel for the defence could not help thinking that their "learned friends" had failed to establish the point, and the solemn-faced judges shook their grey wigs as they decided to take the matter *ad avizandum*. It has not been heard of since.

The decision of the question as to whether the ladies are or are not entitled to the privileges of students in Edinburgh University is of the utmost importance to them. There is a law in Britain which enacts that no one, who does not hold a degree or certificate of some kind from some British Medical Institution, can practice medicine otherwise than as a quack. He or she may heal the sick, but cannot sue their patients for fees when they have made them whole. Degrees even from such universities as Paris or Berlin or McGill or Dalhousie are not recognized, and those who hold them must become F.R.C.P.E., or F.R.E.S.E., or M.R.C.S.L. or obtain some such distinction before becoming legal medical practitioners. Of course for medicals of the male persuasion this presents no practical difficulty; for a short examination gives them at once a legal standing. But for ladies this is not the case; and unless they prove their asserted right to the position of Students in Edinburgh, they cannot become legal practitioners of medicine. Until recently one door was open; but whenever it was proved to be so by the fact that two ladies entered in by it and obtained a legal standing as holders of the sick, so great was the outcry raised by the affrighted male members of the Profession that it was at once closed. I may remark that one of those ladies, Dr. Garrett Anderson, has rapidly gained an excellent reputation and an extensive practice in London. So excellent and so extensive that she has been forced to become a consulting physician only. The decision of the Edinburgh question is looked forward to with great expectations. The ladies hope that it will give them the means of ministering to the wants of their sick sisters; the doctors hope that it

will crush out a movement which threatens to raise up in some department of their profession, an opposition of which they seem to entertain great fears.

Glasgow has lost an able Professor, and the science of Engineering one of its greatest lights by the death of Macquorn Rankine. He was one of the first men who shewed that theoretical teaching connected with the Engineering Profession was possible; and his "Applied Mechanics," "Prime Movers," "Civil Engineering" and "Mill Work" will always be standard works in this branch of Science. In referring to his death, Prof. Jenkin of Edinburgh said of him: "We may well be sad that he should leave us at an age when he must have hoped that he should achieve still greater triumphs, and when we expected many more of yet greater benefits; but on the other hand we may be well contented when we die, let our life be stretched to the utmost span, if we can truly think that we have achieved one tithe of the work done by this great man."

MAC.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY is so called in opposition to Metaphysical speculations, or *Unnatural Philosophy*. It is also known as *Physics*—from which circumstance our Juniors always head their Lectures "*Dose* so and-so."

Two means should be employed in this interesting study, (1.) Observation, (2.) Experiment. It is, for example, by such means that youngsters become acquainted with the products of neighbouring orchards.

Natural Philosophy brings one into acquaintance with appearances or phenomena. These are of two kinds, simple and compound. Freshmen may be taken as examples of simple phenomena, and whiskered Sophies of compound.

Natural Philosophy also teaches one the properties of matter. Hence the best time for its study is in winter—if possible, on the slippery streets of Halifax. Matter must not be confounded with volume. Thus we have a large *note-book* for one of the classes, with nothing in it but a few caricatures of our Professors. Of course that's no matter.

Things are either material or immaterial. It's immaterial whether a Junior is ever in time for any of his classes, but it is material whether he goes into Mathematics without a single exercise worked.

The qualities of matter are either primary or secondary, according as they are essential or contingent. Thus the primary quality of a graduate who wants his M. A., is to have \$20 spare cash; the secondary to write a "thesis" worth 2 cents. Some take a different view, and call qualities primary or secondary according as they are invariable or variable; in that case, the primary quality of a Freshman is to be green, and the secondary quality of a Senior to be in time for "la prière" of the French class.

Strictly speaking however, the primary qualities of matter in general are as follows:—

I. Extension. Editors who have to fill up a few yawning columns out of nothing, know the nature of this.

II. Figure. Did you ever besprinkle your gorgeous frontispiece with gravy, or commence a dance you didn't know anything about?

III. Impenetrability. Every Professor who has tried to hammer a Greek verb or Algebraic equation through two or three inches of head development, knows what this is.

IV. Compressibility. One of our Seniors thinks this the most prominent and engaging feature in young ladies.

V. Expandibility, which may be illustrated by the India-rubber conscience of a Halifax cabbie, or the affections of a coquette.

VI. Porosity is a first-class quality. We wish the purses of some of the friends of Dalhousie were a little more porous for our benefit.

VII. Indestructibility. The love of a school girl or moustach of a Senior.

VIII. Divisibility. Throw two cents between five boys. Some suppose matter to be infinitely divisible; others, reducible to atoms. We've a fair sprinkling of these among our Freshies.

IX. Mobility, resulting as a general rule, from the application of the birch.

X. *Vis Inertiae*, which literally translated, is "the vice of laziness." Dutchmen are said to be addicted to this vice. Students near the end of the term never are.

XI. Attraction. How attractive a text book on a fine day to a Senior! When attraction ceases, *repulsion* commences. Let all young ladies remember this.

Secondary Qualities. I. Hardness; a quality fully developed in the 2nd year's Mathematics.

II. Adhesion. Did you ever find it hard to remove your arm from a pretty girl's waist?

III. Tenacity. Try to separate a student from printed translations of the Classics.

IV. Brittleness. When a person is very snappy in temper, he may be considered brittle. Hence the well known cure of *tempering*.

V. Ductility, as when we lead our Professors by the nose (which we never do.)

The first division of Natural Philosophy is Mechanics. Comment upon this gratifying fact is unnecessary. Mechanics, say our text-books, is divided into Statics and Dynamics. We prefer to speak grammatically, and say, Mechanics are divided, &c. Plural nouns require plural verbs. Why Mechanics should be subjected to this painful experience is hard to decide. We are inclined to look upon it as a metaphorical statement, in playful allusion, perhaps, to the lazy disposition of some carpenters, and the active spirit of others. If it be literally true, surely the study even of Physics can do little good in such a case.

Correspondence.

We take the liberty of publishing the following extract from a note received from an esteemed Graduate at present in Queen's University, Ontario. We know our readers will be interested in the information he gives. We are especially glad to notice the move made to publish a students' paper. It is a move in the right direction. Long may the literary enthusiasm of Queen's flourish. Success to the movement that will give our Dominion another students' periodical!

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, 20th Jan., 1873.

My Dear Editors,—I am glad your *Gazette* appears so flourishing. Long may it live! I welcome its arrival each fortnight with pleasure. The news furnished, collegiate and otherwise is calculated to interest, amuse, and instruct. Queen's University has a larger attendance this session than for some years. An interesting feature in this session's work has been a series of Lectures on Education, practical and theoretical, by Prof. Melville Bell, which were well attended and universally appreciated. In connection with the Lectures he gave a series of Weekly Readings in the City Hall, which were likewise well received.

We are at present discussing the desirability of having a paper, or periodical in connection with Queen's. In fact, we have decided to do so, and a Committee has been appointed, of which I am one, to make arrangements for the issuing

of a prospectus. The paper, however, will not be issued until next autumn. Queen's is one of the oldest, if not the oldest college in the Dominion, and boasts of a large number of Graduates, with whose support, I have no doubt, the paper will be a decided success.

I am, dear Editors, yours very sincerely,
JOHN J. CAMERON.

Dallusiensia.

ONE of our Sophomores is reported to spend the greater part of his existence in sleeping. If this be the case, we suggest that each night he hail his bed with the refrain, "Home sweet home!"

WE have seen the private "sanctum" of one of the Editors. It consists of a drawer containing a Testament, two shoe ties, and a heap of dust.

A CLASSICAL STUDENT, whose initials are — H. —, trying to append his name in Greek characters to an exercise in "Initia Graeca," represented the "H" by a huge "Spiritus Asper," followed by a full stop. The Professor must have considered that peculiarly *exasperating*.

ARTS and Medicals are apparently earnest competitors for pre-eminence in vocal capabilities. Without doubt the Arts excel in making our halls ring with a "merry chorus" but the Meds. surpass them in producing sounds strange and inhuman. Either our College is haunted, or Nature has gifted the Meds. with the vocal powers of the Shanghai rooster and little bantam. We bid them beware; for our Janitor is reported to be fond of chicken soup, and to relish a leg of fowl exceedingly. We understand now how so many students are "plucked" every spring.

ABOUT this time the Freshmen generally commence to make an abstract of their Rhetoric, so as to learn it more thoroughly. We saw the "abstract" of one bright youth; it comprehended half as much space again as was devoted to the original Lectures.

ABOUT a gallon of dried peas was found scattered over the College Hall a few days ago. Boys, it is about time to stop these pranks. Our Janitor is generally *peaceable* enough, without trying to *appease* him in this fashion.

THE Parade is in many places buried in snow. *It's no fun* to cross from one side to another. There's a *nice* prospect in some spots however.

OUR Students are known by the sobriquet of "Flying Devils." They're thinking of adding Grecian Bends to their gowns to justify the name.

WE are glad to observe the increased attention paid by the students to the wearing of the University costume. We hope that none of our students henceforth will disgrace themselves by ignoring the collegiate rules, or manifesting any lack of a loyal spirit to their *Alma Mater* in observing the regulations relating to college uniform.

Personals.

ROBERT SEDGEWICK, B. A., of '67, is now in the city.

C. D. McDONALD, one of our Editorial corps, has been laid up for about two weeks in consequence of a slight hemorrhage of a lung. The quiet and rest of Willow Park we are glad to say, is rapidly restoring him.

WE have received a letter from A. G. RUSSELL, B. A., of '71. He is prosecuting his Theological studies at Princeton. E. S. BAYNE, B. A., of '71, and RICHARDS are also engaged in the same vocation in this Theological Seminary.

EDINBURGH.—THORBURN, WALLACE, MILLER, SCOTT and MACGREGOR, are now prosecuting their studies in Edinburgh. We are sorry to learn that Mr. MacGregor's health is yet so delicate, that his studies are limited to a few hours each day by order of his Physician.

WE congratulate E. SCOTT and ADAM GUNN, Graduates of Class '72, on obtaining the 1st and 2nd prizes, respectively, awarded for proficiency in Greek, in the Presbyterian Theological Hall, Halifax. Value \$50 and \$40 each.

W. H. BROWNRIGG, Class '75, left College last Wednesday for his native town of Pictou. His health in Halifax since the New Year has been so poor, that by the doctor's advice, he left the city.

College Items.

PROF. AGASSIZ and party gathered 100,000 valuable specimens in Mineralogy, Botany and Natural History in the Hassler expedition.—*Ex.*

PRESIDENT ELIOT says that for the last college year, each of the undergraduates at Harvard cost the institution, on an average, \$100 more than he paid it.—*Ex.*

RUTGER'S COLLEGE (New Brunswick, N. J.) is to have a new building, costing \$50,000, to be used as a chapel and library.—*Ex.*

NINE American students attend the Strasbourg University.—*Lawrence Collegian.*

LETTERS RECEIVED.

Robert Sedgewick, B.A.; A. G. Russell, B.A., Princeton; J. H. Sinclair, Stillwater; J. G. MacGregor, B.A., Edinburgh; Rev. R. C. McDonald, Pictou; J. J. Cameron, M.A., Queen's University; Murd. Chisholm; J. Fraser (Downie), New Glasgow; J. M. Carmichael.

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