

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. II.
OLD SERIES—VOL. IX.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 31, 1877.

NEW No. 10.
WHOLE No. 92.

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GAZETTE.

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ROW WEEL.

DEAR GAZETTE,—

I HAVE thought perhaps you would not object to print one stanza of an old Scotch song, for the sake of another which I have added. Possibly some ardent Caledonians may think it sacrilege to tamper with the beautiful melody, but to them I can offer no apology, nothing to palliate the offence in the least:—

"Row weel, my boatie, row weel,
Row weel my merry men a',
For there's dule and there's wae in Glenfloritch's bowers,
And there's grief in my father's ha'.
And the boatie danced light on the merry wee waves,
And it flew o'er the waters sae blue,
And the moon it shone bright, and the wind it blew light,
But the boatie ne'er reached Allandhu."
Ochon for fair Ellen! Ochon!
Ochon for the pride of Strathcoe!
In the deep, deep sea, in the saut, saut bree,
Lord Reoch, thy Ellen lies low."

"Row weel my boatie row weel,
Row weel my boatmen sae brave,
And we'll sing some old song o' the north as we hie
Far awa' o'er the foamin' wave.
But the winds they were sighing in sad eerie tone,
And they troubled the waters sae blue,
And the moon's light was hid in a dark rushing cloud,
And the boatie ne'er reached Allandhu."
Ochon for fair Ellen! Ochon!
Ochon for the pride of Strathcoe!
In the deep, deep sea, in the saut, saut, bree,
Lord Reoch, thy Ellen lies low."

D.

TRANSPLANTED SUPERSTITION.

In this short paper we wish to draw attention to Scottish superstition as modified by being transplanted in the Maritime Provinces. The subject forms an interesting study which should not be deemed useless in an age in which every fragment of folk-lore is carefully stored up for scientific theorising.

Superstition may be sub-divided variously; for our present purpose we adopt a simple two-fold sub-division into topical and transportable. During the movement popularly called the Highland Clearances, (1831-1851) the population of the beautiful straths and glens of the North of Scotland, being driven from their homes, carried with them to Canada such articles of furniture as were portable; but the lands, the hills, the glens and rivers, the churches and churchyards, the old castles and haunted houses, they left behind them. So also left they their topical superstition. Under this head we include all popular belief in such supernatural beings and appearances as cannot, under certain conditions, be transferred from one place to another. Of this character are fairies, merry, respectable individuals residing in companies in chambers made by the power of their own magic wands, in the bowels of mountains; brownies, convenient domestic slaves who worked while fairies danced; individual ghosts that always appeared under given circumstances; haunted places and houses; and certain forms of divination arising out of the manners of the country. All these for want of transportation could not come from Scotland to Canada; at least that is the fixed opinion of all among the credulous who have eagerly sought for fairies and brownies among the hills and wood of our young Provinces.

Transportable superstition includes all of that superstition which may under any circumstances (except unbelief) be transferred from one land to another. Certain topical forms of an unusual nature must be treated of as transportable. We are, for instance, deprived in Canada of the regular appearances of various eminent ghosts that are connected with certain clans, septs, families and houses in Scotland. There is, however, one illustrious exception to prove this rule. The chief of the Macleans, a long time ago, led forth his clan to battle. He rode on a white steed and fought valiantly in the field.

There was amongst his enemies a tall, strong Highlandman, who wielded, with both his hands, a huge scythe. This monstrous harvester, seeing the havoc the Maclean was doing among his clansmen, reaped his way to the place where the chief was at work. While the latter was engaged in an encounter with another foeman, half of his helmet containing a corresponding half of his head was chopped off by the scythe of the brave yeoman. Instantly the Maclean turned his horse, galloped furiously from the field, and was never seen in daylight afterwards. When the battle was ended, the clansmen solemnly, slowly and sadly bore the half of their chief's head from the scene of their disgrace, and diligent search was made for the other half, the body and the white horse. But neither could be found anywhere. So the half head was confined and followed to the grave by a multitude who marched to the coronach wailing from a hundred pipes. The Maclean had ridden to spirit-land! and because he brought with him not only his own body—minus the buried half head—but also a ghostly live white horse, it is easy to conceive that he had superior privileges conferred upon him there. Obviously the first of these advantages would be that, having a horse to wade the river Styx, he might go and come when he pleased. Consequently our legend says with authority, as if it were the demonstration of its own veracity, wherever a Maclean dies thither Eòbhan-a-chinn-bhig (Ewen-of-the-little-head, as the Maclean is called) comes the night before the funeral, riding on his milk-white-steed, pays due homage to the corpse by walking slowly from the place where it lies to the grave, and, returning to the spirit-land, allows the soul of his clansman to sit behind him on his horse as he wades through Styx, thus cheating poor Charon of his obolus. This is the only universal ghost of which we have heard. The German's fatherland is where the German tongue is spoken; the dominion of the Maclean is where a Maclean lives or dies. Eòbhan-a-chinn-bhig is reported to have been seen in some part we could name of the Maritime Provinces.

Under transportable superstition is to be classed every species of belief in witchcraft. (1.) The belief in fortune-telling. It is an instructive circumstance that very few prophetesses are spoken of in the Holy Scriptures and these few of limited inspiration. Otherwise, we suppose, all the unprincipled women of

Christendom would set up for prophetesses. A woman succeeds better at that sort of thing than a man. The term witch is not a desirable appellation. So as to get rid of it there are certain subterfuges indulged in by those who claim the power of fortune-telling. A woman claiming this power honored one of our island Provinces with her presence last summer and escaped opprobrium and gulled the credulous by stating that she was a member of a family in which the gift had descended through seven generations. In one Scottish settlement she received a hundred dollars in one week, for revealing the past and the future. But the French were more noble than the Scots, for she had scarcely lit her camp fire in one of their districts when they came upon her with dogs and hounded her away to the Scots. Nova Scotia also knows what a curse these fortune-tellers are to a country—defrauding men of their hard earned money, dividing families, raising jealousies and in every way injuring the social and moral welfare of the people. Halifax, Pictou, Charlottetown and probably others of our cities, have each its fortune-teller to ruin what little confidence young people have in human nature. In Scotland, sorcery has almost passed away and a laughter-raising pastime promises soon to be the sole descendant of this old superstition.

(2.) The belief in milk-taking. Only one witch in a hundred can set up fortune-telling, for that requires keen observation and a good knowledge of human nature; every witch however, is supposed to have the power of stealing the milk from her neighbour's cows. She can exercise this gift either by entering her neighbour's byre and deliberately milking the cows or by imposing a charm upon them such that they shall yield no milk or that the milk yielded be of no value. When she goes to the byre she may, to screen herself from detection, assume any form she pleases, such as that of another woman or of an animal, as a hare (a favourite form) or a cat, &c. In this case also she takes the best part of the milk: the butter, the casein and the sugar.

To overcome the milk-taking powers of witches recourse is had to the following artifice: The house being vacated by all except the operator, the doors are locked, the windows latched and all the edged and pointed instruments of the kitchen (knives, forks, pins, needles, &c) are boiled in a large kettle until a loud knocking is heard at the door. The noise is made by the

ghost of the person who caused the evil, and intimates that they have been sufficiently punished and that the spell is "cut." If it is wished to discover who the offender is and to inflict corporeal punishment another method is adopted. We shall describe this *ruse de guerre* in almost the same words in which a native of Nova Scotia set it before us; we cannot, however, shake this paper as his frame trembled or impress on its surface the same expression of a fixed belief in "things so horrible and awful," as was on his countenance while he spoke:

"A neighbour of ours—well, between you and me, it was Mr. Mac— up there on the hill-side. I do not want to fall out with my neighbours, and I know you won't say a word about it. It was well on in summer. His cows used to give lots of milk, and he sold a good deal of butter. All at once he saw a great difference in the amount of milk he got from his cows, and when churning time came not an ounce of butter could he bring although he should have churned till now. Things went on in this fashion for a month or six weeks. The same thing had happened in former years. He talked now to his neighbours about it, and hinted at what he was going to try. Some advised him to go on with it, and were particularly careful to tell him over and over again the words and things about it. Some told him to wait and pray; and, Mr. G., I told him myself, in the words of the Holy Book, that

"Ill men's rod upon the lot
Of just men shall not lie,"

as we sang last Sunday at the meeting. 'And, says I to him, 'if you do succeed and punish the one that's to blame, you know that there is more around to take their part. You know that the evil one has something to do with these things.' But no, it was no use. 'Mr. So-and-so advised him, and a host of others.' Do you know how he did it? I do not like to be talking about these things; if they're not true it's of no use; if they are true, —. But since we are speaking about it I will tell you. He sent his wife down the fields where she would meet the children coming home from school, for they had a short path through there; you know the way you went up last evening when you were visiting there? Well, he told her not to let them home until five o'clock, but didn't tell why. He closed the door and nailed it in its place—he told me himself what he did the time we were seeking that hid treasure I told you about yes-

terday. He shut the door, as I was saying, boarded the windows, and stuffed between the boards with paper and rags, and closed the chimney-hole; you know he lives in a log house yet. He closed daylight out in every part, for where a ray of light can enter a witch can enter also. Then he took the brain of a dog, a couple of frogs, and a whole lot of knives and forks, and boiled them in a pot with hard-wood ashes and water. While these were boiling he pointed a sharp knife at witches he had placed all round the room, and whispered words. I would not repeat them for money. He stopped now and again to drop some of his cows' milk into the pot of stuff he had on the fire. The power of this charm nothing could oppose. The poor misguided creature who did the evil, forced by a power within her and yet not of herself, came to the door of the loghouse. At first she gently knocked and feigned another voice, then she thumped at the door. But she got no answer. The spell was heavy upon her. She was about to drop down dead, when she cried out, 'Speak or I die.' The man ceased his charming, and knowing from the voice who it was, he cried in answer, 'Go home and lead a sickly life till the grave opens for you.' At that word she was free. She lay on a sick-bed ten years. Her grave is in the north-east corner of the burying-ground two miles up the river. He never succeeds in any work he lays his hand to. An ugly piece of business to have anything to do with witches!" My friend had not said so much on such a delicate point without a great effort on his part, and now he turned away to forget, in the labors and cares of his farm, the existence of witches and their dread powers.

(3.) But greater efficiencies than these are ascribed to human beings who are said to have intercourse with the evil one. A young man of pious up-bringing, was returning home at a late hour along a road which passed through a wood in one of our Provinces. He had not gone far into the wood when he saw, by the light of the moon shining from a cloudless sky, a female form approaching him. He knew not who it was, but he was nothing daunted—for what man would be afraid of one of the weaker sex?—They are drawing near to each other, they are passing, with one bound the female crosses the road and lays hold of his hair. He has a good cudgel in his hand and uses it wirily and powerfully; but this weapon, in the struggle, is twisted as if it were tow. Now they are both wea-

ponless and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. He loses all strength. All hope is gone. He is about to faint away feeling assured that she will kill him. He is "at his wit's end." Who will save him? Who will pray for him? A happy thought strikes him in this his extremity. "The Lord God be between thee and me," he says. Marvellous power of that wonderful name! She is changed into her true form, and now he beholds before him a woman who lives not two miles from his father's house. A petition to the Almighty is the only thing that can conquer these wicked ones. This story we have told as we heard it; others have been related to us in which the witch actually killed her opponent.

Another phase of transportable superstition is the belief in something that may or may not reveal itself in any unexpected place in darkness—in short, in ghosts. But ghosts are the same all the world over, and it is not comfortable to be writing about them at midnight, all our companions asleep, and the wind moaning round the corners of the house. So we beg the reader's pardon, for we must stop. G. L. G.

SELF ESTEEM.

If a young man overestimates his abilities,—or as some others prefer "thinks too much of himself," with unerring certainty there will be found in the sphere in which he moves some one holding the balance of propriety to take his weight. It is well that such is the case; better, if a youth bears the fact in mind.

Perhaps there is no man so contemptible in the eyes of the unassuming, and so unreluctantly shunned, as the braggart, or the man who professes to know only that he may be known. It is true that the world's balance is often a just one, and that we meet in daily life those who can readily detect our shortcomings. Notwithstanding this there are some who so artfully don the garb of dissimulation, and hide their real character under the mask of politeness, that their sincerity is never questioned. With forced smiles they oftentimes reciprocate lavished kindness: still their company is coveted at the social gathering and they pass as general favourites.

But the best of men are often misunderstood, and misrepresented, and we shall doubtless meet in the world's work with those whom our success will provoke. They measure "credulous and unsuspecting innocence" by their own per-

verse and deceitful life. Excited by jealousy and envy they sit in judgment, ever imputing false motives. In their sight the truly virtuous and pious are repeatedly contemned. Let a youth aim high or "indulge the warm imagination" that for him in "the world's great field of battle" there is a place which none but he can fill: and at once they hurl at him the barbed dart for ambition. If he endeavours to cultivate a gentle and social disposition, with retiring mien, they brand him as "soft," "effeminate," and lacking "pluck." Let his brow be moist with the mingled dust and dew of honest toil: and there will not be wanting some to even laugh at the "meanness of his fortune," and regard him unfit for their companionship. Let him be fired with that Christian spirit which condemns or warns with no uncertain sound, those who cherish habits of idleness, neglect their intellect, or feed it on trash, gratify their appetites, and dissipate in the best years of mahood—immediately they cast at him such bitter epithets as "Pharisee" or "Saint." But they will hold up for admiration, and as an example to be universally copied, the man who moves on in the common stream of life often void of energy, but as they wish it, "modest and unassuming." Hold! critic. Remember the words of Goëthe,—

"The love of praise how'er adorned by art,
Dwells more or less, and swells in every heart;
The proud to gain it toils and toils endure:
The modest shun it, but to make it sure."

In judging others, age may exhibit folly, and sometimes err; and I doubt not that in the ranks of the worldly wise may be found a multitude who, by reason of profanity have many a fault smoothed away, and lack the humility and caution often characterising youth. Be slow then to take a seat in judgment, for to some

"who fainting on the way need counsel sweet:"

the "cold shoulder" or cynic's frown may be a "stumbling-block." Great destinies may tremble in the balance and by a very simple thing they may sometimes be determined. On a smile or a frown may hang the doom of some one pulling hard against the stream of adverse fate to preserve the pure spirit of self respect.

"For one chord the harp is silent,
Move one stone the arch is shattered;
One small clarion-cry of sorrow
Bids an armed host awake.
One dark cloud may hide the sunlight;
Loose one string the pearls are scattered;
Think one thought a soul may perish
Say one word a heart may break!"

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *College Courier* (pronounced *Kourier*—they will take measures to have the hide tanned of any one calling it *Carrier*) is a sensible and vigorous journal. We like its editorial and local matter. The two "orations" which form the most important part of its literary department, are of a very mediocre character. The titles are, "Journalism; its Leadership," and "The Author's Reward." There is a slight tendency to meaningless and inflated fine writing. The writer of the second says, "none but those who have walked with and studied human nature in all its phases, can know the rewards of a Dickens or a Thackeray." We pity the man who can talk that way among a people that reads Shakespeare and George Eliot. Perhaps he was not bound to choose the greatest masters for illustrations, but how if he had said Wilkie Collins?

The *Colchester Sun* talks like this:—

"The expression 'played out' was used by the GAZETTE in the very way it should not have been, even admitting the very untenable ground which it assumes in the last issue—i. e. —that the expression, when applied to tricks invented to catch the public ear, is not slang, but good English."

We applied it to a certain style of writing, and we said it should not be applied to persons but to tricks, and the *Sun* says we used it in the very way we should not. The logical inference is that the *Sun* considers a style of writing, an individual or person. We might offer several very good arguments to show that this is not the case; but we forbear, believing it would be useless. This, however, is a comparatively slight blunder. We quote again:—

"The expression 'Our Exchanges' was is not particularly grammatical, but what's the difference as long as the idea is conveyed!"

Is not "Our Exchanges" the name of an article? And is that article one or more than one? We think that the *Sun*, after giving the matter diligent and careful consideration, cannot but acknowledge that it is only one and that the verb to agree with it should be singular. We find abundance of what we think good common sense in the columns of the *Sun*, but this only makes our regret the keener, that it should lay it all so carefully aside when it begins to criticise.

Why dilate? These are false notions of religion which would forge fetters to cripple the joy and sprightliness of youth. Time enough when the cares of life, or the infirmities of old age are unwelcomely thrust upon us to be cast down or sad. Let youth—the sweetest period of life—be sweetened by the luxury of doing good. And how shall we ever attain to it, if, fearing the critics' frown we are led to undervalue self and shrink from the conflicts of life? The more sensible we are of the relation we bear to the great and common family of mankind, and of the fact that we are accountable beings, and destined for a higher sphere of existence, the higher will be our aims.

Not unfrequently self-esteem—this noble quality—is confounded with pride, and shares its fate. But the man who truly entertains a high regard for self injures no other; nor will his spirit suffer him to descend to what is mean or false to gratify pride or any other inordinate passion. Notwithstanding the great number who "turn aside out of the way," there are those found who maintain decision of character, and hold high the banner of self respect; in whose sight meanness and what is too well known in business circles as fraud, are disdained.

Despise character, or, what I have here termed self-esteem, trample on the dignity of true manliness, regard your position as the lowest and wanting opportunities. What shall be the result?

I do not hesitate to affirm, that wanting self respect many are led to form an alliance with those who revel in the gaming saloon, or more degrading abodes of evil. Many a young man from the surroundings of a happy family circle associates with those who reckon it manly to "walk in the counsel of the ungodly," till at last he reels out to make midnight sound hideous with the profane and corrupt songs of the drunkard.

The grated windows of the prison cell are often darkened; and the empty apartments of the almshouse often filled by those who cast the barbed arrow at youthful self esteem, and scorn this principle of true manliness.

C. D. MACLAREN.

We understand that an "Aristoi Club" has been formed among the students. The principal bond of brotherhood among them is that none of the members is to be allowed to suffer for want of tobacco.

The Freshmen are to be examined in the sixth book of Euclid.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 31, 1877.

EDITORS.

J. MCD. SCOTT, '77. J. H. CAMERON, '78.
W. SCOTT WHITTIER. EDWIN CROWELL, '79.
H. H. HAMILTON, '77, *Secretary*.

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WE would like to smuggle in a word of cheer to those who are crouching between the dreadful horns of the dilemma implied in the oft-repeated statement that men of genius are succeeded by enervated descendants or by none at all. The situation, to one confident of his ability to perch high among the great, must be embarrassing. Where can a nobler instance of self-denial be found than in the case where a youth of unknown power calmly forms the magnanimous resolve not to train his mental forces *far* above ordinary men; because Shakspeare and Locke have no lineal representatives, and *he* will not wrong the unborn ages,—the twentieth and following centuries. Great Sir, before coming to any such decision it may be well to notice that even such genius and learning as yours do not in every instance exhaust themselves and break down humanity in a single generation. Take comfort and a few examples.

Sir Nicholas Bacon was eminent as a lawyer and shrewd politician. His rare wisdom and propriety were acknowledged in the Councils of Elizabeth while he was keeper of the Great Seal. His wife, one of the learned daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, has left monuments of her

classical knowledge and of skill by translations from the Latin and Italian. Must we say that it was in spite of the greatness of his parents that Sir Francis, their son, developed into the "most illustrious ornament of his age, and the reformer of modern Philosophy"? The political sagacity of his full brother Anthony Bacon won for him a deservedly high place, while Sir Nathaniel Bacon, a half brother, was a painter of merit. Dr. Addison, besides being the father of the great Joseph, has a name as a divine and as an author. George Berkeley, D. D., some of whose sermons ran through many editions, was son of Philosopher of the same name, and father of Geo. Monk Berkeley, author of *Poems and Literary Relics*. True, Sir Isaac Newton, Adam Smith, and "Rare Ben Jonson" had no children, but this is no shame, considering that none of them ever married.

Follow up this list until you get relief. You will find long and powerful lines where the great father is second only to the greater son. When a few dozen men of might must suffice for a century, you see the probability is small that father and son should be two of these, though the son should be exempt from the law you so much fear. Read over the few thousand names written legibly in history, and if you do not discover that certain families hold a monopoly of genius, you must conclude that greatest good to posterity is compatible with fullest exercise of your talents.

WE beg leave to call the attention of our academic dignitaries to the letter of Miss Muffet upon female education which appears in our columns. To us the matter has suddenly assumed a real and practical importance. We formerly looked upon it as something which would come in the course of time when the need began to be felt, something of the indefinite future which it was no harm to talk about. But now it seems the need is felt. We need not examine the arguments *pro*. Our correspondent

has put these as none of the brute sex can ever hope to do. We should like to know if there are any arguments *contra*. We fail to find them. What earthly reason could be given why ladies should not attend the classes as they are conducted at Dalhousie? None whatever,—that is to say, none but prejudice; and it will require considerable authority to make this appear to young and ardent minds a sufficiently good one. It is time it were dissipated. Universities are tremendously conservative, yet we hope that in this instance our authorities will be able to clear the dust and scales of venerable antiquity from their eyes, and look at the matter in the light of present necessity and practical utility. After the novelty gets once worn off—which will take about three weeks—it will be found that the change has really been very slight after all. The novelty is the main objection to the movement, but it will have to be met some time, and may as well now as in future.

We are very glad to receive and publish the communication of our correspondent. Upon a subject so intimately connected with College education, we hold ourselves open to all sorts of communication, and especially to one so directly in point as this. If there are more ladies who hold similar views we would advise them to let us know of it.

WE would respectfully call attention to the way the books keep their order on the shelves of the College Library during the long summers. It is orthodox to believe that troubles spring not from the dust collected on them; but the converse is true for the dust is there because of a trouble. It speaks in its own style of the non-use of what is useful, and of which students would be glad to avail themselves. Amid the press of studies it is out of the question to think of perusing with profit the great legacies of genius. Students must therefore overtake most of their reading between terms. Those in the city have an opportunity every week to take

out, exchange, or renew library books. Seeing that the great majority of our men are from the country, and can, in consequence of the expected fortnightly return of all books, reap no advantage whatever, it seems a pity that the authorities should be to the trouble of a regular attendance all summer for the accommodation of so few.

It might not be wise under any circumstances to scatter over the Lower Provinces rare or valuable works. A special development of memory, or at least an *uncommon application* of it, is needed to guarantee a safe return. In the interest of the College, and in view of the tardy bringing in of volumes even during the term, we can scarcely ask for such a scattering. On the other hand, though prudence dictates, we cannot help regretting the necessity of the present course. If the object of a College Library is to make a large assortment of books, we are making tolerable progress. But if the wish is that the Collection should be continually yielding up to successive inquirers the largest amount of knowledge and pleasure, then it is scarcely safe to speak of our enterprise in that direction as a complete success.

Now is about the time when the Seniors are beginning to think of providing themselves with graduating hoods, and several of them may be seen occasionally regarding with fixed attention the five-dollar bill with which they shall be compelled to part in order to make that provision. Some will be able to borrow. A kindly graduate of a previous year, who does not set very great store by this symbol of academic success, will lend his for the occasion. But all cannot be provided for in this way, and quite a number of them will be put to trouble and expense. This is trying. We would beg leave to suggest to our worthy janitor that he might do a great kindness to students, as well as turn an honest penny for himself by taking stock in these rather odd paraphernalia, and loaning them annually for a consideration to graduates not sufficiently wealthy or ambitious to buy for themselves.

AN ACCOUNT OF MY TRIP TO AND FROM PHILADELPHIA.

DURING the Summer vacation of 1876, I decided upon taking a trip to Philadelphia, to visit the Centennial Exhibition. Wishing to avoid the tediousness of a long journey by rail, I determined to go by way of Portland, taking the *Falmouth* from Halifax. I left Pictou on Tuesday, the 24th of July, by the afternoon train, arrived in Halifax at 9, and hurried along with all possible haste to the Dominion Wharf, from which, at 8.30, the *Falmouth* was advertised to leave. She had not left, however. Our train being behind time, the Conductor had telegraphed to the Captain to await our arrival. I don't know whether I was the only one who had come along, nor could I flatter myself that she had been detained in port for me alone, but I noticed rather curiously, that two minutes had not elapsed from the time I stepped on board until the ropes were cast off and she had left the wharf.

The evening was delightfully calm; the stars gazing peacefully upon us as we steamed down the harbour. To me this was a good omen and seemed to betoken fair weather and a pleasant voyage. I remained on deck for some time watching the lights on shore gradually recede and vanish in the distance.

There seemed to be about 50 passengers on board, nearly one half of whom were ladies. As we got further from the land, the latter withdrew, as also several of the gentlemen—leaving the deck in possession of a few—myself among the number. I had the good fortune to discover among these, an old acquaintance in the person of a graduate of this College, whom I shall call C—. He told me he had decided to spend his holidays in Boston, and was now on his way thither. We discussed College affairs, past, present, and I may add *future*, then topics of a different nature, and it was not until a late hour that we left the deck. Meanwhile the appearance of the sky had changed, the swell had become much stronger and the sea was decidedly rough. After having descended to the lower regions, which feat we had well nigh judged impracticable, and only by repeated efforts was it accomplished, C— suggested the advisability of *taking something* to ward off an enemy who, as far as I was concerned, might not be very distant. Having scruples upon the matter, I had determined to refuse, when a suc-

cession of lurches sent us hitting against each other, as rapidly against the sides of the vessel, and finally against the mast, near which we had been standing. Our perambulatory movements having here come to a stop, though we could not tell for how long, I had by this time decided to avail myself of my friend's suggestion, and was about to tell him so, when a second lurch much more violent than any of the preceding propelled us forward, and as the deck now presented a considerable inclination, up this inclination we were forced sorely against *our own*. My equilibrium had by this time been so seriously interfered with, that I judged it more safe and prudent to "turn in" for the night which I immediately did, and making myself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, managed to secure a few hours' repose.

Wednesday dawned upon us bright and fine as ever. In the evening the faces of the passengers (at least of those who have not been sea-sick) show an eager expectancy; they know they are not far from land and do not seem sorry. At midnight we are in Portland. Collecting our baggage, we hurry into the train that is waiting on the wharf, and are soon on our way to Boston,—an ordinary railroad journey at the ordinary rate of 25 miles an hour. *Portsmouth, Newbury Port, Lynn* are passed in succession, and as we arrive in Boston the sun is rising.

My friend C— here left me; and as I had decided to remain a short time, took a car for Charleston in order to see the celebrated 'Bunkers' Hill Monument,' which on a former occasion I had neglected to visit.

"The monument stands on an eminence, and consists of a plain granite shaft 220 feet high. Within is a winding staircase by which it is ascended to a chamber immediately under the apex 11 feet in diameter, containing four windows which afford a very magnificent view of the country" (Having neglected to inform myself as to any facts about the monument, I have been obliged to copy the two last sentences from "*Zell's Encyclopedia*," and, as this is an American work, the account given cannot be *one-sided* and must be *correct*.) After paying 20 cts. to the man who admitted me, I waited expecting he would accompany me in my ascent, and was not a little astonished when he waved his hand aloft, and said I might ascend when I pleased. On my descent he offered

books and pamphlets giving an historical account of the monument, as also photographic views of surrounding places, but telling him I had quite enough of Bunker Hill for the present quickly left.

It being now 11 o'clock, I repaired to the Old Colony Depot, to take the train for *Fall River*, intending to stop there 3 or 4 hours. At this station I noticed a method of informing passengers of the arrival and departure of trains which I had never before seen; and seems to be peculiar to the United States. A man is stationed in front of a wooden apparatus resembling the dial-plate of a clock, one for each track leading out of the station, and he is skilfully manipulating the hands (which are movable) so that the hour at which the next train will start for such and such a place is clearly indicated. As upwards of 200 trains leave that one station alone, within every 24 hours, the man has constant employment; and the necessity of such an arrangement is at once seen. At Fall River I remained four hours, during which time I visited some of the Factories, for which the town has long been noted. The manufacture and printing of *Calico* was especially interesting, but to give anything like a description of it here, would be equally needless and impossible.

Leaving Fall River about 5 o'clock, we embark on one of those steamers—which has world-wide fame.—I refer to the *Bristol* and *Providence*. Every one has heard of the *Fall River Line*, and any one intending to visit New York goes by that line or—should do so. I cannot begin to describe these boats; one must see them for himself. I can only call them *gorgeous*. With every convenience that the imagination can suggest, every means of safety that can be desired, and accommodation for 800 passengers, they are unrivalled. They have been styled "*floating hotels*," but *floating palaces* would be much more appropriate, for the other gives but a poor and perhaps erroneous description. One idea of their immense size may be obtained when I tell you that, standing on the stern of the *Providence*, I could not hear the band performing at the bow. As the boat leaves the wharf, you now, possibly for the first time, carefully button up your coat, having seen that your purse and watch are all right. On looking round, you are reminded of the prudence of so doing. "*Beware of Pickpockets*." "*Beware of well-dressed Gentlemen who ask you to play Euchre*." Notices as these you see

frequently. Happily ignorant of Euchre, with its attendant dangers, I disregard these warnings, and with the 'Dodge Club' under my arm, make myself comfortable in the neighbourhood of the *Grand Saloon*. Here I remained some time greatly interested in the humorous portrayings of its talented author, when, feeling hungry, I am obliged to repair to the lower deck to satisfy the inner man, and find many of the passengers already at work trying to demolish beefsteaks and oysters as quickly as possible. My appetite getting *clamorous*, I call for fried *clams*, having always had a particular fancy for these delicious bivalves. Here you can eat with comfort, the sea being as smooth as can be desired. There is no danger of coming in contact with your neighbour and spilling your cup of coffee over his half-eaten steak, as is too often one's experience during a sea-voyage. No such mishaps here, the *rolls* are of a different kind, and with their assistance, and the attention of the waiters, I enjoyed an excellent supper.

Ice-water is invariably placed ready for the thirsty traveller in America. How often in railroad travelling in Nova Scotia is this overlooked! How often has the water pitcher to which a very retired corner has been assigned, been found entirely empty, or at best filled with lukewarm water, from which long since, every particle of ice, if there ever was any, has entirely disappeared! How often has the passenger (confined for hours in a close car whose windows can only with considerable exertion be opened, and when opened admit more coal dust than air) groped his way through a whole line of cars and even then be compelled to await the arrival of a youthful 'Ganymede' who leisurely enters bringing the long-sought water, which seems by the way it is dispensed, to be a special privilege to be obtained only by special request! And is not the omission often apparent in our Boarding Houses and Hotels! Could it not be easily obviated? We think it could, and hope ere long to see, with reference to this, a change made in the right direction.

But you will think this a digression, (though it is not intended as such,) and I must hurry on.

Arriving at New York, which I did on Friday at 6 a. m., I did not remain long in the city, preferring to see the "Lions" at another time. Crossing to Jersey City, I took the train *en route* for Philadelphia. On leaving the station I found two trains; one about starting for the *Centennial Grounds*, the other for the city itself.

Though intending to visit the Centennial, for which express object I had indeed left home, I, notwithstanding, took the latter train and arrived at 10.30. It was here, that I first experienced that heat which, according to report, had caused so many sun-strokes, a short time before. I must say the heat *was* great, but still could conceive, one thinly clad and taking matter *coolly*, getting along without much discomfort. I found out afterwards that I had missed the very warmest week, for which I suppose I ought to be thankful.

I spent the following Sabbath in Philadelphia, and in the morning attended the Bethany Presbyterian Church. This Church is a handsome brick edifice, built by a wealthy merchant tailor. I observed nothing striking about the service, the absence of anything like *form* being the most important feature. The difficulty as to congregational singing prevails here apparently as in Nova Scotia, for while the singing was good, it was to a great extent confined to the choir, and the use of the organ increased, rather than removed, this objection. The preacher was a young man, fluent and earnest: the congregation, attentive and devout. This Church is especially interesting on account of its Sunday School which numbers 2000 pupils. Leaving Philadelphia, Tuesday morning, August 1st, I returned to New York. The heat was now so intense that I resolved to make as short a stay as possible. I visited the Central Park, containing some 800 acres, walked along Broadway and took a short turn down Wall Street, crossed the ferry to Brooklyn, visited Greenwood Cemetery and the Navy yard, re-crossed to New York, took a look at the new Post Office, the Court House, St. Patrick's Cathedral and other public buildings. In this way I spent the greater part of the day, but regretted afterwards I had not remained longer, as there are so many objects of interest in that city. . . . In a few hours I was on my way back to Fall River. Arriving at Boston, I brushed myself up a little, of which I was sorely in need, and having changed my travelling suit proceeded to call upon some relatives in Roxbury. Finding myself welcome, and charmed with this beautiful suburb, I remained two days—visiting Chelsea, Jamaica Plains, Forest Hill Cemetery and other places of interest. I had also an opportunity of seeing Harvard College, Cambridge, though only from the outside, as it was now the time of vacation. I have often

wished to see the Public Schools of Boston, which have acquired a reputation for the thorough and successful manner in which they are conducted. As I have not yet enjoyed that privilege I must only look forward to it all the more eagerly in the future.

On Saturday we are in Portland, and by 6 p. m. are again on board the good ship *Falmouth* for Halifax. Aloft, she carries two flags, the British and the American, one on either mast. I am pleased to see the British on the foremast, and as we sail down the harbour the "Stars and Stripes" is hauled down, while the "Union Jack" waves gracefully alone. Our voyage home is most delightful. We are favored with a small Newfoundland Brass Band, whose members are also on their way home and who entertain us at intervals. Sabbath eve arrives; it is between the hours of 11 and 12. The full moon is shining. There is not a breath of wind. We are sailing at the rate of 10 knots, and hope in a couple of hours to be in Halifax. The passengers are all gathered at the bow, some pacing the deck, a few conversing, while from others ascend those sweet and sacred airs, to which we have so often listened. The captain, too, joins us, and a subdued feeling pervades all. Who shall say that this was not an appropriate way of ending the Sabbath? On landing in the morning I walked to Richmond station, and there taking the 8.25 train I arrived in Pictou about 2. p. m., having been away only 13 days. Thus ended my trip—the most delightful I have ever taken.

A. W. HERDMAN.

Halifax, Feb'y 2nd, 1877.

LETTER FROM R. L. TO W——.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, Halifax, }
January 1st, 1877.

MY DEAR W——:—

Do not think that I am forgetting you, because I have not written sooner. I have purposely delayed, so that I might give you a better account of my settlement at College, and of the city and surroundings.

If I remember correctly, it was about half-past seven A. M. when I left you that morning. I arrived at Halifax about 4 P. M. Our balloon was retarded by head winds, but "Butler's patent Director" worked excellently, and we made about 10 miles per hour. There were about 50

passengers on board besides the crew. I enjoyed the sail immensely. We had a splendid view of the fields and villages as we passed over them.

I have fairly begun my college work. My anticipations in some cases have been more than realized, in others there was a slight disappointment. The College is beautifully situated on the south side of King's Square, which is behind the old Citadel Hill, but in a central part of the city. It has no dormitories in connection, and the students are allowed to board where they please. The College is non-sectarian, and is merely a teaching body. There are 15 professors and 2 tutors. On presenting myself to the Principal I was agreeably disappointed. I approached him trembling, but his friendly grasp of the hand, and kind enquiries as to my native town, previous education, &c., soon dispelled my fears, and I recovered my self-possession sufficiently to answer his questions intelligently. The same spirit seemed to animate all the professors. There appears to be a firm affection between them and the students, and the latter with two or three exceptions show a most profound regard for their teachers.

I have yet made few acquaintances among the students. They appear very sociable. There were about 100 matriculants. The students are mostly from the Provinces. I understand there are two or three from the American Empire, and one or two from the English Republic. There are 22 Scholarships competed for at the entrance examination. Your humble servant did not succeed in getting one. I send you a copy of the calendar. You will see that there are many optional subjects. I am glad that Greek and Mathematics are among these. I think there has long been too much reverence paid to these branches. No doubt they are very well in their place, but my opinion is that their proper place is in books and professors' brains. A little Greek will not hurt a student of theology, and a professor should be well stored with both. But what benefit are they to a medical man or a lawyer? This session my time will be mostly taken up with the Classics, Rhetoric, Botany, Mathematics and German.

I have visited most of the places of interest in the city. The Lunatic Asylum on the east side of the Harbour is a magnificent structure. It contains about 800 patients. The "Inebriate Asylum" has been a fine building but shows

signs of decay; it has few inmates. I understand that since the year 1950 there has been a gradual decrease in intemperance owing to the active and philanthropic measures of the Church and Government to curtail and regulate the sale of intoxicating drinks.

I yesterday in company with C. paid a visit to the High School. It is a thoroughly equipped institution, and sends to Dalhousie many of her brightest students. I understand that on the first of May the directors, teachers, and others connected with it intend holding a grand entertainment in honour of the founding of the school, which, the Principal tells me, will then have been in operation just 100 years.

As we passed down Duke Street, C. pointed out the building that at one time bore the name of Dalhousie College. It is now used, the lower story for a Hay Market, and the main part of the building as a wholesale tea-store.

I would like to go on and describe to you the Museum, Y. M. C. A. buildings, and many other institutions, but my letter is already too long. I visited the Presbyterian Theological Hall on Spring Garden Road. It is an elegant building, and with its late repairs looks almost as good as new. The style is Gothic, dormitories for the students, and a fine museum are attached. It has 6 professors, besides a lecturer on elocution. Our Wesleyan brethren are now agitating for a Theological Seminary in Halifax with the intention of converting the Sackville College into a seminary for ladies entirely.

Yesterday we crossed to Dartmouth on the Suspension Bridge. It is a magnificent structure, and certainly reflects much credit on the engineer. I may state that he is a graduate of Dalhousie College. We also visited St. George's Island; we spent some time in exploring subterranean passages, which we were told were once used for barracks.

I will probably see you again on the 20th of March; I expect to go up to Truro then to the opening of the House of Assembly. I hear that Squibbs the member for King's, P. E. I., is to be made Attorney General, and that the Hon. Member for Northumberland, N. B., will not be allowed to take his seat, owing to certain stories of a private nature which have lately been proved against him.

Looking for an early reply, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
R. L.

DEAR GAZETTE,—

SEEING a remark of yours to the effect that you never allowed a lady's letter to waste its sweetness in the waste basket, we've ventured to send you a girl's opinion on "Woman's Right to College Training."

Rev. Malachi pleads ably for an educated ministry, and surely we may raise our small voice for an educated womanhood. (We are aware that it is strong proofs and not a loud voice that convict.)

It is a fact, now generally known, that women are the mothers of the human race!!—as such they have important duties to perform—the highest entrusted to human agency.

Let the machinery, that is to do the work, be wrought to the highest degree of perfectness. Don't leave the girls' minds in the rough. Shape them for their various ends while yet those ends are in prospective. A woman's sphere is at home; then let her home stores be full that she may have something to draw from. It is unfair in you men to keep us in ignorance because we are not the strongest half. We think, with Thackeray, "It is by persons believing themselves in the right that nine-tenths of the tyranny in this world is committed."

There are too many wives like Copperfield's Dora—and mothers too. Let us have a few more Agnes'. Tennyson's words are too often true:—

"She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things."

This needn't be so. "Union is strength." Students of Dall—band together: stretch out the hand; take the girls in, welcome us as if not as men and brothers—as women and nearly equals.

We believe in the theory that there are souls masculine and souls feminine put into bodies without regard to sex. You gents will never be told "you are only a girl, education will make you strong-minded." We will bear this, if we get the one woman's right—sound education. You would cut us all out by nice little patterns, and say you must be this, walk so, talk so, look so. You don't like "strong-minded" ladies: nor do we. It is possible to combine strength, grace and beauty. We like Shakespeare's portrait.—"What made her fairness much the fairer was, it was the ambassadress of a most fair mind." There's our ideal. Perhaps what you "most prize in woman is her affection

not her intellect." That won't suffer. 'Twill be cultivated if we get our small foot in Dall—. Some of you do try to form the female mind. "I've heern tell on" one of your Sophs. trying to educate a gushing maid during the Summer vacation by way of experiment; talked to her on subjects, gave books, mirrors of his most fair intellect, in hopes of her catching the reflections. The result is left to time. Educate us en masse. The student "with his watery smile and educated whisker" wouldn't have such trouble in the Summer teaching after "Grade C," if we had a Collegiate training. If we have said too much, pity and forgive.

"Let not the mouse of our good meaning
Be snapped up by the trap of your suspicion,
To lose the tail there, either of its truth
Or swallowed by the cat of misconception."

Yours,
MISS MUFFET.

Dallusiensia.

We thought it incomparably the (sic)-est pun we ever heard when a Junior, taking up our paper, said he would gaze at it a while; but another son of the mighty Thomas instantly hooded the climax with, "you will, I guess, eat it."

A Freshman par excellence calls the Presbyterian Witness a sexual paper, and thinks it should not be read on Sunday. Several conjectures have been made as to his meaning. The best is "secular" instead of "sexual," but there are objections to it.

Professor writing on blackboard, "Duplicate, triplicate, &c., to the nth-plicate." Class titters. Prof.: "This will appear wonderful to you just in proportion to your ignorance and prejudice."

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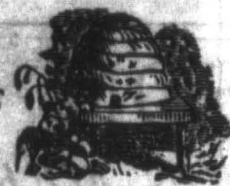
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