

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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

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1880.

WASTED or not, the irrevocable Past
Is like a sea on which we each send forth,
Each year, a ship laden with varied freight,
Depending on the port to which consigned.
And as the merchant makes the cargo suit
The market where his venture will arrive,
Nor sends to China, tea, to Ophir, gold;
So we should put on board the year new-launched
The wares most like to make us rich return
In that fair haven where no pinchbeck is
In vogue, but honest goods are bought with Gold.
Ye know them by their freights. Who loads his barque
With mongrel merchandise, or not complies
With regulations, enters not that Port.

E. C.

A HYMN TO THE OLD YEAR.

DROP a tear,
For the passing year,
Through the shadow of to-night,
It must take it's lonely flight,
Breathe a sigh,
As its echoes die.

Who can dream,
What those changes mean?
As the years steal on alone,
To the great, and dark unknown,
Who can tell,
Or dissolve the spell?

Whence their flight,
As they leave our sight?
Is their history but a dream,
Tales which are not what they seem?
Written, soon
Lost amid the gloom.

Who can know,
As we watch them go,
But as records of the past
They are waiting us at last?
Records sealed,
Once to be revealed.

Then beware!
Life is more than air,
So the hours, and moments cry,
As they onward ever fly,
Live it then,
To be lived again.

J. F. D.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

OH! many are the poets that are sown
By nature; men endowed with highest gift,
The vision and the faculty divine.

WORDSWORTH.

A HASTY glance at several autograph-albums, containing many original verses by students of the Provincial Normal School, Truro, has forced me to the conclusion, that there is something in the teaching profession peculiarly calculated to awaken poetic thought. I have gained permission to immortalize a few of these short poems by publishing them in the GAZETTE. The names of the writers have been suppressed. While reviewing these beautiful verses, that have been condemned for so long a time to remain in autograph-album obscurity, the well-known words of Gray's *Elegy* have been recalled to mind,—

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

I.

*Remember me when far away,
Remember me by night and day,
Remember me when others you do see,
For I never will be forgetting thee.*

This is the first gem that I select from this casket of pearls. My chief object in selecting it is to draw the attention of the psychological class to the grand question which it brings up for consideration. Does the mind ever sleep? That's the question. If not, can it be concentrated on one person for an indefinitely prolonged period of time? I pause for a reply.

Will the Junior, whose vacant expression indicates that his mind is immovably fixed on some object in the vicinity of the marshlands of Maccan, give us the benefit of his valuable experience?

II.

*Friends here must meet,
Friends here must part,
Excepting in the inmost part.*

There is something deliciously indefinite about these verses, a vagueness that causes me to let loose the reign of my imagination. But I shall not trouble the reader by giving a description of the many fascinating localities that may be indicated by "the inmost part." One thing is ambiguously certain, there'll be no parting there. The more scope there is for the play of the reader's imagination, the more talent the author displays. It is in this respect that Milton's *Paradise Lost* surpasses Dante's *Divine Comedy*. There is about these verses a poetic ravishment that shows an intimate acquaintance with the great epic writer of English literature. But I must pass on.

III.

*Remember me when far away,
And only half awake,
Remember me on your wedding day,
And send me a peice of cake.*

Orthographical exactness is an indication of a weak mind. Geo. Washington always stood at the foot of the spelling-class, and it has been said to the honor of one of Nova Scotia's gifted statesmen, that while he occupied the proud position of Minister of Militia, his mind soared above the trivialities which have given so much trouble to Webster and Worcester. I make this preliminary statement in order to disarm those petty, carping critics of whom Pope speaks in his *Essay on Criticism*.

This quatrain forcibly illustrates the power of association of ideas. The wedding immediately suggested the *peice* of cake. It is not till we consider the verses in this light that the full brilliancy of the poem flashes upon the mind.

IV.

*Don't forget to remember me,
But if remembered I can't be.
Call to mind at any time
My old number 29.*

No one can read this beautiful stanza without being struck by the swell and subsidence of the rhythm and the happily recurring rhymes. The

last line displays a tendency to abstraction, which, as all students of English literature know, is the chief merit of Wordsworth's poetry. The introduction of the number 29 is peculiarly suggestive of the Lake poet. Who is not familiar with that strikingly figurative ballad, *We are Seven?* Great minds run in the same channel. One thing troubles me. How is it possible to dissociate the poetess and her own number 29? Probably she has outgrown 29 by this time. If not, I suppose she is still lingering at this half-way inn where unmarried females usually take refuge for a few years before passing on to hopeless 30. But "like little wanton boys that swim on bladders," I am getting beyond my depth in this sea of glory. Although I fail to grasp the whole truth contained in these lines, I shall unhesitatingly give the authoress credit for profundity of thought, just as I do Sir William Hamilton when I flounder through his *Metaphysics*.

V.

*May we remain,
Ever the same,
Save in name.*

This is taken from a lady's album and is, as every reader must see by the last verse, the composition of an honest, lovable, poetic pedagogues. This is a faint expression of the unspeakable longing of the female heart. Calypso is a noble representative of her sex. If a young lady cannot become Mrs. Ulysses she desires to be Mrs. Telemachus. Anything for a change of name. The grand object of her existence is to make a change in that which, eventually, grows stale and hackneyed in the ear of every fascinating maiden. Goldsmith, in the *Citizen of the World*, makes a truly pathetic appeal for those females who are compelled to walk life's pathway in grim loneliness of soul. "No lady could be so very silly as to live single if she could help it. I consider an unmarried lady, declining into the vale of years, as one of those charming countries bordering on China that lie waste for want of proper inhabitants." I hope that the one hundred and twenty young men of Dalhousie,—not including, of course, the Freshie, who has done his part so faithfully already,—will ponder carefully the words I am about to quote from a suggestive ballad:

*"What would an old bachelor be
To wander this world all alone?
This world has a wife for every man,
Let each one find his own if he can,
Let each one find his own."*

VI.

*As the small divisible atoms
Float about in the atmosphere,
So my multiform affections
Soul forever about thee, my dear.*

There is a chemical and a navigational air pervading this short poem which is enough to arouse the spirits of Poe and Schiller to denounce anew the wedding of Science to Poetry. "The milk of science will not go to make the blood of the muse." The author of the above should be compelled by law to marry one of Mr. Stedman's celebrated spinsters, who have been so long "wandering down the lanes with Darwin, Huxley and Spencer under their arms—nothing personal intended by the mention of the last name—or, if they have carried Tennyson, Longfellow and Morris, have read them in the light of spectrum analysis, or have tested them by the economics of Mill and Bain." I can see now, "in my mind's eye, Horatio," this scientifically emotional being's "multiform affections," appropriately labelled, circling about the object of his soul's choice. The thought is truly Platonic. The author of the *Excursion* says, that "if the time should ever come when what is called science shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration." The question is, does the above stanza give any indication that the time foretold by Wordsworth has fully come? For my own part I believe that the time will never come. Poetry and science are hostile elements. I have a certain reverence for Keats, on account of his toast, "Confusion to the memory of Newton," because he destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to a prism.

VIII.

*When Cupid with his arrows takes his post
Just beneath your window-rim,
Drive him hence by frowning most,
Open not your heart to him.*

What a subject for a painter!—the dim starlight, the rustic garden, Cupid bundling up his arrows and retiring before the frown of the maiden whose head is dimly seen projecting from the garret-window! The garden scene in *Romeo and Juliet* is comparatively tame and common-place. Can you believe me, dear reader, when I state that this quatrain was written by a male pedagogue! Where is there in this wide universe a tabernacle of the male persuasion, which is capable of containing so miserably a soul—a soul in open hostility to Cupid?

He has evidently vaccinated himself against love-sickness. No course of action could be more irrational. Even Charles Read's woman-hater, though decidedly averse to the sex, fell an easy, an immediate victim to the individual. Whenever a lovely, melodious female appeared, he felt that he was lost. One of the Eds. of the *GAZETTE* is similarly constituted. During the Xmas vacation, he got lost so frequently in Canning that he had some difficulty in finding himself. There are circumstances under which man must succumb. Who has not read that sadly affecting ballad by Hood, in which the widower weeping at the grave of his late dearly-beloved wife falls in love with the widow, who prostrate on a neighbouring grave sorrows for her late dearly-beloved husband? The pedagogic poet who wrote the quatrain under consideration reminds us of the philosophically forlorn wretch of *Locksley Hall*,—he had without doubt an odd mitten about his person.

The length of this article compels me to defer the consideration of the other poems which I have marked for publication. A. W. M.

"SALTASNE?" SALTO, SALTAVI,
SALTABO!

"Go forth in the dances of them that make merry."—*Jeremiah*.

"Praise Him with the timbrel and with dances."—*Psalms*.

"When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again."—*Moore*.

"Right and left!" "Hands across!" "Here we are!"
"This way, Payter!" "Ah, Captain, you're a droll crayture!"
"Move along Alderman!" "That negus is mighty strong!"
"The Lord grant the house is ——!"—*The Ball*.—*Jack Hinton*.

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!"—*Byron*.

"Come unto these yellow sands,
And there take hands
When you courtied have and kissed,—
The wild waves whist.—
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear."—*The Tempest*.

"The nun, forgetting her vow and her vestments, is flirting with the devil; the watchman, a very fastidious elegant, is ogling the fisherwoman through his glass; while the Quaker is performing a *pas seul* Alberti might be proud of, in a quadrille of riotous Turks and half tippy Hindoos."—*The Masquerade*.—*Charles O'Malley*.

I dance. I make this confession in order to save the trouble of future explanation. I dance; and consequently when I saw S.'s article, entitled

"Saltasne?" in your last issue, I determined to put forth my little strength on behalf of the Terpsichore whom he at once uses and abuses. Base mortal, to enjoy all the pleasures of the dance, and rail at its muse! Inconsistent mortal, to head an article against dancing with the commendatory opinions of divers great authorities on the subject! And while I read I determined to rise in my might and squelch him.

Primo "S." in simple, eloquent language, describes the gradual downward road over which his Terpsichorean pursuits dragged him. His early life ran quiet as the brooks by which he sported. His dissipated maturity, rivalled in its wild excesses, the tossing of the storm lashed ocean. What a contrast we have here! What a lesson should the picture of this spoiled life be to him who wavers between walking gravity and whirling "childishness!" How should the undefiled, when he reads this affecting story, rejoice that he has been given grace to resist the wiles of Mephistopheles Terpsichoreus! For 'tis affecting, this story of his lapse from good to ill; and we would like to ponder over it, and be warned, and perchance be saved. But we have sworn to squelch "S," and our oath is of the Medes and Persians. Squelch him we will, even if moral wreck be the result.

Seriously S.'s article is half-hearted. It is weaker than should be that of an inveigher against modern popular vice (?) Did one require much persuasion, "S." would hardly be convincing.

He begins by quaintly asserting that the dance as an amusement is not profitable. Asserts this and does not fortify his position by one single reason; by one single example of its unprofitableness. And,—inconsistency number one—he attributes to a mingling of "the friendly bowl," "the feast of reason," and "the flow of soul," a greater degree of profit than to the harmless dance. This reasoning is so subtle that we cannot see the point. Forsooth the victim of the valse suffers for a few minutes from the vertigo; unless he is peculiarly hard headed; but the devotee of "the friendly bowl" feels its contents seething through his brain for days. Granted, however, that "the feast of reason" profiteth one, in itself, more than the mazes of the quadrilles; that the "flow of soul" towers in its mighty utility above the lancers. But to what does this admission drive us. We might attribute an equal profit to coal-heaving, stone-break-

ing, rat-catching. But can we admit that the slouching, swearing coal-heaver, is a heavier social weight than the waltzing statesman; that the man who knows no dance but that of the stone splinters, over-weighs in the balance the professor who polkas; that the "frisking" prince should be doomed to social ostracism because the dealer in rat-skins cannot do likewise? No, never! Well—that is—you know—seldom!

But now we strike an attitude—rhetorically of course—and from smiling incredulity veer round to positive contradiction. We say that dancing *is* useful, and in the very *artes humaniores*, of which "S." vaunts it cannot stand the test. All will concede that the skillful dancer profits by his skill in the outer world; that the easy, gliding motion of the ball-room communicates itself to his every-day walks; that the *demoiselle* who can "trip it featly" will merit in her ambulations, the eulogy "*incessu patuit Dea*." But perchance it does not become one in this go-ahead cycle to be a graceful walkist; "S.'s" world is too prosaic to admit of any such airy innovations. Yet we contend sturdily that the graceful dancer must be a graceful walker; and the airiest waltzer in the ball-room will surely be the lightest stepper on Granville St. pavements.

Fallacy number two shows that saltation—if we may coin a word—is prejudicial to health. Given a dancer, who, in a dress coat and a profuse perspiration, rushes idiotically from the heated ball-room to the cool conservatory or breezy verandah, and I admit it instanter. But to be a dancer does not necessitate being a fool. Is it reasonable to assert, that because some unfortunate in the past has literally caught his "death of cold" by a maniacal disregard for the ordinary rules of health, that all who venture to trip it thereafter must follow in the same course? It is no more reasonable than to say the gymnasium should be discountenanced because some weak-minded mortal has hurried from his exercises, into an atmosphere several degrees below zero. He could have expected nothing short of his congested lungs had he exercised one moment's thought. But he was thoughtless. Therefore the gymnasium is prejudicial to health. Such at least would be the conclusion of "S.'s" method of reasoning.

Next the epithet "irrational" is thrown at the heads of all "trippers," by our anti-terpsichorean

friend. (We might say the same of his statement.) His test is to close your ears to the music and watch the company; which all will agree, is an ingenious way to establish a bad argument. Music must always be an integral part of the dance, and it is as unreasonable to judge the one with no ear to the other, as it is to form an idea of the species, from a tailless dog or a moulting fowl. But we might ask "S." on the other hand to indulge in experiments of a like nature, and deduce the same conclusion if possible. Watch the motions of an orchestra, the gaping mouth of a singer, the gesticulations of an orator; with your ears covered, and you must confess they seem absurd. But open your ears to the music of the instruments, the melody of the voice, the eloquence of the orator, and the aforesaid absurdity, springing only from an abnormal condition of sense, vanishes immediately. So with the movements of the dancers. It has always been our opinion that music and dancing in their effects on the appropriate sense are analagous. While good music charms the ear, good dancing charms the eye, and the united effect of the two on the æsthetic feelings is proportionately great. The airy, gentle mazes of the valse seem to be the very materialization of the dulcet notes emanating from the orchestra; seem to be the spirit of sweet music exerting its influence over the physical frames of the hearers.

The last missile "S" hurls at the defenceless Muse is "immorality." To quote:—"The dancing man may, in the broadest flare of gaslight, not only press his partner's hand in his, but may wrap her in an embrace the price of which, to his less accomplished and more dignified fellow, would be social ostracism." This is the worst of the lot, but as Dick Deadeye says, "its human natur, I'm resigned." Such warped statements as these are frequently met with in the over-squeamish and affected fastidiousness of the present era. I wager that "S.'s" ancestors in their merry-making were not diffident to embracing a handsome young lady, aye, or going even further and following the "courtsey" with a "salute." And were his progenitors more dissipated, more wild, than the men of this pure day? On the contrary, we have always been under the impression that they were our moral superiors. Such an argument must have required much straining to produce.

Let us now look for a moment at the greatest of authorities on all subjects, Holy Writ. In

it, if we read and understand it as written, we find that music and the dance were always tokens of joy. David, God's king elect, "danced before the Lord with all his might;" Miriam the prophetess, "went out with timbrels and with dances" to celebrate the whelming of Pharaoh's hosts in the Red Sea; the elder brother of the prodigal when he drew nigh the house heard them rejoicing over the return of the lost one "with music and with dancing." We could cite numberless like instances, but in a short article like this we must content ourselves with refuting S.'s allegations.

Finally, we would ask for some stronger argument ere we give up our present jolly, whirling, dissipated life. Immoral, childish, profitless, dangerous, are epithets which "S." hurls at this innocent amusement. But they all rebound from our panoply. Why should we condemn a man for stepping more briskly than is his wont; why should he be sat on for wagging his legs to the measure of music; why should he be "ostracised" because he chooses "a ladie faire" as partner in his merriment. We repeat, in the *legitimate* dance there is no guile. The ballet, Black Crook, dancing halls and such subjects we abandon to S.'s tender mercies; but for the ball, the quadrille party, and other *proper* Terpsichorean revelries we will fight to the bitter end, shouting sturdily, meanwhile, *vive la danse*.

SILENUS.

PERSONALS.

We notice from the *Religious Intelligencer* that A. G. DOWNEY is engaged in revival work at Argyle, Yarmouth Co.

MCCULLY, of the Freshman class of '76, is studying law in the office of S. E. Gourley, Truro.

JOHN L. GEORGE and J. A. CAIRNS, '78, are studying theology at Princeton.

REID, of the late Freshman class, is teaching the youth at Folly Village, Colchester Co.

A legal partnership has been formed between F. H. BELL, '76, and W. A. MILLS, who attended Dalhousie for three sessions, under the firm name of Bell & Mills. We wish them every success.

KEITH, a general student of last session, is studying medicine at Stellarton, Pictou Co.

JAMES ROSS, of the late Freshman class, is at his home in Earltown, Colchester Co., this winter.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 17, 1880.

EDITORS.

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

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THE motion lately brought before the Senate of the University of Halifax by Dr. Inch, and which, if carried, will throw open the examinations of the University to all applicants, male or female, will probably have an indirect effect upon all the institutions affiliated with the University, as well as upon the schools whence female matriculants would be expected. It is not our intention to discuss this question at large, but simply to present some considerations with a general bearing on the main question. In the first place it seems impossible that any reason can be adduced why women should be denied educational facilities which are necessary to men. If we regard their fitness for the useful professions, though a great change of public sentiment would be needed to give women a fair chance in the pulpit or at the bar, there can be no doubt that in the field of medicine they could compete with success, as was shewn by a contributor in a previous issue; and in the all-important arena of teaching in our public schools they take precedence of their sterner coadjutors for several reasons. Their advance in this particular may be seen in the fact that while the

school law of '67 recognized Grade C as the first-class female license, the management of '79 has remedied the absurdity of giving licenses two grades above first-class, which the efficiency of female teachers was making more apparent. Now there are Grade A female teachers, and the reason there are no more is the lack of facilities for gaining the necessary instruction.

Of course the decision of the University of Halifax will be effective only so far as the teaching colleges recognize an advantage to be gained by falling in with the movement; but the adoption of this by one college, which has already taken place, will introduce a competitive element, and then, woe to the Faculty where old fogyism prevails. A move having been made in this direction, we claim that we have at Dalhousie special advantages which will be appreciated by parents who have jurisdiction, as well as by candidates who choose for themselves. Ours is not a boarding institution. The fact that students make choice of their own homes and meet only in class hours, would conduce to the maintenance of that dignity and courtesy which mark public meetings of the mixed sexes, and would obviate all that clandestine correspondence and heart burning which boarding schools produce, generally in inverse proportion to the precautions taken against any interchange of sentiment.

Pope has expressed the opinion that—

"Love seldom haunts the breast where learning is,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise."

This undoubtedly is true in most cases, and we announce editorially our adhesion to this doctrine, but we can only explain the boarding-school phenomenon on the supposition that Venus never sets there.

In fact, the general impression of colleges and boarding-schools is very erroneous. The former give an introduction to the world of letters: the latter give the accomplishments a young lady needs to make her debüt in society. The writer talked with a young lady who had attended *one* term at the "*Sem.*" and studied, besides Music, French and Latin, sufficient

Logic and Metaphysics to be *intimately* acquainted with them, and converse quite glibly upon them. One of the latter for a year in our halls begins to intimate our ignorance. What is wanted, and we plead for a chance for the gentler sex, is more intension, less extension. If college work means thoroughness, and awakens and prompts to further study, fling open the doors. The coming in of women will repress any tendency towards rowdyism among the boys; and as it is a fact that no small amount of force of character will be a condition of matriculation, this will shut off familiarity and arouse a healthful emulation among all classes. Really, we are behind the age in which we live. The American colleges are recognizing their duty and responding. Overlooking the professional view of the subject altogether, the road to culture should be kept clear and open, and made as short as possible. True, there is no royal road to learning, but judicious system is the best-practical route. While the Technological Institute is a great boon in this direction, it serves as a practical refutation of all the objections which can be urged against the admission of women to colleges, where not technical, but regular and properly systematized instruction is given.

And now a word on the preparatory schools. All over the country there are in the public schools teachers of ability continually stimulating young men to, and preparing them for a college course. The same means are at the service of the young women. But what of Halifax? While it is not of personal interest to us, yet it is surprising that the people of Halifax see the advanced female pupils, who are anxious to learn, turned away from the schools to make room for younger ones, while the High School building, comparatively empty, supports a staff of teachers who might as well teach a hundred pupils more, thereby accomplishing the end designed at relatively much less expense, and certain advantage to the city at large. Once admit the girls of Halifax to the High School, as has been done in the neighboring cities, and the problem of

woman's higher education will find a ready solution.

We confess to a desire that the women may be embraced in all the plans for the extension of that culture which enhances the pleasures of life.

WITH the present issue we find ourselves at the beginning of the New Year, and although there is nothing more than custom in these various divisions of time, yet it has taught us to pause on such occasions, for a retrospective view of the past and perhaps for an attempted flight of the imagination into the future. We wish, however, to transgress the old rule and to

"Let the dead past bury its dead,"

to

"Trust no future howe'er pleasant,"

but to summon up our energies for the battles of to-day. Eighteen hundred and seventy-nine years of the present era are gone,—gone with their tale of failures and triumphs, of joys and sorrows. During these centuries men have been toiling for the immortal "bread and butter," and with all our boasted improvements in mechanics, with steam and electrical powers such as our ancestors never dreamed of in their loftiest flights of imagination, "bread and butter" is yet the goal of our aspirations, and how often must we thankfully accept the former without latter:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Very grand, truly! but how much more useful if—

Some ingenious benefactor,
Now beyond life's rugged hills,
A receipt had left behind him,
To get clear of New Year bills.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-nine years are gone. Their events have passed away forever, but their lessons may yet be with us. Bacon could never have constructed a philosophy of reality if he had not witnessed the failure of a philosophy of vapour. Because the great body

of mankind in the past has been grasping at shadows, is no reason why we should still follow the trail of ghosts and phantoms. It is a fact which may be laid at the foundation of our superstructure that "bread and butter" in the ordinary course of events will turn up somehow, and that if we devote those energies which may leave their impress on eternity to their proper ends, the above supply will be none the less certain.

BROKEN RANKS.

IN a late number of the *Presbyterian Witness* appeared an obituary notice of one of our graduates, Mr. Isaac Macdowall. He had been ill for more than a year, though not confined to the house for more than six months. After graduating in 1876 he was engaged in teaching, first in St. John, and afterwards as Principal of the St. Stephen schools. In the autumn of 1878 he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton. There during the winter a cough and at last failure of voice troubled him, and he came home to linger through the summer and to succumb to the first approach of severe weather. Mr. Macdowall was a promising young man, beloved by all acquaintances for his frank, gentlemanly manner and fine Christian character. The Church has lost one of her best students, our Alma Mater a worthy alumnus, and we a loved and valued friend. Gap after gap thins our serried ranks, and we must pause a moment in the fight to sigh a tribute to the memory of a fallen comrade. We had long known him, we had studied in the same classes, had together been "capped" and received our "has chartas" on that memorable day in the Old Province Building. After together weighing its pros and cons, we had chosen the same profession, and in the same Seminary had conjointly prosecuted its studies. But poor fellow, he is gone. I well remember our last Xmas together, how often he took me with him to consult a physician, and especially when we entered a Fourth Avenue 'bus, after having just left Professor Joneway's office, how he said, "rather discouraging that, Mac." The Professor had told him little, but that little was sufficient to crush youthful prospects and hopes of future good. We tried to cheer him as on board the palatial "Providence" we steamed down the Sound; plans were formed,

hopes indulged, but in vain. "Poor fellow," did we say; no, that epithet *we* merit. The crown is his, while we toil in the conflict. The words of another class-mate, also gone to the College above, occur to me, "You never hear a person speak an ill word of Macdowall. What a fine fellow he is." With this tribute from one with whom he now is, we close. Mc.

NEW YEAR.

AS there are still some days left of the year 1880, it may not be out of place to wish our readers and friends the usual New Year blessings. The holiday season is over and as time flies on the echoes of its many pleasures sound more faintly to the ear. The storm of kind wishes and kinder deeds has fallen to a calm, and we look back with feelings of relief. It demands an iron nerve to pass gracefully through the ordeal of giving and receiving. But to the whole institution there is one serious drawback which makes us breathe more freely when all is gone.

We have a deep respect for most of the forms and ceremonies of modern politeness. We strongly approve of *all* the latest styles in ladies' costumes, even those bonnets which leave us in a state of terrible uncertainty between a coal scuttle and a market basket. We have rather a weakness too for the present day innovations in church order and government. In fact we can stand almost anything. But there is one flaw in the philosophy of manners, one spot which we would willingly erase even with our tears. We refer to the direful custom of Xmas and New Year wishes. When we meet a friend about this season we are completely lost. Our desire is to smile and remark, I wish you &c., &c., but the smile refuses to come and the wretched commonplace dies on our lips. If there were half a dozen expressions to choose between, it might be pardonable, but there are only two, and about the third of January we would much rather have a man swear at us than adopt this other mode of injuring our feelings. When we hear a small boy, whistling "pinafore" our indignation can find expression in words, but language fails on such occasions as these. But it is against the custom of New Year visiting that we desire to pour out the hottest vials of our wrath—It is then that the affair reaches its crisis. Say a man has thirty calls to make, and on an average meets three ladies at each house. Here are ninety smiles and ninety repetitions of the old,

old story—Farther, during his rounds say he meets ninety more unfortunates. The calculation has reached one hundred and eighty, and all this in the period of three hours—We would only remark that this is going it pretty steep in the monotony department—No man who can calmly stand this need ever object to black flies, mosquitoes, or even insurance agents.

If any lady feels deeply on this subject we would be happy to hear from her and would gladly plead her wrongs in our columns. But we fear that such is the self-sacrificing (?) disposition of the other sex that they are willing to endure all, to give their sterner brothers the pleasure (?) of coming in to gaze upon them decked out in their *very best*—Such is life.

J. F. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PRINCETON, N. J., Dec. 25th., 1879.

DEAR GAZETTE,—“Canada in secula seculorum” is still the order of the day. The usual meeting of the C. I. P. was to have been held on the 26th of this month, but on the morning of the 23rd the joyful brotherhood were apprised of the arrival in Princeton of Messrs. Galloway and Hunter, Senior Students of Union Seminary, and formerly of Knox College, Toronto, Ontario. As these good friends were on a flying visit to “ye ancient town,” necessity, the mother of invention, did duty in a very striking manner. “Prepare for a reception” was the word. The resident Canadians precluded the possibility of grass growing beneath their feet, while making arrangements to entertain the visiting brethren. The room of Mr. W. L. Cunningham was the scene of festivity. “There was a sound of merriment by night.” “There was mustering in hot haste.” At 8.30 P. M., the Society assembled, along with invited guests. After opening exercise, Mr. Cairns proposed the toast of “the Ladies,” coupling with it the name of Mr. Cunningham, who responded with alacrity, promoted, nay, no doubt intensified by the protrait of a beautiful lady, which, in elegant frame, rested on the table. Whether “sister, cousin, or intended,” is not for us to determine. To use the language of the poet,

“He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away,—no strife to heal,—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure.”

Dr. MacCurdy then made an excellent address on “Bible Revision.” Mr. Galloway, in a speech of admirable taste, considered the eventful reign and many personal virtues of our beloved sovereign, “Queen Victoria,” which he looked upon as having greatly influenced the history of the past forty years. Mr. Gibson of Ohio spoke with great candour of the defects of the “American Republic,” expressing his opinion that much was being done to remedy these, and that the outlook for the future was radiant with hope. The kindly expression of admiration and love for Old England was much appreciated by the Society. Mr. Swan of Ohio then gave a very interesting summary of the tenets of the “U. P. Church” of the United States. Mr. Hunter, in a speech of great pathos and very chaste language, gave vent to his feelings regarding “Theological Seminaries.” He was delighted with what he called the compliment paid by the resident brethren in placing the meeting to suit the convenience of Mr. Galloway and himself. Mr. Cairns then spoke to the great pleasure of the company, on the “Home and Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.” Mr. Morrison expatiated in glowing style on “England’s Greatness.” Mr. Flinn of the South thought that there were signs of promise in that locality. Mr. George replied to the toast of “Canada.” During the evening Mr. Flinn contributed several excellent songs: “Will ye no come back again,” “Home, Sweet Home,” and “Auld Lang Syne,” were sung by the company and then “Vale” was the word. Refreshments were partaken of with much zest at intervals during the proceedings. Every one went away delighted. “Happy to meet again” expressed the emotion of these who may rightly be called “jolly good fellows.”

Yours in heart and hand,

SCOTO-CANADENSIS.

OUR EXCHANGES.

WE are in a paroxysm of fear. Our brobdingnagian contemporary, the *Truro Sun*, threatens to pour out on our lilliputian heads a tremendous torrent of wrath. “Hold on, old friend, before the collegiate year is out we may perchance have reason to criticise some of your issues, and perhaps the so-called soft-sodder may be turned to *wrath*.”

“Hide us from our deep emotion,
O thou wondrous mother age!”

An icicle runs down our spinal cord, and we become completely paralyzed. We feel like Gulliver when he was seized and held squirming in the air by the towering Brobdingnag. Already we raise our eyes towards the *Sun*, and place our hands in a supplicating posture, and prepare to mollify our anxious—to-be-irritated contemporary. The thought is terrible. We have "wasted to a shadow with a hartshorn odor of disintegration."

THE *King's College Record* for December makes a very creditable appearance. We are inclined to believe that the writer of the article on "Wordsworth and George Eliot" has given the novelist too much praise. Her novels are about as interesting to an ordinary individual as Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding." Some of her prominent characters seem to us to act very little like "real men and women." Both in "The Mill on the Floss" and in "Adam Bede," characters the most unlike are compelled to fall in love, because the novelist has some pet notion concerning the "physiological attraction of a certain kind of animal nature for a person far above it." We give the *Record* a hearty welcome.

THE *Queen's College Journal* says, that "in their mad desire to read the *Journal*, the students make an awful stampede into the Reading Room when our Sec. appears with the bundle of papers under his arm." This is nothing when compared with the mania for the *GAZETTE* which rages in Halifax. A young man who attends classes at the Medical College does without the necessaries of life in order that he may remain a subscriber to our fascinating journal. "Silenus" must in future be less absorbingly interesting, and J. F. D. less ravishingly poetical, or we shall be the cause of much physical suffering in the town.

THE *Tablet* is laboring under the impression that we have said something disagreeable about it. Nothing could be more erroneous. We are morally incapable of performing such an act. The *Tablet* should be everlastingly grateful to us for mentioning it in our Exchange department. Other papers are less complimentary to our *supra grammaticam* contemporary. The leading editorial of the number before us begins with the following: "We hope to greet our friends after the vacation is over with thankful hearts, refreshed minds (is it possible) and a desire to work." Quite incredible! So complete will be

the metamorphoses that not one of their friends will recognize them. What a marvellous power vacation turkey has over the Hopkinites. "In dutiful and gentlemanly behaviour, all must concede that the school *have* achieved a record to be proud of, and to be handed down to posterity as something wonderful in the annals of the Hopkins Grammar School." It maketh our hearts rejoice to know that those Hopkinites are *dutiful* and *gentlemanly*. We congratulate posterity.

THERE is a calm serenity about the *Portfolio* published by the ladies of the Female College, Hamilton. There is no nervous gush of expectancy. Every writer pens her lines in the light of the truth of this beautiful couplet:—

"There swims no goose so grey but soon or late
She finds some honest gander for her mate."

We copy the last paragraph of the interesting article on "Impressions." "The mind is sometimes so effectually steeled against any possibility of influence, that the most striking idea fails to be impressive." We have pantalooned ideas at Dalhousie that are irresistibly impressive. Our dear friend of the *Portfolio* has not met them, consequently the delusion under which she is labouring.

We have, unconsciously, exasperated the Exchange editor of the *College Olio*. A celebrated writer informs us that Ninon de l'Enclos was so readily excited that her soup intoxicated her. This is evidently the temperament of the *Olio* man. "Will the *Dalhousie Gazette* be so kind as to send us a few instructions as to the conducting of our paper?" Dear *Olio*, if there was the slightest prospect of our efforts producing a reformation in you, we would undertake the task with all the zeal which is so abundantly diffused throughout our philanthropic constitution; but we remember that Noah failed to impress the Antediluvians, Lot was equally unsuccessful at Sodom, and our heart fails us. Poetry is a specialty with the *Olio*. The students are called upon to collect their poems and have them published. Listen to the following:—

"Solemn mystery of darkness
Hiding all that is to be,
Still we see the golden portals
Through thy *diminuity*."

Carlyle had not seen the *Olio* when he declared all poetry to be nonsense. "Scylla weeps and chides her barking wave into attention, and fell Charybdis murmurs soft applause."

WE now turn our attention to our antiquated friend, the *Niagara Index*. Like Dickens' fiddler in "Christmas Carol," the Exchange editor tunes away like fifty stomach-aches; and in the christian charity of Miggs, he exclaims: "I hopes I hates and despises all my fellow-creeturs in the college journal business."

"We fear thee ancient editor,
We fear thy skinny hand,
For thou art long and lank and brown
As is the ribbed sea-sand."

Philosophers and antiquarians have for ages vied with each other in their search for the man all tattered and torn, that loved the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, &c., &c., &c. At length he has been discovered in the Exchange sanctum of the *Index*. The pallid duskiness of age conceals the beam of intense hilarity which plays upon his brow, when on the distant horizon appears the cow with the crumpled horns.

THE *College Courier* for December is full of interest. From the society report we learn that the Monmouth students (female) have decided that old maids are a good institution, and now the question up for consideration has reference to the advisability of compelling old maids to study the Shorter Catechism. By all means, it should be introduced as a text-book at Monmouth. A thorough acquaintance with that excellent little book is absolutely necessary to the supreme happiness of every female who has meandered through the fresh smiling paths of youth into the vale of years. A celebrated English philosopher has said that "old maids should not be treated with much severity, because none would be so if they could help it. No lady in her senses would choose to make a subordinate figure at christenings, when she might be the principal herself." If a thorough knowledge of the Shorter Catechism were diffused throughout the length and breadth of the land, if young single men and old single men, as well as old maids, were well posted in those questions which relate to man's duty to his fellow creatures, how many desolate places would be made glad. We cast our vote in favor of the Catechism.

WE have been favoured by another visit from the *Archangel*. The moral tone of our old friend is becoming disgracefully low. Whole columns are stolen from Washington Irving and passed off for original matter. We are astounded! Pos-

sibly the *Archangel* is an eclectic magazine which suppresses the names of the writers who contribute involuntarily to its columns. No, such is not the case, for the poetry is undoubtedly original:—

"But what binds us friend to friend,
But what soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore,
Let us walk in soul once more."

By a slight change in the well-known saying of Dr. O. W. Holmes, we announce: "If there's an archangel missing in the New Jerusalem, call at St. Michael's College, Oregon."

IN addition to those mentioned above, the following Exchanges have been received:—*Brunonian, College Journal, Beacon, Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduate's Journal, Hamilton School Magazine, Canadian Spectator, Yarmouth Herald, Eastern Chronicle.*

SODALES.

THE first meeting of Sodales Society, after the Xmas holidays, was held in Class-room No. 2, on Friday evening, January 9th. After the minutes of last meeting had been read and approved, business was taken up in the following order:—The President, Mr. Cameron, handed in his resignation, his reason being that he desired during the remainder of the session to take a more active part in debate. After a few remarks on the subject it was moved by Mr. Lord, seconded by Mr. Dickie, and passed; that the resignation of the President be accepted. Mr. Knowles was elected President in the room of Mr. Cameron, and the chair being taken, Sodales turned its attention to the discussion of the following question.—Is Protection at present beneficial to Canada?

The debate was opened by Mr. Thompson, who immediately in the warmth of his "Lib. Con." sentiments began to pitch into the late Government. He argued that the destructive policy of Free Trade has much to do with bringing Canada into its present financial troubles, and held that we must attribute the wealth of the United States to its strongly protective measures. Mr. Lord responded. He objected to the remark of the late speaker on politics, and thought that the question should be discussed on broad principles, leaving party feeling out altogether. He pointed to the fact that this was a season of depression throughout the world,

and that Canada was only sharing it with other countries. The highest principle of commerce was free trade. Mr. McInnis replied to these remarks. He argued on the idea, that the proof of the pudding is the eating of the same, and held that by contrasting the state of Canada under a Protection and a Free Trade policy, the most conclusive evidence for the side of the former must be obtained. There was a soap factory going up in Pictou! After a short speech by Mr. Cameron for Free Trade, Mr. McDonald (not Sir J. A.) arose in warm indignation, and for a period of ten minutes we completely forgot that we were in a humble classroom at old Dalhousie, and imagined ourselves seated on the august benches in Ottawa. We feel confident that had Mackenzie, Blake, even Gladstone, or any other free trade driveller, being present during that brief but terrible denunciation, they would have departed with drooping heads, sadder, but wiser men. It was enough! instinctively we felt that all was lost, there was a sad and subdued look on the countenance of those tree traders. One fellow felt so bad for them that he turned traitor to the victorious army and led on a forlorn charge for the vanquished. But bitterly he rued it! Mr. Murray arose in awful indignation, with a document in hand, something under four yards long, and casting a glance around such as that with which Beelzebub viewed the fallen squadron of night, he went for that unfortunate. But here we must draw the curtain!

The debate for next Friday evening will be as follows:—Is smoking physically and mentally injurious? *Opener*, J. Cameron; *Respondent*, J. F. Dustan; *Critic*, J. McDonald.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

THE holidays are over, and certain students who were *over*, are now just getting over—the effects.

WE must congratulate ourselves upon the excellent appearance of the reading-room. All the leading provincial as well as the city newspapers are to be found therein. Dr. McGregor has kindly sent late numbers of the *Spectator*. The committee should see that the morning papers are in their places before 9 o'clock in the morning, so that all the students may have an opportunity of reading them. On the whole, we think that an hour between classes could not be better spent than in the reading-room.

PROFESSOR of Classics to student who hopes that his *very* extempore translation has passed muster: "Very creditable, Mr. T——." Then, suddenly, he adds—"to your ignorance." It was very dusty just then.

Two Freshies recently made a visit to a Public Institution in the north end, where silence reigns supreme. While the Matron was politely showing them through the building she informed them that certain of the inmates had measles. The speed with which one of those Freshies made his exit was perfectly alarming to all who happened to stand in his way. They were *measly* Freshies.

NEPTUNE is sometimes figured asleep or reposing, and sometimes in a state of violent agitation. If any student should notice *our* Neptune in the latter condition, please give us immediate notice.

WE have heard another tale of horror anent 'Abner *et al.* Three others, in fact. Perhaps it was the slippery sidewalks, perhaps it was not; but the demoiselle said, asserted, asserted, yea, dunned in our unwilling ears that she had seen Abner and one of the *als* progressing along Brunswick Street *à la Darwin*. We have sworn to find out whether or not this accusation is true: *Money is no object! So prepare George, my boy!*

CONVERSATION in the train between a Freshie (educated) and an ordinary mortal:—"How are times in Cape Breton?" Freshie, slightly deaf—"What was yer sayin?" We left just then, but it cannot be doubted that this poor Freshie needs all the instruction he can get at Dalhousie,—and a little more.

THE Prof. of Classics was surprised at the way in which a Junior *trotted* through his *Demosthenes* recently. It is explained by the fact that he keeps two horses.

THE Editors rejoiced when they heard that the Logic class had given the Prof. the cold shoulder, and had betaken themselves to the Arm when the ice was in a precarious condition. They thought that at least six columns could be filled up with obituary notices. But the logicians have all returned, bad luck to them.

FROM the appearance of a *Junior* it is evident that he visited a tailor's or a second-hand clothing store during vacation. Why then does he visit city *tailors*? One of the *Meds* will have to get a new suit, or he will find himself *cut out*.

Very suggestive. The proprietor of a boarding-house on Argyle Street, at which four of our students are domesticated, advertises for any quantity of furniture.

THE little Junior takes one of the Apostles as his model, and always swears by him, even in the class room. *Edepol!*

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